



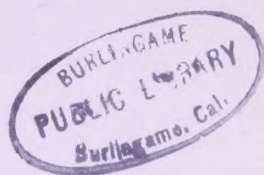
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Harpers *Magazine*

MUST AMERICA GO FASCIST?

BY J. B. MATTHEWS AND R. E. SHALLCROSS

FASCISM has supplanted democracy in Italy, Germany, and now Austria. Fascist organizations are being formed and are fast becoming a threat to parliamentarianism in both France and Great Britain. It is apropos, in the light of this European trend, to ask the question which is now on many lips: Must America Go Fascist?

Before we attempt an answer we must come to some sort of understanding of what we mean by fascism. If future history should give an affirmative answer to the question, it will probably provide a different name for the American development. What a particular policy or a general strategy will be called is largely a matter of journalistic accident. The system now known as capitalism was far advanced before it was given a full equipment of terms. In advance of the event we must, therefore, employ the terms of past experience; fascism must be defined with reference to the Italian and

German prototypes, taking account of the basic social conditions out of which fascism emerges, the interests which demand the drastic revision of governmental machinery for their protection, and the methods of obtaining and exercising state power in its fascist form.

In the rise and triumph of the fascist movements of Italy and Germany we note the following conditions and characteristics:

1. The existence of a grave social crisis giving rise to political problems which were difficult if not impossible of solution through the processes of *bourgeois* democracy.

2. The appearance of a mass movement, principally of the lower middle class and peasants, giving militant organization to the impulse of rebellion against the deprivations of the crisis.

3. The demagogic exploitation of vague and often contradictory promises to the dissident elements in capitalist society, and the utilization of social

prejudices, especially those of race and nationality, for the purpose of recruiting the following necessary to gain political power.

4. The gradual conversion of the captains of industry and finance to the support of the fascist movement with the consequent strengthening of its essentially capitalist purposes.

5. The abrogation of the parliamentary system of government and the substitution therefor of the rule of a fascist hierarchy.

6. The cancellation of all civil liberties which conferred the right of action and organization upon dissident elements that were opposed to a fascist handling of the social crisis.

7. Compulsory class collaboration in the name of the *corporative* or the *totalitarian* state, with the destruction of all independent labor organizations and working-class political parties.

8. Efforts at the achievement of economic self-sufficiency, *autarkie*, within the national economy.

9. The forcible imposition of a highly regimented, fundamentalist, and ecstatically nationalistic culture.

10. Excessive militarization.

II

A short while ago it would have been considered an impertinence to ask if the United States was moving toward fascism. To-day such an inquiry concerning the political prospects of this country is both appropriate and inescapable. If there are tendencies now present in American society which indicate other political developments than those which have so radically altered the state machinery of Italy and Germany and elsewhere, they require immediate and convincing statement to give reassurance to millions who are looking forward with dismay to the next stage in the social crisis. Or, if it be hope rather than dismay which the

peculiar facts of American life will dispel, they should be brought to the attention of the many aspiring fascist chiefs who are now busily recruiting for the support of to-morrow's American dictator. Good Americans should not be permitted to expend their own prodigious efforts and their followers' ample fees if it can be shown that their plans are nothing more than lifeless imitations of a German pattern. On the other hand, if an Americanized form of fascism is in the making, now is the time to conduct a free inquiry into the conditions that permit it, the social forces that will be served by it, and the traditional elements in American life that will react sympathetically to a dictatorship of reaction.

Looking at the world as a whole, the political possibilities of capitalist states seem to be reduced to three: the destruction of capitalist state machinery by a workers' revolution; muddling through with the present apparatus of capitalist democracy; and open dictatorship for the preservation of the essential property relationships of capitalism. It is with respect to these possibilities of socialism, capitalist democracy, and fascism that America's political education is rapidly advancing. In the matrix of every capitalist democracy, socialism and fascism are struggling for primogeniture.

No one can say with certainty what another twelve months will bring forth in the way of social upheavals or in the way of political strategies for meeting them. Those who manage the affairs of American industry have given clear proof that they are poor at prediction, and the political guides of the country frankly avow a course of "bold experimentation," which in the case of the particular guides now in Washington means both the absence of a chart and no little ingenuity for making swift decisions to undertake new experiments. Our chief interest, there

fore, lies in the epochal rather than the episodic. It is the historical significance of the period, and not advance information concerning the separate events transpiring within it, which we seek to know. If our estimates of the social forces in American life have any broad validity, only the day-by-day particulars of social change can surprise us.

Those who hold that the United States is already under a fascist dictatorship or that fascism exists at present in certain sections of the country have formed their opinions without regard to careful definition of the word fascism or to the facts of American politics. Neither is the Roosevelt Administration a dictatorship in any sense that differentiates it from the Hoover Administration. Such opinions have, nevertheless, been frequently expressed by both reactionaries and radicals. The New Deal had hardly been launched when B. C. Forbes predicted in the August edition of his magazine that "the rampant Fascism raging at the moment" would not outlast two Presidential terms. Shortly after the enactment of the measures of the New Deal, the *Washington Star* observed editorially that "there can be little quibbling over the advised use of the word 'dictator' in reference to the new authority given to the President." *The Wall Street Review* commented in a similar vein. "In short," wrote the editor, "Mr. Roosevelt has constitutionally asked for the power to become our Dictator, to get things done without having to wrangle for days, weeks, or months with a possibly recalcitrant Congress." Abroad, even in official circles, the most sweeping judgments have been risked. "The United States to-day is practically under a dictatorship," declared Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council of the British Government. "Democracy has broken down in that country," he

continued. With heroic wistfulness he declared that Britain alone remains as a bulwark against the world tides of dictatorship. In none of these instances, it should be observed, do the opinions refer to the dictatorship of the capitalist class—a form of dictatorship which Mr. Roosevelt certainly did not originate. Radicals seem to be about as confused as to the meaning of fascism as are conservatives. In the February 28th issue of the *Nation* Ella Winter has an article entitled "Fascism on the West Coast," in which she tells of the abrogation of civil rights of workers. Those who are well acquainted with the age-old struggle for these rights cannot help but wonder, in the light of her use of the word, if we have not had fascism in America for generations. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that neither fascism nor dictatorship, within the reasonable meaning of the words, now exists in the United States if strict reference is made to the Italian and German systems.

It may also be doubted whether Mr. Roosevelt possesses the necessary qualifications of temperament for assuming the high rank of Shirt Number One in an American fascism. It is stated on good authority that he possesses the charm of the cultured aristocrat and the sense of humor that is often found among those who have inherited a confident tradition—qualities hardly compatible with fascist leadership. It must also be borne in mind that Mr. Roosevelt is no Hindenburg. It would be hazardous, however, to dismiss the possibility of an American fascism within the next few years on the basis of the President's personality and achievements. It is only upon his own capacities for fascist leadership that we wish to throw doubt at this point. It is infinitely more probable that someone who aspired to be an artist and got no farther in the use of the brush than becoming a house painter would seek

for compensating satisfactions in the leadership of beshirted regiments.

However, powerful political movements arise when basic social conditions are favorable to their development and when powerful economic interests demand them. Upon these conditions and interests most of our attention must be fixed.

III

American capitalism, like that of other countries, has been crisis-ridden for almost five years. The fact that other crises have been survived with the policy of waiting it out until the economic cycle had done its unaided work, is no guarantee that history is narrowly repetitious. Yet the recurring crises of capitalism, in spite of their increasing severity, have done no more than impress upon the minds of many the idea of recurring prosperity. There is, for example, the argument which has recently been contributed to the literature of the crisis in a volume entitled *We Have Recovered Before* by Walter W. Price. The thesis derives from a pseudo-scientific use of business curves which chart the history of capitalism to date. That the whole chart could ever be set aside is an idea which has not been considered. The knowledge that there is a history of epochs and systems as well as a history within each epoch requires a longer historical perspective than is brought to bear by such theorists upon our contemporary problems. The short perspective, it is true, shows the curve dropping periodically but always rising again to new heights. The long historical perspective might lead to the authorship of a volume entitled *We Have Perished Before*. A mystical mass psychology is saddled with the responsibility for the mass misery of depressions. The service rendered by such interpretations is indeed a psychological one—the comfort of self-delusion. Mr. Price, how-

ever, offers his comfort for distribution in a market where keen competitors are crying their wares of discomfiture. His triumphant peroration that “there has come, after each successive trough of economic collapse, a return to levels of prosperity not previously attained” proves nothing. The confidence may prove to have as little substance as that of a drowning man who, having come up twice, accepts his repeated good fortune as a scientific demonstration that he cannot sink.

The fact is that in capitalist government circles generally the idea of laissez-faire recovery has been abandoned, and with it all reliance upon the automatic working of the business cycle. Planned recovery is the latest hope of the defenders of the system. It is in the very nature of this planned recovery, its methods and its objectives, that we find the tendency which, if developed to its logical conclusion, arrives at the fascist stage of economic control. The crisis continues to-day with increasing necessity for more stringent controls. Re-employment has been relatively slight. Increased purchasing power in the form of wages has not kept pace with the rise of prices and the cost of living. Mild measures have failed and by their failure have prepared the way for accentuating the tendency toward fascist control. But there are many degrees of acuteness in a social crisis, and no one can predict the precise point on the political thermometer where the conditions for fascism exist.

The productive capacity of capitalist society is matched only by its consumptive inadequacy. Our potential plenty has become most obvious at precisely the moment when poverty is most completely socialized. Our planned recovery is not a planned economy. The fundamental principle of a planned economy is the organization and correlation of the grand aggregate of avail-

able resources with a view to higher living standards for the masses. Without this as the dominant and ever-present purpose there is not even a beginning of planned economy.

The planned recovery of the New Deal is based upon a method which Veblen would have called planned sabotage, "the conscientious withdrawal of efficiency" from production. When production is controlled with a view to *scarcity profits*, price is king! An economy of abundance is implicit in the power age, but the potential abundance has reached such proportions that its actualization would spell disaster for the entire debt structure of finance capital and the disappearance of profits derived from ownership. Capitalism cannot, therefore, accept the implications of the power age and its abundance. It must operate under a natural or an enforced scarcity.

The New Deal has been strictly capitalist in its approach to the problem of mass production. There is at the very heart of the program the principle of planned sabotage in the form of currency manipulation—governmental efforts to cheapen the dollar and thereby reduce its purchasing power as a consumer's medium. While efficiency is conscientiously withdrawn from consumption, or purchasing power, the ability of debtors to pay interest or principal upon mortgages and other contracted debts is increased—or so the theory runs. Thus an increase in prices, while it subtracts from the purchasing power of the consumer, adds to the paying power of the debtor, and so brings prices and debts into a workable relationship. The issue of inflation has not yet been squarely met by the Administration. There are powerful political forces pulling in opposite directions on the matter. While inflation would *appear* to assist the great agricultural sections by making their payments on mortgages easier, it is

more to the point to emphasize that inflation is a concealed tax upon the wages of labor and the salaries of professional groups and also an invisible levy upon the property of creditors. But since the largest creditors have as a rule the necessary political and financial power to offset their losses from this invisible levy upon their capital, it is upon the small property holders of the lower middle class that the levy weighs most heavily. If uncontrolled inflation, a possibility recently pointed out by Secretary Wallace, reaches the stage of disaster, it spells ruin for these groups. What was intended as a measure for bringing a "reasonable" rise in prices sends them soaring to dizzy heights, with the result that this form of sabotage strikes at the foundation of the debt structure instead of acting as a mild restorative. The conditions for grave social unrest are created in which the idea of a fascist dictator flourishes.

One of the first steps taken by the AAA called for the introduction of sabotage in cotton production. The plan was to secure a reduction of 30 per cent from the crop of 1931, or the elimination of 11,700,000 acres of cultivated cotton land. By the middle of July the Secretary of Agriculture announced that 10,000,000 acres had been pledged for abandonment, thereby assuring a reduction of approximately 3,500,000 bales in the current cotton crop. To prevent a circumvention of this planned sabotage by more intensive cultivation of the remaining acreage, the cotton producers agreed not to increase their commercial fertilization per acre. Further to protect this economy of scarcity, the cotton producer was required to agree not to use the land thus taken out of cotton production for "the production, for sale, of any other nationally produced agricultural commodity." Some reports have stated that mules, long accustomed to

the blow of a club for stepping on the cotton rows, refused to co-operate in this gigantic collusion of government and cotton producers to introduce planned sabotage. Psychologists would say that the mules had been conditioned against co-operation in this program for recovery through artificial scarcity. Thus capitalism, harking back in a spirit of economic fundamentalism to an era of natural scarcity, plans and hopes for prosperity. If only the locusts, the boll weevil, drought, some first-rate earthquakes on the Pacific and Atlantic seaboard, a few fires wiping out great inland metropolitan centers, floods devastating the Mississippi Valley, and late frosts would do their best, with what assistance governmentally supervised sabotage is able to offer, capitalist prosperity would indeed be just around the corner! If these calamitous measures fell short of safeguarding us from a ruinous productivity and abundance, the mass destruction of the remaining surplus in a world war would surely round out the necessary measures for putting business on the hum.

The New Deal is not fascism, but the spirit of economic orthodoxy which animates it is just the sort of economic fundamentalism which is the mainstay of fascism. The word *revolution* has been used even more loosely in describing the New Deal than has the word *fascism*. Recovery can by no reasonable use of the word be confused with revolution. Recovery looks backward, not forward. It is not possible to recover a status which has not yet been reached. Even in the so-called days of prosperity in 1929 there were no less than seventy million Americans living below a standard of health and decency. So far as the overwhelming majority of the people of this country are concerned, the very suggestion that any past status in American history should be recovered for them is, to

put it mildly, extremely cynical when the entire population might now enjoy the abundance made possible through technological progress. It is a prevalent though obviously mistaken assumption that belief in recovery is optimism. If the system whose recovery is sought was by its intrinsic qualities productive of depressions and wars, what optimism can possibly attach to a belief in the perpetual recurrence of these disasters? Recovery which is sought by the most heroic efforts can only have the effect of retardation of social forces. Recoverists must be fundamentalist or reactionary; revolutionists must be resourceful and imaginative, always under the necessity of constructing an unexperienced future. It is, therefore, the progress of the recovery program which must be watched with the most critical attitude if a drift toward fascism is to be stopped.

IV

There is as yet no independent mass movement of the lower middle class and farmers under way in the United States giving militant organization to the impulse of rebellion against the deprivations which these groups have suffered in the crisis. Until there is such a movement fascism has not even started on its way to power. Reliable reports from all sections of the country indicate a popular willingness to rely upon the conventional political processes of American capitalism to meet the demands of the crisis.

One of the moot points concerning the meaning of fascism touches the question which section of the population assumes the initiative in the movement. Is it, as some hold, simply "the movement for the preservation by violence, and at all costs, of the private ownership of the means of production"? Or is it, as others believe, "a revolt of the ruled middle class and

peasantry"? This difference of opinion concerns itself with the inception of fascism and not with the ultimate support which it claims. So far as mass support is concerned, it is clear that in Europe the ruined middle class and peasantry have provided that. It is equally clear that they dominate the early stages of the movement. Since, however, the aim of these groups is not definitely revolutionary, seeking to overturn a decadent capitalism, they have only to demonstrate their potential political power in order to gain the indispensable financial support of the upper capitalist class or the important members of that class. At this stage there is a conjoining of these elements in defense of interests which to the declassed bourgeoisie are visionary and to the moneyed class substantial. For want of better terms let us call these two groups the lower and upper middle classes. The lower middle class aims at recapture of its vanished privileges and the upper middle class aims at the retention of its threatened power. Thus the blood of cultural kinship is thicker than the water of economic circumstance.

It should be noted here that a larger or smaller section of the discontented workers, lacking class consciousness, joins with the fascist movement, thus further complicating the class character of its support. There is nothing novel in this situation, inasmuch as the ruling bourgeoisie has always been able to claim the loyalty of the most divergent interests in its hour of deepest need. As John Strachey correctly points out, the big bankers and landowners have always fought their battles by proxy.

While the lower middle class in the United States has not yet assumed any initiative in the launching of a fascist movement, it is, nevertheless, important to note one of its characteristic attitudes, widely voiced at the moment,

which helps to explain its present role. This is its attitude toward labor. Members of the middle class show a marked consciousness of the crisis and the need for drastic action to deal with it before large sections of the working class become aroused. Once aroused to the seriousness of the crisis, they reveal a passion for social justice not to be found generally among trade unionists. Acting under the impulse of their social idealism and their consciousness of the crisis, some of the members of the lower middle class decide to join the revolutionary movement. They determine to devote themselves to the workers' cause. Soon they discover the backwardness of workers, in terms of their own social idealism, and thus set out to make their own revolution. When, however, they get along with their organization they come under the sway of their heritage. Beginning with sincere anti-capitalist motives, they find themselves in the end guided by their early training, received not only in the formal institutions of education but more impressively in the school of social experience within a capitalist economy. It can hardly be questioned that sincere revolutionary sentiments have taken many into the ranks of the Nazi Storm Troops, but they have yielded to the pressure of great cultural forces. To what degree their revolutionary intentions have been completely eclipsed and to what degree they remain as a potential force for later disrupting fascist unity the future alone will reveal.

Lower middle-class revolt under the impulse of a too pure social idealism is plentiful in the United States today. Unless it loses its middle-class point of view along with its vanished economic privileges, and effects a working unity with working-class revolt, it is likely eventually to be sucked into a fascist movement. The revolt of the farmers, based upon a type of individ-

ualism which was effective in frontier conditions but whose usefulness disappeared at the end of the nineteenth century, carries with it the same menace. No revolutionary working-class program has as yet succeeded in bringing together the interests of the urban industrial workers and the agricultural workers.

V

In discussing the possibilities of a fascist movement in the United States, too much has been made of the organizations which are now trying to recruit members for this and that color in shirts. Many of them are not deserving of the publicity which mention of their names provides. On the other hand, it is not enough to dismiss them as mere rackets collecting ten-dollar fees from the credulous. Racketeering is a worthy beginning of organized fascism, but any type of racketeering is a phenomenon of secondary importance to the more fundamental motives that dominate a civilization. There may be cause for amazement in the fact that fascist organizations have made so little impression in the United States in view of basic social conditions which might have given rise, before this, to powerful mass organizations corresponding to the Storm Troops of Hitler.

A few general observations may be gleaned from the abundant literature of the "shirt" organizations. One and all they are anti-Roosevelt. This fact alone may be considered sufficient to acquit the present Administration at Washington of any fascist intentions. In a recent number of the magazine of one of these organizations it is stated that the methods of the NRA "are staggering in their similarity to those enforced on an equally despoiled and butchered Russia." Typical of the attacks upon the Roosevelt Administration is the following: "Do you

know that the present N.R.A. was set up by Jews, foisted on a political administration by the Jews, and that known communists, wartime seditionists, or affiliates of the nefarious American Civil Liberties Union, are heavily sprinkled throughout N.R.A. officialdom?" From the same source we are informed that an investigator "could find practically no trace of the Roosevelt mortal statistics in Holland, where such records are kept with almost religious accuracy." "Could this mean," asks the Chief of the Silver Shirts, "that Roosevelt family statistics must then be only in the synagogue, since all records must be contained in one place or the other?" The suggestion is made repeatedly that the original spelling of the President's family name was "Rosenfeld."

Anti-Semitism appears with the same reiteration and viciousness in the publications of these organizations as in the writings of Hitler's lieutenant, Alfred Rosenberg. "Matters are going the way they are in America at this moment because these crafty Jewish oligarchs *from overseas* (italics ours) and their Gentile 'fronts' are expecting that you won't have brains or courage enough to bring them to book," says Mr. William Dudley Pelley. Yet having described these conspirators as foreigners, Mr. Pelley proceeds immediately to refer to Germany as if it were his own Fatherland: "less than ten months ago, the great Fatherland of Germany was getting completely into the hands of Communistic Hebrews."

True to the fascist prototypes of Italy and Germany, these American imitators are at their fanatical best when roused to fury against the Communists. Needless to say they use the word communism in a rather inclusive sense, taking in not only the Communist Party but also the Socialist Party, the League for Industrial Democracy, the American Civil Liberties

Union, and even the pacifist organizations, which in its eyes are nothing more than "the innocent fronts of Moscow."

Patriotism is exploited for all it is worth—and that is a great deal, for the American mind that has long been exposed to the uncritical recital of the doctrine of "My country, right or wrong." "The time is coming," warns one of our fascist aspirants, "when those of us who have a sterling patriotism that can be neither debauched, intimidated, nor subverted, must stand shoulder to shoulder to preserve a nation that was once American."

Christianity also has its uses, which are not overlooked by the defenders of the American faith. "Without the slightest prejudice in our favor, we *Silver Shirts*," writes the founder of the order, "maintain that the Christian influence in the world exemplifies the Constructive. By the use of the term Christian here we do not refer to the followers of a theology but to uniformly white peoples, or those of Aryan extraction, who nominally at least, over the past 1900 years, have embraced the precepts of the Man of Galilee."

These general characteristics of the fascist organizations in the United States to-day reveal certain potentialities of fascism, based upon widespread social attitudes in this country, more than they themselves constitute at the moment any organized threat of domination by a fully developed movement. No country on earth has a richer assortment of hatreds which are available for demagogic exploitation for political purposes. There is at the same time a well-established tradition in American politics for such a demagogy.

So far as is known, there have been no important accessions to the ranks of fascism from the captains of industry and finance in the United States. This is additional confirmation of the view that the fascist organizations which

have been launched in this country do not yet have the numerical strength, the exorbitant claims to the contrary notwithstanding, which would lead the powerful capitalists to choose between fascism and socialism, electing the former as the infinitely preferable alternative. The tendency dominant at the moment is for the captains of industry and finance to fret under the mild restrictions of the NRA, yearning once more to go their own ruggedly individualistic way. The most extreme characterizations of the New Deal at Washington, whether fascist or socialist, have come from those financial masters of their political servants who desire the resuscitation of prostrate laissez-faire. When it has become clear to them that laissez-faire has gone forever there will then be a disposition to accept, with varying degrees of wistfulness, the inevitable. Of course fascism, preserving the substance, if not the familiar form of economic privilege, will be the welcome alternative to expropriation by socialism.

The abrogation of the parliamentary method of capitalist rule is occasionally suggested by leaders of public opinion. There has been for a long time, however, a disposition to heave a sigh of relief when Congress adjourns and the powers of government pass into the complete possession of the executive branch. It is an old American custom to assail Congress, particularly that branch of Congress in which the largest measure of freedom to debate exists—the Senate.

Great economic distress not only generates the impulse of rebellion among the masses whose overt acts are met with governmental curtailment of civil liberties; it also throws into bold relief the cumbersome nature of parliamentary processes. The ruling class, applying new restraints to rebellious workers, simultaneously throws off some or all of the restraints upon its

own action. This means that extraordinary powers, permitting speed and precision of action, are lodged in the executive function of government, and the legislative function is to that extent suspended. If the economic crisis is sufficiently acute, both of these processes of revision of the capitalist democratic state may be carried to their logical extremes—complete suppression of civil liberties and placing of all power in the hands of a chief executive. Capitalist parliamentarianism has then given way to fascist rule. When the hundred-day special session of Congress gave extraordinary powers of administration over agriculture, industry, transportation, banking, and the budget to the President, there was an ominous acclaim which overflowed Democratic bounds.

This tendency toward political dictatorship is accelerated by another factor which is not the product of an economic emergency, but which is itself productive of economic emergencies. This factor is the normal development of monopoly finance capitalism. The logic of advancing capitalism is the concentration of wealth in fewer and fewer hands or, even where there is an actual dispersion of ownership, a concentration of management over fewer and larger aggregates of wealth. This sets up a new tension between the propertied few and the propertyless many, more acute than is the case in earlier stages of capitalism. Inasmuch as the state is the reflection of property relations in society, it follows that there is a corresponding widening of the gap between the many who are reduced by their propertyless state to the category of political ineffectives within the capitalist democratic state, and the few who by reason of their enormous property holdings would control, at first covertly, then overtly, the real political power of that state. Thus Krupp von Bohlen,

Hugenberg, and Thyssen, having gathered to themselves the economic power of Germany, became figures of first-rate importance in any scheme for the concentration of political power in openly dictatorial forms. Diffusion of economic power under capitalism means diffusion of political power. Concentration means the eventual reform of the state machinery to correspond with the economic facts of society. The rate of growth of concentration is charted on a sharply rising curve and of itself is suggestive of complete dictatorship in both the economic and political fields. The necessity of discarding the cumbersome processes of parliamentarianism as inadequate for emergency action is thus reinforced by a different logic of capitalism, the logic of competition and merger.

Professors Berle and Means have shown in their *Modern Corporation and Private Property* to what extent the processes of concentration have worked in American capitalism. Two hundred corporations with scarcely more than two thousand directors control the conditions under which the whole of American industry must operate.

We come very near to the heart of the question of a possible American fascism when we inquire into the impregnability of civil liberties under conditions of a national crisis. Whatever variables there may be in the possible forms of fascism, the suppression of civil liberties is a feature that must be present before fascism can be said to exist. Civil liberties in the United States are as permanent as the will to defend them is organized more powerfully than the interests that profit by their suppression. The Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Harry H. Woodring, stated the proposition clearly enough in an article in *Liberty* in January of this year, when he said:

"Our Army happens to be the only branch of the government which is already organized and available not only to defend our territory but also to cope with social and economic problems in an emergency." Developing his theory of the purpose of the Army, Mr. Woodring proceeded to say: "The Army has sometimes been called upon to suppress disorderly activities in defiance of government by large groups of individuals. It has always been successful in this work without antagonizing any party to the political or industrial disputes involved. It is scarcely too much to state that *the Army's existence for this purpose alone* (italics ours) would justify the investment we have made in it. Economic breakdown, unless promptly corrected, induces social breakdown. In such a crisis the Army is the only organization in the country which is able and ready to maintain the government." We wonder if the Bonus Army would agree with Mr. Woodring that it was not antagonized when it was driven out of Anacostia by General Douglas MacArthur! The belated and extremely mild rebuke which Mr. Woodring received from President Roosevelt for his article gave no assurance that the thesis was incorrect.

VI

Nothing is more essential to fascism than the idea of the corporative or totalitarian state. The end achieved by fascism in this respect is a compulsory class collaboration, with compulsion unevenly applied to the owning and the working classes. The former may be subjected to slight inconveniences, when viewed in the light of the older laissez-faire capitalism, but their interests are not seriously affected and remain dominant in the structure of the corporative state. The latter are compelled to relinquish their independent organizations and are thereby

rendered impotent except as they retain some sort of underground association looking toward the day of crisis in the fascist state.

Every assault upon labor's right to bargain collectively or the corresponding right to strike is a movement in the direction of fascism. The NRA Administrator has distinguished himself on more than one occasion by open or implied threats against these basic rights of labor. The President himself, on the occasion of the dedication of the Gompers Memorial in the Fall of 1933, spoke an ominous word that looked in the direction of compulsory class collaboration.

The idea of the corporative state is not always expressed with the bluntness that smacks of reaction; it is widely held by liberals who deny the basic fact of the class struggle by expounding a concept of *society* standing above the occupationally divergent groups within it—society whose claims are paramount over those of the classes of which it is composed. Liberals are amused or incensed, according to their individual tempers, at the suggestion that their analysis of capitalist society serves a fascist cause. But their belief that capital and labor may be joined in a wedlock which is productive of some general social welfare leads in a crisis to shotgun weddings such as have been performed in Italy and Germany with an irate lower middle class brandishing the weapon. The enforced union is entirely devoid of affection, and labor will seek an annulment as soon as the gun is out of sight, if not sooner.

Liberalism plays a special role in the preparation for fascism by reason of its refusal to recognize the class character of capitalist society—a character which involves an absolute irreconcilability of interests between two basic classes. Among the most eminent exponents of liberalism in economics and govern-

ment to-day is the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, whose *Industrial Discipline* was published shortly after the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Tugwell, like all liberals, posits an ideally indivisible social interest. "Government," he writes, "may or may not be a thing which represents this social interest; it is clear, however, that it ought to be." Closer association with the mechanism of government may or may not lead Mr. Tugwell to abandon this view of the possibilities of government; it is clear, however, that it ought to do so. On the ground that it "has not produced any important results in American life in the way, at least, of class consciousness or will to a proletarian dictatorship," Mr. Tugwell categorically rejects the Marxian concept of the class struggle. On a similarly pragmatic ground, why not reject the liberal philosophy of the paramount social interest because it has not produced any important results in American life in the way of guaranteeing the security of the great mass of workers from the periodic catastrophes of depression and war?

The really ominous word which Mr. Tugwell has spoken in his volume lies in his assumption that government in a capitalist society may be imbued with an essentially social aim that is *inclusive*, and may, therefore, in a grave emergency find it necessary to "compel or persuade a higher co-operation for a national purpose." The analysis is *liberal*; the solution is essentially *fascist*.

The liberal differs somewhat from the rousing patriot in his nationalism, though not as fundamentally as might appear on the surface. In times of great emergency he joins hands with the uncritical patriot in demanding the unqualified loyalty of all to interests that are vital to few. During the World War many liberals appeared

to be doing penance for their pre-war criticism of social institutions by out-patrioteering the regular patriots.

As in many other fundamental policies, the Roosevelt Administration has not yet taken a decisive stand on the issue of economic nationalism. The counsels are divided, both within the inner circle of the Administration and outside it. Mr. James W. Gerard, chairman of the newly-formed "America Self-Contained Committee," urges that we take the advice of George Washington and "keep out of foreign entanglements," and "divorce ourselves from the poverty of the world." Headlines in the *New York Times* of November 29th announced that the "Army Starts to 'Eat American'—Bars Alien Foods—Even Bananas." (We wonder if as many as eleven items could be found for an All-American Menu.) Mr. Wallace B. Donham, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, believes that "we are at the end of an era" and "we cannot look simultaneously at home and abroad for solution of our difficulties." Mr. Owen D. Young offers the novel suggestion that we keep free the international "movement of books and works of art for the purpose of developing and widening culture" while we accept the proposition that the world is "dotted with compartments, each country seeking so far as possible to be self-contained in material things." The President's brusque message to the World Economic Conference in London last July was hailed editorially as "prickly Americanism." On the other hand, the Secretary of Agriculture warns that a policy of economic nationalism must mean withdrawing from forty to one hundred million acres of crop land from agricultural production in this country.

Few effects of the present economic

crisis are more clear than the breakdown of the world market, through the slackening of international trade and the collapse of international credit. International trade, it is generally estimated, has fallen off not less than two thirds. The concomitant of this dislocation of markets is the universal emergence of an accentuated economic nationalism, or frantic efforts at national economic self-sufficiency which the Germans have named *autarkie*. Intense nationalism has been common to fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, as well as to the growing fascist movement in other lands. Its intensification may well be considered a characteristic mark of a movement toward fascism. In short, nationalism exists only as a powerful political force because it is carefully cultivated for ulterior purposes. These purposes are related to the fact that a ruling class seeking either advantage or survival cultivates every psychological attitude which will support that survival. For such purposes both Italian and German fascism have intensified nationalism to the point of ecstatic mysticism. In the United States too the growth of the idea of economic self-sufficiency and its supporting nationalism is one of the indices by which to gauge the movement toward fascism.

VII

One of the most effective weapons used by fascism has been the idea of national purging. The effort to purify the nation of all alien elements, cultural or biological, has been one of the strange manifestations of reactionism. The fact is well established that cultural advance has been the outcome of a process of gestation in which alien and indigenous cultural strains have joined to give parentage to higher levels of civilization. Fascism represents an effort at forcible stoppage of such a

process and adopts measures aiming at cultural sterilization. Those elements in modern Germany which have distinguished its cultural development for universalism are precisely those elements which are being ruthlessly excised. The lower middle class has been notoriously fundamentalist in culture, which is another way of saying stagnant—an inevitable characteristic inasmuch as its very *raison d'être* has been the pecuniary life and its absorbing interest that of the market. Few things are more jeopardized in the social milieu of the modern world than the tenuous privilege and security which the lower middle class found in the way of life which made all things the objects of barter. All movements which aim to get back some status of privilege which has disappeared or is in the process of vanishing are characterized by frenzied efforts at purification—the expulsion of those cultural intrusions which have gained a footing in the course of a development which seems to deny the ancient vested rights as permanently valid. This vested interest may be little more than an idealization of a past status; that fact only enhances its psychological effectiveness. Fundamentalism may be logically absurd, in view of the impossibility of unscrambling history. It is, nevertheless, a powerful force for protecting the vested interest of a group whose position is threatened.

This cultural fundamentalism may take the form of trying to restore the dominant position of the *little man* who has been squeezed out by the domination of the monopoly chain store. It may take the form of organizing to preserve the "faith" that was vibrant in the days of the frontier—the "faith" whose moral codes have been challenged by the newcomers, either immigrants or scientists. It may hark back to the political philosophy of former times, even of former revolutions

if there are any in the national tradition. It is, in short, a cultural revival to prevent cultural revolution that is sought by fascism. Success in the enterprise is guaranteed only by the forcible imposition of the old patterns upon the new classes which have arisen. To this end the atmosphere must be made electric with the sense of danger to "eternal" values.

The machinery for forcible regimentation in the interests of old cultural values is supplied by the technology of the new values. To the agencies of the past—the school, the press, and the churches—have been added the radio, films, and aviation. The voice of the deliverer may be carried into every home of the land; his lifelike image may be reproduced upon screens before which millions sit; and he may appear in person at the opposite ends of the country on the same day.

Cultural reaction is still a sectional phenomenon in the United States. It may yet sweep from the hinterlands to conquer the centers of potential revolutionary energy.

Everywhere fascism has been accompanied by a growth in the martial spirit and military preparation. This is to be expected in a movement infused with the spirit of cultural fundamentalism and politically implemented with a program of economic nationalism. The growth of fascism and the progress of disarmament are contradictions in terms. Yet militarism is not necessarily fascism, and the two phenomena should not be confused. Militarism has been present at stages of capitalist development when there was no acute social crisis.

On the other hand, few outside Germany doubt that the triumph of Nazism has measurably increased the prospects of an early European war. All Germany has been set to goose-stepping. A glorified military tradition

has been deliberately inculcated in every responsive section of the population. The suppression of all dissident elements, radical, labor, liberal, and pacifist, means that open criticism of war policies is silenced, enabling the regime to create for itself the illusion of almost unanimous support for any and all policies, no matter how bellicose. The Nazis have done much to hasten the breakdown of international conference, weak deterrent of war that it was. Under the guise of demanding equality in arms, it is easy to prepare either for a war of revenge or a war for imperialist advantage. Hitler's proudest boast is that he has saved Germany from bolshevism. He has made it plain that he is available for the role of leading a European combination of Powers to save the whole Continent from bolshevism. While there are plenty of unresolved antagonisms between the capitalist States of Europe, there is always the possibility of a united front against the Soviet Union as a "saving" alternative to a suicidal struggle between the capitalist States.

If fascism is essentially capitalism's alternative to socialist revolution, there is ground for viewing with suspicion every increase in military preparedness as a fascist defense for capitalist civilization.

The Roosevelt Administration has already established for itself the record of making the most extensive preparations for war ever made by a peacetime government in the United States. The allotments for naval building from the funds of the Public Works Administration, the use of the CCC as "trial mobilizations" for the Army, and the passage of the Vinson Bill by Congress—all in addition to the vast increases over pre-War regular appropriations for the Army and Navy—constitute a pronounced drift in the direction of militarization of the nation.

Our conclusion from the available data on basic social trends in the United States is to the effect that the discernible drift is at present in the direction of fascism, although it has not yet accelerated to a speed that suggests inevitability. There exists no adequate organization of anti-fascist forces which would seem to be strong enough to check this drift. The

uniqueness of American institutions will not alone prevent a coalescence of forces that may ultimately welcome a fascist attempt to solve the problem of the continuing social crisis; only organization of opposing forces can prevent it. Those who believe that present tendencies will bear watching should not be regarded as conjuring up in imagination a non-existent peril.

APPROACHES

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

WHITE Athens lay in fields of asphodel,
And in the autumn small dark cyclamen
Pushed through pine needles in the shadow of pines.

And strangers, riding down the roads to Rome
Smelled roses from the miles of market gardens—
Rose-scent and dust drifting on wavering air.

Each place has its own guardians and gods.

And I know home is near by the high corn
Growing barbaric, and the sunflowers
With great heads bent, and sumachs touched with frost
Whose red leaves trail like feathers from war-bonnets.



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

A STORY

BY LAURENCE KIRK

OLIVER BARING hadn't been unhappy with his wife. He admitted that. He had no fault to find with Prue—in fact that was just the trouble. She looked after his house admirably, she was always kind and thoughtful, she was not unintelligent. With her dark, dark hair and gentle eyes she was even still attractive to him. The difficulty was that she wasn't nearly so attractive as somebody else.

The one thing that Oliver didn't admit was that he had fallen for a second-rate blonde. He was not the sort of man that either he or anyone else would expect to succumb to a silver dress and platinum hair. Prosperous, middle-aged, reserved, and serious, one of the five best-known architects of his day, a man to whom men listened with respect and from whom women concealed their boredom—was it likely that such a person would go and lose his head? Not in the least. But he had. Behind this noble and somewhat ponderous exterior there dwelt the twisted emotions of a passionate puritan.

In spite of his prosperity and his solid good looks, he had never really been tempted until Paula laid her finger on him. Women as a rule put him down as too good, too settled, to be of any personal interest; but such a consideration was the last thing to deter Paula. She needed someone

worthy of her talents. A dark-skinned, platinum-haired widow, she was attractive, Paula. Oliver never paused to consider the sort of life her first husband must have had. If he had inquired he might have been struck by Mr. Farrow's resemblance to himself, for Paula's requirements were quite simple. A prosperous and somewhat stupid husband and then a young man or two.

Anyway, to Oliver Paula was romance. She was the antidote to seven years of placid, contented married life. Had Oliver seen her behaving to some other man as she behaved to him, he might have described her very shortly and accurately in a word of five letters. But he had that type of very serious, not to say conceited, disposition which prevented him from calling the things that happened to him by the same names that he applied when they happened to other people. To him Paula was romance, glamour, excitement, danger—everything that his marriage had ceased to be. But she wasn't his mistress. Oliver sometimes prosily reminded himself that he would never have consented to any clandestine affair: that he wasn't that kind of man. In any case Paula had decided that it was to be marriage and nothing short of it, so it did not much matter what Oliver thought.

Now on this twenty-first day of November matters had reached a climax.

As Oliver closed the door of Paula's flat at six-thirty in the evening, he was feeling lightheaded and intoxicated. He had just had two cocktails, but the intoxication did not come from that. It was Paula herself that had gone to his head, Paula reclining on the sofa, black cushions, a black dress; everything so dark and somber except her dazzling fair hair. Dazzling, that was the word for Paula. Now that he had left her he couldn't believe that anything so stupefyingly beautiful could really exist. Nor could he believe . . . Good heavens, had he actually promised? Had he finally committed himself? Had he really arranged to run away with her on Wednesday week?

As Oliver walked on through the November dusk he became less lightheaded and more heavy of heart. But I can't have promised her that, he thought! I never meant to. I've just been toying with the idea. I can't really leave Prue and the two children. At least not on Wednesday week. It's too soon. I haven't had time to think. We're dining with the Wares the week after, and then there's Marjorie's birthday. She'll be six on the third of December. How on earth can I run away with Paula?

Then he thought of Paula's fair head on those black cushions, of her black revealing dress, her sinuous body, and a violent wave of passion came over him. He translated this physical urge into his own rather prosy political language. I have promised, he thought solemnly, I have pledged my word, and I am a man who keeps his word. Besides, I have a right to my own life. It's Prue's fault, all wrapped up in the children, she doesn't know how to keep a man's love. And she's amply provided for. She doesn't really need me. Nor do the children.

Girls! They don't really need a father. It would have been different if they'd been boys. I couldn't have left them in that case; they'd need a father's guidance. I'm not the sort of man really to neglect my duty. . . . Just for a moment the thought occurred to him, what a good thing it is that they aren't boys, but he hurriedly pushed it away from him. He couldn't face a thought like that.

Then his conscience attacked him again. But I can't really be going to leave Prue and the children, he thought. After seven years! My home broken up, my name dishonored, my business ruined! What am I thinking of? It's sheer madness. . . . However, once more the dazzling vision of Paula's head came up to check his cowardice. After all, it didn't do Steinway any harm, he went on, and I'm a more eminent man than he is. And Paula is a lady, which is more than can be said for that Cranford woman. People are sensible nowadays, realize that a man's private life is his own affair. And, by heaven, it is his own affair. I'm not going on being torn to pieces like this. I've a right to Paula, to my happiness.

From that moment his mind was made up. Wednesday week. He had promised and he would keep his promise. All that remained to be settled was what and when to tell Prue. He was sorry for her. She was a good woman within her limitations, and she had done her best to follow him in his prosperous career. Not her fault that she couldn't quite keep up, not her fault that he was such a remarkable man. If only she hadn't been so blind, always taken him for granted. It was going to be a terrible shock to her, such a terrible and unexpected shock that by the time Oliver had his fingers on the handle of her drawing-room, he had

decided that the kindest way to inform her of his intentions would be to write her a letter after he had gone off with Paula. Whether this conclusion was really to spare her feelings or to circumnavigate his own arrant cowardice, that he did not pause to consider.

Oliver turned the handle and walked in.

"Well, my dear," he began—and then he stopped.

Prue was standing in front of the gilt Provençal mirror above the mantelpiece, and she was so absorbed in studying her own appearance that she did not, or pretended she did not, notice his entrance. She was turning her head this way and that, patting her hair here and pushing it there, apparently very satisfied with the effect she was making. But it was not this unexpected exhibition of vanity that made Oliver pause and gasp for breath. Prue's dark, dark hair was no longer dark. It was the purest platinum, exactly the same color as Paula's.

For five seconds Oliver thought it was Paula. Considering that his thoughts were centered on a certain exotic vision in his mind and that Prue also was wearing a black dress, it is not surprising that he thought this. However, after those five seconds he realized his mistake, and with a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach began to wonder exactly why Prue had suddenly dyed her hair—and dyed it that particular color.

"What on earth have you done to yourself?" he asked, abruptly coming forward.

Prue slowly turned round.

"Hullo, Oliver, you're early to-night surely?"

Early, Oliver thought! If she only knew! . . . Or does she know? Then he repeated his question.

"What on earth have you done to yourself, Prue?"

She posed for him very demurely.

"I've had my hair dyed, Oliver. Like it?"

Oliver pretended not to be interested, but he examined her hair very closely. It was marvellously natural, beautifully done. You really couldn't tell at all. . . . And he wondered—was Paula's natural or dyed like this?

"I don't like dyed hair," he said heavily.

"Oh, Oliver!" Prue laughed.

At that moment Oliver knew that she knew. Obviously she had known all this time that he was carrying on with Paula, and now had chosen this strange method of telling him. But how much did she really know, he asked himself anxiously? And what did she intend to do?

"Why did you laugh like that?" he asked rather fiercely.

"Only because it's so like you, Oliver dear. You do hate any change, don't you?" Oliver gave her a look which was half a threat and half an appeal, and she went on. "I think it's rather nice myself, and it's very fashionable. All the best people are having it done."

Oliver stared at her.

"You'd no right to do this without telling me beforehand."

Prue smiled.

"What would you have said, my dear?" she asked.

"I—I, why, I . . . But what made you do it? It's an extraordinary thing to do without telling me. You must have had a reason."

"Darling, you know I never have a reason. I was only tired of myself after being the same all these years. I thought perhaps you were getting tired of me too."

Oliver gulped.

"I liked you as you were."

"Did you, darling? Don't you like this color?"

"I—um—I don't think it suits your type."

"Oh, Oliver, you always say that, and you don't really know what my type is."

No, by heaven I don't, was what Oliver wanted to say. However, he merely mumbled:

"I liked you as you were."

"Did you, my dear, really?"

Prue put up her face to be kissed, and Oliver, thinking of Judas, kissed it.

"Did you really?" Prue repeated.

"Yes," said Oliver quickly, "What time's dinner?"

Dinner fortunately was in less than half an hour, and Oliver escaped to his bath. He could not have stood another moment of that conversation. After the many varied and violent emotions of the evening, he felt shattered and unpleasantly ridiculous. His brain was in a turmoil as he vigorously exercised his sponge. Prue knew. There was no doubt about that. What was worse, she apparently proposed to play with him. Had she intended to come out into the open and tax him with his association with Paula she would have done it by now. As it was, she would go on being her sweet self, seeing nothing, saying nothing—but flaunting that platinum hair like a warrant of arrest before his eyes. Mean, thought Oliver! Cowardly! He summed up his outraged feelings as he struggled with his tie:

Confound it all, I never thought she had it in her.

Sir Joseph and Lady Smedley were their guests that evening. It was a duty dinner of the duller sort, but never in his life had Oliver been more glad of company. Anything, anything was better than being left alone with Prue.

Both the guests made flattering remarks to Prue about her changed appearance: Sir Joseph's being more sincere than his wife's, who was too conscious of her own more permanent transformation. Then at dinner, while Lady Smedley chattered about

quick tricks and conventions—she seemed to remember every hand she had ever played—Oliver at intervals glanced across the table at Prue's accusing hair. I won't stand it, he was thinking. I shall have it out with her afterward. I'm not going to put up with this sort of thing. That was his opinion while they were eating the sole meunière. Later on, when a wing of pheasant was on his plate, he had changed his mind. Talk! What's the good of talk, he thought? It won't lead us anywhere, and she's a better talker than I am. I must act and act quickly. I must go away with Paula at once. I can't go on living with Prue now that I've made up my mind—and she knows. Finally when the table was being cleared for dessert he was still of the same opinion; but he did notice how extraordinarily attractive Prue was looking. That platinum hair did suit her. It suited her just as much as it suited Paula. More perhaps, for she had kinder, more womanly eyes.

Oliver played bridge extremely badly after dinner. He overcalled, he undercalled, he revoked; and it was only eleven-fifteen when Lady Smedley, who had been his partner throughout, acidly remarked that it was very late and they couldn't possibly play another rubber. When they had gone Oliver slumped down in a chair, looking tired and rather pathetic. Prue came over and put her hand lightly on the side of his head.

"What's the matter, my dear?" she asked. "You don't seem yourself at all."

"I'm perfectly all right," Oliver said.

"Are you sure? I think you've been working too hard lately. Why don't you throw everything over for a bit and go away and have a rest?"

"A rest!" he echoed.

"Well, a change. I think it's what you need."

Oliver looked at her very searchingly, then wearily rose to his feet.

"Perhaps I will," he said shortly and went to his room.

The next ten days were the most harrowing in all Oliver's existence. Prue kept up the same pretense of seeing nothing, knowing nothing. Oliver saw Paula once and then avoided her. He could not bear being with either of them, for when he was with Prue he kept imagining he was with Paula, and when he was with Paula he kept imagining he was with Prue. He was being torn in pieces, all the more so because as each day passed he became more and more aware how very attractive Prue was looking. The only anchor he had in this emotional turmoil was his pledged word. He kept saying to himself—I have promised Paula and I am a man who keeps his word. Nevertheless, when the fateful Wednesday arrived, and he wrote that letter saying that although he had always appreciated her love and understanding the only decent thing to do was to say good-by—it was to Paula and not to Prue that he sent it.

Incidentally he had a reply couched in such trenchant terms that he felt that perhaps it was a lucky escape.

That same evening he began to make love to his wife. He wanted to confess the whole miserable tale to her, but he couldn't quite bring himself to do it. He wasn't frank enough by nature to make such a complete surrender. Nor did he think it wise. The only way to preserve such little prestige as he had left as a husband was to leave some doubt in Prue's mind. After all she couldn't know for certain exactly how far things had gone, and it was better that she should never know. If he did tell her, she either wouldn't forgive him or else she would; and Oliver could not estimate which prospect pleased him the less.

It seemed to him that it was the reticences in married life, the things that aren't said rather than the things that are, that make the holy state endurable.

Anyway he began to make love to Prue, to bring her flowers and pay her little attentions. She held him off for a while, just as she had held him off when he first proposed. But finally she took him back and they were very happy indeed. As Oliver somewhat heavily expressed it, the blonde in Prue had reawakened his love for the brunette. In other words, he was enjoying all the advantages of adultery with none of its anxieties.

This blissful state naturally did not continue forever. Prue's hair remained platinum for only six months. She said that it was because of the continual nuisance and expense of having it touched up that she had it altered again. But Oliver knew better. No doubt, like him, she had read in the paper of Paula's marriage, and knew that she no longer had any cause for anxiety. Oliver could have told her, but didn't, that she no longer had any cause for anxiety whether Paula was married or not. That was all over. He loved Prue, and he loved her just as much when she became a brunette again.

Oliver had never quite regained the prestige which he had lost in his own mind. Whereas he had formerly regarded himself as holding ninety per cent of the shares in their marriage, he now considered himself lucky if he could feel that he owned half of them. He was still inclined to be stately and ponderous and at the beginning of a discussion to lay down the law. At the end of it, however, though he didn't ever admit that he was wrong, it was generally Prue's wishes that were carried out.

Only once again did he have any tendency to stray. That was seven

years later—Oliver's dangerous ages seemed to run in periods of seven years—and this time it was a copper-haired beauty. She was a lovely creature and considerably less exacting than Paula. In fact, who knows what might have happened if Oliver had not been obsessed with the fear of walking into his house one evening and finding Prue standing in front of the mirror with flaming red hair. This fear began to assume such alarming proportions that it became a positive neurosis, with the result that one day Oliver hastily said good-by to the copper-haired siren, much to the latter's disappointment.

After that there was no more trouble. Oliver mellowed with age though he never acquired more than a rudimentary sense of humor. At the age of fifty-three he entered Parliament, which did nothing to diminish the heavy solemnity to which he had always been prone. About this time, however, he began to feel that sooner or later he would have to tell Prue the full story of the platinum episode. He knew that it would be a sacrifice, a final surrender, but he felt that it was demanded from him after Prue's devotion all these years. It seemed to him a pity that when a complete understanding with her was so near, this should be allowed to stand in the way.

However, he was not practiced in the art of telling stories against himself, and it was not till ten years later that the confession was finally made. Even then it would probably have been postponed, as it had been so often postponed before, but Oliver thought he was dying. Actually it was only a fairly mild attack of influenza, but Oliver wasn't accustomed to being ill; and like other men of his kind, he was really a pleasanter character when he wasn't feeling too healthy.

The pain and weakness brought him an unaccustomed humility, and he lay in bed thinking how kind and good

Prue had always been. This was in November. He still thought he was dying although he was really convalescent, and it was one evening when Prue was sitting by his bed (her hair by the way now had touches of silver gray) that he looked back and remembered that other November evening when he had promised to run away with Paula. What a blessing that Prue had saved him from her, he thought! All the same what agony it was! How he had wanted her, how he had longed to cut loose!

At length he put his hand gently on Prue's and murmured wanly:

"We've been very happy together, my dear."

"Dear Oliver!" Prue replied.

Oliver paused and went on.

"I just wanted to tell you. . . . It's all gone past so quickly. . . . We're old people now, the children grown up—married. It seems strange that it's all happened so soon. But I'm glad to see them so happy. They're good girls, Prue, like you!"

In the silence that followed he felt a warm tear on his hand, and he looked up.

"My dear, what's the matter? You mustn't cry."

Prue sniffed and wiped her eyes.

"It's nothing, Oliver. . . . Only you're so good, I . . ."

She didn't intend to say any more, but Prue was impulsive. Why shouldn't I tell him, she thought? We're old people. We've lived our lives. We can't harm each other any more. And I've always wanted to tell him. I can't go on and on until I die without telling him.

"I haven't really been a good woman, Oliver," she said suddenly.

"My dear!"

"But it's true. I haven't always been—quite faithful to you."

Oliver sat up. "What's that?"

"Oh, I've been faithful in everything

that matters," she went on quickly. "Your career, our children, I put them before everything. . . . But I once had a lover."

Oliver lay back against the pillows and feebly blinked his eyes.

"You had a lover?"

"Yes, Oliver."

"And you say you've been faithful in everything that matters?"

"Yes, Oliver, I say that."

"Why did you have a lover?"

Prue made a pathetic little gesture. It was as if to say, why are we born, why do we die, how are we to account for all the things that happen in between?

At length she went on.

"I can't tell you why, my dear. It just happened. It was quite unavoidable, and yet I didn't even love him. That sounds horrid, doesn't it? I don't know—perhaps it was your fault a little, my dear. You neglected me rather about that time."

Oliver still lay back on the pillows. She had a lover, he thought, she had a lover—and I never had a mistress.

"When was this?" he demanded at length. He hardly dared to ask.

"A very long time ago," Prue returned quietly. "We must have been

married about six or seven years. You were very busy then, big contracts; and he was very idle. He was an artist. Selfish. Worthless. But good-looking."

"Why did it ever stop?" Oliver asked.

"He got tired of me," Prue told him simply. "He got tired before I did, and I suffered horribly. . . . Do you remember that time when I dyed my hair?"

"Yes, I remember."

"He was getting tired of me then. I dyed my hair because I was ready to do anything to hold him."

"You dyed—your hair—for him!"

"Yes, Oliver. And it didn't work. I couldn't hold him. . . . Oliver, don't moan like that. I can't bear it. . . . I had to tell you. I've always been worried about it. I lost him. But then you began to notice me again. I realized what a fool I had been, and we were happy again. . . . Oliver, Oliver, don't moan like that. . . . We were happy. I never loved anyone but you."

Oliver stopped moaning, and for a full minute he lay back against the pillows, with his eyes shut. Then at last to his undying credit, he kissed her hands and laughed.



GOODWIN TRIES TO SAVE THE CHURCH

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

CYNICS may derive some pleasure from the ease with which the churches of this land succumb to temptation. The War was a sad case in point, and now in these latter days comes a scheme by means of which churches are to become "sales-stimulating agencies." This scheme, known as the Goodwin Plan—after its founder Adolph O. Goodwin, an advertising wizard of Chicago—promises the churches 2 per cent of the list price of certain chosen brands of nationally advertised products, ranging all the way from chewing gum to automobiles, if they will but pledge themselves to purchase these commodities loyally and send some evidence of the purchase to the Goodwin office.

Responses in certain areas have been epidemic. In Buffalo 80 per cent of the Protestant and Jewish church societies signed up at the drop of the hat. Atlanta went in, according to reports, 96 per cent strong; Cincinnati did 98 per cent; Dayton, 95 per cent. In Denver ten out of eleven church societies came through. Mr. Goodwin raised with ease the first two hundred thousand dollars necessary to his plan and has since doubled that amount. He leased four floors in Mather Tower and selected eight hundred unemployed clergymen to be apostles. These apostles have now induced a quarter of a million ladies who are tired of baking cakes for church bazaars to sign on the dotted line.

It was hardly forty-eight hours after

Franklin D. Roosevelt had delivered his inaugural address that Mr. Goodwin formed the corporation "dedicated to the proposition that American Business may still rely on *Advertising* to solve its problems of Distribution." If this seems astounding, with every bank in the land closed to mourn an era in which we left our problems to advertising, one has only to remember that Mr. Goodwin is an astounding person. In the good old days he was (as he himself puts it) "fortunate to have been in or near the center of advertising's creative fountain." At the time when he launched and christened the Goodwin Corporation of America, his peers in Chicago immortalized him in words etched on a bronze plaque: "Master craftsman in advertising . . . America's Most Versatile Genius . . . combining in yourself the talents of Merchandising, Art, Salesmanship . . . Creator of the *Flaming Word* . . ."

Formerly Mr. Goodwin had an advertising agency in Chicago. After the Big Wind, however, he found his business wobbling. Nothing daunted, he launched out aggressively and in the first six months of 1932 he secured nine new national accounts for his agency. Even this was not enough. Mr. Goodwin saw that advertising was in a hard way. He decided, his vice-president tells us, "to retire from the advertising profession . . . unless he could discover that 'something' more important than new accounts . . .

that new something which could produce 'dollar sales results' from the advertising . . ."

Here was no mean task, but last year Mr. Goodwin came out with the Goodwin Corporation of America. It was based on the revelation that what the country needed was to have its consumers rounded up and put in concentration camps. As matters stood, consumers were able to escape the advertising message; for obviously the markets were not only thinner after 1929 and getting worse all the time, but the country was besieged with a plague of "problem speakers." In the din advertising's message could not be heard. Hence, the Goodwin Plan, the genius of which its sire modestly compares to Fulton's conception of the steamboat, intends "to physically round up" through the work of a great 'point of contact' field force of workers, a *concentrated audience*, the attention and concentration of the audience to be *held rigidly*." It is a plan to "gather together." *It is the physical instrument for holding the audience in rapt concentration* in front of the loud, clear megaphone of the advertising message."

So much for the metaphysics lying back of a plan which is really very practical. To round up this big audience, Mr. Goodwin thought of going through the churches, of enlisting those poor ladies who are forever serving meals, gathering rummage, and doing a hundred and one other catch-penny things to bolster up the budgets of their churches. His field workers go into local churches. They carry an elaborate booklet which outlines the Plan in detail. They secure the co-operation of some hard-bitten church society and line up as many genial and energetic souls as possible. These souls are called Good News Broadcasters. One is selected for every ten families in the church and, if possible,

one for every ten families in the community. These Broadcasters "apply for appointment" by the Goodwin Corporation and sign a three-year contract which specifies, among other things, that in view of the great benefit the Corporation is conferring, "we (the undersigned) promise not to participate in or lend our services to, for the duration of this agreement, any plan even slightly similar to the Goodwin Plan."

The Broadcasters then approach ten families in the church and secure their signature to an agreement which commits them to buy articles listed on the Loyalty Purchase List, which is the high-sounding name of the Goodwin catalogue. The housewife has the privilege of striking off any article she does not like. After she has made her eliminations, she signs up, agreeing to use such articles as remain on the list and to save some token or evidence of sale to turn in to the Broadcaster at the end of the month. She then gets a calendar in the form of an order reminder. She also gets an "Evidence of Sale Bag" in which the tokens can be placed and sent to the Goodwin Corporation by the Broadcaster. The Loyalty Purchase List covers the needs of the average family with the utmost forethought and detail. There is only one brand of each commodity, ranging over such items as deodorants, depilatories, emulsions, automatic pencils, radios, garters, corsets, girdles, galoshes, electric toasters, mops, roofing, gasoline, spark plugs, three classes of cars, manicure supplies, headache remedies, insecticides, rouge, and what-not. There are a thousand articles in all—everything included but liquor.

The Broadcasters collect from the ten families some token of each purchase made and these are mailed once a month to the Goodwin office. In return the Goodwin office sends a check for 2 per cent of the total amount

of the purchases represented by the tokens. This 2 per cent, which is paid by the manufacturer through the Goodwin Corporation, may be given to the church society or it may be kept by the individual. *Esprit de corps* is encouraged, however. The Goodwin booklet carries plans for organizing the Broadcasters of the community into competing teams, and there is a space on the blank where the Broadcasters may club together and sign over their earnings to the church. The main incentive of the scheme, at least in its early stages, is church loyalty and church support. Whether it will become fruitful enough for private gain remains to be seen. The Goodwin office sends its labels on to the manufacturer and receives from him $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the list price for service rendered.

Let us say that Mrs. B. of the Glad Hand Bible Class is one of the local Broadcasters. She calls on Mrs. C., probably while Mrs. C. is busy cleaning house. Mrs. B. explains she is doing church work and leaves with her a copy of the Church Loyalty Purchase List for checking purposes, promising to return the next day. That night after the dishes are washed and the children are in bed but not asleep, Mrs. C. goes over the big list with Mr. C., who is a salesman for Kosher Lard. They see at once that Kosher Lard is not listed and they at once strike off the list a competing lard. There are other eliminations—Mr. C. can't stand Sans Coffee, and both Mr. and Mrs. C. prefer the beans put up at the local canning works. But after all eliminations are made, a hefty list of articles remains on the Church Loyalty Purchase List and Mr. and Mrs. C. agree that since Mrs. B. is such a good worker and the Glad Hand Class does need funds for that new altar piece, they'll be glad to co-operate. So when Mrs. B. returns next day, Mrs. C. has her

list checked and is ready. At the end of the month Mrs. C. has her Evidence-of-Sale-Bag packed with nice labels and tokens. Mrs. B. tells her that Mrs. E. has even more tokens and that the returns for the month ought to be terribly good because the Whiffingtons have bought a Meteor coupé and that counts just like everything else.

This in brief was the notion which was running back and forth like a piston in the inventive mind of Mr. Goodwin. Those who know the hazards of church finance, carried on by a thousand and one bazaars, raffles, ice-cream suppers, rummage sales, bargain days, scavenger hunts, and all the rest, will readily understand the lure of the Goodwin Plan. It is true that Mr. Goodwin was not by any means the first to look upon the church as a convenient place for hawking wares with the inducement that a fraction of the proceeds would go to worthy causes. As a matter of fact, both Protestants and Catholics have been schooled in petty financial devices.

Schemes prior to Mr. Goodwin's were of infinite variety. A Mid-Western pastor several years ago made a close analysis of the propositions that came across his desk from enterprising sales agencies. These promised in their hail-fellow literature a big turnover for the church; but a scrutiny of the propositions of twelve concerns showed that it would require 3,648 distinct sales to net a profit of \$163.62. This meant a yield of \$.044 per customer, and this profit of \$163.62 is based on averaging 300 sales a month over an entire year. Another concern behind its smiling face offered under the caption, "Will you accept \$9.45 per month for the rest of the year?" the necessity of selling 210 articles a month. Still another juggled figures and said, "Your organization . . . can have the benefit of a \$24.00 income weekly." This sounds attractive, but when the

facts were sifted, the pastor discovered that his church would have to sell something to 74,880 customers a year to get this weekly stipend.

Within six months 44 concerns in eight States accosted this pastor with offers of one sort or another, all of them alluring. The articles put up for sale included flavoring extracts, chocolate pudding, mints, tea, cook books, slaw cutters, sanitary milk bottle caps, paring knives, furniture polish, mops, rust and stain removers, bluing paddles (one gross netting the church \$5), handkerchiefs, lingerie, Christmas cards, paper napkins (your initial embossed), shampoo, laxatives, and toys. A concern selling extracts claimed to have made a million for church societies in nine years. While it is true that many Protestant churches have officially set their faces against such sweet-smelling propositions, a long tradition remains, and thousands of church societies are ever willing to do their part. The response of the churches to many of these schemes has been at times rhapsodic. An agent selling shampoo in one church conducted a demonstration for his wares at the morning service. There is a case on record of a pastor who pleaded with his women as if for their souls' salvation in an effort to get them to visit a carpet-cleaning establishment where a certain per head sum would be given for each woman attending.

It was upon this scene that Mr. Goodwin emerged. He had a thousand and one minor precedents and millions of dollars' worth of good reason to believe that his scheme was dizzy with possibilities. It would turn the churches into a glorified A. & P. His plan called for no penny-pinching, no endless house-to-house canvass. There is not one single cent of outlay required by the local church. Even the evidences of sale may be sent ex-

press collect to the Goodwin offices, with deduction of the express charges made from the monthly check.

II

What is more, Mr. Goodwin not only has a canny knowledge of merchandising; he also knows how delicately to deal with the host of the Lord. His whole scheme is wrapped up in a kind of Christmas package vocabulary. The high-sounding approach to ministers is made in stately terms half way between Rotary and the Book of Common Prayer. For one feature of this "simplest, most gigantic merchandising concept" is a beguiling plan for social justice. If you consult this part of the Plan you will get the impression that the Goodwin Corporation was organized primarily to spread sunshine and only incidentally to make money.

Engraved God-Bless-Our-Home fashion across the front of the brochure devoted to this part of the plan are the words: "When increased profits come to the manufacturers, it is intended, among other things, that a Predetermined Part of such Increased Profits shall be awarded, by those manufacturers, to their Employees as Increased Compensation." This insistence the Goodwin Corporation intends to impress "in terms of its reserved rights not to accept the sales-stimulating responsibility of any product and not to avail the potential sales-energy of the Goodwin Plan field force to any manufacturer who does not clearly comprehend his responsibility to *aid in supporting the mass purchasing power* from the additional new profits that may come from additional new sales through the efforts of the Goodwin Plan sales force." In a word, manufacturers "will be expected to put into operation an ascending scale of wage increases," and they simply are old meanies if they don't.

Beyond this diplomatic committal to increased wages out of increased profits, not earnings, there lie certain Great Social Principles which the Goodwin Corporation waves aloft. Manufacturers co-operating with the Plan will be required, in writing, to pay a living wage (not lower than that established as a minimum by the Federal Government); they must provide reasonable working hours—not over forty-eight hours a week; they must provide decent working conditions, must refrain from employing child labor, and must work toward security and permanency of employment. To enforce these principles there is a social-justice committee, composed of a Protestant, a Catholic, and a Jew. This committee shall adjust complaints. If it cannot, grievances are to be referred to an arbitration committee, composed of one representative of the Goodwin Corporation, one representative of the manufacturer, and a third to be chosen by these two. This tissue of promises and vague commitments, thin as it may seem, attracted to the Goodwin Plan some of the brightest minds of the sanhedrin.

One piece is needed to complete the puzzle. Mr. Goodwin's omnivorous advertising brain thought of the merging social intelligence of the church and wrote with a grand flourish his Social Principles. Best of all he thought of the press, the neglected and impoverished daily press. For, as we saw at the beginning, his real notion was to corral the community. Indeed, one cartoon of the literature shows a bunch of genial, fat church ladies playing ring-around-the-rosy and keeping in check a group who stand in front of the megaphone while the advertiser shouts at them. A twenty-four-page broadside makes it clear that all manufacturers out of their sales promotion appropriations are required to turn back into newspaper advertising 3 per

cent of the wholesale price of all articles sold in the community through the untiring labors of the ladies' aid.

When all is said and done, then, Mr. Goodwin has something in his saddlebags. The 250,000 church women who have signed up as Broadcasters under three-year contracts represent from two and a half to five million families. At a minimum average expenditure of \$5 a week per family, or \$650,000,000 a year, the Goodwin Corporation stands to gross approximately \$10,000,000 the first year. The ultimate goal is five million families. Church executives have tumbled over themselves to boost the Plan. The adventure appealed to the ladies in the church, forever hard-pressed and forever panting around the parish in futile if energetic service. One pastor is reported as saying recently that his women, on bended knees, were praying for the success of the Plan. Another church is offering prizes to children for the largest sales. Another pastor saw in the Plan "the church's opportunity to smash the advertising racket in America."

III

It must not be supposed, however, that the entire church accepted the proposition. Last November *The Christian Century*, an independent religious weekly in Chicago, long distinguished for its valor and for the commendable arrogance with which it voices liberal opinion, discovered that Goodwin had already signed up 190,000 church women as his paid agents in the attempt to put the communion of saints on a strictly business basis. *The Christian Century* carried first a signed article; it followed a week later with a left-hook editorial. Three weeks later it exposed with cruel precision the strategy of the Goodwin Corporation in keeping the press quiet and well-behaved by announcing the

prospect of large advertising plums.

Letters began to appear frequently in the columns of the *Century*, expressing opinions, citing experiences, and voicing protest. These letters came from the four corners of the republic and they showed unmistakably that the more vigilant of Christ's flock would not embrace the Plan. Important church leaders repudiated their endorsements and ran for cover. Other religious journals, conspicuously *The Churchman*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Witness*, and *The Living Church*, joined in the merry chase. Ministerial associations, conferences, and church bodies passed ringing resolutions of rejection. One preacher pointed out the preposterousness of taking the text, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink," and then adding in the next breath, "and while we are thinking of the text, brethren, let us not forget to drink Banana Dry." "By the side of Mr. Goodwin," *The Churchman* remarked, "Constantine was a piker."

In a word, church leaders beat the air magnificently when finally aroused. Once liberal opinion was marshalled, it was clearly seen that the Goodwin Corporation could expect no quarter from a church which saw its integrity threatened. It was pointed out that the net effect of the Plan would be to convert the church into a buying trust; that the quality of the commodities covered by the plan would be determined largely by the criterion of whether or not they would be nationally advertised and not by any honest consumer's standards; that the close relationship between the Corporation and the press was dangerous; that the social principles were hardly more than the milk-and-water sentimentality with which American business is wont occasionally to douche itself. Finally, liberal religious opinion said flatly that the church, at least the

Protestant branch of it, repudiated budget-raising devices thirty years ago and that it must not now turn hand-springs for business.

Yet the bark of officialdom turned out to be considerably worse than its bite. The net effect of the season of protest, which lasted about two months, was to postpone slightly the enlistment of the first quarter million church women the Goodwin Corporation wanted. By now the protest has subsided. The plain fact is that, whatever may be the notions of liberal clergymen and editors, the people of the church in the main embraced the Plan with open arms and fervent hosannas, and they will continue to be enthusiastic to the scheme if it yields returns. For the problems that the churches face are exceedingly real. It may be very well for an occasional emancipated clergyman to urge that the ladies ought to give up bazaars and demonstrations. But in spite of official frowning, this sort of thing continues to go on. The church has become such a financial burden to itself that it must, without some change of heart and purpose, resort to every known business dodge to keep itself alive.

Here is the real tragedy—that the church has treacherously overstepped itself financially and has in consequence sold out to the world, the flesh, and the banks. Part of this tragedy has been due to a sincere and noble effort to keep pace with the times, to add equipment and plant which would enable the church to serve the community. An equal part of it, however, has been due to an unhealthy itch for opulence, a decision to build churches conspicuously better than the community could afford, a race between cities, and even between churches of a single denomination in the same city.

It thus seems likely that the church, not by dishonesty or by any single act

of betrayal but by a worship of what William James called the bitch-goddess, Success, and by much poor business judgment, has got itself so hopelessly enmeshed in our present society that it must accept the methods of that society to save itself from institutional ruin. The churches have over four billions invested in property. At the time of the last census, 1926, and before the crash and the curtailment of income, the total amount of church indebtedness on property alone was \$476,865,027. And this was in the brightest days of the New Era. During the same time operating expenses for the churches were almost a billion a year. Of this amount \$1 was contributed to benevolences for every \$4.37 expended for local self-support. The \$1, of course, does not include a large bulk of gifts for charitable purposes made by church members but not included in the accounting of church expenditures; nevertheless the contrast remains striking. It would appear that the church had turned out

to be a business organization suffering the usual disorders of business undertakings.

The odd part of it is that the church, in spite of these burdens and handicaps, must fulfill an ethical purpose in society. Yet the church as a body has not learned to think in social terms. The church somehow finds it easier to save labels than it does to save society. Its level of ethics has shown itself repeatedly to be no higher than the ethics of the marketplace. Hence when the suave agents of the Goodwin Corporation put up at the local hotel, dropping compliments and honeyed promises, and with the spineless code of ethics which the Corporation has devised, making apt concessions to the slowly dawning social conscience of the churches, it is inevitable that the average churchgoer should look upon the scheme as tempting. For the average churchgoer belongs to the great inert mass of citizens who have been taught to reach for anything that promises cash.





FLIGHT ACROSS AFRICA

BY MAURICE SAMUEL

EACH of the three modes of travel—on foot, on wheels, and on wings (a ship is transportation only, and not travel) has its special virtue. The slowest mode, whether the feet be your own or a quadruped's, is best for contact with people and the leisurely scrutiny of a locality; the middle mode, by train or automobile, is good for speed and quick changes; the airplane, especially in long flights, is best for speed and meditation. Meditation cannot, of course, be excluded from any of the three modes; but I am speaking of that meditation which is connected with and has its source and substance in the immediate act of traveling. The observant traveler who progresses slowly, in personal contact with the earth and with human beings, will be subject to too many impressions; sitting in a train he is too vividly aware of speed and shifting surroundings. Unless he is merely wool-gathering—which he can do anywhere and without expense—his thoughts are likely to be disjointed; he will not be meditating—he will be meandering. In the airplane, ten or eleven thousand feet above the ground, he is not aware of speed, though he is moving forward two or three times as fast as the fastest express train; the horizon is a hundred and thirty miles away and, if the weather is clear, he commands a view of more than fifty thousand square miles of territory—about the area of England. Except when he is flying past one of the world's high mountain

ranges, he is not aware of what is usually called scenery: the scenery is flattened into mere relief. The world is at once visible and yet abstract; its ends are brought together. It presents itself as a summary, it invites generalizations, it provokes the intelligence.

The flight from Cairo to Cape Town, or reverse, is made by stages of a few hundred miles in six days. At one end Egypt, with its strata of civilizations, pyramids of pre-Homeric times, Khufu, and Tutankhamen, mosques and citadels of the Arabian Middle Ages, tramcars, bazaars, *cafés chantants*, cotton-fields, and tourists of the twentieth century; at the other end the Transvaal and the Cape, kraals and gold fields and abandoned ostrich farms, the veldt, Lobengula and the Boer war, Rhodes and Gandhi and Smuts. Between these two layers of familiar names lie others, mysterious, suggestive of tom-toms. The air stations in the north are Cairo, Assouan, Khartoum; in the south Broken Hill, Johannesburg, Cape Town; separating them are clusters of dark syllables: M'beya, M'pika, Dodoma, Kisumu, Juba—the barely discovered wild. At either terminus the white man, Aryan or Semite, dominates even when he is outnumbered; in between he is merely master. His settlements are tiny fortresses. By thousands, or by hundreds, or by tens, planting coffee or sesame, looking for gold or ivory or game, the whites hold together among

millions of blacks. Secure in their arms and in the high morale of the conqueror, they are aware only of an uneasy biologic insecurity.

In this six-day swing across the bulge of the equator you learn nothing new. The facts are obtainable in books. What you acquire is a sharp and concentrated appreciation of the facts. You experience the knowledge which before you recalled by rote. By sudden juxtapositions, by apposite reminders, the continent and all its parts assert their characters afresh and with special gusto. Here is by far the largest of the world's a-historical areas, without trace or record of an indigeneous civilization; and by far the largest area which has remained unaffected (the few captured points have no organic relation to the whole) by modernity. Barricaded by deserts, swamps, mountains, jungles, heat, the continent held and holds its primitive millions as on a separate planet. The master races have washed its fringes; now and again they have penetrated into the heart of it; but they have left the vast interior essentially untouched. Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs in the north; Phœnician or Arab ruins of Zimbabwe; the Swahili language in a patch across the middle—all these fade in an air survey of Africa. Till the middle of the last century Lake Victoria was unknown to us, the pygmies were a legend, gorillas a fairy tale. Our settlements of to-day serve only to provide a contrast. Nairobi, with its five or six thousand whites, almost on the equator, has paved streets, movie houses, golf and tennis clubs, a newspaper, English social nuances, a race course, parish politics, a high school, radios, shops, Devonshire architecture, automobiles, parking regulations, municipal slogans and evening dress. At Elizabethville in the Congo Bongola Smith made a fortune in real estate. At N'goma on

Lake Kivu they are building the first genuine European Casino south of the equator in Africa. It will be called the Hotel des Volcans. Swimming, sports, cards, roulette, boating, and as fine a dance floor as can be found in Paris or New York. (A champion bobsleigh rider, holder of an Olympic ribbon, flew with me from Kampala to Cairo. He was enthusiastic on the subject of this resort. "It's in the hands of one of the biggest European syndicates who cater to the highest class of people," he said. "There are enough whites in Central and South Africa to make it a paying proposition. Besides, they'll come from Europe by air. The latest amusements on the front porch, the jungle at the back porch. You get the idea?") These are the settlements of the whites. For hundreds of miles, in every direction, the black races, prehistoric, the heat, the stubborn resistance of Africa.

In Port Said in the north Ferdinand de Lesseps stands at the entrance of the Suez Canal and stares southward; at a street crossing in Bulawayo in the south, Cecil John Rhodes stands and stares northward. Protagonists of the will power and equipment of the modern European, they face each other across the world which the white man seeks to make his own. They represent the new type of conquistador, equipped with chemistry and the calculus, to whom nothing should be impossible, certainly not the rapid subduing of a helpless continent to his ends, or at least the conversion of it to his own image. But the majority of students say that Africa will always remain black, and, for a long, long time, uncivilized. Looking down upon it from the air, you understand why.

II

The miraculous character of the country called Egypt became evident,

almost palpable, to me in the eleven hours of flight which covered the eleven hundred miles between Cairo and Khartoum.

Day was still a long way off when we set out from the light-flooded field at Heliopolis. The diminishing crescent of the moon failed to reveal the ground, and we flew in darkness above the unseen river southward toward the Libyan desert. Then a hint of light was born in the east, toward the Red Sea, took on color, became an aureole, shading softly into the vast, starry blue-blackness. It changed; it passed through pink and dull red into crimson and radiant rose. The depths pulsed; waves of counter-color came back from the zenith, ranks of subtle green and heliotrope and violet. The patches along the Nile became visible under us, rectangular fields which might have been the levels of an English countryside. The lamps of villages glimmered here and there. Then the Nile curved away and we were above the empty desert. The light in the east, gaining power, lost color. Night withdrew soberly on the opposite side, only her flanks carrying faint banners of color. In the lucid dawn we came back to the river and descended at Assut. (To one side of the air field an Arab, kneeling on his mat, bowed himself three times toward the east. Someone nudged me and said, "Isn't that dumb?")

When we rose again the fullness of day was upon us. From a height of ten thousand feet we looked down on the Nile. It seemed to lie even with its banks, waveless, rippleless, a thin, accidental spill of shallow water drawn across the illimitable, arid waste, a green-bordered thread lying, an irregular diameter, across the immense circle. Now I saw, now I understood, felt, was drawn into, the immemorial struggle of life with the fierce wilderness. The strip of growth which sub-

sists along the banks never strays into the desert. The two never fraternize or interpenetrate or forget their identities. They hold each other implacably at bay, neither of them gaining or giving an inch. No occasional patch of vegetation breaks out beyond the sharp line dividing the desert from the sown; no occasional patch of unregenerate desert is suffered within the borders of the hard-won, hard-worked inundated area.

Seen thus from the air, the Nile is an astounding thing. It looks fragile and provisional and inconsequential. You expect it to dry up in the next two or three hours. If you did not know its history, if you did not know that *this* is the Nile, you would surmise that it was a mistake, a passing event. It seems to be powerless against the all-consuming heat. The desert on either side need only shake its flank slightly, send out a puff, unfold a lap, and the ribbon of water would vanish forever. The heat need only put forth an extra blast, and the river would shrink into another of those innumerable dry wadis. The persistence of the river is awful; it is the persistence of life itself, an inexplicable obstinacy fed by an invisible and mysterious source. Now I understand why they *had* to worship the Nile; not because it fructified and gave bread, but because it was the affirmation of the living principle, undiscourageable in the midst of surrounding death, a cry of defiance against the hot indifference of the engulfing desert.

(Christmas eve, on the northward journey, I sat with a charming young British officer at table in Khartoum. He drank with us, and among other things he said, smiling, "We've been laughed at, we English, for giving up our hold on Egypt after having gone to so much trouble to establish it. People don't seem to understand that we don't have to hold Egypt with an

army to have her at our mercy. We need only a garrison down here with a few tons of explosives. In one day we can divert the Nile, and Egypt is done for. Egypt knows it. We English don't like to be spectacular." I was startled by the suggestion—without knowing whether it was serious or not—because it sounded incredibly *blasphemous*.)

But for this incredible thing, the Nile, this accidental intrusion from Uganda and Abyssinia, the desert under us seems omnipotent. Its intractable sands are reinforced by ridged, stony hills. While the sun is low the scene below us is not level but scarped, hillocked, cracked, ravined, with every variety of design, every kind of hilltop, sides that slope, sides that are sudden and precipitous, sides that retreat into caverns. All is dappled with sharp light and shadow, like the inner curve of the moon seen through a powerful telescope. As the sun rises the shadows shrink, they withdraw into the foot of the hills, they become flakes, they disappear. And then the desert receives the full blast of the sun, and it bakes and bakes and bakes, and the heart faints at the sight and thought of it.

They say that in some of these parts rain never falls. Never! In one spot at least tradition has been reinforced by official observation for eighty years. The terrible barrenness, the utter negation of life (an active and furious negation) makes the report easily credible. Below us no birds, no insects, no animals; there is not even scrub or cactus. There are not even (you feel) microbes in the air. There is only blazing yellow sand which turns to bronze at the horizon; there is convulsive black rock, and heat, blinding, baking, intolerable heat.

We get the full blast of it when we come down at Atbara. Farther down, below Khartoum, the heat is of an

other kind, a steaming, nauseous, clinging heat, which dissolves the will. Here, however, it strikes with a sharp edge. It beats into the tent where we rest while the airship is fed with fuel by half-naked natives. It makes all exposed objects impossible to the touch. It is assertive, vocal, metallic.

And in the midst of it the Nile persists! Shrunken in the summer, swollen in the winter, it is always there and always has been. The narrow gutter has gone on flowing through this immense hostility for uncounted thousands of years, and it has nourished rich and ancient civilizations which have left us gigantic pyramids and delicate alabaster statuettes, relics of crude power and of high, sophisticated beauty.

But if you wonder that such a thing as Egypt should ever have been and should still be, you do not wonder at all that farther south man, if he exists at all, should not ever have emerged from the most pitiful state of savagery. For below the Sudan the river becomes a swamp. This is not earth, but a reeking thickness of water and soil, a primal ooze stretching for hundreds of miles. Here and there we see, as we think, islands. But most of these are not solid islands; they are floating tangles of old life, roots and scum without foundation sprouting in their own right, a replica of something which preceded the carboniferous era. Where the soil is firm (and the smeared image of the sun does not crawl along with us in our flight) it is covered by uncontrollable jungle, by a richness of primitive life which leaves no room for anything but raw life itself. Man is almost choked out by the deadly generosity of nature. The insects, birds, reptiles, animals, like the insane foliage, riot unrestrained. The airplane circles down to give us a closer view of the wild life; we pass over herds of elephant which lumber away

from the roaring of the engine, over herds of giraffe hopping along with fantastic strides. Man is insignificant here as he is insignificant a thousand miles to the north, but for opposite reasons. There the emptiness dwarfs him, here the thickness of life elbows him out. There a little shifting of the desert would blot him out; here an extra spurt of biologic prodigality would swallow him up. Indeed, it is hard to believe that man has existed here for a long time, much less that it was in this vicinity that he emerged from the brute. One thinks of him as having come from the north, as having degenerated from something hardier, less fecund, more protestant than these surroundings permit. Handfuls of round huts, a roadless ocean of green, the glimmer of the sun in the scum, clouds of birds, heat, dampness that beats up almost to our height—all this is life at the other extreme of desolation. Up there no rain at all; down here somewhere, not very far off our track, nearly four hundred inches of it a year. Up there every blade of grass and corn is wrested out of nothingness; down here too much life, too much everything.

So Africa reveals, in the first three days of flight, its opposite impossibilities.

In the next three days it reveals its capriciousness and theatricality. We flew by Kilima Njaro, whose moon-like, rounded top, covered with snow, followed us for half an hour, across Tanganyika into Northern Rhodesia. Six or seven million blacks in Uganda, against a few thousand whites; six or seven million in Kenya, against fifteen thousand whites. In the Union of South Africa less than two million whites against six million blacks. From Rhodesia on, the subcontinent over which we flew was in the grip of drought. The Zambesi was a trickle, the Vaal and the Limpopo were dry

beds. ("A land," the South Africans say wryly, "in which the rivers have no water, the flowers no scent"—and they add, for purely literary reasons, "the women no charm.") The carcasses of cattle lay bleaching in the karoo. When we flew north again the rivers were in spate, the cattle were being drowned by thousands. An uncontrollable country. At the best of times one per cent of this gigantic territory is cultivable; at the worst of times there can be drought for three and four years in succession. Farms are enormous, on the American scale. But the oranges, grain, fruit, and cattle can nourish only a sparse population if it is not to sink below the level which the white man considers tolerable. By virtue of mere space South Africa can attract; by ordinary standards it is not a tempting country. But then the extraordinary happened. The soil which is so pitifully dependent on unpredictable rains suddenly exploded with wealth in the form of gold and diamonds—the world's richest mines and deposits of both. As round the equator Africa is saturated with life, so here it is saturated in part with what (perhaps only for the time being) Western civilization calls wealth. The white man settled here before gold and diamonds were discovered; but South Africa became a world figure only by virtue of these. Diamonds made Rhodes a rich man at twenty-one, gave him his career and his (and South Africa's) place in modern history. Johannesburg, with its quarter of a million whites and hundreds of thousands of blacks, was a collection of shacks fifty years ago.

What will happen if the precious stone and the precious metal cease to be precious? Other, earlier civilizations penetrated from the north and east, found gold, exhausted (as they thought) the supply, and withdrew, leaving a string of gigantic ruins, leav-

ing Africa to herself. For this place is not like California, to which gold merely gave a fillip. Apart from gold and diamonds it is a land of mediocre possibilities for a comparative handful. There are other metals, it is true, but what distinction is that? There are cultivable areas, but they do not compare for an instant with the Argentine, Canada, the United States, Russia.

We flew over Kimberley and peered with field-glasses into the deepest man-made hole in the world: a thousand feet deep, and flooded now. It has brought forth, in its time, more wealth than any other like volume of soil on the planet. Men worked the tiny stakes knee to knee, in competition, until big business bought them out. The "hole" is abandoned now. There are diamonds elsewhere—too many of them, in fact. Again Africa undoes her giving by giving too much.

III

Those who love to think of modern civilization as an irresistible force carrying itself with inevitable momentum over the entire globe, wherever human beings can be found, will pause, uncertain, after a flight across Africa. For the very supremacy of our mechanical civilization, its very strength and irresistibility, are suddenly perceived as dividing us off from a large section of the world. We flew over enormous stretches, establishing no contact. In order to get from one place to another, we did not have to *pass through*. We over-leaped, we ignored, one might say we disdained, the intervening peoples. Before our time the caravan, the foot-expedition and, in some places, the railroad (laid inch by inch) had insured contact between the through-goer and the native. But now the wild tribes look up and see a monster flying by. It has no

meaning for them; they learn nothing from it. The rumors which have spread in circles from the airfields tell them that the roaring things in the sky carry white men. But this is all. Their mission, their appearance, their manner, remain mysteries. And suppose these rumors from the airfields are not believed? What do the pygmies of Central Africa, the unvisited tribes of the Sud, of Tanganyika, make of these celestial apparitions?

Had we whites been *less* skilful, had we still been compelled to *traverse* the earth in order to reach a destination, we should perforce have continued to leave traces of our manner of life among the primordial tribes. We should be compelled to increase the lines of communication; we should, as in the past, have left new trails of settlements. Not much, these things, and ineffective enough from the civilizational point of view; still, they are a foothold. But now? We are not interested. Only the curious will care to descend, or to penetrate and study. But the curious have never spread civilizations. That task has always been performed by the practical and the self-interested. Soon these will no longer have a reason for making and maintaining the contact.

So there are tremendous areas in Africa, lush, steaming swamp, or thick forest, or tangled jungle, or open earth, where the white man, not having come in numbers till now, is less and less likely to come in numbers in the future. The reasons have been given in part above: the airplane, the more its use spreads, will serve to belt off, to lock in, to isolate these millions. But there are other reasons now, economic and technological. We have no use for these millions of Africa. Their coffee, rubber, sesame are not as tempting as they used to be; there is too much of these commodities. The existing areas under cultivation pro-

duce more than the world needs or is likely to need within measurable time. As markets, as worthwhile consumers of our products, these millions of blacks would take much too long to develop, if they can be developed at all. And their gold and ivory and diamonds, wherever they exist, will always mean a minimum of contact, and a contact unrelated to the native population.

So, unexpectedly, the civilizing mission fades out of our conscience. The moral fervor which ennobles trade and sublimates exploitation into service is less in evidence now in our relationship to the blacks of Africa. Our religious zeal, too, is less in evidence. The reasons we give ourselves are of an idealistic order: better leave the black man as he is—he will be happier. So we once said: let us civilize the black man—he will be happier. But the true reasons for the change are revealed plastically and unforgettably in flight across Africa.

Rhodes' dream of a Cape-to-Cairo railroad becomes more and more improbable with the advance of aviation. The larger dream of which this was but a part, the dream of England's penetration, control, settlement, and Anglicization of Africa from end to end, is even more improbable. The daring and the insufficiency of this man's imagination were set side by side for me by two visits to his grave.

I saw it once from the ground, on an excursion from Bulawayo during a longer stay in Southern Rhodesia. He chose for his last resting place an open air mausoleum in a wild country of colored rocks, a region frozen in the convulsion of creation. Gigantic boulders on a hill top in the Matoppos surround a bronze plate covering the drilled shaft in which his coffin is sunk. The effect is overwhelming.

I saw it once from the air, as we flew north. In the enormous waste a tiny,

impertinent toy, a pygmy gesture in the face of an indifferent giant. The effect is ludicrous.

Many comparisons thrust themselves on the mind as the two ends of Africa are brought together. What the Nile is to Egypt, gold and diamonds are to South Africa. What the pyramids are to the one, the slack-hills of the gold mines are to the other.

They are symmetrically placed on either side of the equator, almost on the same parallels of latitude north and south. How curiously, how suggestively alike they look from the air: not in form so much as in essence; excrescences, vast unnatural structures intimating tremendous labors, tremendous ambitions, tremendous organizations.

The differences between the two assert themselves in vain in the memory. The pyramids are monuments to unproductive pride and superstition. The yellow slack-hills of the gold mines on the Rand are the evidences of energy, initiative, practical acquisitiveness. The pyramids were a crushing burden on the economy of their day; the gold mines built up a country—and they gave to the world thousands of tons of currency material. The similarity is trivial then.

But the mind will not rest—there is something too suggestive about the resemblance. A hundred thousand slaves worked for twenty years, says Herodotus, to build the Great Pyramid of Khufu. Hundreds of thousands of blacks are still laboring to increase the number of artificial hills on the Rand. But the blacks are not slaves. They are not driven with the lash. They are lured, or coaxed or morally bullied out of their kraals in the interior, out of Portuguese East Africa. They live in compounds, they are paid fifteen dollars a month, and they are released at the end of the period contracted for—six months, a

year, three years. They may go back to their half nakedness, their tabus and their savagery, or they may enlist again. They are free men in a free land.

Besides, the pyramids were erected by brute human labor; the hills of the Rand are made up of rock which was hauled up out of the earth by machines, broken up and ground into dust by machines, washed with chemicals, cleansed of its gold, and heaped up by machines. The blacks work hard, but it is not the killing slavery of ancient days.

But slaveries are of many kinds. These hundreds of thousands of natives who work on the gold and diamond mines know as little about the complicated world which clamors for their products as they know about the complicated machinery to which they are yoked. They have been swept forward—in a few hours—fifty or a hundred centuries into a civilization in which they have no organic part. They cannot become integrated with it; neither can they retreat. They are divorced forever from the patterns and compulsions of their old life. Its beliefs, restraints, ambitions, spurs—all that filled the days between birth and death, and made the passage interesting and, therefore, possible—dissolve for them. What do they acquire in its place?

They can learn to ride a bicycle, drive a motor car, speak into a telephone, switch on lights, ride on trams, do house-work. They could, as individuals, learn much more. If anthropologists are to be believed, there is not a single measurable *significant* difference between the structure of any tribe in Africa and any race outside of it. Biologically, we are all on a level. Individual natives have indeed been taken from Rhodesia, from Natal, from Central Africa, have been trained, have earned doctors' degrees

in European universities, have learned engineering and mathematics. Therefore, it is only the jealous, watchful, and fearful restrictions imposed upon them by the dominating people which prevent them from rising in a generation or two through fifty centuries of civilization, from becoming the co-inheritors of our accumulated, steadily evolved mastery of nature and manner of life. Or so it would seem.

But that which is possible biologically is not always possible culturally. The yellow-toothed negro with whom I exchanged friendly signs at Malakal is my equal. He stands on one leg like a stork, while he rests the other; his face and chest are covered with a pattern of ritual fire-marks; he lives in a reed hut: but these are trifling externals. But for accident he might be flying from Cairo to Cape Town, I might be staring at him and shaking my head timidly. Were he born where I was born, brought up as I have been brought up, no one could tell us apart except for our skins. That is the man. But the tribe? The millions of blacks? They have a group history; they can advance only as an organism, in the mass. The individual can overleap centuries in one lifetime; the tribe cannot do it. Turn ten thousand educated negroes loose in native Africa, ten thousand doctors, engineers, lawyers, psychologists, and they would be helpless. There is no background or support for them. They have no bridge to the life from which they sprang.

An individual learns, a civilization grows. The negroes of Africa are not to be compared with the Chinese of the interior of China—not with the most illiterate of them—or with the Japanese of a hundred years ago. These were and are peoples with an ancient experience of civilization. Modernization is for them a change, not a growth. Their sophistications are modern al-

ready, if not their technical equipment. In this sense the Egyptians of five thousand years ago, the Athenians of twenty-five hundred years ago, were moderns. But not the negroes of Africa, any more than the Australian aborigines or the Fiji Islanders. They are primitives in the mass.

Pitt-Rivers tells us of Polynesian races which die because they have no more will to live. The transmitted bonds, the framework of life, the discipline which provides meaningful pleasure and meaningful pain and builds up the daily excitement, are all gone. These races have become listless. It is worse than boredom; it is a literal, all-embracing *tedium vitæ*, not of the superabundance of views which, cancelling one another out, leave no effective momentum, but of the complete absence of views, in which momentum is not even latent. This might be the fate of the African negro if he were not entrenched in such huge numbers and behind such barriers as to defy disintegration for a long time. But one wonders what will happen on the rim, in the South African Union, on the seacoast. How will this slavery, which is only in part compulsion but is mostly in the form of subtle destruction of values, work out?

IV

All this explains why that which is happening in Egypt is not happening in South Africa.

Now on the surface, there was a startling similarity between the two ends of the continent, and this time the similarity was false. As modern civilization was brought into the south by whites, so modern Cairo and Alexandria are the work of foreigners. Egypt is a civilized country, but her civilization does not move under its own power. Egypt is like a trailer attached to an airplane. The trailer flies, just

like the airplane. Cut the cord, and the trailer comes down. Though the streets of Cairo, with their cars, hotels, newspapers, theaters, look like the streets of Berlin or Paris, there is a deep inward and organic dissimilarity. Egypt is not yet a participant in the inventive processes of modern civilization. In medicine, mathematics, electricity, in all the technologies, she does not pull her weight, if she pulls any. Her native doctors and technicians are trained by foreigners in foreign lands. Only the Aryan settlement in Egypt has brought with it part of the spirit of the twentieth century.

Is it not the same in the South? The European brings with him the external ingenuities and the internal morale of the twentieth century. The native learns a little, learns slowly. The native sections of Cape Town and Johannesburg are, therefore, like the Arab quarters of Cairo and Alexandria.

The analogy is quite false. The Arab masses carry within them the recollection and the *manner* of a rich civilization, which has died in outward form, which no longer has a vigorous impulse, but which is far from dead. That civilization has nothing to do with the splendors and achievements of ancient Egypt. That is *completely* dead. The Egyptian of to-day has as little relationship to the ruins of the Pharaohs, the pyramids, sphinxes, temples, as the American. He derives no inspiration from them; they are not in the line of his inheritance. Indeed, it is a little horrifying to observe, side by side, the mute, magnificent relics of the Dynasties and the turbulent indifference of the Egyptian cities. The Arabs built a civilization for themselves when they came in from the east. You may see the line stretching through the Citadel of Saladin, the Mosque of Sultan Hussein, and the recent Mosque of the Coronation, built by an Italian. But the line has

swerved downward. Egypt was twice a giver of civilization, once before the Roman Empire, and once after it. But the two civilizations had nothing to do with each other. It is from the second civilization, however, that the Arabs have declined. They have declined, and are takers from the northern world which they helped to build, as the Copts were takers from the Græco-Romans whom they had originally helped to civilize. And, therefore, the Arabs learn quickly. They are in this utterly unlike the natives of South Africa. There is a deep cultural gulf. The Arabs have forgotten, and can remember. The negroes have never known. They must not merely learn; they must evolve as a group. That takes centuries of experience.

But all these meditations are overlaid by a sense of confusion which haunts one like the roaring of the propellers after six days of flight. The contrasts, the contemporaneousness of such advanced and such backward forms of life—their co-existence brought home to me almost with the simultaneity of a single panorama—filled me in the end with a dreadful doubt as to the identity of that which we call “man.” I began to ask myself too whether “they,” the natives in contact with the white conqueror, were losing their patterns as rapidly as “we” were losing ours. It is infinitely disturbing to be made aware of too much at a time: to linger, in rapid succession, among the cultured and masterful whites of Egypt and the Cape, in caves

of the Bushman paintings near Bulawayo, by the tents and barracks of the King’s East African Rifles in Kisumu, among kraals on the shore of Lake Victoria, and so lose one’s instinctive relation of absoluteness to the forms in which we were born and raised. Our patterns too are dissolving rapidly. And the experience of the flight was only a heightened expression of an experience which the movies, radio, newspapers, and airplanes are bringing to all of us.

The final touch of confusion, of loss of orientation, was introduced into my mind by a very simple natural phenomenon.

I sat down on a porch in Johannesburg as the sun was beginning to set. I placed my chair in the shade, making certain first that the sun would not reach me as it moved round, but rather that the shadow of the house would envelop me more deeply. But after a few minutes I was startled by feeling a ray of warmth on my foot. The sun had moved—but *backward!* Instead of going from left to right, as I had seen it do ever since my childhood, it was going from right to left. Of course! I was below the equator, was I not? I was facing the sun from the opposite side.

It was extremely simple. Yet I could not overcome a sense of bewilderment and distress when I went out in the night and saw the familiar constellations of the Zodiac inverted, as if in a mirror, while Orion rose slowly above the horizon, standing on his head.



IS SCIENCE A FASHION OF THE TIMES?

BY ERWIN SCHROEDINGER

THERE is a well-known saying of Zola's, that art is nature seen through the medium of a temperament—*L'art c'est la nature vue au travers d'un tempérament*. Can the same be said of science? The question is an important one, because it affects a fundamental claim which is nowadays frequently put forward in the name of science. Unlike painting and literature and music, which are subjective ways of apprehending reality and, therefore, liable to alter with the alteration of the cultural environment, science is said to furnish us with a body of truth which has not been molded by the human temperament, and is accordingly objective and stable. How far is this true?

Before answering the question directly it will be necessary to make a distinction between two groups of sciences. On the one hand we have what are called the "exact" sciences and, on the other, those that deal with the human spirit and its activities. To the latter group belong such sciences as history, sociology, psychology, etc.

Now it is obvious I think, that the body of truth which these humanist sciences put forward cannot claim to be entirely objective. Let us take history as an instance. Although we demand of the historian that he will keep to the objective truth of the events he describes, yet if he is to be something more than a mere chronicler, his work must go beyond the discovery and narration of bald fact. Therefore,

the selection which he makes from the raw material at his disposal, his formulation of it, and his final presentation must necessarily be influenced by his whole personality. We, therefore, gladly forgive the subjective intrusion of the historian into the material he is dealing with, provided we feel the touch of a strong personality weaving for us an interesting human pattern from the bald events of history. Indeed, it is here that scientific history begins, while the work of the conscientious chronicler is looked upon as merely furnishing its raw material. Therefore, the science of history cannot claim to give us absolutely objective truth.

The same may be said of all those sciences that deal with human life and conduct. One and all, the presentation of their truths must necessarily show the active influence of the human temperament. Of course there is always the ideal of maintaining the greatest possible degree of objectivity in the procedure of these sciences, and a work in this branch of study will be considered scientific or otherwise in so far as it remains faithful to or falls away from the objective ideal. Yet there is not one of those humanist sciences that has not a certain artistic element in it. And in so far as they have this they come under Zola's description. The object with which they deal is always *vue au travers d'un tempérament*. As examples we may take Mommsen's *History of Rome*,

Darwin's *Descent of Man*, and Som-bart's *Modern Capitalism*. These are classic works in the sciences of history and anthropology and sociology respectively. But each bears the impress of its author's personality.

Let us now turn to the "exact" sciences. From the procedure followed in these sciences everything subjective is excluded on principle. Physical Science belongs essentially to this category. From all physical research the subjective intrusion of the researcher is rigorously barred so that the purely objective truth about inanimate nature may be arrived at. Once this truth is finally stated it can be put to the test of experiment by anybody and everybody all the world over, and always with the same result. Thus far Physics is entirely independent of the human temperament, and this is put forward as its chief claim to acceptance. Some of the champions of Physical Science go so far as to postulate that not only must the individual human mind be ruled out in the ultimate statements of physical research, but that the human aspect as a whole must also be excluded. Every degree of anthropomorphism is rigorously shut out; so that at last in this branch of science man would no longer be the measure of all things, as the Greek Sophists used to maintain.

Is that claim entirely true? To a greater degree than in the case of any other science it is true. But I think it goes too far. We may readily grant that a physical experiment, say, for simplicity's sake, a counting of stars, is independent of the question whether it is carried out by Mr. Wilson in New York or Fraülein Mueller in Berlin. The result will always be the same, provided of course that the requisite technical conditions are fulfilled.

The same is true of all established experiments in Physics. The first

and indispensable condition that we demand of any process of experiment before it can be admitted into the regular procedure of physical research is that it will invariably reproduce the same results. We do not consider an experiment worthy of scientific consideration or acceptance unless it can fulfill this condition. Now, it is from the immense mass of individual results accruing from such reproducible experiments that the whole texture of Physical Science is woven. And these classical results are the only raw material allowed to be used in the further development of scientific truth. Therefore, as no other source of knowledge than that of exact experiment is admitted here, it would seem at first sight that Physical Science is wholly within its rights in putting forward its claim to be the authentic bearer of absolutely objective truth. But in estimating that claim certain further considerations must be taken into account.

The legitimate data of Physical Science are always and exclusively those arrived at by means of experiment. But consider the number of experiments which have actually furnished the data on which the structure of Physical Science is based. That number is undoubtedly very large. But it is infinitesimal when compared with the number of experiments that might have been carried out, but never actually have been. Therefore, a selection has been made in choosing the raw material on which the present structure of science is built. That selection must have been influenced by circumstances that are other than purely scientific. And thus far Physical Science cannot claim to be absolutely independent of its environment.

Let us take some of the factors that come into play when a selection has to be made from the experiments that offer themselves as possibilities if

somebody wishes to undertake a work of research in some new direction. Obviously there is first and foremost the question of what experiments are practical in the circumstances. Certain experiments demand complicated and expensive apparatuses, and the means of securing these are not always at hand. No matter how promising these experiments may be, they have to be set aside by reason of the high expense which they would entail.

Another group of possible experiments is set aside for entirely different and more subjective reasons. They suggest themselves to the mind of the scientist, but for the moment he finds them uninteresting, not only because they are not related directly to the undertaking that he has on hand but also because he may think he already knows the results to which they would lead. And even if he feels that he cannot exactly forecast such results, he may find them of secondary importance at the moment and thus neglect them. Moreover, there is the consideration that if he were to take all such results into consideration he would not know what to do with their immense number. Add to this the fact that our minds are not of infinite compass in their range of interests. Certain things absorb our attention for the moment. The result is that there must always be a large number of alternative experiments—and very practical experiments too—which we do not think of at all simply because our interest is attracted in other directions.

II

All this leads to the inevitable conclusion that we cannot close the door to the entry of subjective factors in determining our scientific policy and in giving a definite direction to our line of further advance.

Of course it goes without saying that

any advance which we undertake is immediately dependent on the data here and now at our disposal. And these data represent results that have been achieved by former researchers. These results are the outcome of selections formerly made. Those selections were due to a certain train of thought working on the mass of experimental data *then* at hand. And so if we go back through an indefinite series of stages in scientific advance, we shall finally come to the first conscious attempt of primitive man to understand and form a logical mental picture of events observed in the world around him.

These first observations of nature by primitive man did not arise from any consciously constructed mental pattern. The image of nature which primitive man formed for himself emerged automatically, as it were, from the surrounding conditions, being determined by the biological situation, the necessity of bodily sustenance within the environment, and the whole interplay between bodily life and its vicissitudes on the one hand and the natural environment on the other. I mention this point in order to forestall the objection that from the very start a compulsory element might be attributed to the overpowering sway of objective facts. This is certainly not true, the origin of science being without any doubt the very anthropomorphic necessity of man's struggle for life.

It often happens that a certain idea, or group of ideas, becomes vital and dominant at a certain juncture and illuminates with a new significance certain lines of experiment which hitherto have been considered uninteresting and unimportant. Thirty years ago, for instance, nobody was particularly interested in asking how the thermal capacity of a body changes with the temperature, and scarcely

anybody dreamed of placing any importance on the reaction of thermal capacity to extremely low temperatures. Perhaps some old crank, entirely devoid of ideas, might have been interested in the question—or maybe a very brilliant genius. But once Nernst put forward his famous “third law of thermodynamics” the whole situation suddenly altered. The Nernst theorem not only embodied the surprising prediction that the thermal capacity of all bodies at an extremely low temperature would tend toward zero, but it also proved that all chemical equilibria could be calculated in advance if the heat of reaction at a certain temperature were known, together with the thermal capacity of the reacting bodies down to a sufficiently low temperature.

Much the same sort of thing has taken place in regard to the so-called elasticity constants. The physicist had hitherto ignored the significance of the numerical value of these constants and left the whole question to the interest of the practical engineer, the bridge-builder, and the seismologist. But when Einstein and, after him, Debye, put forward a general theory for the lowering of the thermal capacity of bodies at low grades of temperature, whereby the temperature at which the lowering of the thermal capacity first became manifest is shown to be related to the elastic properties of the material in question, this absolutely novel and unexpected connection aroused a new interest which led to widespread experimental researches in this domain, extending it for example to crystals in the various crystallographic directions, etc., etc.

Another instance, which now appears almost as an example of tragic neglect, is the experiment in the diffraction of light which was carried out by Grimaldi (1613–1663). This Italian scientist discovered that the shadow

of a wire thrown by a light coming through a slit from a distant source does not show the characteristics that might have been expected; that is to say, it is not a simple dark band across a light field. The dark band is a complex affair. It is bordered by three colored stripes whose respective widths become smaller toward the outside, while the inner part of the shadow is traversed by an uneven number of light-colored lines parallel to the borders of the shadow. This experiment, which was carried out before Huygen's wave theory and Newton's corpuscular theory of light were put forward, was the first experiment of its kind to prove clearly and definitely that rays of light do not travel strictly in straight lines and that the deviation from the direct line is very closely connected with the color or, as we should say to-day, with the wave-length.

In our day this is considered a fundamental fact not only for the understanding of the propagation of light but also in our general scientific picture of the physical universe. If we were to express the significance of Grimaldi's experiment in contemporary terms, we should say that Grimaldi had made the first demonstration of that indeterminacy in Quantum mechanics which was formulated by Heisenberg in 1927. Grimaldi's observations attracted little or no attention at the time and nobody attached any great importance to them. They were regarded as pointing to a phenomenon which had no general interest for science as such, and for the following one hundred and fifty years no similar experiments were carried out, though this could have been done with the simplest and cheapest material. The reason for this was that, of the two theories of light which soon afterward were put forward, Newton's corpuscular theory gained general acceptance against the wave theory of

Huygens, and thus the general interest was directed along a different path. Following this path, other interesting experiments were carried out which were of practical importance and led to correct practical conclusions, such as the laws of reflection and refraction and their application to the construction of optical instruments. We have no right to-day to say that Newton's corpuscular theory was the wrong one, though it was the custom for a long time to declare it so. The latest conclusions of modern science conform neither to the corpuscular theory nor to the wave theory. According to modern scientific conclusions, the two theories throw light upon two quite different sides of the phenomena, and we have not been able up to the present to bring these two sides into harmony with each other. The interest which was taken in the one side of the question for a long time absolutely submerged any interest that might have been taken in the other. Referring to the history of experimental research into the nature of light, and the various theories that arose at one time or another from this research, Ernst Mach remarks "how little the development of science takes place in a logical and systematic way." A very similar—or rather the reverse—case occurred with the theories relating to the constitution of matter. In the case of matter, the corpuscular theory was the one to hold the field even up to our own day, because it is much more difficult to bring forward experimental confirmation of the wave theory in regard to matter than was the case in regard to light.

III

Following Kirchoff we have become accustomed to admit that science is ultimately concerned with nothing else than a precise and conscientious

description of what has been perceived through the senses. The dictum of this eminent theorist has often been quoted as a prudent warning to all those who engage in the construction of theories. From the epistemological point of view it undoubtedly contains a good deal of truth; but it is not in accord with the *psychology* of research. It is completely erroneous to believe that anybody attaches any interest whatsoever to the quantitative laws that are discovered during experimental research—if we take these laws by themselves, such as the fact, for instance, that the vapor pressure of some organic compounds or the specific heat of the elements depends in this way or that way on temperature. Our interest in any investigation of this type is due to some further consideration which we intend to attach to the result, that we try to get hold of. And herein it is immaterial whether this anticipated consideration, or line of thought, be already existent in the shape of a clearly defined and elaborate theory or whether it be still in the embryonic stage of being a mere vague intuition in the brain of some genius in experimental research.

The psychological truth of what I have said becomes manifest the moment we are faced with the difficulty of explaining to the layman just *why* one is carrying out this or that investigation. When I speak of the layman here I do not mean the term to apply just to those people who do not give their minds to the consideration of impractical things, either because they are overwhelmed by everyday matters or because they lack certain natural gifts. I mean the term to extend much wider. In the circle of a learned society which unites representatives of the various branches of science and literature in order to co-operate in research work, every day one finds one's self a layman in the sense quoted

above. Each of one's fellow-members finds himself to be a layman in the same sense. For after having attended a lecture given by a colleague he frequently cannot help asking himself (disrespectful though it may sound): what, in the name of Providence, is the fellow making such a fuss about? That attitude is of course not really meant offensively. But it is a very good illustration of the point that I am making, namely, that quite a special trend of interest is needed in order that a man may readily admit the extreme importance of some—and the unimportance of others—of the multitudinous questions that can be put to nature. In the case just mentioned (let us say it was your own lecture) it may happen that a colleague comes up to you and says: "Look here, do tell me why that particular thing interests you. To me it seems quite immaterial whether, etc., etc. . . ." Then you will endeavor to explain. You will try to show all the connections your theme has with others. You will try to *defend* your own interest in the matter. I mean that you will try to defend the reason *why* you are interested. Then you will probably notice that your feelings are much more ardently aroused in this discussion than they were during the lecture itself. And you will become aware of the fact that only now, in your discussion with your colleague, have you reached those aspects of the subject that are, so to speak, nearest to your heart.

In passing, I may say that here we meet one of the strongest arguments in favor of bringing together the representatives of the remote branches of science or of literature into associations for collaboration in research work. These associations are helpful and recuperative in compelling a man to reflect now and again on what he is doing and to give an account of his aims and motives to others whom he

considers his equals in a different province of the realm of knowledge. Therefore, he will take the trouble to prepare a proper answer to their questions. For he will feel himself responsible for their lack of comprehension and will not haughtily look upon it as their fault instead of his own.

But though it be granted that the special importance of an investigation cannot of course be grasped without knowing the whole trend of research that had preceded it and had attracted attention to that particular line of experimentation, it might still be seriously questioned whether this fact really points to a highly subjective element in science. For on the other side it might be said that scientists all the world over are fairly well agreed as to what further investigations in their respective branches of study would be appreciated or not. One may reasonably ask whether that is not a proof of objectivity.

Let us be definite. The argument applies to the research workers all the world over, but only of one branch of science and of one epoch. These men practically form a unit. It is a relatively small community, though widely scattered, and modern methods of communication have knit it into one. The members read the same periodicals. They exchange ideas with one another. And the result is that there is a fairly definite agreement as to what opinions are sound on this point or that. There is professional enthusiasm about any progress that may be made, and whatever particular success may be achieved in one country, or by one man or group of men, will be hailed as a common triumph by the profession as a whole. In this respect international science is like international sport and also, as nothing immediately utilitarian is expected from either, they both belong to the higher and detached realm of human activity.

Now, the internationality of science is a very fine and inspiring thing; but it just renders this "*consensus omnium*" slightly suspicious as an argument in favor of the objectivity of science. Take the case of international sport. It is perfectly true that we have conditions which secure an objective and impartial registration of how high So-and-So jumped or how far So-and-So threw the discus. But are not the high jump and the discus-throwing largely a question of fashion? And is it not the same with this or that line of experiments in physics?

In public sport we are acquainted only with certain kinds of games that have been developed, largely because of some current interest or because of racial tastes or climatic conditions; but we have no grounds for saying that these furnish a thoroughly exhaustive or objective picture of what human muscular ability is capable of. And in science we are acquainted only with a certain bulk of experimental results which is infinitesimally small compared with the results that might have been obtained from other experiments. Just as it would be useless for some athlete in the world of sport to puzzle his brain in order to initiate something new—for he would have little or no hope of being able to "put it over," as the saying is—so too it would, generally speaking, be a vain endeavor on the part of some scientist to strain his imaginative vision toward initiating a line of research hitherto not thought of. The incidents that I have already quoted from the history of science are proof of that point.

Our civilization forms an organic whole. Those fortunate individuals who can devote their lives to the profession of scientific research are not merely botanists or physicists or chemists, as the case may be. They are men and they are children of their age. The scientist cannot shuffle off his

mundane coil when he enters his laboratory or ascends the rostrum in his lecture hall. In the morning his leading interest in class or in the laboratory may be his research; but what was he doing the afternoon and evening before? He attends public meetings just as others do or he reads about them in the press. He cannot and does not wish to escape discussion of the mass of ideas that are constantly thronging into the foreground of public interest, especially in our day. Some scientists are lovers of music, some read novels and poetry, some frequent the theaters. Some will be interested in painting and sculpture. And if anyone should believe that he could really escape the influence of the cinema, because he does not care for it, he is surely mistaken. For he cannot even walk along the street without paying attention to the pictures of cinema stars and advertisement tableaux. In short, we are all members of our cultural environment.

IV

From all this it follows that the engaging of one's interest in a certain subject and in certain directions must necessarily be influenced by the environment, or what may be called the cultural milieu or the spirit of the age in which one lives. In all branches of our civilization there is one general world outlook dominant and there are numerous lines of activity which are attractive because they are the fashion of the age, whether in politics or in art or in science. These also make themselves felt in the "exact" science of physics.

Now how can we perceive and point out such subjective influences actually at work? It is not easy to do so if we confine ourselves to the contemporary perspective; because there are no coordinates of reference within the same

cultural milieu to show how far individual directions are influenced by the spirit of the milieu as a whole. At the present moment practically one culture spans the whole earth, and so the development of science and art in different countries are to a great extent influenced by one and the same general trend of the times. For that reason it is best to take historical instances to elucidate what I have said, because in the past organic cultures were confined to much smaller territories and there was a greater variety of them at the same time on this planet.

Grecian culture is a classic example of how every line of activity within the one cultural milieu is dominated by the general trend of the culture itself. In Hellenic science and art and in the whole Hellenic outlook on life we can immediately discern a common characteristic. The clear, transparent and rigid structure of Euclidian geometry corresponds to the plain, simple, and limited forms of the Grecian temple. The whole structure of the temple is small, near at hand, completely visible within the range of the onlooker's eye, losing itself nowhere and escaping the eye nowhere either in its extension or form. This is something quite different from Gothic architecture. So too in the case of Greek science the idea of the infinite is scarcely understood. The concept of a limitless process frightened the Greek, as is evidenced in the well-known paradox of Achilles and the tortoise. The Hellenic mind could not have interested itself in the Dedekind definition of the irrational number, although the idea of the irrational was already present in the synoptic form of the diagonal of the square or of the cube.

Greek drama, especially that of the earlier epochs, is absolutely static when compared to ours. There is little or no action. We are presented with a tragic situation and the action

is limited to the decision which a human being makes in certain definite circumstances. So also in Greek physics the dynamic is missing. The Greek did not dream of analyzing motion in its single subsequent phases, of asking at any moment for the cause of what would happen in the next moment, as Newton did. The Greek would have found this sort of analysis petty and incompatible with his æsthetic sense. He thought of the path along which a body moved as a whole, not as something that develops but as something that is already there in its entirety. In looking for the *simplest* type of motion the rectilinear one was excluded because the straight line is not perceptible in its entire range—rectilinear motion is never completed, can never be grasped as a whole. By observing the star-strewn heavens the Greek was helped over his difficulty in regard to the concept of motion. He concluded from this that a circular path uniformly traveled is the most perfect and natural movement of a body, and that it is controlled and actuated in this movement by a greater central body. I do not think that we are warranted to-day in laughing at this naïve construction of the Greek mind. Until a short time ago we have been doing the very similar thing ourselves in the quantum theory of the atom. *Faute de mieux*, we have contented ourselves with similar naïvetés and the steps that we tried beyond them have emphasized rather than liquidated the fiasco of the Newtonian differential analysis.

Let me now turn to another instance. The idea of evolution has had more dominant influence than any other idea in all spheres of modern science and, indeed, of modern life as a whole, in its general form as well as in the special presentation of it by Darwin (namely, automatic adjustment by the survival of the fittest). As

an indication of how profound the idea was, we may first recall to mind the fact that even such a clear-sighted intellect as that of Schopenhauer was incapable of grasping it (indeed he violently rejected it because he considered it to be in contradiction to his own, equally profound, conception that "Now" is always one and the same instant of time and that the "I" is always one and the same person)—while, on the other hand, Hegel's philosophy, by embodying that idea, has prolonged its life up to our day—far beyond its natural span. Moreover, Ernst Mach has applied it to the scientific process itself, which he looked upon as a gradual accommodation of thoughts to facts through a choice of what we find most useful and a rejection of the less productive. In astrophysics we have learned to look on the various types of stars as different stages in one and the same stellar evolution. And quite recently we have seen the idea put forward that perhaps the universe on the whole is not in a stationary stage, but that at a definite point of time, which is relatively not very long ago, it changed from quite a different condition into a steadily expansive stage which, according to the results of Hubble's extraordinary observations, seems to be its present stage. (These observations show that the spectral lines of very distant nebulae are considerably shifted to greater wavelengths and that this displacement is proportioned to the distance of the nebulae. This points to immensely great velocities on the part of the objects moving away from us, so that it

would appear as if the whole universe is in the process of a general expansion.) We do not consider this hypothesis as mere empty phantasy, because we have grown accustomed to the evolutionary idea. If such ideas had been put forward in a former age they certainly would have been rejected as nonsensical.

All this shows how dependent science is on the fashionable frame of mind of the epoch of which it forms a part. When we are in the midst of a general situation ourselves it is difficult for us to see general resemblances. Being so near, we are apt to perceive only the marked distinctions and not to notice the likenesses. It is just as when we first see the several members of the same family one after another we readily perceive the resemblances, but if we come to know the family intimately then we see only the differences. So too when we live in the midst of a cultural epoch it is difficult to perceive the characteristics that are common to various branches of human activity within that epoch. Let us take another example to illustrate this. A German father looking at the drawings of a ten-year old son will mark only the individual qualities and will not readily perceive the influence of a general European type of drawing and painting. But if he looks at the drawings of a young Japanese boy he will readily recognize the influence of the Japanese style as a whole. In each case the naïve attempt of the boy is controlled and molded even in its smallest detail by the artistic tradition amid which he lives.



THE IRISH SWEEPS

BY JOHN J. McCARTHY

UP IN the northwest corner of Ireland in the County of Donegal and nestled right on a rocky ledge of the Atlantic Ocean is the town of Maghery. It is the typical Irish village of about thirty whitewashed, thatched-roof cottages huddled together. There is no railroad within thirty-five miles, and the lone, tortuous road which takes you into Maghery is not exactly inviting even to the most adventurous motor tourist. Consequently Maghery is not what the Irish would call a "trippery" place. Sightseers are few. In fact, I was the town's only visitor over a certain August weekend last summer.

During my entire stay in Maghery I found the Irish Hospitals' Sweeps the one all-absorbing topic of every conversation, and most of the villagers were busily engaged in dispatching books of Sweep tickets. Gallagher, proprietor of the pub in the grocery shop, was a commissioned agent for the Sweeps and had a quota of books to be distributed to relatives and former army buddies in the various corners of the globe. Some of his ticket books would be traveling weeks before they eventually landed in the eager hands of his regular buyers in Australia, the Malay States, the Argentine. John Devenney, the mayor of Maghery, could not forget the tickets for his brother Francie, in a large California corporation, nor his sister Annie and her grownup family in Philadelphia. The venerable Mary Molloy had sev-

eral nephews in the New York Police Department who demanded, as she put it, "a bale of books" for the boys on the force. Pat Glacken is honor-bound to supply ticket books to his sons and their sons in Edinburgh, London, and Chicago. The Magees, the O'Donnells and the McColes too had legions of relatives in Canada, America, India, and South Africa, all anxious to lay fingers upon some tickets that might mean a fortune and, perhaps, enable them to realize that fond dream of all native-born Irishmen—an opportunity to go back to Erin and see the old folks once more. And the one hope of the Maghery oldsters which paid for their trouble in forwarding tickets was that their recipients would win and return home to collect. In fact, the few tickets which are actually purchased in Maghery out of the meager old-age pensions and the mites from the sale of butter and eggs are bought with that thought uppermost: the winning stakes will enable them to send passage money to their Michael, Tim, Nora, or Maureen to return to Donegal and see them before it's too late.

To date, nobody in Maghery or their relatives or friends the world over to whom they forward the hundreds of Sweep books has ever yet held a winning ticket. However, glowing reports of folks who have won are constantly filtering in from nearby parts of Donegal. These tales, coupled with the eternal hope of winning and the basic loyalty of every Irishman for sup-

porting a one hundred per cent Irish institution like the Sweeps, sustain the interest of the Maghery villagers in the Sweepstakes; even bestir them to greater ticket-distributing activity for the next forthcoming Sweep. The repeated failure of their relatives and themselves to poll winning tickets never makes them downhearted or evokes complaint.

After all, they have the final consolation that in buying and selling tickets for the Sweep part of the money anyway went for a good cause, the Irish Hospitals. Ample evidence may be had even in their own county; for the Shiel Hospital down in Ballyshannon, Donegal, is among the fifty-three Irish Hospitals sharing in the proceeds from the Sweeps.

The perennial intense interest and activity of people of Maghery in behalf of the Irish Hospital Sweeps is duplicated in every village and city of the twenty-six counties of the Irish Free State. Sophisticated Dublin is no different from rural Maghery. The gigantic Drum at the Plaza, Dublin, where the Sweeps' drawings are held has displaced Killarney as the mecca for tourists. Thousands of personages who previously never gave Ireland a thought, such as Indian Rajahs or leading American and South American politicians, now journey there to be photographed in front of the Sweeps Drum and send the pictures back home to impress their constituents. The mere opportunity to witness a drawing or to view the big Drum and the intricate ticket-mixing machine attracts boat-loads of excursionists from England, Scotland, Poland, France, and Czechoslovakia.

From the standpoint of national prestige, the Sweeps to-day overshadow politics and Guinness, for generations the major industries of Ireland. Every man "of substance"—as the Irish dub their smart business man—is usually a

commissioned Sweeps agent on the side. Every Irishman, rich and poor alike, is a self-appointed, voluntary Sweeps agent, forwarding ticket books to kin overseas and following through on the collections. The following-up process is not difficult, for the loyal Celtic relatives universally respond without much prodding. The natural, voluntary, and large-scale ticket-distributing facilities provided by the resident Irish among their millions of relatives abroad, with their traditionally prolific families and their innate Hibernian ability to make multitudes of friends wherever they happen to settle, have helped tremendously to make the Sweeps so successful. It affords the Sweeps an enthusiastic and hardworking international sales organization. No other lottery can boast of any such voluntary and inexpensive world-wide sales service. It may explain, too, why the Irish Sweeps in the short span of four years have completely eclipsed, so far as the sale of tickets is concerned, the famous Calcutta Sweepstakes, the Canadian War Veterans, and other privately conducted lotteries. Even compared to the Governmental lotteries in France and Russia, where the buying of tickets is practically mandatory, the Irish Sweeps ticket sales are greater.

These hundreds of thousands, who comprise this international voluntary selling force for the Irish Hospital Sweeps, are compensated only by getting two free tickets for each book they sell. Every book contains twelve tickets, two of which are free to the seller. The price of the individual ticket is ten shillings, and five pounds must be collected for all ten sold.

In the ten Sweeps held between 1930 and January, 1934, £5,826,173, 0s 5d were realized for the Irish Hospital Funds; some £18,824,206 1s 6d were paid to winners throughout the world, and huge personal fortunes were forthcoming for the two promoters,

R. J. Duggan and Joseph McGrath, who originated the Sweeps. At first the Irish Free State Government was skeptical of the whole Sweeps idea. Acceptance by the Irish public and the world at large immediately convinced the Government of their practicality as a source of tax revenue, and the Sweeps were quickly legalized. Today the Free State Government maintains close supervision over the management of the Sweeps funds and nets, through special taxes, a neat share of their tremendous profits.

II

The Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes are run under special laws made by the Parliament of the Irish Free State. The first of these laws, passed in 1930, authorized the establishment of Sweepstakes for the benefit of voluntary hospitals in the Free State, which provide a certain number of free beds for the sick poor. As time went on these laws were added to and amended in certain respects, and the scope of the Sweepstakes was enlarged so as to apply the hospitals' share of them to a still wider range of hospitals.

The first Sweepstake—that on the Manchester November Handicap, 1930—was run by a combination of six hospitals; but in the last Sweepstake—that on the Derby, 1934—no fewer than fifty-three voluntary hospitals participated, in addition to which a large number of county hospitals and other institutions throughout the country were also entitled to a share of the proceeds.

It will be seen, therefore, that it is the hospitals themselves who are the legal owners of the Sweepstakes, and they appoint a Committee of Management to deal with Sweepstake affairs. The actual organization of the Sweepstakes—that is, the business side of it—is carried out by an incorporated Com-

pany known as Hospitals' Trust, Limited, the Directors of this Company being experts in the handling of Sweepstakematters. Joseph McGrath, one of the original promoters of the Sweep, is the Managing Director of the Hospitals' Trust, Limited.

The Chairman of the Hospitals' Committee is The Right Honourable Viscount Powerscourt, K.P., M.V.O., whose estate in County Wicklow covers about forty thousand acres. Lord Powerscourt has for years been prominently identified with the cause of Irish hospitals, and is President of the Royal Dublin Society. This is the Society responsible for the production of the famous Dublin Horse Show. Powerscourt's Sweeps Hospitals' Committee numbers about a hundred and contains some of the most prominent figures in Irish life, including parliamentary deputies, church dignitaries, leading lawyers, physicians, and surgeons.

Three Sweeps are now held annually by the Hospital Trusts, Ltd., and are run in connection with the three famous English horse races, namely, the Grand National in March, the Derby in June, and the Cambridgeshire in October. Three days before the day of these different English races the prize drawings in the Irish Hospitals Sweeps are staged in Dublin. Those who are lucky enough to have their Sweep tickets picked at these drawings are given the name of a horse participating in the particular race upon which that Sweep is based. For instance, in the English Derby of 1933 there were twenty-six horses entered in this race. The names of these horses were shuffled and allotted by draw to those whose tickets were pulled out of the Sweeps' prize drawings. In this Sweep on the Derby nineteen fortunate souls happened to be allotted the horse, Hyperion.

Since Hyperion galloped home a

winner, those nineteen holders of Sweep tickets entitling them to Hyperion were the richer by £30,000 respectively, for that is the Sweeps' grand prize money for the holders of winning horses. Those ticket-holders whose horses came in second and third were rewarded with lesser but still substantial sums.

The Sweepstake prize money is secured through trustees approved by the Government. All accounts are audited by Government appointed auditors who are constantly in control of all subscriptions received and to whom every item of expenditure is made known. Operating costs including the take for the promoters average about eleven per cent of the proceeds of each Sweep. Considering the huge organization necessary to handle an Irish Sweep, the profit percentage for the promoters is fairly reasonable, especially as the juicy, private profit melon from the Irish Sweeps is not cut many ways. Messrs. Duggan and McGrath comprise in the main the entire body of the deserving stockholders. Furthermore, the owners of the Sweeps are not faced with sharing profits with politicians or other usual "We-Boys" who declare themselves in on such sporting enterprises in America and elsewhere. Graft is unknown in Ireland.

American racketeers have endeavored several times to "muscle in" on Mr. McGrath's income by threatening to kidnap him. Such threats are greeted by Mr. McGrath and all who know him with sardonic laughter. Genial Joseph McGrath stands well over six feet and is built in proportion. Before becoming the Managing Director of the Irish Hospitals, Ltd., he was Minister of Labor under former President Cosgrave. When he was in office, the huge Shannon Electrification Scheme, employing six thousand Irishmen, was under way. He investigated

personally any labor trouble on the Shannon and quelled many an imminent strike by the simple formula of bashing together the heads of the unruly strike leaders. Such direct action had been unheard of in Ireland. Strike leaders were accustomed to long restful weeks of arbitration with the bosses before being cajoled into working again. Needless to say, the name of Joe McGrath was soon linked throughout the Isle with that of the legendary strong man, Finn McCool. Besides being always in the pink of condition, Mr. McGrath is a crack shot. Since no overt attempt has ever been made to carry out these kidnapping threats, the conspirators have apparently either got a glimpse of McGrath's powerful physique or talked to some of the labor leaders who had met him in connection with the Shannon scheme.

R. J. Duggan, the colleague of McGrath, in promoting the Sweeps, is a quiet, retiring chap. He prefers to keep in the background of the Sweeps Management and lead the ideal existence of the Irish country gentleman, which he can well afford to do with his Sweeps dividends. Once a bookie, today Mr. Duggan rides to the hounds with the swankiest of the swank Irish gentry. Prior to originating this present successful Irish Sweeps with McGrath, Duggan had run other sweepstakes, none of which gained very much prominence outside of Ireland. In 1930, he teamed up with McGrath, then a well-known figure in politics, and the pair of them worked out the clever proposition of letting the impoverished Irish Hospital share in the receipts.

In spite of the worthy charity connection, it took both McGrath and Duggan some time to convince the Free State Government that a Sweepstake augured well for Ireland, then in the throes of depression. After much hemming and hawing, the Dail passed

the first Sweepstake Act, with the specific instructions that the promoters would have to lodge £50,000 in the bank for prize money and to assume all liabilities up to an additional £100,000. Respectable and popular bookmaker Duggan with his many confederates among the followers of English and Irish tracks was not long in producing the stipulated sums.

Much to the surprise of everyone, the receipts in that first 1930 Sweepstakes actually amounted to £658,358. A few months later, the Grand National Sweepstakes of 1931 produced a Prize Fund of £1,188,415 17s 6d. Succeeding Sweeps carried on the record of success to still higher figures. The total Prize Fund in the 1932 Derby was £2,860,552 5s—the largest to date.

The drawings of Sweep prizes are held in public and are supervised by the Chief Commissioner of the Irish Free State Police in person. General O'Duffy, now the stormy petrel of current Irish politics, used to be the imposing figure supervising these draws. According to some cynical De Valera followers, the General owes much of his present popularity and following to the fact that he once acted in that limelighted capacity. "Aye, O'Duffy's mug," confide these cynics, "was always in the papers standing in front of the big Sweeps Drum, telling the pretty nurses how to draw the tickets. People got to thinking that he was the man you had to know to get a winning ticket."

Probably to counteract this O'Duffy legend, General Broy, whom De Valera appointed to succeed O'Duffy as Chief Commissioner of Police, made his own presence absolutely clear to the crowds assembled at the Plaza Auditorium, Dublin, to witness the picking of the lucky numbers for the Derby Sweep last June.

"I am in this hall," solemnly proclaimed General Broy, first in Gaelic

and then in English, "to administer the only law allowed here—the Law of Chance."

A receipt is issued for every ticket subscription received. On the back of each is printed the warning that if the buyer does not receive an acknowledgment he should notify the Hospitals' Committee, Dublin, direct, giving the seller's name and address. By securing this information the Sweeps Management is able to trace either fraudulent tickets or the theft of the ticket-holder's money by the seller and legally prosecute the miscreants. Such prosecutions are usually limited to the Irish Free State.

In Great Britain and America, where the bulk of Sweep tickets are sold anyway, and the chances of counterfeiting and larceny of ticket receipts are many, the Hospitals' Committee is powerless to render the subscribers much protection. In these countries the Sweeps themselves are illegal. Nevertheless, in America at least, the attorneys for the Sweeps do make a gesture at frightening fake ticket manipulators by inserting imposing legal notices in the newspapers, offering a large reward for information about violators of copyrights respecting the printing and watermarked paper used in manufacturing the Irish Hospitals' Sweeps tickets. Just how the Sweeps' attorneys could make claims of patent infringement for lottery tickets stand up in either an American or British Court is a difficult question to answer.

Professional counterfeiters as a rule are not awed by legal notices in the newspapers. At least those in America apparently are not. Prior to every Irish Sweep thousands and thousands of fraudulent tickets are put into circulation and sold in the United States alone. The larceny traffic by sellers of authentic Sweep tickets in America is no small one either. The unscrupulous bookmaker's age-old trick of

pocketing the bettor's coin instead of placing it is widely practiced by the sellers of not only Irish Sweep tickets but of every other kind of lottery tickets from outside the country. For instance, more than 3,000,000 tickets were said to have been distributed here last year for a Cuban lottery yet only 37,000 were actually raffled and thereby given a chance to win a prize.

It is impossible for the larceny of Irish Sweep tickets to reach the staggering total of that particular Cuban lottery. Every Irish Sweep ticket is serially numbered and its distribution can be traced to the authorized distributing agent who is responsible for its ultimate subscription. Nor is it possible for wholesale racketeering and shady practices in drawing of prizes such as have been known to exist in other lotteries to be tolerated for a moment in the operation of the Irish Sweeps. There has never been even a whisper of scandal in connection with the Sweeps. Besides the airtight government regulation and honest, capable management, its long list of sponsors includes the most honorable names in all Ireland. The Irish Sweeps claim to be the only lottery in the world which publishes a fully audited statement of its accounts in connection with every draw.

III

The prize money in the Irish Hospital Sweeps is in proportion to the total amount subscribed with the additional safeguard of a guaranteed minimum deposited in the Bank of Ireland. With the recent Sweeps the management has been able to gauge fairly well in advance what the subscriptions will be and to advertise beforehand the prizes to be given. Fully cognizant of the attraction of a multiplicity of prizes, the Sweeps promoters offer a galaxy of prizes ranging from £30,000

to £100. Including many smaller among the few large ones changes the ratio of chances of individual ticket purchasers, according to the jargon of the racetrack, from 1,000,000 to 1 to at least 999,999 to 1. You would be surprised at the pulling power of thus enhancing Mr. John Public's prize-sharing opportunity. When the Sweeps began to increase the number of prizes ticket sales soared.

Printed on every Sweep ticket is the offering of £30,000 for the holders of the winning horse in the race; £15,000 for second, and £10,000 for third. After the drawing of the tickets for the horses in the Sweepstakes, there are a number of smaller prizes for sellers of tickets and for those who simply happen to hold lucky tickets drawn out after the poll of horses has been made.

The amount of prize money for the 1933 Derby totaled £1,941,843, and there were 2,404 winners. It was divided as follows:

19 at	£30,000	0 0 =	£570,000
19 at	£15,000	0 0 =	£285,000
19 at	£10,000	0 0 =	£190,000
437 at	£1,521	14 9 =	£664,997
1,900 at	£100	0 0 =	£190,000
10 at	£4,184	12 0 =	£41,846
Total	2,404		£1,941,843

Great Britain won the bulk of this money with 1,647 winners; United States was second with 214, and Irish Free State, third with 124 winners.

This imposing array of 2,404 prizes with the wide distribution of prize-winners in the different countries of the world received a good press. The Sweeps management made the most of it in all their own publicity releases. However, there were no official figures forthcoming from Sweeps' headquarters on how many ticket-holders failed to win a prize or what percentage those 2,404 winning tickets represented among the total number of tickets that were shuffled in the big Drum. Tak-

ing the audited statement of the Sweeps made public after this particular Derby draw, one unofficial statistician figured out that to raise the nearly three million pounds involved, there must have been some 6,758,664 tickets in the Drum when the drawings started. Deducting the 2,404 prize-winning tickets, leaves 6,756,260 tickets which failed to win. On a percentage basis, therefore, approximately only .00035 per cent of the ticket-holders won, while 99.99965 per cent lost.

Nevertheless, in spite of these terrific odds, meticulous care is exercised to extend to every ticket subscriber an equal chance of winning and to help him collect immediately should he win. As each sold book of tickets is received at the Sweeps headquarters, a card-index record is made of each and every ticket stub, or counterfoil as it is officially termed. There is a separate index card struck off for every counterfoil. On this card is typed the serial number of the ticket, name, address and fictitious name, if any, of the holder. Incidentally, a great percentage of the subscribers use these. Some of these are amazing in their originality but the general run are such as "At last," "Need the Money," or "Want to get Married," and the names of practically all the saints in the litany. No single reason will suffice for why people employ these aliases. Some write them in for luck; others to hide their identity as prominent personages.

In 1931, King Alfonso won £100 under a fictitious name. In his halcyon days Jimmy Walker was a liberal buyer of tickets but under his own name. Once, when cashing his tickets, Jimmy wrote the Sweeps Director that he was "honored and gratified to be a subscriber to the Irish hospitals."

Not a few use fictitious names in order to be protected from sharing their swag with grasping relatives or creditors in case they win. These are

held as confidential by the Sweeps Management.

Cards are filed under the name of the town in which the subscribers reside. Visitors to the Sweeps offices with proper credentials are privileged to be shown their own cards or those of their friends. So complete and accessible are these files that on a moment's notice, the card record of any subscriber can be produced for inspection. During my visit to the Sweeps offices, Patrick J. Fleming, Director of the Foreign Department, asked me if I would like to see the cards of any of my friends. I reeled off the names of a few in Rye, N. Y., in Mallorca, Vincennes, Ind., Philadelphia, Cape May, N. J., and Capetown, South Africa. He jotted them down, handed the list to a pretty colleen, and within a few minutes she returned with the correct cards.

After each counterfoil has been recorded and card-indexed it is placed in a steel box in the fireproof strong room at Sweeps Headquarters, Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin. On the day of the drawings the counterfoils of all tickets sold are taken out and under police escort delivered at the Plaza Auditorium, where the drawing is held. The counterfoils are placed in an ingenious electric mixer and subjected to three separate mixing processes. After the mixing they are conveyed in canvas bags to the Drum. There are twenty-four portholes in the Drum, and in front of each is a nurse who picks out the winning counterfoils.

This Drum itself functions as a huge container and is so designed that the counterfoils inside are turned over and over as it revolves, all having a chance of meeting the fingers of the nurses at one or other of the twenty-four portholes, each of which is opened in turn. When opened, the porthole door uncovers a silk diaphragm arranged with a small slit for the nurse's hand to

reach in and pick a counterfoil. This arrangement prevents her from seeing the counterfoils before making a selection. The names of the horses are drawn from a smaller container known as "The Crystal Drum."

This is how the drawing operates: The Prize Fund is divided into as many prize units of £100,000 as the sum declared admits. The remainder of the money available for prizes will be distributed in ten cash prizes of equal amounts, called residual cash prizes. For example, suppose the Prize Fund is £1,050,000, this would give ten units of £100,000 each and a surplus of £50,000 divisible into residual cash prizes. Assuming that there were thirty horses entered in the race upon which the Sweep is based, a total of three hundred counterfoils would have to be drawn for the race prizes, the interest in each horse being divided among the drawers of ten such counterfoils.

After the proper number of counterfoils allotted to a horse has been drawn from the huge counterfoil Drum a roll bearing a horse's name is immediately thereafter drawn from the smaller Crystal Drum. There is a roll for each horse coming within the scope of the Sweep. The person whose name appears on each counterfoil drawn will be the drawer of the horse mentioned on the paper roll so drawn from the Crystal Drum, so far as one unit is concerned. The amount of money which lucky drawers of horses' names finally wins depends entirely upon what their respective horses do in the race.

Should there be money enough subscribed to award residual cash prizes, ten counterfoils are picked from the counterfoil drum after the drawing of the horses' names is completed. The holders of these ten counterfoils are the winners of the residual cash prizes. After the residual cash prizes have been drawn, counterfoils correspond-

ing in number to cash prizes of £100 each declared are taken from the Counterfoil Drum. It takes three days for all the prize drawings.

Every effort is expended to inform the holders of lucky tickets immediately. When their counterfoil is first drawn they are notified by wire or cablegram. After the race they are informed of the exact amount they have won and how they can receive the money. It is not necessary for winners to go to Dublin to collect, though many of them think so and arrive with an imposing array of legal talent "to protect their rights." All any winner has to do to get his money is to specify the bank where he wants to receive it, and he can get it there provided he produces the proper credentials and the winning ticket.

Since the Sweeps are illegal in Great Britain, America, and other countries, banks are not technically supposed to handle drafts for the prize moneys, but the Sweeps Management rarely experiences a turndown in requesting such drafts even from banking institutions with the loftiest reputations. The bank's commissions for handling such big-money transactions are too sweet to refuse.

Contrary to popular impression, the Irish Free State does not levy any tax upon a winner's prize money. If you win £15,000, you get £15,000. The Free State Government exacts its revenue from the Sweeps through taxing the money allotted to the hospitals. The Governments of Great Britain, United States, and other countries figure in the Sweep prize money through their respective income-tax laws. A winner in the Sweeps usually, in spite of his fictitious name, gets so much publicity that he simply cannot dodge the income tax collector. In a recent Sweep an unemployed New York chef won £30,000, or about \$150,000. Uncle Sam deflated the chef's

glorious \$150,000 windfall to the tune of \$58,300 or nearly 39 per cent. The English income taxes are even higher, while in Canada there is a law which permits complete confiscation of prize money won in a lottery.

IV

The Sweeps employ more people than any other firm in Ireland. To handle properly the tremendous detail in connection with the operation of three separate Sweeps a year requires huge staffs of executives and clerical help. Between 1500 and 2000 persons are on the Sweeps payrolls permanently. In peak-time, prior to a Sweep, the employees number between 4500 and 5000. The Sweeps organization itself reminds you more of a big American corporation rather than a British concern. Certainly nowhere else, either in Ireland or the British Isles, will you find a more highly departmentalized organization than the Sweeps with its smooth-functioning executive, domestic and foreign sales, accounting, filing, advertising, and publicity units. Six buildings in Dublin house the large personnel of these various departments. Besides the main offices in Dublin, the Sweeps have branch offices in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford and accredited special representatives in practically every fair-sized nation in the world.

The office of the foreign sales department on Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, opposite the Gresham Hotel, is the most interesting to visit. Here letters, written in every known language, pour in daily by the thousands from Zanzibar, Borneo, Belgian Congo, and other far-off countries. A staff of linguists and currency experts are necessary to handle this mail. Correspondence in eighteen different languages in a single morning's mail is not unusual. Practically every letter con-

tains the cash of the country from which it comes in payment for tickets. So enormous are the amounts of all kinds of currency which the Sweeps handle that the management virtually conducts its own foreign exchange.

Like most big business organizations, the Sweeps recognize the value of advertising and the right kind of publicity. Considerable sums are appropriated for this purpose. As far as advertising is concerned, the Sweeps would like to spend considerably more, but cannot. The mediums which the Sweeps want to use refuse to take their advertisements. In Great Britain and America—natural markets for selling sweepstake tickets—the magazines and newspapers are not permitted by law to accept Sweeps' advertising. The same goes for the six northern Irish counties. However, in the twenty-six counties of the Irish Free State the magazines and newspapers open their columns wide, high, and handsome to Sweeps' advertising.

The copy for these Irish Sweep advertisements, prepared, ironically, by a British Advertising Agency with Dublin connections, consists of a straight ticket-selling appeal. Never a word about contributing to Irish hospital charities. Instead, both the illustrations and copy dwell at length upon the joys of suddenly becoming rich. This thoroughly practical copy theme must be effective, for it has been always the keynote of the Sweeps' advertising. After all, a glamorous get-rich-quick offer is more forceful than a charity plea to everybody, everywhere, every time.

The Sweeps also operate a high-powered radio station at Athlone which broadcasts regularly excellent Irish music and equally excellent Irish Sweeps' sales messages to listeners in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Though the Northern Irish, English, American newspapers, and those

in other countries may be barred by law from accepting Sweeps' advertising, their editors simply cannot pass up the stories emanating from the results of the various Irish Sweeps. Sensational tales of porters, barmaids, and starving unemployed laborers becoming millionaires overnight carry such a fundamental and wide appeal that no editor, regardless of the law, can really afford to ignore them. Former U. S. Postmaster General Brown several years ago called the Press's attention to the Federal Statute which made lottery information unmailable under the penalty of one thousand dollars' fine and two years' imprisonment. In spite of Brown's order, American newspapers continued to print lottery stories, omitting them only in their mail editions, which, in the case of metropolitan papers, are very small anyway. When New Dealer James Farley became the Postmaster General, Brown's ban was countermanded. To-day the American press gives front-page play to the Irish Sweeps, and positively revels in maudlin, sentimental stories when a local boy happens to win.

The same is true with the newspapers the world over. Keenly aware of the sales value for future Sweep tickets in these front-page stories, J. O'Sheehan and James F. O'Farrell, the seasoned newspaper men who head the Publicity Department of the Irish Sweeps, see to it every day of the year that the newspapers do not miss an item of Irish Sweep News. In their headquarters half a dozen clerks are continually mailing out news-bulletin "flimsies," printed in half a dozen languages to newspapers everywhere. These mailings go out in plain envelopes and are addressed by hand. They must slip by the postal clerks in the countries where lottery information is tabooed, for Messrs. O'Sheehan and O'Farrell have several rooms full of clippings indicat-

ing that these "flimsies" reach their destination. In China the editors automatically place these Sweep publicity releases on the front pages, regardless of the import of their contents. In fact, O'Farrell told me that most Chinese editors do not even chop off the heading that the item is a news-bulletin from the Irish Hospital Sweeps, so interested are their readers in any item with that label.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Sweeps Publicity Department is the well-executed ballyhoo which they trump up for the drawings at the various Sweeps. O'Sheehan and O'Farrell put on a show with sure-fire fanfare that would have made old Phineas Barnum blush with envy. At each Sweep the Plaza Auditorium where the drawings are held is entirely redecorated. For the Derby Sweep in June, 1933, the setting for the Plaza was Derby Day of a hundred years ago. The walls of the Plaza were a continuous panorama of the many types, sorts, and sizes of people, carriages and other vehicles one would have seen on the road to the Derby a century ago. The Drum from which the counterfoils are drawn also carried panoramic views of the ancient Derby days.

These settings, painted by leading Irish artists, were splendidly done and accurately caught the atmosphere of the period depicted. To be in keeping with the setting, the hundreds of girls engaged in the work of mixing the counterfoils were dressed in costumes which were exact reproductions of those worn on that ancient Derby Day. Ladies of vanished fashions, gypsies, coster girls, and their "pearly" companions, all served to make the entire setting authentic.

This picturesque old Derby Day setting was not lost upon the several hundred newspaper men who journeyed to Dublin to witness the drawings of Derby Sweep, 1933. Hundreds of thou-

sands of words describing this setting were winged to newspapers all over the globe. And they were really good descriptions too, for the editors, knowing full well the reader interest in the Irish Sweeps, assigned only their best reporters. The famed Hotspur of the *London Daily Mail*, Blumenthal, *Daily Express*, were among those in attendance. The late Edgar Wallace rarely missed these drawings. Messrs. O'Sheehan and O'Farrell, right on the job, made certain that these gentlemen of the press were accorded every accommodation and courtesy. Individual page boys, secretaries, typewriter and telegraph operators, plenty of good food, gallons of Jameson and Guinness, all were at the disposal of the newspaper boys. Was it any wonder that Derby Sweep drawings got a real break in next day's news? As a former newspaper man, I highly recommend Messrs. O'Sheehan and O'Farrell to some of our much touted American public relation counsels and directors of publicity. This pair of resourceful Irish press agents could teach them how to make newspaper men feel at home and wheedle out of them page after page of favorable free publicity.

Naturally the wide-awake publicity department of the Irish Sweeps never misses an opportunity to let a visiting journalist see for himself the good work which the Sweeps' money is doing for the hospitals in Ireland. Mr. O'Farrell furnished me with a list of hospitals scattered all over the counties of the Free State and told me to drop in unannounced at any of them to see the improvements being made with appropriations from the Sweeps. I did not visit all fifty-three hospitals but I covered most of the twenty-six counties in the Free State. Wherever I went I found substantial evidence that the

Sweeps' money was being gainfully employed. New wings, new clinics, new operating rooms with the latest and finest equipment were being installed in such famous old hospitals as the Rotunda, Sir Patrick Dun's, and others. In fact, the many construction and renovation jobs actuated by the Sweeps Hospital Funds comprise about the only building activity you will find in the depression-hit Irish Free State to-day.

What is the future of the Irish Hospital Sweeps? Nobody knows the answer. The Irish Free State Government reserves the right to abolish the Sweeps at any time. For any faction to exercise this right to-day would mean its political suicide. On no other single project in the entire history of Ireland have the several bitter rival classes who compose the Irish nation ever been in complete accord as they are now on the soundness of the Sweeps.

Everybody in all the counties fully recognizes the benefits accruing to the Free State from the continued success of the Sweeps. Millions of pounds for the Irish hospitals. Millions in taxes for the state coffers of the Government. Thousands of jobs for Irish citizens. A new, fascinating diversion to take the public's mind off the current troublesome Irish home politics and high British tariffs. A new attractive feature to the greatest of all Irish sports, horse-racing; an opportunity for a man to run a ten-shilling wager into a fortune.

These multiple, practical, prosperous results of the Sweeps are sufficient to convince even the most radical of Irishmen to leave well enough alone. And that is an attitude which the Irish have not taken on any question since the days of the Druids.



PLOWING THE FARMER UNDER

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

DESPITE the brilliance of the maneuvers, it is now possible to see that the New Deal is engaging in a series of characteristic reformist actions: on almost every front, while it boldly advances one step forward, it quietly takes two to the rear. The ultimate objective—redistribution of national income—has been abandoned; talk of parity for agriculture and of the raising of the price level and real wages is only faintly heard; tactics have come to be guided by day-to-day considerations. Industrial recovery, without any appreciable decrease in unemployment or improvement of the lot of agriculture, is proceeding as a result of natural forces; while Washington, in order to allay discontent, is compelled to embark on more and more costly programs for the relief of workers and farmers.

Fifteen months after the inauguration of the campaign the following is all there is left of the New Deal's high strategy: mounting agricultural subsidies, to be borne by the rest of the nation; outdoor relief at meager subsistence levels (this is what the abandonment of the CWA comes to) for an unemployable industrial population which may be as great as fifteen millions; and a desperate drive for foreign markets through government-financed corporations. The differences between the automatic operations of the old laissez-faire economy and so-called planning under the New Deal boil down simply to these two: under the

new dispensation relief activities are more systematic and inclusive while foreign trade and investment programs are being directed by public rather than private effort. Monopoly continues to flourish, labor continues to get a diminishing portion of the national income, the farmers continue in decline. Nothing more clearly reveals the ineffectual compromising the New Deal is continually resorting to than the case of agriculture.

Recovery in agriculture was to have been the spearhead of the New Deal's advance. Depression had set in in agriculture almost immediately after the termination of the World War; and for fully a decade the growers of commercial crops, while factories hummed, labor had employment, and outlets for financial surpluses seemed inexhaustible, were being confronted by a constricting world market. All the evidences of a depressed economy were present: prices kept on tumbling, land values dropped, carryovers of stocks piled up, tenancy, indebtedness, and the pressure of fixed charges increased. The farmers disappeared as purchasers of capital goods and cut down to the barest necessities out-of-pocket expenditures for their homes and plants. A characteristic contradiction appeared: agriculture became more efficient as a productive system as its gross income declined.

To the New Dealers the theory of recovery seemed plain enough: restore the purchasing power of the agricul-

tural population, which represented one-fourth of the nation's total, and we should be launched again on another wave of prosperity. The surpluses of cash crops—of cotton, wheat, tobacco, corn, hogs, rice, dairy products—were the heart of the difficulty: eliminate them, by destruction if necessary, and the state of agriculture would be healthy once more. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, therefore, promised bonuses to the growers of the leading commercial crops on the basis of the voluntary restriction of acreage. Acreage was cut and the subsidy (which came out of the pockets of the consumers) was paid; but the Administration quickly found that acreage reduction was not synonymous with yield reduction and that higher farm prices did not necessarily imply increased agricultural purchasing power.

Cotton was typical. The plow-up campaign of 1933 eliminated fully one-fourth of the acreage under cultivation, reducing the growing crop's area from 41,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres. But the weather was kind—and cotton growers had been resourceful. Thanks to intensive cultivation and the use of fertilizer, the yield per acre, which for the preceding five-year period had averaged 174 pounds, increased to over 209 pounds. The year's crop was 13,177,000 bales; it was equal to that of 1932; and the carry-over of 11,500,000 bales was cut down only slightly. As might have been expected, talk of drastic reduction in the United States encouraged growers in other areas to increase their plantings; as a result, the total of foreign cotton production reached the highest figure since the pre-depression season of 1928-29, plans were made for the opening of new cotton regions in Africa and India, and the world position of American cotton was worse than ever before. In tobacco and

hogs the net effects were not very different.

Failure also met the efforts to increase agricultural purchasing power. After an initial spurt, which terminated in the midsummer of 1933, the ratio of prices received for farm products to prices paid for commodities by farmers began once more to recede; by the end of 1933 the year's index had shown an improvement of only 9 per cent over 1932's. All hopes for parity for farmers had got nowhere: whereas in July 1933, the farmer's dollar, in terms of purchasing power, had been worth 71 cents, in January, 1934, it was down to 60 cents; in February, 1934, at only 64 cents.

II

Reduction of acreage, which had cost the American consumer through the processing taxes at least \$150,000,000 in 1933, and was to cost more than \$1,000,000,000 additional in 1934, had failed. By the end of 1933 the New Dealers in agriculture were confessing that the plan could not have the desired result of eliminating surpluses and, therefore, raising the real income of farmers. These had been some of the immediate effects of attempted curtailment of the more important cash crops: Intensive cultivation of acreage without any decrease in production had resulted, as in cotton. Many farmers had refused to join in the sign-up campaign, hoping to benefit from the reductions of their fellow-growers. (This had happened in the case of winter wheat plantings for 1934, where only half of the sought for reduction had been pledged.) Consumer resistance set in. (This had occurred in the case of hog products so that, despite the slaughter of young pigs and sows, prices did not advance materially; indeed, many farmers were reporting that the packers were requiring the payment of the processing taxes

by the farmers themselves.) Farmers began to shift to uncontrolled crops, resulting in increases in production among those articles for which subsidies were not being paid. (So marked had this movement become that in March, 1934, Congress was compelled to pass a measure extending the benefits of subsidies to beef and dairy cattle, peanuts, rye, barley, flax, and grain sorghum.)

The complete regimentation of agriculture was the only way out. The passage of the Cotton Control bill by the House on March 19, 1934, and its acceptance by the Senate on March 30th, with some modifications, was a straw to show the direction of the wind. This so-called Bankhead bill, which had the approval of the President and the reluctant acceptance of the Secretary of Agriculture, indicated that the Administration's agricultural policy was to be based on the forced reduction of the surpluses through the licensing of every individual farmer. The Cotton Control measure, whose methods it reasonably could be expected would be applied to the other cash crops, embodied the following: for the crop year 1934-35 production of cotton was to be limited to 10,000,000 bales; all cotton-growing states, on the basis of their yields over the previous ten years, were to be allotted quotas; quotas, in turn, were to be fixed for counties and then for individual farmers, the latter receiving tax-exemption certificates, or licenses, for the amounts allotted to them (and, of course, benefit payments); production in excess of the stipulated amounts was to be taxed at the gins at the rate of 75 per cent of the average central market price, but not less than 8 cents per pound; the Secretary of Agriculture, who was to administer the act, was to have the right to prohibit the raising of other cash crops on cotton acreage withdrawn from cultivation.

What did this mean? It was a definite step in the direction of that complete governmental control against which Secretary Wallace himself had protested so eloquently in his pamphlet "America Must Choose," published a short month before the enactment of the Bankhead bill:

If we finally go all the way toward nationalism, it may be necessary to have compulsory control of marketing, licensing of plowed lands, and base and surplus quotas for every farmer for every product for each month in the year. . . . It may be necessary to make a public utility out of agriculture and apply to it a combination of an Esch-Cummins Act and an Adamson Act. Every plowed field would have its permit sticking up on its post.

The economic implications of the step were even more significant. The law meant, in effect, the licensing and, therefore, the continuance in production of every grower of a cash crop who had previously participated in commercial agriculture; in short, in the case of cotton, the licensing on a pro rata, farm for farm basis, of every one of the 1,600,000 farmers, whether he was efficient or not, whether he cultivated submarginal lands or not, whether he used or was in a position to employ technical and mechanical methods in his operations. In fine, licensing of all farmers was bound to have but one result: the sabotaging of agriculture's efficiency by the government itself.

No better witness against such a program of reduction can be presented than Mr. Wallace himself. In his annual report for 1933 he had said:

A temporary and varying reduction in the productive acreage [of each farm] seriously disturbs the farm economy; it may modify established rotations and feeding practices; . . . and it necessitates the disuse or less effective use of the labor, machinery, work stock, and the equipment required to farm larger acreages. Overhead costs frequently cannot be curtailed in proportion to the reduction in farm operations.

That the Administration was coolly pledged to this course of wrecking agriculture and undoing the technical advances of the fifty years' work of independent scientists, experimental stations, and governmental agencies was admitted by Farm Administrator Chester C. Davis, who, in discussing the proposed benefit program for dairy products, said that reduction of butter-fats would be achieved by changes in feeding practices rather than by slaughter. (The *New York Times* account of March 22, 1934, reported Mr. Davis as smiling "as he recalled the adverse public reaction which attended the hog-reduction program.") This as a reply to our proud boast that the dairy herd-improvement program of our government, in the period 1900-30, had raised the average production of butter-fat per cow from 145 pounds to 180 pounds! Now farmers, in the face of all they had been taught by public agencies, the agricultural press, demonstration projects, and the like, were to be encouraged to unlearn their lessons in plant and animal breeding, animal husbandry, the use of machinery and fertilizers, the practices of rotation, and revert to the primitive, slipshod technics of an older day. Such was to be the price of recovery in agriculture.

The Administration, of course, had a reform program as well. Reform in agriculture was to be achieved, in the first place, by the return of the country to the markets of the world; and, in the second place, by eliminating unfit farmers from commercial agriculture through their settlement on subsistence homesteads. Before the more permanent aspects of the New Deal's program for agriculture may be evaluated it is necessary to understand the reasons for the extraordinary growth of the American farm plant.

From the outbreak of the Civil War to the conclusion of the World War

American political leaders and industrialists did everything in their power to expand the operations of American agriculture. The young Northern capitalism, emerged from its triumphant struggle against the Southern slave economy, could not advance to maturity and power, behind its sheltering tariff walls, without foreign financial assistance, and it was here that the historic mission of commercial agriculture was fulfilled. The American production of foodstuffs and fibers, beyond domestic needs, was ceaselessly pushed so that our great surpluses could feed and clothe Europe—thereby balancing our international payments and building up, with the aid of European savings, our own capitalist economy.

The revival, beginning with the 1890's, of Malthusianism—that old dread of a failing food supply—was an additional spur; and this attitude was at once reflected in the governmental policies of the Roosevelt-Taft administrations. It was during those years that the conservation movement, the expansion of irrigation projects, the back-to-the-land crusade, and an extraordinary increase in the budgetary allotments made to the Department of Agriculture took place. Besides, the continual pressure on the land by the dispossessed classes of Europe and our own industrial East made for a steady rise in land values so that, while periodic declines in farm prices made operations frequently unprofitable, the American farmer could continue to regard himself as solvent. Meanwhile politicians of the ruling Republican party, in order to hold the agrarian West in its unnatural alliance with the industrial East, fostered a generous public agricultural policy. The free settlement of the public domain, governmental subsidies to railroads, support of land grant colleges, and a protective tariff for the wool

growers of the Middle West were characteristics of this program. Finally, during the World War, as a result of the pressing need of, first, the Allies and then the United States itself for foodstuffs and fibers, further areas were opened to cultivation. Indeed, in the seven years 1913-20, from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of new land were brought under the plow.

Such was the historical background of American agriculture's physical growth. And to-day, as a result, there exist surpluses which the home market cannot absorb and which can be got rid of abroad only with the greatest difficulty. The following are the more significant reasons why the agriculture of the post-World War period is in permanent decline.

The United States, to-day, is a creditor nation; instead of being compelled to export raw materials to pay interest on foreign borrowings, it must be prepared to receive these on the account of American portfolio and direct investments abroad. The savings of American investors and the undistributed profits of American corporations are now invested in those newer lands—Canada, Mexico, South America, Africa, Australasia, the Far East—which can balance their international payments only by selling in the world market those foodstuffs and fibers which we ourselves kept pouring into Europe up to the World War. Ironically enough, not only must we be prepared to be displaced in foreign markets but we must make room in our home market for imported agricultural goods to compete with those domestically produced. The recent effort to eliminate a proposed tax on foreign vegetable and animal oils is a case in point: at the demands of processors and manufacturers the cheaper oils from South America, the African coast, and the Far East must be permitted to compete with native products derived

from hogs, cotton, soy beans, and fish.

Again, many of our former customers have been completely lost to us or are definitely turning away. England tries to favor the agricultural wares of her oversea possessions and buys more and more of her foodstuffs from Argentina; Italy and Germany, the lessons of the War ever fresh in their minds, strive to attain national self-sufficiency; other nations of Europe favor the agricultural products of the Danubian countries, Poland and Denmark, in order to obtain trade advantages for their own finished goods surpluses; Japan, trying to hold its bitterly won lead in the Indian cotton-goods market, promises to purchase Indian raw cotton in return. Everywhere in the world to-day, new areas are being opened to cultivation—for agricultural wares are the cheapest and quickest goods peoples harassed by debts can produce.

The changed international position of agriculture can be quickly gathered from the following. Between 1913 and 1932, the United States increased its area devoted to major crops from 290,000,000 to 320,000,000 acres, or more than 10 per cent; in the same period, Europe, Canada, Argentina, and Australia combined had increased their acreage from 631,000,000 to 724,000,000, or more than 16 per cent. The crop output in the leading producing areas outside of the United States had grown at even a greater ratio, being in the neighborhood of 40 per cent. As Messrs. Ezekiel and Bean have pointed out in their study "The Economic Bases for the Agricultural Adjustment Act": "This increase in foreign competition and foreign self-sufficiency brought about a persistent decline in United States exports of food products from 1921 on, long before the 1929 collapse. The 1932-33 export volume finally shrank below prewar levels. In the face of this

shrinkage in foreign demand, acreage of important crops in the United States has been maintained about 10 per cent above prewar acreage."

The situation in the United States itself is no more encouraging for a larger consumption of the products of agriculture. We are confronted by a stationary population and, therefore, a change in age distribution. Cessation of population growth inevitably implies contraction of land use; while the growing weight of an older population must also have the same effect through bringing about profound changes in dietary habits. Indeed, the last two decades have already witnessed a marked shift in the foods we consume.

Since the immediate prewar years the American population has changed its eating habits from a reliance on grains and beef to a greater use of pork, vegetables, fruits, milk, and sugar. The significance of this shift lies in this fact: grains and beef are largely the products of extensive cultivation; pork, vegetables, fruits, and milk are the products of intensive cultivation requiring less land in use and more capital expenditures. (The increase in sugar consumption has merely meant greater imports from overseas.) How those changes can affect land use we may gather from the following calculations (the work of O. E. Baker, one of America's leading agricultural economists). The average adult American consumes food the equivalent to 1,400,000 calories a year. To furnish this amount of energy, in terms of corn or potatoes, would require the use of three-quarters of an acre; in terms of wheat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres; in terms of pork and lard, 3 acres; in terms of milk, $2\frac{1}{3}$ acres of crops and $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of pasture; in terms of beef and veal, 11 acres of crops and $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of pasture. The greater the shifts are from grains and beef (and

with continuing mechanization of industry, improved methods of heating, and an older population these shifts may be expected to continue) the less will be the land required to furnish the food needs of the American population.

Perhaps of even greater importance, as regards contracting land use, has been the growing efficiency of American agriculture. In fact, between 1919 and 1929, on a stationary cultivated acreage, the output of American farmers increased more than 20 per cent! There were largely three reasons responsible for this revolutionary advance: progress in the application of mechanical methods and the motorization of farm equipment (with an accompanying decrease of land use necessary for the provision of feed grains for horses and mules); increasing acre yields as a result of intensive cultivation, the improvement of crop strains and the application of fertilizer; and the greater efficiency of milk and meat animals per unit of feed consumed.

Such progress could be accelerated. Secretary Wallace himself has pointed out that every wheat farmer on the Great Plains, if he used the tractor and combine, could cultivate 1,000 acres and feed 2,000 people; that if new corn varieties, fertilizer, and efficient crop rotations were employed, the acreage of the nation's present corn supply could be cut from 100,000,000 to 70,000,000; that cotton-picking machines, if widely used, would expand the acreage one man could handle from the present 20-40 to 100-200 (an increase in productivity of 400 per cent)! Efficiency in milk production has really only begun: for, in the five years preceding 1930, while the number of dairy cows had been only 5 per cent greater than ten years before, production of milk had increased 25 per cent—with only an increase of feed consumption of 15 per cent too.

The conclusion is again inescapable: with further encouragement by public authority of technical efficiency in agriculture the place of the land and the farmer in our national economy must occupy an increasingly minor role.

III

In view of the dwindling of foreign markets for most of our commercial crops, how many farmers on the basis of present methods of production do we really need? In 1929 there were 6,000,000 farmers in the United States who produced agricultural goods worth \$11,011,000,000. Of this amount, products to the value of \$1,340,000,000 were consumed on the farms, leaving \$9,671,000,000 as the value of those for commercial use. *A little more than 50 per cent of the farmers of the United States produced almost 90 per cent of the value of those commercial crops.* In other words, if we could take out of commercial production 48.8 per cent of the least efficient farmers (in terms of income from cash crops) we should reduce by only 10.8 per cent the value of the products grown for sale. The significance of this fact lies in this: during the ten years 1919-28 the United States exported 13.6 per cent of its agricultural products annually, by value. If we were compelled, therefore, to relinquish all hope of the recapturing of foreign markets, and if we could be guided only by considerations of efficiency, we could eliminate one half of the farmers of the United States and still feed and clothe the American people adequately.

It is not commonly recognized on what a desperate, pauperized and inefficient basis most of our farm operations rest to-day. According to figures compiled by Mr. Baker, almost one-half of our farmers made in 1929, on an average, less than \$1,000 a year, this

figure including the value of the articles needed for family living as well as those commercially produced. Indeed, 400,000 farmers, after a year's toil, could grow only \$175 worth of crops each; and of this amount each on an average sold \$25 worth. Another 518,000 farmers grew \$340 worth of crops each; among this group the average value of the goods brought to market was \$165. Another 765,000 farmers grew crops worth \$500 each; among them the average value of commercial products was \$300. For 1,245,000 farmers the average worth of all products grown was \$800; and each farmer in this group on the average sold only \$575 worth of farm wares. These 2,927,000 farmers in 1929 had to spend among them for taxes, mortgage payments, improvements of their plants and operations, as well as for household goods, clothing, and all those many little comforts and luxuries which machine production (so we have been told) has put within the reach of the humblest, the grand sum of \$1,041,517,000! In other words, 3,000,000 American farm families had all of \$356 apiece during 1929 with which to carry on as farmers and human beings.

The experts in the Department of Agriculture have not been very clear on how much acreage must be taken out of use in order "to assure social stability in the United States" (Secretary Wallace's words). According to Secretary Wallace, more than 40,000,000 acres, one-eighth of the total cultivated area, "were producing material which could not be consumed within the country, and which could probably not be consumed even were all our industrial payrolls again to blossom magically to the pumped-up boom-time levels of 1929." Under a system of nationalism we should have to retire permanently from 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres; 40,000,000 if good land

was withdrawn, 100,000,000 if the lands were the worst in use. Assistant Secretary Tugwell, writing in the *New York Times* of January 14, 1934, reached the same estimate of 100,000,000 acres if the withdrawals were "on the basis of taking out the thinnest, meanest, most punishing areas."

However, acreage reduction has not proved a satisfactory method for coping with surplus production, as we have seen. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration's program by the end of 1934 called for a reduction of 43,000,000 acres in four major crop areas, as follows: 15,000,000 acres out of cotton, 20,000,000 acres out of corn, 500,000 acres out of tobacco, and 7,500,000 acres out of wheat. Cotton acreage, during 1933, had been reduced 10,000,000 acres without affecting the size of the crop to the slightest degree; there was no assurance that acreage reduction, in the other crops, would not end similarly in failure. In other words, if the whole 43,000,000 acres were taken out the surplus might not be cut appreciably.

It would probably not be far from the truth to say that not only could the United States dispense with one-half of its farmers but it could also—if technical and mechanical advances were encouraged—dispense with from one-third to one-half of the present land in use.

IV

The immediate program of recovery in agriculture, based as it is on the maintenance of all the American farmers in production and supporting them by subsidies, is bound to wreck agriculture itself. But surely the New Dealers have drawn blue prints for permanent reform? They have; and the United States has been asked to consider two programs, the first calling for our orderly return to foreign markets, and the second for the retirement

from commercial production of our submarginal farmers and their settlement on subsistence homesteads.

There is no question that our governmental agricultural leaders have their misgivings about foreign markets. Thus, Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture, wrote in *Today* of November 11, 1933: "We may look forward hopefully to some distant day when common sense and co-operation will again prevail between nations, and not the present senseless economic warfare; but we cannot fail to recognize that for the present, economic nationalism is more strongly in the saddle than ever." And Mr. Tugwell, writing in the same magazine of January 20, 1934, averred: "The great majority of farmers recognize the need for adjustment measures, though there is still a lingering hope, which dies hard, that Europe will soon again be as good a customer as she was formerly."

Despite the misgivings of his chief advisers, Secretary Wallace refuses to surrender to despair; and in "America Must Choose," there is voiced an earnest plea for the reestablishment of international intercourse. Not on the old basis, naturally, of the free flow of goods, services and capital investments: Adam Smith and Richard Cobden have proved to be false prophets. But what the new United States must strive for is a "planned middle course," or "a neighborhood of trade," which, operating through reciprocal trading arrangements—"with actual goods exchanged, not goods for promises to be collected later on at any cost"—will permit us to lower our tariff walls for the admission of some \$500,000,000 more in imports than reached us in 1929 and in return will find customers for our agricultural wares.

Secretary Wallace is not alone in this hope of reform through foreign trade. As is well known, the Secretary of

State is an international man and as such has always been an advocate of low tariffs. Recently the President, who for a long time had been flirting with the nationalists, gave his consent to an expansionist program. We were going to make a bid for foreign markets through two devices: the setting up of public banking institutions, the so-called export-import banks, of which two have already been provided to finance foreign trade with Russia and Cuba; and executive control of tariff policy. In the latter connection the President has asked from Congress the power to adjust existing tariff rates—not lower than or in excess of 50 per cent of the present duties—for the purpose of allowing bargaining with foreign nations toward the effecting of reciprocal, or bilateral, trade agreements. Secretary Hull, in supporting the administration bill, indicated his intention, however, to stand by the most-favored-nation doctrine in its unconditional form, or the principle of equality of treatment.

The implications of government financing of foreign trade through public corporations are plain enough: the policy merely means that the government will in the long run pay the bill for foreign trade and investments instead of the private rentier. And it must be generally agreed that Secretary Hull's determination to stand by the most-favored-nation clause will meet with many obstacles, particularly in those countries which have already gained real trade advantages as a result of other bilateral conventions.

These considerations aside, one may doubt if agriculture will derive any real benefits out of a revival of foreign trade. It must be apparent that reciprocal agreements, as far as we are concerned, can be reached easiest with those nations which are prepared to import our capital goods, that is to say, the more backward industrial

lands of the world. We can quickly dispose of railroad equipment, ships, machine tools, automobiles and trucks, agricultural machinery and building materials to countries like Russia, Argentina, Chile, and China; but what can we take in return? Russia's leading surplus commodities are oil, cereals, and lumber; Argentina's are meats, hides, wool, and flax seed; China's are furs, vegetable oils, wool, and silk; Chile's are copper, nitrates, and wheat. The great proportion of the enumerated articles are raw materials, many are agricultural goods, virtually all we ourselves produce in excess of domestic needs.

It is difficult to see how oversea markets for our surplus crops can be revived, short of giving these away. Europe may definitely be left out of the reckoning: European nations will not buy our foodstuffs as long as the danger of war threatens and the need for building up reactionary rural blocs against revolutionary threat continues. South America is no market, for the countries of that continent produce surplus agricultural products. The Orient remains. We can sell tobacco, wheat, and cotton to Chinese, Malaysians, and Siamese: teaching these peoples to consume wheat instead of rice, thereby ruining the rice growers of India and Indo-China; encouraging the development of native cotton-goods industries, to the harm of our own factories: but we can buy little from those lands in return.

We can, of course, accept their silver, to be piled up in Treasury vaults for safekeeping. Indeed, the Dies Silver bill, passed by the House of Representatives in the middle of March, has exactly this intention; for the measure provides for the acceptance of silver for American agricultural goods at a premium not to exceed 25 per cent above the world market price of the metal. The supporters of the bill re-

gard it as an inflationary device in view of the fact that silver certificates may be issued against the silver thus received; but with the vesting of discretionary powers in a board composed of the President and the Secretaries of Treasury, Agriculture, and Commerce, and knowing the Administration's cautious attitude toward inflation, it may safely be predicted that the silver received would not be used to jeopardize the country's monetary system.

In view of the long conditioning American industry has had in a protective tariff environment, a sudden change to an international unfavorable balance situation under which the United States would import more than it would export—and particularly buy from abroad manufactured goods—is unlikely. If the question is seriously considered in all its ramifications, there is a greater possibility of the bars being let down for the importation of foreign raw materials and foodstuffs than for the importation of finished goods. In any event, as a reform program, the revival of foreign trade holds out no real hope for American agriculture.

V

If the plan for the establishment of "a neighborhood of trade" has in it qualities of wishful thinking, that for the creation of innumerable communities of subsistence homesteads takes on some of the aspects of sheer fantasy.

As has been noted, there is to-day in the United States a great number of small, inefficient farmers each of whom produces so little in commercial crops, at such a slight cash return, that the scale of living possible is scarcely above subsistence levels. If natural forces were permitted to operate—a free market, the growing pressure of fixed charges, foreclosure, and bankruptcy—such farmers would be driven off their small holdings and added to the

industrial unemployed. But there are already from twelve to fifteen millions of unemployed on the breadlines and relief rolls of our cities. Obviously, the submarginal farmer must be kept on the land; obviously also out of commercial production.

This is the background of the romantic dream the administration has given the name "subsistence homesteads." Doomed farmers, who operate at a low order of efficiency, are to be moved out of their isolated little islands, whether in the cut-over regions of the Great Lakes States, the piney-woods and sand-hills areas of the Atlantic coastal plain country, the Appalachian highlands districts, the arid stretches at the edge of the Great Plains, and transplanted to semi-rural villages. Here they will be settled in model communities, on plots ranging from five to forty acres, where they will grow crops for table consumption only and revive the ancient handicrafts of spinning, weaving, wood working, pottery making, and similar pursuits of a contented peasantry. To provide cash—to pay for the social services and the little amenities of life (after all, the radio and automobile, cosmetics and silk stockings, books and the movies are some of the fruits of our modern civilization)—work will be provided in factories which, on so many magic carpets, will be conveniently whisked to these little modern Acadias.

The happy results envisaged by proponents of the scheme are many: the surpluses of agricultural goods will be eliminated; more people will live in semi-rural surroundings, at the same time learning to cultivate again a pioneering independence; a long step will be taken toward the decentralization of industry and the reduction of many of those social ills which have flourished with the growth of great cities. In two articles, one in the *New York Times* of January 14,

1934 and another in *Today* of January 20, 1934, Mr. Tugwell hymned the new day. In the former place he said:

The development of electric power and with it the new arts of road-making and motor-building make it possible in increasing measure to move industrial workers into the country, and there work with them. Our system of distribution can then move in shorter circuits, with less waste. Quite as important, in another way, is a renewal in modern terms of an old American dream—that citizens should be given access to the soil, and allowed, in their various ways, to live in homes of their own in peace and security. . . . These are aims, at least, which make profoundly stirring our crop adjustment program and our experiments in decentralization—a land in order, wisely used, with the hills green and the streams blue.

It is true that a short two weeks before, Mr. Tugwell's winged feet were still hobbled. Thus at Philadelphia, on December 29, 1933, in addressing the assembled agricultural economists of the country, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture had confessed:

As a whole, however, I am inclined to believe that such settlements will function merely as small eddies of retreat for exceptional persons, and that the greater part of our population will prefer to live and work in the more active and vigorous mainstream of a highly complex civilization. To the extent that this is true, we must be prepared to absorb a very large number of persons from farms into our general industrial and urban life.

Despite these misgivings on Mr. Tugwell's part, other New Dealers had no doubts. Emergency Relief Administrator Hopkins, for example, could see the subsistence homesteads not only as retreats for our surplus farmers but for our surplus industrial workers as well: and on January 29, 1934, he spoke of moving into the new villages some 1,000,000 stranded workers who had been abandoned as a result of the shutting down of their mines and factories. As in so much of the New Deal's planning, it is a far

cry from promise to performance, however. Subsistence homesteads are still only in the "demonstration" stage.

In the National Industrial Recovery Act, passed in June, 1933, the sum of \$25,000,000 was granted to the President "for making loans for and otherwise aiding in the purchase of subsistence homesteads." The President entrusted the carrying out of this program to the Secretary of the Interior who, in turn, created in his Department the Division of Subsistence Homesteads with an advisory committee to stand by. On September 26th, the advisory committee assembled and presented a series of recommendations, of which the more significant were the following. The fund of \$25,000,000 was to be used to set up "demonstration projects which will point the way to a program of a permanent character." The projects were to be organized and administered through local non-profit or limited-dividend corporations to which the federal funds were to be lent. These loans were to be made at an interest rate of 3 per cent and amortized over a period not to exceed thirty years; initial payments might be deferred, but deferment was not to exceed two years. Individual plots could be either leased or sold to the homesteaders. Adequate agricultural and other advice and guidance was to be assured the homesteaders. Subsequently, it was decided to lend the federal money to the local corporations at 4 per cent, with the homesteaders paying a higher rate. Also, loans for the purchase of equipment, tools and machinery, livestock, trees, fertilizer, etc. were to be granted if these were unobtainable from other sources. It will be noted that no provision was made for the establishment of factories in these homestead areas.

Mr. M. L. Wilson, who was made director of the division, announced

that the projects would consist of four major types, as follows: 1. Workers' garden homesteads located near small industrial centers, where industry may be said already to be decentralized. 2. Workers' garden homesteads near large industrial centers, where heavy industries not likely to lend themselves to decentralization were located. 3. Projects for the rehabilitation of stranded industrial groups, largely miners of whom there were probably 200,000. 4. Projects involving the rehabilitation of farmers engaged on lands submarginal for agriculture.

The communities of homesteaders were to consist of from twenty-five to one hundred families, the average family plot running from one to five acres. In rural reconstruction projects the size of the individual holding was to be larger "and agricultural operations somewhat more extensive in scope." It was estimated that the homesteads would cost their occupants from \$2,000 to \$3,000; on the basis of plans already announced, \$2,500 apparently was to be the average cost, to be amortized over twenty years. In some cases a down payment was to be collected; in one instance, it was as high as \$500 per family.

By the middle of January eleven such subsistence projects had been authorized. In view of the fact that these called for the resettlement of less than 2,500 families at a cost of more than \$5,000,000, it can be seen that the total of \$25,000,000 allotted for the purpose could provide for but 10,000 families. The approved projects included: the settlements in Jasper and Putnam counties, Georgia, at a cost of \$1,000,000, of 500 farming families who had been living on eroded submarginal lands; in Pender county, N. C., also at a cost of \$1,000,000, of from 300 to 400 families made up of submarginal farmers and unemployed industrial workers; at Birmingham,

Ala., at a cost of \$750,000, of 300 families whose breadwinners worked in the steel mills; at Reedsville, W. Va., at a cost not yet determined, of 200 families of stranded coal miners; at Decatur, Indiana, at a cost of \$125,000, of 40 to 48 families working in small diversified industries at low incomes; in Monmouth county, N. J., at a cost of \$500,000, of 200 Jewish families from the congested clothing centers of New York City, Newark, Jersey City and Philadelphia; in northern Wisconsin, at a cost of \$750,000, of 400 families, made up of isolated farmers living in cut-over forest regions, who were to combine work in forestry with part-time farming.

What of occasional jobs to provide the cash required for payments on homesteads, taxes, house furnishings, clothing, the radio, and automobile? It is true that in some of the demonstration projects homesteaders were to be located near large cities or national forests; but this, obviously, could not be regarded as the solution for all the submarginal farmers and unemployable industrial workers who were to be transplanted. Factories would have to be erected, either by private capital or from public funds. In only one project, that of the colony of Jewish needle trade workers in New Jersey, had definite assurances of the establishment of a factory been received; and in this case the funds were to be supplied partly by a private group, partly out of philanthropic contributions and partly out of the original down payment of \$500 each homesteader was to be called on to make.

In the case of the Reedsville, W. Va. project, the original plan had called for the building by the federal government of a \$500,000 factory to manufacture furniture for the Post Office. The grant, however, had met with stubborn resistance in the House of Representatives and had twice failed

of approval, largely because the furniture industry had pointed out—with entire justice—that it was operating at only 20 per cent of capacity and that plants capable of supplying Post Office equipment were everywhere standing idle in neighboring States. This initial check to the Administration's willingness to dip into the Treasury in order to locate an industrial plant in the midst of a subsistence homestead colony indicated that there would be no easy sailing for such a program on a wholesale scale.

VI

It must be apparent that the transplanting of large groups of submarginal farmers is such a vast and costly program that only the innocent can regard its implications without blinking. It has already been indicated that it will cost at least \$2,500 a family to resettle homesteaders in the new village communities. The problem of the farm surplus will not even be touched unless one million rural families are taken out of commercial agriculture and put upon a self-sufficing basis; and relocating them alone would cost \$2,500,000,000. This, of course, makes not the slightest provision for the creation of part-time employment without which these families would be as hopelessly marooned economically as many now are. It is difficult to see why private capital should move at the behest of the federal government; but assuming that in one-half the cases private funds would be attracted by a cheap labor supply and other advantages, government financing would again be necessary. On the basis of the Reedsville, W. Va. estimate, \$2,500 per family would be required for capital expenditures; this would add another \$1,250,000,000 to the cost. To take all our three million surplus farmers off the land—not to speak of the surplus in-

dustrial workers—and to establish them in an economy where they could expect to live a little above the meager levels they to-day endure would, therefore, cost the federal government in excess of \$10,000,000,000.

Ten billions of dollars merely to create a sheltered peasantry! Ten billions of dollars to move 3,000,000 American farming families from their present wretched condition to some future uncertainty. And who pays the piper for the establishment of these new little isles of content, for their equipment and repair? Who will pay for the roads and the schoolhouses and the public buildings and the poor houses and the old-age pensions and the support of dependent children and the health services, while the homesteaders, for want of other beguilement, potter away at their arts and crafts? On whom will the burden of taxation fall to support a thousand-odd Brook Farms: on whom else but the shoulders of the industrial workers and the remaining commercial farmers?

Other embarrassing doubts obtrude. Something, of course, will have to be done about the many service activities which, in the course of time, have grown up about the settlements to be wiped out: the local hay and feed establishments, the grocery shops, the professional men's offices, the schools and court houses. To the bill, obviously, will have to be added the cost of compensating all those humbler members of the middle class who once served the farmers and who, in turn, will be doomed now that these farmers are to be transported to happier seats; to the bill also will have to be added the cost of financial assistance to be rendered those townships and counties which will become crippled as a result of the departure of so many of their property-owners and taxpayers.

Again, the creation of such a large peasant class, with next to no cash in-

comes and receiving the benefit of "vocational guidance," must undoubtedly contract the size of the domestic market for capital goods and consumers' goods. People who will have plenty of time and no financial worries, so that they can grow their own flax and weave their own linen, card their own wool and make their own homespun, tan their own hides and put together their own rude shoes, will not need store clothes. Or, for that matter, machinery, iron and steel products, chemicals, and those thousand and one other articles upon whose mass consumption our industrial civilization depends. If all this is likely to depress the lot of the industrial workers, the direct cheap competition of the homesteaders, at the mercy of what local employment conditions they may find in such factories as may be erected in their colonies, will produce further unhappy effects. Urban labor, at least, has collective strength and mobility with which to fight intolerable working conditions; with these weapons it is in a position to improve its wages and hours of work. But a soil-bound peasantry, isolated in rural communities and dependent upon a little cash to meet its fixed charges, must accept whatever terms are offered. Such cheap wages of labor cannot but have their repercussions elsewhere, particularly when the goods fabricated compete with the products of industrial labor.

The commercial farmers, also, will suffer in a variety of ways. Their market will be contracted because a peasantry producing its own food, feed-stuffs, and fibers will not have any need for the wares of the wheat, corn, and cotton growers; and they will have the competition—in increasing roadside stands and bootleg operations at city markets and dairies—of a great number of favored peasants who will be in a position to sell for whatever their goods will bring. The experiment

with nation-wide prohibition should have taught us the impossibility of coping with the petty cheatings of a population once it has decided against observing an unpopular law. How to make self-sufficing homesteaders grow only enough for their own needs will be a neat administrative problem for another generation of New Dealers to handle.

Finally, it is idle to believe that we can expect decentralization of industry—that other great benefit to be derived from subsistence homesteads—merely with a wave of a New Dealer's wand. The location of plants is complex, following fairly well-defined economic laws. Industrial establishments are located where they are because of nearness either to raw materials or to consumption markets or to a labor supply or to fuel resources, or any of these factors in combination; favorable public policies as regards taxation and factory legislation also play their parts. Industry, naturally, will not decentralize at the request of government but will obey the laws of its own particular development. It may be assumed that such factories as are erected in conjunction with homestead village projects will have to be in large part government establishments. At a stage in capitalism's development, where its outstanding problem is excess plant capacity, to engage in further plant expansion—at the taxpayer's expense—is to make confusion worse confounded.

It is not difficult to assemble innumerable political, social, and economic arguments against the fantastic device of subsistence homesteads. Yet—who knows?—it may be that an American government, hard driven by the contradictions of its own position, may even (as in Italy and Germany) seek to build up exactly such a sheltered peasant group as a rural reactionary bloc to withstand the revolutionary demands of the organized industrial workers.

When and if such a program on a wholesale scale is definitely embarked upon, then it will be possible to say that the United States has gone fascist.

The dilemma of American agriculture is that of our modern economy. There are too many farmers, just as there are too many industrial workers, because both agriculture and industry have become too efficient to operate in a system based on the profit motive. The problem of agriculture is further complicated by the existence of an inelastic home market: needs for foods and fibers cannot be expanded indefinitely as can those for other consumers' goods. In addition our foreign customers have melted away and it is difficult to see, in the light of America's pressing necessity to find outlets for capital goods and savings and the need of other peoples to sell their agricultural surpluses, how they can be recaptured.

If we are to maintain our agriculture at the highest pitch of efficiency we cannot escape these conclusions: that we have too many farmers and too much land in cultivation. The problem of the surplus farmer, therefore, is the

problem of our whole economic system. No idealization of homestead communities and handicrafts production can conceal the fact that such use of the land for the support of a peasant sustenance economy means turning back the clock fully a thousand years. On the other hand, if we really mean everything we say about living in an age of abundance, then we must preserve the great gains agriculture has won through technical and mechanical improvements and so order our life that room can be found elsewhere for the farmers who are no longer needed on the land. In the final analysis, we are confronted by this question: Can we provide for all our surplus farmers and all our surplus workers, at high consumption levels, in an economic order that is founded on profit and not on use? The New Deal's program for recovery and reform in agriculture, because in the first instance it is aimed at the destruction of agriculture's efficiency and in the second because it is based on a depressing of living standards for excess tillers of the soil, avoids an answer. And for this reason the New Deal's plans for agriculture in the United States are profoundly unsatisfactory.





THE SECOND STEP

A STORY

BY MARGERY SHARP

AS THE car hummed smoothly round the last bend, and as the walls of the villa began to appear through the trees, young Druten put on the brake and dropped to twenty. It was a moment, he felt, to be taken slowly; and from the tail of his eye he could see his wife's small distinguished head lifting eagerly beside him. Slowing down still more, Druten glanced back into the car, where a Chinese manservant and two little boys were wedged among the baggage. One small boy was Chinese, son of the servant, the other American, and son of the master.

"Is this it, Fu Lin?" asked Druten over his shoulder.

Fu Lin nodded. He was quite young, about the same age as his master, but with emotion so wrinkling his face he might have been anything up to a hundred. "Looks just like his father!" thought young Druten suddenly; and for an instant felt himself a child again, borne on a blue-clad shoulder and holding by a ropy tail of hair. . . .

The car turned in under palm trees and followed a wide sandy drive. After the fashion of that coast, the Villa Caterina stood sheerly against the sea, all its gardens in front and at the back only a broad stone terrace over the blue Mediterranean. At the end of the drive, before a loggia of white stone, Druten brought the car

to a standstill and helped his wife to get out. They were both a little stiff, but neither of them noticed it; like Fu Lin, they were filled with a deep, an almost sacred emotion. They gazed on the white stone walls, and their hearts thumped within them; for this was their ancestral home that had been in the family for two generations, and it contained, besides the famous picture gallery, an heirloom of such extraordinary interest and value that the Drutens went straight off to look for it before even glancing at the Rembrandts.

For the Rembrandts proved merely what everyone knew already—that Old Man Druten had made money; whereas the cross carved in the stone proved something known to hardly anyone at all—namely, that Old Man Druten had had a redeeming feature.

Of Old Man Druten's early life—until he fetched up East, that is, and married a wife out of the First Four Thousand—the undisputed facts amounted to no more than these: that between the ages of thirty and forty he made money in San Francisco, in which city four young Chinamen, otherwise of good character, made four separate attempts to assassinate him. All the rest (as his wife's family pointed out) was mere rumor. With a fine contempt for gossip, Old Man Druten hired a bodyguard and went on making money. He made it out

of drugstores, at about the same time that the republics of South America were beginning to acquire their taste for Chinese women. The rumors increasing, Old Man Druten strengthened his bodyguard and opened a new drugstore; but ill-luck was dogging him, for on the very day of opening an aged Chinaman, said to be grieving for the loss of a daughter, went and committed suicide on the new marble floor. It was at this point that Druten showed his metal. He went straight to the old man's son and offered him the post of valet and body-servant at an extremely adequate salary. The son mused awhile in filial piety, consulted his gods, and made a number of stipulations, among them being this, that he should bring along with him his own infant son and heir, a small boy of two years, yellow as butter and answering, like his sire, to the name of Fu Lin. Druten agreed: he would have agreed to anything. Fu Lin pondered again, pushed up the salary by one hundred per cent, and finally accepted.

With such an answer to slanderous tongues—the son of the dead man his most trusted servant—Old Druten spent six months longer in San Francisco; but though no more attempts were made on his life, the time was spent chiefly in winding up his various businesses. This he did very successfully, retiring on an income which placed him well up in the second flight of American millionaires. He wasn't a Rockefeller, but he could give his wife Rembrandts. After the marriage, curiously enough—for Old Druten was scarcely a man of cosmopolitan culture—they settled in Europe, buying a large, rather beautiful villa on the shores of the Mediterranean. It had gardens on three sides and at the back a wide stone terrace, from the end of which a short steep flight of steps—the second, in those days, unmarked by

any cross—ran straight down to the water. Here Mrs. Druten hung her pictures, received the local aristocracy, and in due course gave birth to a son; and here, after an uncommonly chequered career, Old Man Druten managed to die, if not actually in his bed, at any rate in a thoroughly domestic and affecting manner.

It happened in this way, that descending the terrace steps late one night—he was fond of being rowed about when all was still, over the black and silver waters—his old man's foot slipped on the second stair and he slid quietly as a fish into the deep of the bay. Fu Lin, who was already standing in the boat, instantly dived after, crying out as he did so to arouse the house. His call carried far across the water; a second later, from both house and village, lights flared suddenly and a confusion of voices cried from one to the other. Fishing boats put out, and all night long Fu Lin dived again and again, until in the early morning he had to be carried bodily to his bed. He was fainting with exhaustion, but they had to lock his door; the first time they left him he came dragging himself forth and prepared to dive again.

But not till three days later was the body found. Nor in the end did Fu Lin find it, but a lad from a strange fishing boat who came fresh and strong and spent one whole afternoon diving from the terrace wall. He found, not a couple of yards from the foot of the steps, a deep and unsuspected gully in the rock; and in this gully the body had lain wedged while the boats passed above and Fu Lin cleft open water. They hauled Old Man Druten up and buried him under marble in the nearest Protestant cemetery; and a month later Fu Lin was dead too. He had done his work, he said, and saw no reason to go on living; but before he died he sat two consecutive days at the

bottom of the terrace stairs, there carving out, on the second step, a big Christian cross in memory of his master.

"There it is, James," said Mrs. Druten softly.

They stared down in silence. They had expected it, yet not expected it, and now there it was, greened over a little by seaweed, but yet an unmistakable cross cut deep into the rock.

"And if a man's valet doesn't know the truth, who does?" asked Stella Druten. "To inspire a devotion like that, James . . . it just proves he was good at heart."

Young Druten drew a long breath.

"I believe I remember it," he said.

"Anyway, I remember mother bringing me here, and seeing old Fu Lin squatted below, and then a day or two later her telling me that he'd gone away. . . ." Druten cleared his throat and, reaching up to a big stone urn, broke off a couple of sprays of sweet geranium. "What they used to call a broken heart, I suppose. At any rate the doctors couldn't find anything wrong. But he died all the same, and his body went back home in a first-class coffin."

In the long pause that followed they heard for the first time the light, regular lapping of the green water. It sounded peaceful, friendly; it belonged with the still sunlight and the smell of flowers. Stella Druten slipped her hand through her husband's arm and pressed it softly.

"As soon as Jimmy's old enough we must tell him too. It's strange, isn't it?—your father and Fu Lin's, then you and our Fu Lin himself, and now Jimmy and little Charles. . . . I wish they'd called him Fu Lin as well. That makes three generations, James."

Young Druten nodded.

"I guess it's just how the Southerners must feel about their old darkies. They look on them as part of the family, and

the darkies feel it too. They—I don't know how it is—they sort of keep up the family traditions, and Fu Lin's the same. This place, for instance, he loves as though it were his own home; if it hadn't been for him I might never have come back here, but he used to talk about it and remind me of it till he made me homesick too. Mother used to tell me that when she shut up the house and went home he was so brokenhearted that she offered to leave him behind with the caretaker; and he'd have jumped at it, I guess, if he hadn't had me to look after."

His wife smiled back at him.

"Just how old were you both, honey?"

"I was six and Fu Lin was eight. But he took himself very seriously. His father had told him to look after me, you see, and he was sure going to do it. He did it for the next twelve years at a stretch, right until I went to College; and then as they didn't encourage valets at Harvard, he seized the opportunity to go back to 'Frisco, marry a wife, and beget a son. The day I graduated, back he came, bringing the two-year with him, and though he didn't actually put it into words, I gathered that I now had his permission to marry as soon as I liked."

The pressure on his arm tightened.

"But what about *his* wife?" asked Mrs. Druten. "Didn't she mind being left?"

"I have an idea she died when Charles was born. But somehow their women didn't seem to bother them," said young Druten simply. "As long as they have us to look after nothing else counts. We don't deserve it, of course, but there it is; and as an awful consequence, darling, I've an inherited tendency to quote Gunga Din."

He spoke lightly, but the tale had moved him nevertheless; and as they turned to go he dropped back a moment and with a swift, half-furtive

gesture tossed a spray of sweet geranium on to the still water.

Like many other Americans of the same age, class, and fortune, the Drutens had early turned their backs on the land of their fathers. Their true, their spiritual home was Europe, and it was with a genuine sensation of relief that they unpacked their trunks and settled down for life at the Villa Caterina. During the first six months there they made only two excursions, one to Oberammergau and one to Bayreuth: the villa, they said, was too delicious to leave; and all their guests agreed with them. For there were guests by the dozen, many of them French or Italian, but many more from the States; and whereas the French and Italians were always led straight to the picture gallery, the Americans, especially those in a hurry, were swiftly shepherded toward the terrace steps. Old Man Druten was still pretty widely remembered, but the sight of the cross and the tale of his servant's devotion never failed to make their effect. The story would be passed on in Paris, repeated on the boat, and finally spread far and wide through every State in the Union; and of all the visiting troop not one failed to remark on the intriguingly feudal atmosphere provided by Fu Lin and his son.

And indeed, without in any way obtruding themselves, the grave young Chinaman and the little yellow boy attracted at least as much attention as either of the Rembrandts. They shared in Old Druten's romantic history, and indeed were often to be seen during the hour of the siesta, standing side by side at the top of the terrace steps: the boy gazing solemnly downward, and his father explaining, in slow guttural phrases, the meaning of the carved cross. For they still spoke to each other in Chinese, and the

Drutens, without understanding a syllable, thoroughly appreciated the exotic effect. Their son, they hoped, might possibly pick up a word or two, for like a royal whipping-boy, little Chinese Charles did lessons with Jimmy Druten, played with him in the garden, and slept next door to the nursery as Fu Lin himself slept next to Jimmy's father. The child was a body-servant in the making, and followed in the steps of his fathers with true oriental piety.

"The way he just worships Jimmy is getting too ridiculous," Mrs. Druten used to say laughingly; and visitor after visitor, glancing out from the window, would see a little white boy hitting a ball while a little yellow boy scrambled after. At games in general Charles was stupid and clumsy, his only athletic talent lying in the pitching of stones. He could pitch a smooth round pebble plumb on to a five-franc piece at a distance of thirty paces, and Druten now and then had thoughts that as the lad grew older he might be trained as a bowler and play for the M.C.C. For Druten, unlike his wife, who remained faithful to the Continent, had quickly got past being cosmopolitan and was now inclined to the exclusively British.

The boys also did lessons together, and in the schoolroom too young Charles moved at a respectful distance behind his companion. Only his hands were clever: with pen or brush he could do anything he pleased, write a flowing Italian script or draw big black ideographs on a scroll of silky paper. His hands then were beautiful, moving with calm, delicate assurance, and handling almost with tenderness the materials of his art. Nor was the tenderness a matter of seeming only, for when, one day toward the end of the fifth month, there was found on the terrace a sea bird with a broken wing, the thin yellow

fingers dropped scroll and brushes and worked like magic over the shattered bone. With his father's help little Charles made splints half a match long and bandages a centimeter wide; and presently the bird could walk about the terrace and preen its sound wing. For seven days the improvement continued, but on the eighth, while the boys were at their lessons, a rat found and killed it.

So after that Charles had an enemy, and the throwing-stones whizzed vainly two or three times a day.

Thus the pleasant life went on, unique (said the visitors) in its mingling of cosmopolitan culture and the joys of domesticity, until one afternoon an odd thing happened.

It was the hour of the siesta, but Druten, though stretched out on a couch, found himself unable to rest. He got up, drank some water, and went to the window which, like those of all the other principal rooms, looked out over the sea. For perhaps five minutes he stood there, blinking at the sun on the water and wondering whether to lie down again; and then, on the terrace below, something caught his attention.

Impervious as ever to the midday heat, little yellow-skinned Charles had come out of the passage door and was lying in wait for his enemy the rat. He had with him his favorite throwing-stones, a pair of big yellowish pebbles polished and rounded by the sea: and as Druten watched, the boy settled himself in the shadow, motionless as a statue, his eyes roving from edge to edge of the sun-dried shrubs.

He had not long to wait. Almost at once, on the far side of the terrace, a bunch of foliage quivered slightly. It made a compact blot of shadow, vandyked at the edge to a pattern of leaves; and as Druten and the boy watched, the blot began slowly to change shape. One of the leaf-points

was stretching itself out, it was whiskered on either side, it had two bright eyes; and soon a whole separate and complete outline had detached itself from the first. The rat was abroad and careless in the noonday sun.

Hardly daring to move, lest the beast should hear and take warning, Druten turned his eyes on the other shadow, till then still motionless as the wall behind it; and in that moment a hand flicked up and the pebble flew. The rat writhed once over and then lay still, while from its broken head a small red blotch crept out over the stone.

"Hough!" grunted Charles.

And Druten, with lips half-open to shout applause, closed them again and held his peace; for there was something in the child's demeanor that seemed to show that the business was not yet finished. Without any sign of triumph the boy came slowly across the terrace, picked up the creature by the tail, and flung it contemptuously into the sea: then squatting down by the bloodstain took out a big single-bladed pocket-knife and began scraping at the stone. For half an hour, never raising his head, he scraped and scraped at the patch between his knees; and when he had finished there was a big Christian cross scratched deep into the rock.

This incident Druten found curiously disturbing. It started during the next few days all sorts of odd speculations, which, because he did not share them with anyone, gradually took possession of his mind. It bothered him, for instance, that the same symbol should have been used to commemorate both friend and enemy, and turning this problem idly in his head, he presently found himself embarked on a second train of thought at least as disturbing as the first. He began to recollect certain vague but unsavory rumors, which in San Francisco at any rate seemed still to cling about his

father's name. Young Druten had visited that city but once when, at his mother's wish, he set up the Druten Memorial Fountain; and on account of those same malicious whispers he had not enjoyed his stay. Sheer rumor, of course; but there was also the witnessed fact of those four attempts on Old Man Druten's life: which would seem to show that the Chinese population at any rate took rumor rather seriously. . . .

"Only—the whole thing's fantastic!" said Druten aloud.

It was nearly two in the morning; for once, sitting alone in the big lounge, he had heard all the household go off to bed. Directly overhead his wife's footsteps passed gently down the corridor, she was going her rounds, looking first into the night-nursery, where Jimmy slept, then into Charles's room next door. Neither boy was awake to-night, for the footsteps passed on with hardly a pause; and the gentle shutting of her own door was the last sound in the house.

In the moments that passed while he listened young Druten's thoughts seemed suddenly to have raced ahead. He had left off at a general consideration of the San Francisco rumors and now found himself faced (with no intermediate step that he could remember) by a question so cut-and-dried in its brutality as to seem more like the fruit of a lifelong suspicion than of a three-days' doubt. The question was this: Given that Fu Lin the first had entered Old Druten's service with the deliberate intention of murdering him, why had he waited? Why not have done it at once, in San Francisco?

Answer: Because in San Francisco Old Druten still had a bodyguard; because in San Francisco his death would at once have cast suspicion on the whole Chinese community. Because—more slowly, more reluctantly, the

third reason presented itself—because at that time Old Druten had not yet begotten a son.

"I'm going crazy," young Druten assured himself. "I've got a touch of the sun. . . ."

In the hall outside a clock chimed the hour. Grateful as at the lifting of a spell, he pulled himself out of the chair, loosened his shoulders, and with a conscious effort directed his mind to the tidying of the room. Two o'clock in the morning—just the time for wild imaginings! He plumped up a cushion, straightened a chair: the servants in the morning would be surprised at such neatness.

But his mind was not to be controlled by the folding of a paper; it had wandered twenty-odd years back, to the night on the terrace when Old Druten met his end. An impressive scene it was, with lights and outcry and a faithful servant hurling himself again and again into the waters of the bay; but for its earliest and most crucial moments—for what really happened first on the steps and then under water, where Fu Lin could swim like a fish—for all that there was only Fu Lin's own word. No one had doubted it; no one had asked, for example, any questions about times; and with a margin of no more than a few minutes, the old man might have been drowned and dead and wedged into the gully before ever the alarm was sounded. . . .

"Fantastic!" said young Druten again.

He picked up a handkerchief of his wife's, a picture-book of Jimmy's: from the handkerchief came a faint smell of chypre, but for the first time since his marriage the perfume brought no thought of Stella. At last all was neat, and with a final look behind him, Druten went out into the hall and closed the door. In the extreme stillness the clock ticked heavily. It now showed a quarter past: but instead of

going upstairs, he took a lantern in his hand and went down the passage to the terrace door.

Outside it was silent too, and so dark that Druten's lantern seemed to cast no more light than a Christmas candle. The smell of the sea, however, came strong and fresh, clearing his brain and sharpening his senses; and almost as readily as in broad daylight, he crossed the terrace to the head of the stairs. Halfway down he stopped and, leaning a little forward, swung a yellow disc of light over the last two steps. The last of them, water-lapped, showed green with seaweed; on the second Fu Lin's cross sprawled like a scar.

Irrationally, yet with increasing force, he had felt as though an actual view of the thing would help to settle his mind; and in this his instinct had been right, for suddenly, as he stood there, all doubts were removed, and

as surely as though he had seen it he knew now what had passed. The old man fumbling at the step, Fu Lin not in the boat, as he had said, but following behind: and then the single broad ripple, the single parting of the water, as two bodies intertwined slid gently into its depths. . . .

"He must have known about that gully before," thought young Druten presently.

And after a little interval—for his mind was as though numbed—another thought came to him: that there was still in the house Fu Lin the second; and not only Fu Lin, but Fu Lin's son, little Christian Charles, who slept in the room next to Jimmy. . . .

"I must go back and give warning," thought Druten quickly.

The faintest of sounds made him turn his head. On the topmost step, between him and the house, a Chinaman was standing.





FREEDOM AND THE LONE WOLF

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

THE experiments of our so-called dictator-President have led some staunch old-guard citizens to look back nostalgically at the principles on which our Commonwealth was founded and from which, after all these years, it is now, apparently, departing. We have arrived, they say, at dangerous cross-roads.

"America must choose" exclaims even Secretary Henry A. Wallace, a member of the New Deal Cabinet—must choose between freedom and paternal discipline, must rebel, he thinks, against what he calls "regimented opinion."

William R. Castle, an ex-Under Secretary of State, warns against "the most far-reaching and permanent danger in what is now going on . . . I refer, of course, to the wiping out of personal liberty. To me the Bill of Rights is the heart of the American Constitution, and in eleven months the Bill of Rights has almost ceased to exist."

A writer who veils his identity under the name "Heptisax" becomes still more graphic in the *New York Herald-Tribune* by retelling the story of the lean wolf in Æsop's fable. The wolf in his lonely foraging meets a dog who has slipped his leash and strayed from home. "You are fat and healthy," says the wolf, "while I am starving." "Yes," replies the dog, "I am fed on fine rich food and it is brought to me so there is no need to forage. In return I have only to stand guard over

my master's house." "I should like," says the wolf, "to have a job like that and live on the fat of the land." "I think," the dog says then, "that I can arrange such a job for you," and leads the way toward his master's house. But on the way the wolf notices that the hair round the dog's neck is rubbed off and asks the reason. "Because," the dog explains, "I must wear a collar and stay chained all day." So the wolf turns and trots back to the woods and his unprofitable foraging: to starvation if it must come to that.

"According to Æsop," says Heptisax, "the moral to this story is: 'Better to starve in freedom than be a fat slave.'"

And this, thinks Heptisax, is the choice Americans are now faced with. He for one, would choose the lot of the lone wolf.

"The price of freedom—freedom of movement, freedom of speech, freedom to choose your work and to shape your own destiny—always has been and always will be economic security."

For six centuries, he explains, the Anglo-Saxon peoples have fought their way up from serfdom by repudiating this security when it was offered them by paternal governments; by going back like the wolf, again and again to the woods.

"The story of the long struggle is the history of the American spirit, as it manifested itself in the Revolution, the Constitution and the conquest of a continent. Every phase of these six centuries of struggle has yielded freer

and freer economic competition as a condition essential to the evolution of high spirit and self-reliance and now *for the first time* in all these centuries the American people has set up leaders who ask us to suppress this condition to progress. . . ."

The italics are mine. The italicized words contain the kernel of my opposition to the arguments of Messrs. Wallace, Castle, and Heptisax and the host of their individualist followers.

For while their story is, on its face, a plausible one, they have omitted, I think, its essence. They have left out a factor which has been present in only one of the six centuries of struggle and, truly, only formidable in a part of that. They have left out the factor on which the President is concentrating all his attention; the factor which, if he must become a dictator, will force the dictatorship upon him. They have left out Industry.

No one doubts their statements of the value of freedom. The right to work as and when we please, to take our chances of failure, to risk our profits on whatever venture attracts us, to express our opinions in speech and print, to elect our representatives in the legislatures with the promise that they will carry out our wishes, to employ whom we will on more or less our own terms, to buy, sell, and barter with the minimum of interference by outside authority, to forage within wide limits for our subsistence and, certainly, the divine right to starve in the pursuit of these activities were made available to all and sternly protected by our first and, to date, our final instrument of government.

In the course of America's use of these rights we have developed a continent. We have developed, superbly, our resources. We have grown rich. But have we, in all this progress, retained our rights? Have we not in the unlimited use of these rights developed

a monster so magnificent and so powerful as to make Frankenstein laugh at his own petty creation? Has not this monster gradually, over a long period of time, absorbed, one by one, almost all our original liberties? Is even the right to starve still a right? Has not even starvation become rather a requirement of slavery and been robbed, therefore, of its glory? It is one thing to starve in defense of your liberties but it is another to starve in order to feed a master who has already removed those liberties. For some ten million Americans who for a time have faced starvation there has been no choice.

So when we consider to what extent the New Deal and whatever may follow it will make fat slaves of us we must inquire carefully what we were before the New Deal began. We cannot lose what we have not got. We cannot suddenly be deprived of rights which for a third of a century we have not had. So when, like the wolf, we are overcome with homesickness for our free, hungry woods, let us send back a scout to find out whether, during a momentary fog of prosperity, our monster, Industry, has not chopped them down.

For industry and trade are the dominant factors. The National Recovery Administration concerns itself, primarily, with industry and trade. The extraordinary powers lately absorbed by the executive are being exercised largely in the control of industry and trade. Perhaps, with all its arrogant gestures and its appearance of suppression, the new administration may in fact squeeze back to us out of the monster some of the freedom we do not know we have lost. In any case, if my argument is sound the average high-spirited person, faced with a choice between a self-interested slave driver on the one hand and a paternal government on the other will choose the benevolent father regardless of any promise of fatness.

II

At the time the Constitution was written there was high hope of persistent individualism in America. There were then few industries active in the country. Many besides agriculture, such as weaving, the manufacture of clothes, the making of flour and bread, were carried on in the home. The pioneer period threw the emphasis upon forestry and agriculture—later, upon mines. In those days there was plenty of work for everyone, so that choice was possible and the right to work as and when one pleased was in operation.

As the manufacturing industries developed and abundant markets opened for new products, a man could make profits as he pleased and usually did so without great regard for any code of ethics except that dictated by the consumer. This right was not limited by his government.

His first limiting problem was labor. As the population was small and the choice of jobs large, workers demanded wages which menaced his profits. To increase or maintain his profits, especially while the empty West called to all Americans, he was obliged to import his labor. This he did on a large scale, arranging for enormous blocks of men to be shipped from abroad on contract much as you might ship goods or machinery. These workers were picked not for their effectiveness but for their low cost. They were, in fact, often chosen for their undesirability in their native lands, the choice being indicated to the contractor by their government.

Thus profits were greatly enlarged because prices were protected by tariff and costs were brought to a minimum.

As the American population increased, so that jobs were fewer, the overflow or backwash of the pioneers found themselves in competition with

low-priced foreign labor. This led to the law against contract labor and later to the restrictions on immigration. In the meantime, however, with the natural population increase plus the artificial population increase, native Americans found that they had been betrayed by industry, so that they must work for the starvation wages set by foreigners of low living standards or not work at all. Thus the right to work when and as one pleased was beginning to disappear.

As industry grew there was, in order to maintain and increase profits, oppression of the workers. Wages were kept at a minimum. Hours were raised to a maximum. It was not in accord with the principles on which our Commonwealth was founded for Government to interfere with employers employing whom they pleased at whatever hours they pleased and at whatever compensation. Thus laborers, having no longer a choice of jobs, were becoming, in a manner of speaking, slaves.

I might go on into ramifications of this slavery but that these things are already so well known. Coal mining companies which now, despite workmen's protective activities, exercise in fact martial law over their laborers were, at that time, developing "co-operative" stores, debt slavery of workers, company communities, and other devices which tended toward profit for the company at the expense of individual freedom. At the same time the divorce between ownership and control was becoming more complete, so that the control was forced to these measures in order to provide dividends for non-working stockholders. And the stockholders in turn, benevolent as they might be, were less and less organized, farther and farther removed from the conditions which produced their dividends.

To mitigate this form of slavery,

labor invented what was later to become another form of slavery. At this stage, remember, there was less opportunity to choose one's form of work. Freedom of movement was also limited. The forests, literally as well as figuratively, were largely chopped down and most of the forage had been garnered or protected. There were no more open spaces. The cultivated and settled West was becoming industrial. So the workers invented for their protection the new form of slavery known as the trade union.

Operating as it did, with large masses, the trade union must adjust itself first to the average, finally to the lowest denominator. It was bound to destroy individualism. To protect the millions of workers who could not help themselves and were forced to low wages and long hours, the trade union must limit the activities of freer men. Thus it became difficult for the man who was in a position to advance himself without hurt by extra work to do this work. The trade union would not let him lest it alter the norm. The union must also work strenuously to prevent men from asserting individualism by staying out of the union; for the strength of the union depended upon numbers and upon killing independent competition.

The union further limited choice. A member was not permitted to work in more than one trade, and we all know the absurd strictures this developed, forbidding, for example, a steam fitter to apply his wrench, even in an emergency, to a plumber's province or, further, forbidding a man to make repairs on his own house.

So, with the unions, while they protected the mass of workers from oppression and, incidentally, limited also the right of an employer to choose his men and decide their pay, the last trace of the right to work when and how one pleased, disappeared.

We had at this point a country largely composed of foreigners more or less Americanized. With them they had brought certain living standards, certain feudal traditions, certain political conceptions which ardent Americanization may partially have overcome, but of which some color must certainly remain to prejudice the pure idea of American individualism and undoubtedly make more difficult the policies of Washington and Monroe on isolation and European entanglements.

The political concept of an American republic as the framers of the Constitution conceived it was eminent in the world's gallery of such images. It provided for a group of sovereignties bound in a specific allegiance to the federation. Each sovereignty followed, politically, the pattern of the federation. In the course of time, along with the waning of individualism, the sovereignties as sovereignties ceased to exist. This disappearance came about partly through the activities of industry and trade. As mass production grew and communications improved, standardization became a necessity; material standardization brought in its train political, economic, and moral standardization. So from the Civil War to Prohibition we see a decline of the rights of the States.

The Constitution provided a democratic government, not popular but representative. The intention was, however, for a control by the majority. Majorities elected the representatives in Congress and so, also, in the State legislatures, to carry out their will in making laws. The representatives were, however, elected for specified and long periods of time with no provision for replacement short of those periods, whatever their defections from the wish of the majority electing them. The chief executives were also elected with power to appoint the heads of executive departments. The

chief executive and his sub-executives were also immune for stated intervals to the will of the people, directly applied. This form was and still is, among the major nations of the world, peculiar to the United States of America.

As the country grew industrially the infant industries needed the support of the legislatures for their existence. Thus minority groups composed of and motivated by beneficiaries of the industries sought control in the legislative bodies. With the country growing more and more engrossed in the development of its wealth, popular interest in politics was absorbed in the activity of making money, so that we neglected the practice of representative government. Thus the minorities representing industrial control were left alone to influence the legislatures toward laws benefiting the industries often at the expense of the majorities. For the majorities were composed not of stockholders or directors but of employees or farmers.

It might be said that to benefit the industries benefited the people as a whole. No doubt often it did. The power of the industrial lobby in the legislatures did not, however, advance the performance of truly representative government. A group of highly paid persuasive men employed by an industry to mesmerize congressmen and senators into the construction of certain legislation does not increase the confidence of the individual citizen in the legislator's supreme interest in his welfare. Yet as industry developed more and more, the power of the industrial lobbies in Washington kept pace with it, and so much legislation became necessary to foster the growth that the rights of the individual citizen were neglected or even thwarted. So, in 1932, we see the astonishing spectacle of a bill to liberate the Philippines passing over a veto at the instigation

of the American sugar lobby which feared competition from Philippine sugar!

Now the question of Philippine independence is an open one. The people of those islands might in 1940 (the date set in the bill) be ripe for independence or possibly such independence might cost them a war and subsequent subjection to another power. In any event the momentous question was not left to the people concerned or to majority opinion in the United States or to expert opinion which had devoted special study to the matter. It was left to a lobby in Washington, a lobby employed by one of thousands of American industries whose activity, even if all the stockholders and employees had been consulted, would have represented the opinion of a tiny fraction of American citizenry.

That the decision of the Congress was unfavorable to the islands was later proved by the refusal of the Philippine legislature to draft an instrument for their government. After two years of pressure and persuasion, however, they seem at this writing to be more docile toward a compromise.

In the last quarter of the last century, such lobbies gained their foothold in Washington. Their power over Congress produced a mass of legislation favoring various industries and tariff codes presumably favoring industry in general; it eventually made possible a set of dominating monopolies which only the great wave of public opinion led by President Theodore Roosevelt could hold in check. Despite this setback, the foothold continued. The legislation has gone on multiplying, most of it undiscovered, fortifying industries against attack by individuals, increasing tariffs to the ruin of trade and the default of debt payments, concealing destructive financial transactions, and reducing the security of industrial bonds.

Thus, politically, the freedom of the individual promised by the Constitution departed long before the promise of the New Deal. In the gay and reckless '20's, the practice of representative government waned rapidly, increasing the slavery of the people. If now the New Deal proposes to remove certain powers—especially those connected with industrial legislation—and put them in the hands of experts who have the welfare of the whole people at heart does that then *make* us slaves like the watchdog? How can you *make* a person what he already is?

This government, said Lincoln, cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free. It is even less likely to endure nine-tenths slave and one-tenth free, or whatever the proportion may be. If the State of Mississippi refuses to pass a law against child labor in order to protect the freedom of the employer, what does it do to the child? If the NRA sacrifices the freedom of the employer to the freedom of the child, which is the greater freedom? If we will cling to the principles of our Constitution or, further, our Declaration of Independence, is not our goal freedom for the numbers rather than for the few?

Stuart Chase in his book, *The Economy of Abundance*, shows how an economic slavery is the result of the Economy of Scarcity applied to the fact of Plenty. He explains how artificial processes are constantly being used by financiers to secure sales rather than serviceability of goods. In industry the dominant desire for profit in terms of money has stopped production and brought about the waste of our abundance. The result is that a large part of the people is cut off from goods necessary to their existence, but such goods exist also in large quantity. The vicious circle by cutting production cuts also employment, removes man's right to work.

Mr. Chase shows again how the machine has abolished individualism and made us eventually its slaves.

"The individual," he says, "may protest that he abhors the machine, that the old days were happier, that science is a false messiah, that he is in the market for a patch of arable ground—but his acts belie the protestation. He must constantly watch clocks, consult time tables, thrust a forefinger in telephone dials, send telegrams; dodge if not use motor cars and busses; be hoisted in elevators, turn the cocks of water and gas faucets, twiddle with radio knobs, switch on electric lights, trust implicitly to the complicated equations back of suspension bridges."

Startling confirmation of this slavery came in certain parts of the East this last winter when blizzards of almost unprecedented volume and intensity swept over the land. Wires loaded with ice broke, cutting off the electric current. This stopped the heat of those who had oil furnaces, the cooking facilities of those who had electric stoves, and the water supply of persons dependent on electric pumps. The roads were impassable to motor cars, so schools closed, the mail stopped, food supplies were exhausted. Doctors could not reach their patients. In the part where I live there was a strange, persistent cry for bread, the art of making which has vanished from American homes! Of all the machines on which I depend only the telephone survived.

What price then in those two weeks my patch of arable land?

I do not anticipate from the New Deal emancipation from the machine. It is evident, on the other hand, that we have in this respect more than in respect of our subjugation to the philosophy of large financial profits through the rendering of our resources unserviceable no freedom to lose.

That, at any rate, is what my friend thought. In his household a promise, let alone a solemn pledge, had always been taken seriously. The affront of combining this sacred thing with a scheme to sell a food product was something he could not stomach.

When he told me the story I was indignant as he. I had supposed that the large-scale exploitation of children was confined to those States where child labor was allowed, yet, compared with this, child labor appeared, from the moral point of view, a minor iniquity; for this new effort at child-slavery seemed to me to undermine the entire structure of family honor.

My anger, however, drew down finally to the same ineffectual resentment that must have been felt by the oarsmen in a Roman galley. I knew, on sober thought, that I was powerless. Unless I should hire an auditorium and address a mass meeting, taking my chances that anyone would come to it, there was no way for me to arouse public opinion. The likelihood of my getting a permit for such a meeting would not be great. The air, of course, was closed to me. The press would hardly welcome my protest.

Certainly I can hardly blame the publisher of this periodical if he insist that I shall not call by name the company responsible for the program. The company is a large-scale, national advertiser. This periodical may or may not carry its advertising. But to name it would alienate the agency which places its advertising and which also places much other advertising. No periodical can continue to exist after alienating the advertising agencies.

Nor, for that matter, can I. I may call myself "free-lance," but the name of course is entirely fanciful. I do in truth derive my living not from publishers but, ultimately, from manufacturers of tooth paste, soap, children's foods, roofing, paint, motor cars, and

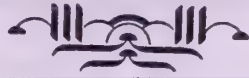
breath purifiers. Nor can I get it otherwise. Thus I am, like the publisher (though he is himself an industrialist), a slave to industry and there is, actually, in our so-called commonwealth no freedom of the pen and very little freedom of speech.

IV

No one of course expects to recover all these liberties from any code or set of codes which the National Recovery Administration may devise. The administration was not organized for that sort of recovery. On the other hand, the lone wolf who prefers to keep his individualism can no longer do so back in the woods. If he goes back he will find no better liberties there and, furthermore, he will starve without bettering his cause.

If, however, he joins the dog which the government proposes to feed, he may find the collar easier than he supposes. He may discover that, as industry is overhauled and regulated, his bondage is lessened. He may attain more leisure to indulge his individual tastes. The curtain may, eventually, be lifted between himself and those he wishes to address. He may find, even under a political dictatorship, a more sympathetic representation than he has in the present decadence of democratic government. With shorter hours and men at their jobs in shifts, with normal production and plants attuned to Mr. Chase's Economy of Abundance, even the machine may lose some of its power over him.

Surely this way lies what measure of freedom an overpopulated and over-industrialized world may offer—not the other. And if some means is found to quiet that bloody revolutionist, Hunger, there will be less probability of the lone wolf waking up at last to find himself suspended by his collar from a convenient lamp-post.



JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY

BY H. G. DWIGHT

ANNE and I, back from the links, were lolling on the sofa in the big room at Farmington. To be precise, on the left-hand sofa, with a girl in a magenta béret whom we had picked up. We were not too deep in the triumphs and tragedies of the afternoon to avert from a man who came in the country-club eye. He took off his hat, giving us the eye in return. Whereupon I recognized him for a glum-looking man who used to knock around Washington. He had grown grayer and thicker though, as well as glummer. But what about his habit of monologues? Unless the slump had cured him of that, we were lost. The thing to do was to steer clear of the New Deal.

"Hello-ol!" I yawned. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Seeing the sights," he replied. "Or California, if that's what you mean. But I had to come back to get warm."

While the natives are none too coherent, I had never gathered that particular impression from their reports. I gazed at him in doubt.

"I suppose you mean this sort of thing"—waving a hand about the stately old room.

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other. Out there they fake up Spanish names and talk about 'the Dons' as if more than two genuine Spaniards had ever set foot in the country. Down here they attribute every other house to Thomas Jefferson or Sir Christopher Wren. And if you are interested

enough to ask them where they got it they set you down as an implacable enemy of Virginia."

"Do you insist that we carry around the deeds in our pockets?" asked the girl in the magenta béret. "We are much more careful of them. But everybody in Charlottesville knows that Mr. Jefferson designed this beautiful room."

The glum-looking man cocked an eyebrow at it.

"Fancy enough. Also big enough to hide the Georgian house out of which it sprouted like a noble afterthought. If I don't quite place that massive cornice, I seem to recognize other earmarks of the school of Monticello. For instance, the sliced-off corners he was so crazy about, giving a false impression of Byzantine apses and turning the room into a long octagon. Those eight staring bull's-eyes over the windows might have been lifted from his pet dome. Two-story ceiling, too, like his own hall. The balcony over the door is skimpier. A bit too skimpy, don't you think, in proportion to these monumental fireplaces? The other door opens upon a Doric portico, of course. I shouldn't wonder if you were right. A little heavy and provincial, perhaps, but genteel, effective, showy, and altogether in the best tradition of democratic simplicity."

"It's so nice of you to admit that Mr. Jefferson may have had something to do with it." The magenta béret sounded a trifle icier than it looked.

"His plans for it are among his drawings at the University."

"Really? Do I understand you to say that he could draw? Chastellux said so too; but I never supposed Chastellux knew much about it—after four days at Monticello."

"If you don't believe what everybody else knows, all you have to do is to go and look at them." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "I should think it might interest you."

"It would very much." The glum-looking man evidently intended to take his time about it, however, for he sat down. "I looked at some in California the other day. What struck me most about them was that they might have been done by a dozen different people. You know they say an artist's line is as individual as a writer's hand or style. I wondered whether my heirs and assigns would ever attribute to me the odds and ends of drawings they might find in my till. The most authentic of Jefferson's are the little diagrams and sketches with which he sometimes illustrated his letters; and they're as wild as anybody's. Yet I may be led astray by the fact that he so often got other people to draw for him. In 1776, you remember, he was put on a committee to design the Great Seal. As none of them was good enough with a pencil, old Simitierre had to be called in. Jefferson's conception was highly decorative. Obverse: the Children of Israel in the wilderness, led by alternate pillars of fire and cloud; reverse: portraits of Hengist and Horsa. Then in Paris he paid Clérissault two hundred and eighty-eight *livres* and a coffee pot to do drawings for the Capitol and jail at Richmond. And some of the letters still exist in which he asked help with the University of men who really could draw. Of course he could manage ruler and compass. A ground plan wouldn't have been too much for him,

or even a simple elevation. But free-hand? I don't believe he could do a Corinthian capital to save his neck. I wish more experts would look at these things, though, and fewer patriots. If it is possible for one of his latest biographers to reproduce, to ascribe to him, and to erect a thesis upon, an unsigned letter of which neither the hand nor the style is Jefferson's, which as a matter of fact was written by Thomas Paine, how much easier is it to jump at conclusions about a lot of unsigned architectural drawings!"

This declaration apparently shocked the magenta *béret* but left her a little out of her depth. I felt for her. Did the glum-looking man know what he was talking about, or was he taking us for a ride? It was Anne, however, who egged him on:

"According to you, then, the University may have been done by somebody else?"

"I suspect somebody else had more to do with it than he has been given credit for. Latrobe was one who had a finger in it, before he died. Thornton may have been another. By that time he had developed into quite an architect; and he was always a better draftsman than Jefferson. Still, I don't suspect either of them of having been anything so gruesome as a universal genius. They were more like the gentleman in Stephen Leacock who mounted a horse and galloped in all directions. We must remember that the Jack-of-all-trades flourishes most luxuriantly in pioneer periods. Our friend Thomas Paine dabbled in bridge-building. Samuel Morse painted some fair portraits. Franklin turned a hand to any number of jobs. There's no end to the list of Early American versatilities. We take it all the more for granted because, being an inartistic people, we believe it possible for a man to be a great artist—let alone a little thing like piling up

bricks—in the off moments of a really serious profession, such as running a factory or a political campaign. I shouldn't wonder if Jefferson himself thought so. His case, however, was simple enough. He was the die-hard of an old regime. Until he reached middle-age no such being as an architect existed in this country. The word itself didn't exist, in our sense. It meant a foreman or a contractor. They were carpenters and bricklayers who had picture-books. You looked at the book and you told the carpenter to build you No. 7, with so many bedrooms, and the parlor so long, and mantelpiece No. 11 there. Rather nice things were done in that fashion, too—though Jefferson thought less of them than we. He was more particular and he had picture-books of his own. He combined No. 7 with No. 17, he worked out measurements for the carpenter, doubtless he made him such drawings as can be made with zeal and drawing tools. He adored pottering over such things. He watched the whole business like a hawk, down to the last nail. His own slaves made the nail. But when he got stuck he had to call in a real architect. Wasn't it Latrobe who wrote something about his 'errors of a vitiated taste and an imperfect attention to the practical effect of his architectural projects?'

"I don't know and I don't care!" retorted the magenta béret. "I've never been able to see why an architect has any right to tell you how to build your own house, the way they do. And I've never seen anybody yet who didn't love the University. Those wavy walls, and all—"

"They're so jolly," agreed the glum-looking man, "that Jefferson needn't have tried to make it out more economical to build them one brick thick. 'Liberty, equality, and frugality' was a motto he couldn't always stick to. He was too fond of the principle of

the arch. The serpentine pursuit of happiness! He pursued it rather amusingly, too, in his main buildings. As I said a minute ago, he had no use for the Georgian tradition in which he grew up. Unlike Mr. Rockefeller, he abominated the 'rude, mis-shapen piles' of Williamsburg. While he believed that one millennium had all but been attained in 1776, he felt quite as strongly that the golden age of taste had been reached by the Cæsars. One quaint thing about it was that never in his life did he set foot in Rome. When he went to Italy it was to break the law against the exportation of Piedmont rice. It took him less than three weeks, and he traveled no farther than Milan. Why should he go on to Vicenza, Venice, Florence, and the south? Had he not five editions of Palladio, to say nothing of Piranesi's prints? Had he not already seen in France 'the most precious, the most perfect model of ancient architecture remaining on earth'? He bribed a muleteer to smuggle out his rice, he returned to Nîmes for another look at the Maison Carrée, and in due time he reached Charlottesville, ready to lay down the law to American architects. That they should exercise their own taste or wits was no more to be countenanced than that they should bow the knee to Sir Christopher Wren. In public buildings let them copy what 'has obtained the approbation of fifteen or sixteen centuries, and is therefore preferable to any design which might be newly contrived.'

"Hence the Rotunda. It is a smaller Roman Pantheon, with a piece of the Maison Carrée tacked on to it. I suppose he had neither room nor money for the octostyle portico of the real Pantheon; and the Richmond Capitol, which was his first attempt to transplant the Maison Carrée, wasn't a success. He had to forego Corinthian capitals, because nobody in America

could cut them. He suppressed one row of pillars, either for economy or for interior space; and the lateral façades of his model were decorated in the best Louis Seize. Latrobe turned up in Richmond just in time to squelch the Louis Seize. What he did for the Rotunda I can't say. Anyhow it is much better than the Capitol. Then Jefferson picked out of Palladio the ten next best examples of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, by way of giving the boys a painless lesson in classic orders and good taste. If the colonnades look more dragged in by the heels than the arcades of the Ranges, they are at least a fatherly precaution against sunstroke and wet feet. Who could foresee that those ungrateful young republicans, righteously brought up among imitation Maisons Carrées, Pantheons of Hadrian, Baths of Diocletian, Theaters of Marcellus, Temples of Fortuna Virilis, and other pseudo-splendors of imperial Rome, would scurry off and begin building as fast as they could nothing but false Greek temples! Still, the 'academical village' is none the less charming—thanks, in part, to the friendliness of time. It is not impossible, either, that the Rotunda looks better now than it did before it burned, having been rebuilt—"

"By a real architect!" interjected the magenta béret. "Now all we need to hear is that Monticello was built by somebody else!"

"At least it was named by nobody else," he went on blandly. "Was that a twig of the Palladian complex, do you suppose? Or a mere boyish fancy for the exotic, which couldn't be changed so easily as a drawing? Of course it might have been worse. California produces such flowers as 'El Encanto' and 'Las Delicias.' And 'Plain Dealing,' as a neighbor of Jefferson's called an estate, might not fit. However, don't you think he could have

drummed up something in plain English better than 'Little Mountain' in Italian? But you raise a very interesting question, ma'am. One can hardly call Monticello an architect's house. There are too many funny things about it. Yet could Jefferson have managed it all by himself? One can't help remembering that he was pretty thick with Étienne Hallet just before he began the final version. Then young Robert Mills afterward lived there for two years, turning over picture-books and helping about plans. These things ought to be looked into more seriously."

"We'll do it to-morrow!" said I. "In fact we meant to go up there this afternoon, Anne and I. Only the weather made us feel that a little golf might do us more good."

"Speak for yourself, sir," enjoined Anne. And to our taciturn friend, "Then I suppose Monticello must be Roman too. Is it a Sabine Farm?"

"Anything but. It's what a lamented citizen of Washington would have called a bijou residence, in pure Gallo-Jeffersonian. You see after Paris he decided that the American home should borrow 'the celebrated fronts of modern buildings which have already received the approbation of all good judges.' That, you understand, excluded everything English. 'Their architecture is in the most wretched style I ever saw, not meaning to except America,' he wrote after inspecting the injurious isle. Pierre Rousseau's Palais de la Légion d'Honneur—as they call it now—so entranced him that he rebuilt Monticello on lines more French than Palladian. He did it most ingeniously, too, enlarging it and topping off his west façade with a dome, yet leaving a one-story pavilion where a tallish villa had been. I suppose it wouldn't have done for a gentleman so critical of 'the glare of royalty and nobility' to be accused of

living in a palace. While the Petit-Trianon is a good deal less complicated, Monticello has much the same deceptive air of simplicity. He achieved it by sinking one floor under ground and by masking the existence of two others so effectively that no casual payer of respects would guess the pavilion to be a four-story mansion, with twelve bedrooms, a ball-room, the finest library, and the best cellar in Virginia. But he also achieved it by compression. The entrance hall and the parlor are the only good-sized rooms on the *piano nobile*. Where did he stow away six or seven thousand books in that toy library? And how did he entertain the United States in that tiny dining room? Oddly enough, it is the least inviting place in the house. There is a sort of observatory dome overhead, with a deep gash slanting out of one side for a skylight. I don't know what Petit, the French chef, made of that."

"Oh, I think those Wedgwood plaques in the mantelpiece are too adorable!" cried the magenta bérét. "And in the sides of the fireplace are the cutest little dumbwaiters, for wine. Then you haven't said a word about the weather vane on the ceiling of the front porch, or the clock with two faces and weights that tell the day of the week, or the double drawing-room doors that open by pulling only one handle, or any other of Mr. Jefferson's inventions."

"Well," apologized the glum-looking man, "I don't know which of them he invented, which of them were invented by that Swiss clockmaker who lived there so long, and which of them one or the other picked up on his travels. I seem to remember reading that the synchronized doors came out of a cabinet in a castle. But I grant you that Jefferson was more mechanic than artist, and that his house is full of wonderful contraptions. The

sleeping arrangements, for example. If the bedrooms are rather like Pullman compartments, the beds must have been the original Pullman berths. They were slung in rectangular alcoves, where they could be let down at night and hoisted to the top in the daytime. His own alcove was less stuffy, being open on both sides. He could hop in from his bedroom or from his writing room. There is a cozier nook in the ceiling of his alcove, however, reached by a breakneck stair in a cupboard and lighted by three peepholes."

"They are little oval windows high up in the bedroom wall," amplified the magenta bérét. "The man told me that they used to be closed by hinged portraits of three other Virginia Presidents. But he wouldn't let me go up there—or anywhere else upstairs."

"Stairs! I should have said that another way in which Jefferson achieved his effect was by abolishing them. Did Versailles set him against a handsome stair? Lackeys, flambeaux, powder, jewels, extravagance, privilege, despotism! Hard to build, too, involving all kinds of structural difficulties, besides wasting space. Service stairs hidden in walls were better, where masters and servants could arrive or escape unseen by spies in the rooms of state. Traffic up, in the wall of the right-hand passage; traffic down, in the wall of the left-hand passage. The two pairs of flights above ground are twenty-two inches wide. Those descending to the subterranean regions are quite roomy: thirty-one inches. Of much the same school of thought, though considerably wider, are the two tunnels from the basement to the slave quarters. The tunnel roofs bar the lawn rather awkwardly, but it is to let a little western light through another row of peepholes. The tunnel mouths open upon the second terrace, where

two narrow arcades, invisible from the house, give upon two series of dugouts under the lawn. We are assured by contemporary witnesses that they were uncommonly comfortable, being cool in summer and warm in winter. True, a lady named Smith, otherwise enthusiastic about 'the habitation of philosophy and virtue,' did find the slave quarters in 1809 'a most unpleasant contrast with the palace that rises so near them.' The termination of these catacombs is marked on the upper terrace by two brick-and-white cabins that face each other across the west lawn. The arrangement is essentially the same as in many old manors, only they turn it to better architectural account by bringing it out into the light."

"But he isn't giving you the right idea at all!" the magenta *béret* assured us. "There isn't a lovelier house in Virginia. And those two little cottages are as sweet as they can be. They call the one on the south the Honeymoon Lodge, because Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson lived there when they were first married, before their home was finished."

"The right idea," mused the glum-looking man. "I wonder who can nail that? Did the dithyrambic Mrs. Smith? Long after 1809 she wrote of Jefferson that 'he was called even by his friends, a notional man, full of odd fancies in little things. . . . Too often the practical was sacrificed to the fanciful, as was evident to the most superficial observer, in the location and structure of his house at Monticello.' All I know is what I see outside the papers. And I see plenty of interesting or delightful things in Monticello. That east portico must have been heavenly in summer. The hall and the drawing-room have a tone, a refinement, an elegance—nearer the graceful side, perhaps, than the noble. But I have seen no house in Virginia where so much has been sacrificed to

appearances. No real architect could have thrown away the rest of his house for four rooms. The high ceilings of the center, the observatory in the dining room, and that fantastic snuggerly over his bed left no space, or too little, for rooms above them. Nevertheless, five cubicles are squeezed into what is left of attic No. 1, plus closets, vents, and anomalous cubbyholes. Then in attic No. 2, accessible only by corkscrews less than two feet wide, are three more bedrooms and a billiard-ballroom! What would you? The Sage of Monticello resolved to have a dome or die. But to add it to the parlor, which it crowned, would have made the room too lofty for its size and too cold in winter. He therefore scooped a false dome out of the dining-room ceiling and turned the true one into an octagon with circular windows like those—into which no one ever went but children, slaves, and Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith. And how Robert Mills must have sweated over it! The way he or somebody managed to pull the whole affair together, not inside but outside, is quite a feat. What I like least about it, though, is that there is hardly a straight wall or an honest corner in the place. It's all curves, obtuse angles, saliences, recesses, conceits glassed-in or screened by balustrades. What did Turgenev say of one of Henry James's novels? Too *tarabiscotté*—too tied up with little bows and knots of ribbon. Really, you know, for a 'habitation of philosophy and virtue'—! I prefer Mount Vernon."

"I trust you don't mean to imply—" I began. But the magenta *béret* cut me down in the flower of my youth:

"There's no accounting for tastes. I think Monticello is ever so much prettier. And I like people to be a little human. It didn't keep Mr. Jefferson from being one of the greatest men in the world."

"I don't suppose so," the glum-looking man replied slowly. "The trouble is that this adjective 'great' isn't too illuminating. For my part, I am more interested in what people are like than in how great they are. In Jefferson's case, however, it seems to be clear enough that he was greater in some respects than others. For instance, you may already have gathered that I do not consider his preëminence to have lain in architecture. I could not honestly say, either, that his house looks to me like that of a man in whom common sense was paramount. Nor does it strike me that he can often have suffered from the inhibitions of modesty. Of course L'Enfant, Hoban, Thornton, Latrobe, and Mills were nobodies, who could not expect to lay down the law to a Secretary of State or a President. As artists, nevertheless, they had in their respective degrees far more imagination, creative ability, and technical competence than Jefferson. Yet he seldom hesitated to 'improve' their plans, to override their judgment, to let them down in various other ways. Latrobe, for one, did not swallow it without a murmur. At least once he risked a protest against 'the positive instructions of Mr. Jefferson in respect to design, and to *calls for money*, which he afterward, when censure ensued, did not *publicly* justify, leaving me to bear the blame of extravagance and of inadequate estimates.' That was not in Charlottesville but in the new capital. Some inner fount of certitude made it possible for him to know, happy man, what everybody ought to do. It must have been hard for him to understand that odd habit of Washington's of asking advice, and even of taking it. He himself rose every day of his life at dawn to give advice—in long hand of the clearest, with enormous industry, rarely forgetting his press or 'polygraph' copy.

"Some of Jefferson's biographers

hold that because he owned seven or eight times as many books as Washington he was seven or eight times as wise. He was enough of the same mind to make it plain that among egg-candlers he does not stand at the top. Without being more of a scholar or scientist than an architect, he had too strong a sympathy for what in his day they called reason to have the deepest insight into the homespun quality we call character. He once wrote of Washington: 'Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence.' That seems to me to reveal a good deal about Jefferson. He regarded Bacon, Locke, and Newton as 'the three greatest men that have ever lived, without any exception.' He was a bit absolute, you know. Washington's art of the feasible was not in his line. Nor does it appear to have struck him that Washington's modesty, forbearance, resolution, and squareness were gifts not to be picked up in libraries. He couldn't quite make out how a man who had never seen the *Maison Carrée* or discussed the perfectibility of humankind with the Marquis de Condorcet, who had wasted half his life in the low society of camps, should have acquired so astounding an influence. He felt it his duty, after he had been Secretary of State a year or so, 'to avail the public of every occasion during the residue of the President's period, to place things on a safe footing.' He trembled lest Washington be a royalist at heart! You see the book had not yet been written from which he might have learned that a monarchy is not the only possible alternative to his own almost perfect state. So at last a silence fell between the two, of which Washington said never a word but of which Jefferson felt it necessary to give conflicting accounts. His reflections upon his chief, written behind his back or after his death, are not those which do him most credit.

"If few men are reliable witnesses on the events of their time, Jefferson is among the least reliable. His brief autobiography and his *Anas*, written it is true when he was an old man, make one exceeding wary of all his statements of fact. He was not much of a realist, and he lacked Washington's power of growth. He carried to his grave the cargo of fixed ideas which he took on board in his youth. The monarchical fixation was only one of them—like Palladio, Ossian, Lord Kames, Hengist and Horsa, and movable bunks, and invisible stairs, and his not too workable theory of a 'federal alliance.' His conviction that our States should 'form a single nation as to what was foreign only' must have done a great deal to prepare the ground for the Civil War. Much as he admired Paine, he never could have written that 'the Continental Belt is too loosely buckled.' But I fancy he would have seconded Paine's remark about Washington: 'That gentleman did not perform his part in the revolution better, nor with more honor, than I did mine; and the one part was as necessary as the other.' And he did write his own epitaph: 'Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia.'"

"What's the matter with that?" I objected. "Isn't it true? He might have added a whole string of stuff. And you might leave Paine out of it."

"It's a matter of taste, I suppose. I prefer that of a friend of his, who let them cut on his stone nothing but 'Benjamin and Deborah Franklin.' Of course Jefferson was, in a very true sense, the father of the University. If he chose to say so himself, no one will deny it. And of course he did draw up the statute. But it was Madison who saved it from being a dead letter,

by fighting it through the Legislature while Jefferson was in Paris. That was just what Jefferson understood least—that there is a difference between putting a thing on paper and putting it through. And of course he did write the first draft of what we are pleased to call the Declaration of Independence, which after minor revisions by Franklin and John Adams and major 'depre-dations,' as the author described them, by other members of Congress, was passed two days after independence had been declared. If he had never been born it would have been written anyway, and probably would have contained almost as many questionable statements. The rhythms might have been less agreeable, but the course of events would have been the same—save that we might have been spared the war of 1812. But where would the Declaration have been without the wind of Yorktown to fill its sails? If the Conway Cabal had come off and Gates had succeeded Washington, we should all be at this moment devoted subjects of King George the Fifth."

"Oh come!" I protested. "This is getting both rough and ridiculous. Ifs aren't history. Ten thousand other things might have happened; but they didn't. Whether you like it or not, you can't get away from the fact that the Declaration was immensely important and that Jefferson wrote all but a few words of it."

"And it ruined him, poor wretch," said the glum-looking man. "One can't help being immensely sorry for him. He was a most interesting person, full of gifts, curiosities, wavy walls, secret passages, and I don't know what. He must have had a charm, too, quite different from the spell cast by Washington. But he had infinitely less to temper him. If he thought his own way better than anybody else's, how could he help it? He escaped Washington's intimacy with hardship

and humbling. From the age of fourteen he was as innocent of discipline as a child in a 'progressive' school. From the day he left college, where they did their best to spoil him, he reigned supreme on his Palatine Hill, within his acres as absolute a despot as the Grand Turk, free to pursue happiness as he chose, uncurbed by the whims, ambitions, or perversities of crotchety human beings, at perfect liberty to indulge his own. Do you wonder he just escaped being a crank? Never until they made him blue-pencil the Declaration had he done a thing he didn't like. However, it finished what Dr. Small and Francis Fauquier had begun. It made him Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, President."

"I don't see that he ended so badly!" laughed Anne.

"But my dear lady, those weren't jobs for him! Nelson was a better Governor, Franklin was a better Minister, John Quincy Adams was a better Secretary, Washington was a better President. If Jefferson got away with them no worse than he did, it was for three simple reasons. He had fabulous luck, he knew how to draft an admirable state paper, and whatever happened people said 'He wrote the Declaration of Independence.' Such is it to make a reputation. All the rest of your life you can hold it over you like an umbrella. He may have shone as Vice-President, to be sure, because he couldn't make a speech and he could write a parliamentary handbook. He could also play politics—by post or by dinner party. When it came to the great executive talents, however, where was he? You don't learn to govern by retiring to compose *Notes on Virginia*. Do you suppose he would ever have got Louisiana if Napoleon hadn't thrown it at his head? He couldn't even manage his own affairs well

enough to save himself from bankruptcy. Not that I hold it up against him. He simply wasn't built that way. He wasn't a doer. He wasn't much of a maker or a thinker. He was more of a—what shall I say?—a receiver. He somehow caught out of the air all the eighteenth-century notions that were shooting around him from a thousand transmitters, and set them down in good, simple, quotable English. He is a gold mine for professors and politicians. In other words, he was at heart a writer, whom a heartless fate tossed into the most unliterary land in the world while an earthquake was going on. What could he do? Nothing but turn public relations counselor for his none too united States. And he did it so well that he became a kind of god. To this day the sufficient answer to any question about him is 'He wrote the Declaration of Independence.'"

"Have you seen the exquisite shrine where they keep it?" inquired of Anne the magenta béret.

"But if you've read it," the glum-looking man rudely burst in, "you've done more than most people. It hasn't lasted quite so well as Gibbon, whose first volume came out the same year as Jefferson's best-seller. What on earth would he have done, though, without a revolution to upset him? That's what stumps me. He could no more have dashed off a *Decline and Fall* than a *Wealth of Nations*—which was another best-seller of 1776. He wasn't up to an *Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding*. Ann Radcliffe wasn't exactly his genre, or Johnson, or Boswell. Blake still less. I don't even see him doing a *Natural History of Charlottesville*. How about Horace Walpole?"

I looked at Anne, and Anne got up.

"It's time to dress for dinner," she firmly announced.



THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA

ADVENTURES IN TORONTO, BUFFALO, AND BOSTON

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

NOVEMBER 11th. Reach Toronto at preposterous hour of 5.55 A.M. and decide against night-traveling once and forever, day having actually started with Customs inspection considerably before dawn. Decide to try to see what I can of Canada and glue my face to the window, but nothing visible for a long while. Am finally rewarded by superb sunrise, but eyelids feel curiously stiff and intelligence at lowest possible ebb. Involve myself in rather profound train of thought regarding dependence of artistic perception upon physical conditions, but discover in the midst of it that I am having a nightmare about the children both being drowned, and have dropped two books and one glove.

Colored porter appears with clothes-brush and is evidently convinced that I cannot possibly present myself to Canadian inspection without previously submitting to his ministrations. As I feel that he is probably right, I stand up and am rather half-heartedly dealt with, and then immediately sit down again, no doubt in original collection of dust, and weakly present porter with ten cents, at which he merely looks disgusted.

Train stops, and I get out of it, and find myself—as so often before—surrounded by luggage on strange and ice-cold platform, only too well aware that I probably look even more *dégommée* than I feel.

Canadian host and hostess, with great good feeling, have both turned out to meet me, and am much impressed at seeing that neither cold nor early rising has impaired complexion of my hostess. Find myself muttering quotation:

Alike to her were time and tide,
November's snow and July's pride.

but Canadian host, Mr. Lee, says Did I speak? and I have to say No, no, nothing at all, and remind myself that talking aloud to oneself is well-known preliminary to complete mental breakdown. Make really desperate effort, decide that I *am* awake and that the day has begun—began, in fact, several hours ago—and that if only I am given a cup of very strong coffee quite soon, I shall very likely find myself restored to normal degree of alertness.

Mr. Lee looks kind, Mrs. Lee—evidently several years younger—is cheerful and good-looking, and leads the way to small car waiting outside station.

This appears to me to be completely filled already by elderly lady in black, large dog, and little girl with pigtails. These, I am told, are the near neighbors of the Lees. Should like to ask why this compels them to turn out at four o'clock in the morning in order to meet complete stranger, but do not, naturally, do so.

Explanation is presently proffered, to the effect that the Falls of Niagara

are only eighty miles away, and I am to visit them at once, and the little girl—Minnie—has never seen them either, so it seemed a good opportunity. Minnie, at this, jumps up and down the seat and has to be told to Hush, dear. Her mother adds that Minnie is very highly strung. She always has been, and her mother is afraid she always will be. The doctor has said that she has, at nine years old, the brain of a child of fifteen. I look at Minnie, who at once assumes an interesting expression and puts her head on one side, at which I immediately look away again, and feel that I am not going to like Minnie. (This impression definitely gains ground as day goes on.) Mrs. Lee, on the other hand, earns gratitude almost amounting to affection by saying that I must have breakfast and a bath before anything else, and that both these objectives can be obtained on the way to Niagara.

I ask what about my luggage? and am told that a friend of some cousins living near Hamilton has arranged to call for it later and convey it to Mr. Lee's house. Am impressed, and decide that mutual readiness to oblige must be a feature of Canadian life. Make mental note to develop this theme when talking to Women's Institute at home.

At this point Minnie's mother suddenly asks What we are all here for if not to help one another, and adds that for her part, her motto has always been: Lend a Hand. Revulsion of feeling at once overtakes me, and I abandon all idea of impressing the Women's Institute with the desirability of mutual good will.

Car takes us at great speed along admirable roads—very tight squeeze on back seat, and Minnie kicks me twice on the shins and puts her elbow into my face once—and we reach house standing amongst trees.

Is this, I civilly inquire of Mrs. Lee,

her home? Oh dear no. The Lees live right on the other side of Toronto. This is Dr. MacAfee's place, where we are all having breakfast. And a bath, adds Mrs. L., looking at me compassionately. Dr. MacAfee and his wife both turn out to be Scotch. They receive us kindly, and Mrs. L. at once advocates the bathroom for me.

Bath is a success, and I come down very hungry, convinced that it must be nearer lunch-time than breakfast-time. Clock, however, declares it to be just half-past seven. Find myself counting up number of hours that must elapse before I can hope to find myself in bed and asleep. Results of this calculation very discouraging.

Breakfast, which is excellent, restores me, and we talk about America—the States very unlike Canada—the Dominions—life in Canada very like life in the Old Country—snow very early this year—and my impressions of Chicago World's Fair.

Minnie interrupts a good deal, and says Need she eat bacon, and If she went on a big ship to England she knows she'd be very sick. At this everybody laughs—mine very perfunctory indeed—and her mother says that really, the things that child says . . . and it's always been like that, ever since she was a tiny tot. Anecdotes of Minnie's infant witticisms follow, and I inwardly think of all the much more brilliant remarks made by Robin and Vicky. Should much like an opportunity for retailing these, and do my best to find one, but Minnie's mother gives me no opening whatever.

Expedition to Niagara ensues, and I am told on the way that it is important for me to see the Falls from the *Canadian* side, as this is greatly superior to the *American* side. Can understand this, in a way, as representing point of view of my present hosts, but hope that inhabitants of Buffalo, where I go next, will not prove equally patri-

otic and again conduct me immense distances to view phenomenon all over again.

Am, however, greatly impressed by Falls, and say so freely. Mr. Lee tells me that I really ought to see them by night, when lit up by electricity, and Mrs. Lee says No, that vulgarizes them completely, and I reply Yes to both of them, and Minnie's mother asks What Minnie thinks of Niagara, to which Minnie squeaks out that she wants her dinner right away this minute, and we accordingly proceed to the hotel.

Buy a great many post cards. Minnie watches this transaction closely, and says that she collects post cards. At this I very weakly present her with one of mine, and her mother says that I am really much too kind—with which I inwardly agree. This opinion intensified on return journey, when Minnie decides to sit on my lap, and asks me long series of complicated questions, such as Would I rather be an alligator who didn't eat people, or a man who had to make his living by stealing, or a tiny little midget in a circus? Reply to these and similar conundrums more or less in my sleep, and dimly hear Minnie's mother telling me that Minnie looks upon her as being just a great, big, elder sister, and always tells her everything just as it pops into her little head, and don't I feel that it's most important to have the complete confidence of one's children?

Can only think, at the moment, that it's most important to have a proper amount of sleep.

Mr. Lee's house is eventually attained, and proves to be outside Toronto. Minnie and her parent are dropped at their own door, and say that they will be popping in quite soon, and I get out of car and discover that I am alarmingly stiff, very cold, and utterly exhausted.

Am obliged to confess this state of

affairs to Mrs. Lee, who is very kind, and advises bed. Can only apologize, and do as she suggests.

November 12th. Spend comparatively quiet day, and feel better. Host and hostess agree that I must remain indoors, and as it snows violently I thankfully do so, and write very much over-due letters.

Quiet afternoon and evening of conversation. Mr. Lee wants to know about the Royal Family—of which, unfortunately, I can tell him little except what he can read for himself in the papers—and Mrs. Lee asks if I play much bridge. She doesn't, she adds hastily, mean on Sundays. Am obliged to reply that I play very little on any day of the week, but try to improve this answer by adding that my husband is very good at cards. Then, says Mrs. Lee, do I garden? No—unfortunately not. Mrs. Lee seems disappointed, but supposes indulgently that writing a book takes up quite a lot of time, and I admit that it does, and we leave it at that.

Am rather disposed, after this effort, to sit and ponder on extreme difficulty of ever achieving continuity of conversation when in the society of complete strangers. Idle fancy crosses my mind that Mr. Alexander Woollcott would make nothing of it at all, and probably conduct whole conversation all by himself with complete success. Wonder—still more idly—if I shall send him a post card about it, and whether he would like one of Niagara.

November 12th (continued). Main purpose of Canadian visit—which is small lecture—safely accomplished. Audience kind, rather than enthusiastic. Mrs. Lee says that she could tell I was nervous. Cannot imagine more thoroughly discouraging comment than this.

Mr. Lee very kindly takes me to visit tallest building in the British Empire, which turns out to be a Bank. We

inspect Board-rooms, offices, and finally vaults, situated in basement and behind enormous steel doors, said to weigh incredible number of tons and only to be opened by two people working in conjunction. I ask to go inside, and am aghast when I do so by alarming notice on the wall which tells me that If I get shut into the vaults by accident I am not to be alarmed, as there is a supply of air for several hours. Do not at all like the word "several," which is far from being sufficiently specific, and have horrid visions of being shut into the vaults and spending my time there in trying to guess exactly when "several" may be supposed to be drawing to an end. Inquire whether anyone has ever been locked into the vaults, and if they came out mad, but Mr. Lee only replies No one that he has ever heard of, and appears quite unmoved by the idea.

Have often associated banking with callousness, and now perceive how right I was.

Evening is passed agreeably with the Lees until 9 o'clock, when Minnie and parent descend upon us and we all talk about Minnie for about half an hour. Take cast-iron resolution before I sleep never to make either of the dear children subjects of long conversations with strangers.

(*Mem:* To let Robert know of this resolution, as feel sure he would approve of it.)

November 13th. Five o'clock train is selected to take me to Buffalo, and am surprised and relieved to find that I have not got to travel all night, but shall arrive in four-and-a-half hours. Luncheon party is kindly given in my honor by the Lees—Minnie not present, but is again quoted extensively by her mother—and I am asked more than once for opinion on relative merits of Canada and the United States. Can quite see that this is very delicate ground, and have no intention what-

ever of committing myself to definite statement on the point. Talk instead about English novelists—Kipling evidently very popular, and Hugh Walpole looked upon as interesting new discovery—and I am told by several people that I ought to go to Quebec.

As it is now impossible for me to do so, this leads to very little, beyond repeated assurances from myself that I should *like* to go to Quebec, and am exceedingly sorry not to be going there. One well-informed lady tells me that Harold Nicolson went there and liked it very much. Everybody receives this in respectful silence, and I feel that Harold Nicolson has completely deflated whatever wind there may ever have been in my sails.

Morale is restored later by my host, who takes me aside and says that I have been just a breath of fresh air from the Old Country, and that I must come again next year. Am touched, and recklessly say that I will. Everyone says good-by very kindly, and gentleman—hitherto unknown—tells me that he will drive me to the station, as he has to go in that direction later. Minnie's mother heaps coals of fire on my head by telling me that she has a little present for my children, and is going just across the street to get it. This she does, and present turns out to be a Service revolver, which she thinks my boy may like. Can reply with perfect truth that I feel sure of it, and am fortunately not asked for my own reaction or Robert's.

Revolver, of which I am secretly a good deal afraid, is wedged with the utmost difficulty into the least crowded corner of my attaché-case, and I take my departure.

Rather strange sequel follows a good deal later, when I am having dinner on train and am called out to speak to Customs official. Cannot imagine what he wants me for, and alarming visions of Sing Sing assail me instantly.

Go so far as to decide that I shall try to brief Mr. Clarence Darrow for the defense—but this probably because he is the only American barrister whose name I can remember.

Customs awaits me in the corridor, and looks very grave. Is mine, he inquires, the brown attaché-case under the fur coat in the parlor car? Yes, it is. Then why, may he ask, do I find it necessary to travel with a revolver? Freakish impulse momentarily assails me, and I nearly—but not quite—reply that I have to do so for the protection of my virtue. Realize in time that this flippancy would be quite out of place, and might very likely land me in serious trouble, so take wiser and more straightforward course of telling Customs the whole story of the Service revolver.

He receives it sympathetically, and tells me that he is a family man himself. Conversation follows, in which I learn names and ages of the whole family of Customs, and in return show him small snapshot of Robin and Vicky with dog Kolynos, playing in the garden. Customs says That's a fine dog, and asks what breed, but says nothing about R. and V. Am slightly disappointed, but have noticed similar indifference to the children of others on the part of parents before.

November 13th (continued). Train, in the most singular way, arrives at Buffalo ahead of time. Large and very handsome station receives me, and I walk about vast hall, which I seem to have entirely to myself. Red-capped porter, who is looking after my luggage, seems prepared to remain by it forever in a fatalistic kind of way, and receives with indifference my announcement that Someone will be here to meet me by-and-by.

Can only hope I am speaking the truth, but feel doubtful as time goes on. Presently, however, tall lady in furs appears, and looks all round her,

and I say "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—but not aloud—and approach her. Am I, I ask, speaking to Mrs. Walker? Lady, in a most uncertain voice, replies No, no—not Mrs. Walker. We gaze at each other helplessly and she adds, in a still more uncertain voice: Mrs. Luella White Clarkson. To this I can think of no better reply than Oh, and we walk away from each other in silence, only, however, to meet again repeatedly in our respective perambulations. (Should much like to know what peculiar law governs this state of affairs. Station is perfectly enormous, and practically empty, and neither Mrs. L.W.C. nor myself has the slightest wish ever again to come face to face with each other, yet we seem perfectly unable to avoid doing so. Eventually take to turning my back whenever I see her approaching, and walking smartly in the opposite direction.)

Mental comparison of American and English railway stations follows, and am obliged to admit that America wins hands down. Have never in my life discovered English station that was warm, clean, or quiet, or at which waiting entailed anything but complete physical misery. Compose long letter to Sir Felix Pole on the subject, and have just been publicly thanked by the Lord Mayor of London for ensuing reformations, when I perceive Redcap making signs. Mrs. Walker—small lady in black, very smart, and no resemblance whatever to Mrs. L.W.C.—has appeared. She apologizes very nicely for being late, and I apologize—I hope also very nicely—for the train's having been too early—and we get into her motor which is, as usual, very large and magnificent. (Remarkable contrast between cars to which I am by now becoming accustomed and ancient Standard so frequently pushed up the hills at home—but have little doubt that I shall be delighted to

find myself in old Standard once more.)

Have I, Mrs. Walker instantly inquires, visited the Falls of Niagara? Am obliged to admit, feeling apologetic, that I have. Thank God for that, she surprisingly returns. We then embark on conversation, and I tell her about Canada, and make rather good story out of preposterous child Minnie. Mrs. Walker is appreciative, and we get on well.

Buffalo is under snow, and bitterly cold. House, however, delightfully warm, as usual. Mrs. Walker hopes that I won't mind a small room: I perceive that the whole of drawing-room, dining room, and Robert's study could easily be fitted inside it, and that it has a bathroom opening out of one end and a sitting room the other, and say, Oh no, not in the least.

She then leaves me to rest.

November 14th. Become apprehensive toward afternoon, when Mrs. W. tells me that the Club at which I am to lecture has heard all the best-known European speakers, at one time or another, and is composed of highly cultivated members.

Revise my lecture frantically, perceive that it is totally lacking in cultivation, or even ordinary evidence of intelligence, and ask Mrs. W. whether she doesn't think the Club would like a reading instead. Have no real hope that this will succeed, nor does it. Nothing for it but to put on my newly ironed blue, powder my nose, and go.

Mrs. W. is considerate, and does not attempt conversation on the way, except when she once says that she hopes I can eat oysters. Feel it highly improbable that I shall ever be able to eat anything again, and hear myself muttering for sole reply: "*Who knows but the world may end to-night?*"

World, needless to say, does not end, and I have to pull myself together, meet a great many Club members—alert expressions and very expensive

clothes—and subsequently mount small platform on which stand two chairs, table, and reading-desk.

Elderly lady in gray takes the chair—reminds me of Robert's Aunt Eleanor, but cannot say why—and says that she is not going to speak for more than a few moments. Everyone, she knows, is looking forward to hearing something far more interesting than any words of *hers* can be. At this she glances benevolently toward me, and I smile modestly, and wish I could drop down in a fit and be taken away on the spot. Instead, I have presently to get on to my feet, and adjust small sheet of notes—now definitely looking crumpled and dirty—on to reading-desk.

Head, as usual, gets very hot, and feet very cold, and am badly thrown off my balance by very ancient lady who sits in the front row and holds her hand to her ear throughout, as if unable to hear a word I utter. This, however, evidently not the case, as she comes up afterward and tells me that she was one of the Club's original members, and has never missed a single lecture. Offer her my congratulations on this achievement, and then wish I hadn't, as it sounds conceited, and add that I hope she has found it worth the trouble. She replies rather doubtfully Yes—on the whole, Yes—and refers to André Maurois. *His* lecture was positively brilliant. I reply, truthfully, that I feel sure it was, and we part. Aunt Eleanor and I exchange polite speeches—I meet various ladies, one of whom tells me that she knows a great friend of mine. Rose, I suggest? No, not Rose. Dear Katherine Ellen Blatt, who is at present in New York, but hopes to be in Boston when I am. She has, says the lady, a perfectly lovely personality. And she has been saying the most wonderful things about *me*. Try to look more grateful than I really feel, over this.

(*Query*: Does not public life, even on a small scale, distinctly lead in the direction of duplicity? *Answer*, unfortunately, Yes.)

Conversation with Aunt Eleanor ensues. She does not, herself, write books, she says, but those who do have always had a strange fascination for her. She has often *thought* of writing a book—many of her friends have implored her to do so, in fact—but no, she finds it impossible to begin. And yet, there are many things in her life about which whole, entire novels might well be written. Everybody devotes a moment of rather awed silence to conjecturing the nature of Aunt Eleanor's singular experiences, and anti-climax is felt to have ensued when small lady in rather frilly frock suddenly announces in a pipy voice that she has a boy cousin, living in Oklahoma, who once wrote something for *The New Yorker*, but they didn't ever publish it.

This more or less breaks up the party, and Mrs. Walker drives me home again, and says in a rather exhausted way that she thanks Heaven that's over.

Dinner-party closes the day, and I put on backless evening dress, add coatee, take coatee off again, look at myself with mirror and handglass in conjunction, resume coatee, and retain it for the rest of the evening.

November 15th. Weather gets colder and colder as I approach Boston, and this rouses prejudice in me, together with repeated assurances from everybody I meet to the effect that Boston is the most English town in America, and I shall simply adore it. Feel quite unlike adoration as train takes me through snowy country, and affords glimpses of towns that appear to be entirely composed of Gasoline Stations and Motion-Picture Theaters. Toward nine o'clock in the morning, I have an excellent breakfast—food in America definitely a very bright spot—and return to railway-carriage where I

see familiar figure, hat still worn at very dashing angle, and recognize Pete, my publisher's representative. Feel as if I had met my oldest friend, in the middle of a crowd of strangers, and we greet each other cordially. Pete tells me that I seem to be standing up to it pretty well—which I take to be a compliment to my powers of endurance—and unfolds terrific programme of the activities he has planned for me in Boston.

Assent to everything, but add that the thing I want to do most of all, is to visit the Alcott House at Concord, Mass. At this Pete looks astounded, and replies that this is, he supposes, merely a personal fancy, and so far as he knows no time for anything of that kind has been allowed in the schedule. Am obliged to agree that it probably hasn't, but repeat that I really want to do that more than anything else in America. (Much later on, compose eloquent and convincing speech, to the effect that I have worked very hard and done all that was required of me, and that I am fully entitled to gratify my own wishes for one afternoon at least. Am quite clear that if I had only said all this at the time, Pete would have been left without a leg to stand upon. Unfortunately, however, I do not do so.)

Boston is reached—step out of the train into the iciest cold that it has ever been my lot to encounter—and am immediately photographed by unknown man carrying camera and unpleasant little light-bulb which he flashes unexpectedly into my eyes. No one makes the slightest comment on this proceeding, and am convinced that he has mistaken me for somebody quite different.

Two young creatures from the *Boston Transcript* meet me, and inquire, more or less instantly, what I feel about the Problem of the American Woman, but Pete, with great good feeling, suggests that we should discuss it all in

taxi on our way to Hotel, which we do. One of them then hands me a cable (announcing death of Robin or Vicky?) and says it arrived this morning.

Cable says, in effect, that I must at all costs get into touch with Caroline Concannon's dear friend and cousin Mona, who lives in Pinckney Street, would love to meet me, has been written to, everything all right at flat, love from Caroline.

Am quite prepared to get into touch with dear friend and cousin, but say nothing to Pete about it, for fear of similar disconcerting reaction to that produced by suggestion of visiting Alcott House.

Am conducted to nice little hotel in Charles Street, and told once by Pete, and twice by each of the *Boston Transcript* young ladies, that I am within a stone's throw of the Common. Chief association with the Common is *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, in which heroine goes tobogganing, but do not refer to this, and merely reply that That is very nice. So it may be, but not at the moment when Common, besides being deep in snow, is quite evidently being searched from end to end by ice-laden northeast wind.

Pete, with firmness to which I am by now accustomed, says that he will leave me to unpack but come and fetch me again in an hour's time, to visit customary book-shops.

Telephone bell in sitting room soon afterward rings, and it appears that dear Rose—like Caroline Concannon—has a friend in Boston, and that the friend is downstairs and proposes to come up right away and see me. I say Yes, Yes, and I shall be delighted, and hastily shut suit-cases which I have this moment opened, and look at myself in the glass instead.

Results of this inspection are far from encouraging, but nothing can be done about it now, and can only con-

centrate on trying to remember everything that Rose has ever told me about her Boston friend, called, I believe, Fanny Mason. Sum total of my recollections is that the friend is very literary, and has written a good deal, and traveled all over the world, and is very critical.

Am rather inclined to become agitated by all this, but friend appears, and has the good feeling to keep these disquieting attributes well out of sight, and concentrate on welcoming me very kindly to Boston (exactly like England and all English people always love it on that account) and inquiring affectionately about Rose. (Am disgusted to learn from what she says that dear Rose has written to her far more recently, as well as at much greater length, than to myself. Shall have a good deal to say to Rose, when we meet again.)

Friend then announces that she has A Girl downstairs. The Girl has brought a car, and is going to show me Boston this morning, take me to lunch at a Women's Club, and to a tea later. This more than kind, but also definitely disconcerting in view of arrangements made by Pete, and I say O Miss Mason—and then stop, rather like heroine of a Victorian novel.

Miss M. at once returns that I must not dream of calling her anything but Fanny. She has heard of me for years and years, and we are already old friends. This naturally calls for thanks and acknowledgments on my part, and I then explain that publishers' representative is in Boston, and calling for me in an hour's time, which I'm afraid means that I cannot take advantage of kind offer.

Miss M.—Fanny—undefeated, and says it is Important that I should see Boston, no one who has not done so can be said to know anything whatever about America, and The Girl is waiting for me downstairs. Suggest—

mostly in order to gain time—that The Girl should be invited to come up, and this is done by telephone.

She turns out to be very youthful and good-looking blonde, introduced to me as "Leslie" (first names evidently the fashion in Boston) and evidently prepared to take me anywhere in the world, more or less, at any moment.

Explain all over again about Pete and the booksellers. Fanny remains adamant, but Leslie says reasonably: What about to-morrow instead, and I advance cherished scheme for visiting Alcott House. This, it appears, is fraught with difficulties, as Alcott House is impenetrably shut at this time of year. Feel that if Pete comes to hear of this, my last hope is gone. Leslie looks rather sorry for me, and says perhaps something could be arranged, but anyway I had better come out now and see Boston. Fanny is also urgent on this point and I foresee deadlock, when telephone rings and Pete is announced, and is told to come upstairs.

Brilliant idea then strikes me, I introduce everybody, and tell Pete that there has been rather a clash of arrangements, but that doubtless he and Miss Mason can easily settle it between themselves. Will they, in the meanwhile, excuse me, as I positively must see about my unpacking? Retreat firmly into the bedroom to do so, but spend some of the time with ear glued to the wall, trying to ascertain whether Pete and Miss M.—both evidently very strong personalities—are going to fly at each other's throats or not. Voices are certainly definitely raised, usually both at once, but nothing more formidable happens, and I hope that physical violence may be averted.

Decide that on the whole I am inclined to back Pete, as possessing rock-like quality of immovability once his mind is made up—doubtless very useful

asset in dealing with authors, publishers, and so on.

Subsequent events prove that I am right, and Pete walks me to book-shop, with laconic announcement to Leslie and Miss M.—Fanny—that I shall be at their disposal by 12:30.

November 16th. Most extraordinary revolution in everybody's outlook—excepting my own—by communication from Mr. Alexander Woollcott? He has, it appears, read in a paper (*Boston Transcript*?) that my whole object in coming to America was to visit the Alcott House, and of this he approves to such an extent that he is prepared to Mention It in a Radio Talk, if I will immediately inform him of my reactions to the expedition.

Entire *volte-face* now takes place in attitude of Pete, Fanny, and everybody else. If Alexander Woollcott thinks I ought to visit Alcott House, it apparently becomes essential that I should do so and Heaven and earth must, if necessary, be moved in order to enable me to. Am much impressed by the remarkable difference between enterprise that I merely want to undertake for my own satisfaction, and the same thing when it is advocated by Mr. A.W.

Result of it all is that the members of the Alcott-Pratt family are approached, they respond with the greatest kindness, and offer to open the house especially for my benefit, Fanny says that Leslie will drive me out to Concord on Sunday afternoon, and she will herself accompany us, not in order to view Alcott House—she does not want to see it, which rather shocks me—but to visit a relation of her own living there. Pete does not associate himself personally with the expedition, as he will by that time have gone to New York, Charlestown, Oshkosh, or some other distant spot—but it evidently meets with his warmest approval, and his last word to me is an injunction to take paper and pencil with me and

send account of my impressions red-hot to Mr. Alexander Woollcott.

November 18th. Go to see football game, Harvard v. Army. Am given to understand—and can readily believe—that this is a privilege for which Presidents, Crowned Heads, and Archbishops would one and all give ten years of life at the very least. It has only been obtained for me by the very greatest exertions on the part of everybody.

Fanny says that I shall be frozen (can well believe it) but that it will be worth it, and Leslie thinks I may find it rather difficult to follow—but it will be worth it—and they both agree that there is always a risk of pneumonia in this kind of weather. Wonder if they are going to add that it will still be worth it, because if so, shall disagree with them forcibly—but they heap coals of fire on my head for this unworthy thought by offering to lend me rugs, furs, mufflers, and overshoes. Escort has been provided for me in the person of an admirer of Fanny's—name unknown to me from first to last—and we set out together at one o'clock. Harvard stadium is enormous—no roof, which I think a mistake—and we sit in open air, and might be comfortable if temperature would only rise above zero. Fanny's admirer is extremely kind to me, and can only hope he isn't thinking all the time how much pleasanter it would be if he were only escorting Fanny instead.

Ask questions that I hope sound fairly intelligent, and listen attentively to the answers. Escort in return then paralyzes me by putting to me various technical points in regard to what he calls the English Game. Try frantically to recall everything that I can ever remember having heard from Robin, but am only able to recollect that he once said Soccer was absolutely lousy and that I rebuked him for it. Translate this painful reminiscence into civilized version to the effect that

Rugger is more popular than Soccer with Our Schoolboys.

Presently a mule appears and is ridden round the field by a member of one team or the other—am not sure which—and I observe, idiotically, that It's like a Rodeo—and immediately perceive that it isn't in the least, and wish I hadn't spoken. Fortunately a number of young gentlemen in white suddenly emerge on to the ground, turn beautiful back somersaults in perfect unison, and cheer madly through a megaphone. Am deeply impressed, and assure Fanny's admirer that we have nothing in the least like that at Wembley, Twickenham, nor, so far as I know, anywhere else. He agrees, very solemnly, that the cheers are a Great Feature of the Game.

Soon afterwards we really get started, and I watch my first game of American football. Players all extensively padded and vast numbers of substitute-players wait about in order to rush in and replace them, when necessary. Altogether phenomenal number of these exchanges takes place, but as no stretchers visible, conclude that most of the injuries received fall short of being mortal.

Fanny's admirer gives me explanations about what is taking place from time to time, but is apt to break off in the middle of a phrase when excitement overcomes him. Other interruptions are occasioned by organized yellings and roarings, conducted from the field, in which the spectators join.

At about four o'clock it is said to be obvious that Harvard hasn't got a chance, and soon afterwards the Army is declared to have won.

Escort and I look at each other and say Well, and Wasn't it marvellous, and then stand up and I discover that I am quite unable to feel my feet at all, and that all circulation in the rest of my body has apparently stopped altogether—probably frozen.

We totter as best we can through the crowd—escort evidently just as cold as I am, judging by the color of his face and hands—and over bridge, past buildings that I am told are all part of the College, and to flat with attractive view across the river. As I have not been warned by anybody that this is in store, I remain unaware throughout why I am being entertained there, or by whom. Hot tea, for once, is extraordinarily welcome, and so is superb log-fire; and I talk to unknown, but agreeable, American about President Roosevelt, the state of the dollar—we both take a gloomy view of this—and extreme beauty of American foliage in the woods of Maine—where I have never set foot, but about which I have heard a good deal.

November 19th. Expedition to Concord—now smiled upon by all, owing to intervention of dear Alexander W.—takes place, and definitely ranks in my own estimation higher than anything else I have done in America.

All is snow, silence, and loveliness, with frame-houses standing amongst trees, and no signs of either picture-houses, gasoline-stations, or hot-dog stalls. Can think of nothing but *Little Women*, and visualize scene after scene from well-remembered and beloved book. Fanny, sympathetic, but insensible to appeal of *Little Women*, is taken on to see her relations, and I remain with Mrs. Pratt, surviving relative of Miss Alcott, and another elderly lady, both kind and charming, and prepared to show me everything there is to see.

Could willingly remain there for hours and hours.

Time, however, rushes by with its usual speed when I am absorbed and happy, and I am obliged to make my farewells, collect post cards and pictures with which I have most kindly been presented, and book given me for Vicky which I shall, I know, be

seriously tempted to keep for myself.

Can think of nothing but the March family for the remainder of the day, and am much annoyed at being reminded by Fanny and Leslie that whatever happens, I must send my impressions to Mr. Alexander Woollcott without delay.

November 20th. Just as day of my departure from Boston arrives, weather relents and suddenly becomes quite mild. I go and call on Caroline Concanon's friend, and am much taken with her. She has no party, which is a great relief, and we talk about England and C.C. Very amusing and good company, says the friend, and I agree, and add that Caroline is looking after my flat during my absence. Slight misgiving crosses my mind as to the literal accuracy of this statement, but this perhaps ungenerous, and make amends by saying that she is Very Good with Children—which is perfectly true.

Walk back across Common, and see very pretty brick houses, Queen Anne style. Old mauve glass in many window panes, but notice cynically that these always appear in ground-floor windows, where they can be most easily admired by the passers-by.

Shock awaits me on return to hotel when I discover that Miss Katherine Ellen Blatt has just arrived, and has sent up a note to my room to say so. It will, she writes, be so delightful to meet again, she revelled in our last delightful talk and is longing for another. Entertain myself for some little while in composing imaginary replies to this, but candor, as usual, is obliged to give way to civility, and I write very brief reply suggesting that K.E.B. and I should meet in the hall for a moment before my train leaves, when she, Fanny Mason—whom she doubtless knows already—and Leslie, will all be privileged to see one another.

Customary preoccupation with my appearance follows, and I go in search

of hotel Beauty parlor. Intelligent young operator deals with me, and says that one of her fellow-workers is also British and would be very happy to meet me. My English accent, she adds thoughtfully, is a prettier one than hers. This definitely no over-statement, as fellow-worker turns out to be from Huddersfield and talks with strong North-country accent.

On return to ground-floor—hair at least clean and wavy—Miss Blatt materializes. She greets me as an old and dear friend and tells me that one or two perfectly lovely women of her acquaintance are just crazy to meet me, and are coming to a Tea in the hotel this very afternoon in order that they may have the pleasure of doing so.

I thank her, express gratification and regret, and explain firmly that I am going on to Washington this afternoon. Oh, returns Miss Blatt very blithely indeed, I don't have to give that a thought. She has taken it up with my publishers by telephone, and they quite agree with her that the contacts she has arranged for me are very, very important, and I can easily make the thirty train instead of the six, and reach Washington in plenty of time.

All presence of mind deserts me, and I say Yes, and Very Well, to everything, and soon afterwards find myself suggesting that Miss Blatt should lunch at my table.

(Query: Why? Answer: comes there none.)

Lunch proves definitely informative: Miss Blatt tells me about dear Beverley Nichols, who has just sent her a copy of his new book, and dear Anne Parrish, who hasn't yet sent a copy of hers, but is certainly going to do so. I say Yes, and How Splendid, and wonder what Miss Blatt can be like when she is all by herself, with no celebrities within miles, and no telephone. Strange idea crosses my mind that in such circumstances she would probably hardly exist

as a personality at all, and might actually dissolve into nothingness. Something almost metaphysical in this train of thought, and am rather impressed by it myself, but cannot, naturally, ask Miss Blatt to share in my admiration.

Talk to her instead about murder-stories, which I like, and instance Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes as a favorite of mine. Miss Blatt says No, murder stories make no appeal to her whatever, but Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes—Marie—is one of her very dearest friends. So is another Marie,—Queen of Roumania. So, oddly enough, is Marie Tempest.

On this note we part, before K.E.B. has time to think of anybody else whose name happens to be Marie.

Am obliged to extract red frock from suit-case, in which I have already carefully folded it—but perhaps not as carefully as I hoped, as it comes out distinctly creased—and put it on in honor of Miss Blatt's tea. This duly takes place, and is handsomely attended. Miss B. no doubt as well-known in Boston as in New York, London, Paris, and Hong Kong. Am gratified at seeing Caroline C.'s charming friend, and should like to talk to her, but am given no opportunity.

Very large lady in black pins me into a corner, tells me to sit down, and takes her seat beside me on small sofa. She then tells me all about a local literary society, of which she is herself the foundress and the president, called The Little Thinkers. (Can only hope that in original days when name of club was chosen, this may have been less ironical than it is now.) President—hope with all my heart that she hasn't guessed my thoughts—adds that they chose to call themselves Little Thinkers because it indicated modesty. They are none of them, she explains, really Deep and Profound—not like Darwin or Huxley (I make effort—not good—to look surprised and incredulous at this)—But they all like to *think*, and to

ask themselves questions. They read, if she may say so, very deeply. And they meet and Discuss Things every Tuesday afternoon. Had I been staying here rather longer, says President, the Little Thinkers would have been only too pleased to invite me as Guest of Honor to one of their meetings, and perhaps I would have given them a short talk on the Real Meaning of Life.

Should like to reply flippantly: Perhaps and Perhaps Not—but President of the Little Thinkers evidently no good subject for wit of this description, so express instead respectful regret that time will not allow me to avail myself of the suggested privilege.

Moment, it now seems to me, has definitely arrived for both the President of the L. T.'s and myself to move gracefully away from each other and each talk to somebody else. This turns out to be not easy of accomplishment, as President is between me and the rest of the world, and seems not to know how to get away, though am morally convinced that she would give quite a lot to be able to do so. We continue to look at each other and to say the same things over and over again in slightly different words, and I see Katherine Ellen Blatt eyeing me rather severely from the far end of the room, and evidently feeling—with justice—that I am not doing my fair share towards making a success of the party.

At last become desperate, say Well, in a frantic way, and rise to my feet. President of the L. T.'s immediately leaps to hers—looking unspeakably relieved—and we exchange apologetic smiles and turn our backs on one another.

Catch the eye of Caroline C.'s friend, Mona, and am delighted and prepare to go and talk to her, but the President of the Little Thinkers recrudesces, and

says that She wants to have re-meet one of their very brightest members, Mrs. Emily Dowling Dean. Mrs. Emily Dowling Dean is a Southerner by birth and has a perfectly wonderful Southern accent.

Caroline's friend melts away and Mrs. Emily Dowling Dean and I confront each other, and she tells me that Boston is a very English town, and that she herself comes from the South and that people tell her she has never lost her Southern accent. She is—usual—extremely agreeable to look at, and I reflect dejectedly that all the women in America are either quite young and lovely, or else quite old and picturesque. Ordinary female middle-age, so prevalent in European countries, apparently non-existent over here. (Katherine Ellen Blatt an exception to this rule, but probably much older than she looks. Or perhaps much younger? Impossible to say.)

Party draws to a close—discuss that, as usual, I have a sore throat from trying to scream as loud as everybody else is screaming—and Fanny Mass kindly extracts me from saying good-by and takes me up to my room, which I shall have to leave only too soon for the station.

Take the opportunity of writing letters to Robert and to each of the children. Am obliged to print a large letters for Vicky, and this takes time, as does endeavor to be reasonably legible for Robin's benefit. Robert's letter comes last, and is definitely scrawl.

Am seen off at station by Fanny, Leslie, Katherine Ellen Blatt, and three unidentified men—probably admirers of Fanny and Leslie.

Retire to bed, under the usual difficulties, behind curtain—always so reminiscent of film-stories—though nothing could be less like heroines there depicted than I am myself.



CHALLENGE TO MIDDLE-AGE

ANONYMOUS

WHEN I was a child I feared middle-age. The grown people around me, my father, my mother, aunts, and neighbors, all seemingly of one age, moved slowly, looked out on the world dully. When I talked with them about anything that excited me they pretended to smile in sympathy. They had an indulgent and condescending air. As I stood before them, bored and absurd, a sharp piercing fear shot through my chest. Some day I might be like them. I was only nine years old, but I *willed* that I would never be like that. I felt myself then as proud, able if I wished to reach up to the skies, to cross the world in seven-league boots, to command whole people. I was conscious of myself as unlimited force or energy. But my elders sat there, encased in a heavy shell of flesh. I determined that I would always be young, always be fluid. Youth was movement; age, the cessation of it. I was like a spinning top; they were like a top falling over on its side when all motion stopped.

But as I grew older and saw inevitable changes take place in my own body, without my volition, the fear I had conquered at nine overwhelmed me again. I should have to be like my elders some day. Life was stronger than I and it could make me do things, become what I did not will. At fourteen all I could do was to resolve to be defiant. I grimly set myself against giving in without a struggle. I would

beat back the forces of life with all the strength I could marshal.

But at twenty-five I saw the first fine lines in my face and I knew Life itself had beaten me. All I could do now was to watch apprehensively as it mercilessly robbed me by infinitesimal stages of the cherished glow of youth.

At thirty-five I used to sit on the porch in summer and watch the flowers in the garden. The buds appeared and slowly opened. On one particular day—sometimes one could note the exact hour of the day—the flower raised its face to the sun, perfect, gleaming with a special beauty that was not the beauty of any part but of the whole mature harmony of each at its moment of complete growth, a beauty which, it seemed to me, at that very moment dissociated itself from the flower and, hovering above it like the nimbus of a saint in a renaissance painting, slowly dissolved in the bright air, leaving behind it the flower still perfect but with its glory gone. From that instant the petals slowly shrank, the high intense color gradually faded, and in a few days the flower had gone, devoured by time.

Much as I had thought about it, however, the real experience of middle-age was still ahead of me. The latent egotism which always saves human beings from complete despair told me that it was still far away. Besides, I relied, almost unconsciously, on the many determinations I had formed in my youth. I had a certain degree of

ask themselves questions. They read, if she may say so, very deeply. And they meet and Discuss Things every Tuesday afternoon. Had I been staying here rather longer, says President, the Little Thinkers would have been only too pleased to invite me as Guest of Honor to one of their meetings, and perhaps I would have given them a short talk on the Real Meaning of Life.

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confidence in my ability to stave off middle-age even if no one else in the world had ever done it before. Examples from history heartened me. Ninon de l'Enclos was ninety years old when she died and as much sought after, as brilliant, as witty as she had been in her youth. Perhaps, I reflected, she was an extreme case, but ordinary mortals might hope to approximate her success.

It was in this state of anxiety coupled with hope that I met the fatal fortieth birthday, which to all men and women is a devastating event. I shoved the fact as far back in my mind as I could and went on as before. Nothing much seemed to happen even though the milestone had been passed. I began to think all my fears had been exaggerated and that perhaps there was no such thing as the middle-age I had conjured up. So far as I could see, the friends of my own age looked and behaved much as they had earlier in life.

Then a curious thing happened. I was at a tea, a pleasant, unimportant affair, and I was comfortably talking to the women I had talked to a thousand times before. Suddenly I had a sensation which we have all had at one time or another. I became remote from everything that was happening about me. Mentally I had stepped aside and was watching, purely as an observer, myself and my friends. I was seeing myself and them with a dreadful clarity. And I saw we were no longer young. We *were* middle-aged. I might have been watching my own mother and her friends at a tea-party, have been seeing any group of older people I did not know intimately. These were not my friends. They were cloaked in that frightening anonymity of middle-age, and with horror I realized that in twenty years they would be sitting in the same room, saying the same things. Their emotions had set, their growth had ceased

and, unless I did something about it quickly, I should be one of them.

This sensation lasted only a moment but it etched an indelible impression. I left the party shortly afterward. I must have accomplished the necessary motions to get myself home, but I remember only that I was preoccupied with a problem much more significant. I was evaluating myself and my friends and I was coming to a decision.

II

I considered Lina with whom I had gone to school, whose mental and physical vitality I had always admired. I realized that, while my admiration had continued, the occasion for it had long since disappeared. The appearance of mental and physical vitality was still there in Lina, but behavior had set into a mold. She did not think any longer; she only seemed to think. She read more widely than any one in the group, but suddenly I realized that her criticisms of books had fallen into a pattern. She liked the books which recaptured the tone and character of those she had read ten years before, and she resisted the new ideas which were challenging the world in that extraordinary period after the War. This resistance did not come to the surface, for she wished to think of herself as keeping abreast of contemporary movements, but it betrayed itself in her careful selection of limited facets of new ideas for praise or agreement, and she disposed of the ideas she did not like in a peculiarly mechanical fashion. She saw all the new plays, and I remembered how other friends had spoken of her indefatigable interest in the theater; but now I realized that this regular attendance at the theater had become ritualized. Lina had adopted a pattern for her intellectual efforts. Attendance at the theater provided not stimula-

tion but a comforting reassurance that she was not missing anything people might talk about. Because earlier in life Lina had been really brilliant and her opinions and novel point of view exciting, we had all formed the habit of deferring to her judgment and of listening to her with respect. She had been able to damn a new poet and exalt a new author with a single sharp comment. Suddenly I realized that we were seeing her still with the eyes of youth, that she saw herself only as she had been ten years before, when her curiosity had been insatiable and her confidence in her own judgment still insecure. The period between thirty and forty had brought her adulation and devotion, and during that time her confidence in herself had solidified. Now she would go on in conformity with the picture of herself as a brilliant woman, and as time passed only her old friends or inexperienced new ones would consider her so. And it would be to such a circle that she would limit all her contacts. Any challenge to her picture of herself would be intolerable. She had crystallized mentally.

I considered Jean, who had been divorced fifteen years before. She had never remarried because she did not believe in the remarriage of divorced people. Her husband, however, had married again immediately after the divorce. At that time Jean had adopted the attitude that his second marriage was a temporary excursion at the end of which he would return to her. Although still young and attractive, she had set herself against any further association with men and had resentfully devoted herself to waiting for her husband's return. I realized that for fifteen years her life had been completely static and that she was oblivious to the fact that she was still holding grimly to a pattern of behavior which had become automatic. Her

rigid adherence to an ideal of her youth had shut her out from any new experience and made further development impossible. It was a shock to have to accept the fact that there was no hope of her ever changing. The pattern was too set, and at sixty she would be but a faded reminder of what she was at forty.

I thought of Kitty, who had been the most attractive of us all, the most popular. I saw her engaged in a more bitter struggle than the other two, but her weapons were so feeble! She was determined not to lose any of her charm and magnetism. These she regarded as inextricably associated with youth, and her whole energy had been thrown into a battle to preserve the appearance of youth. She dressed as if she were fifteen years younger, she talked as if she were years younger, and she resented any casual remark which assumed she was over thirty. She was driven to prove to herself that she was still young and she spent her nights dancing with a succession of young men, some of them intolerably dull, offending her husband who had gracefully accepted the coming of middle-age. The picture of Kitty was the most pathetic of all, for she was staging a gallant battle, but a hopeless one. Unless something happened to shock her into a realization of what she was doing, I could see, with the sudden clairvoyance that had seized me, that at fifty she would be doing the same things she was doing at forty and that she would be ridiculous, quite as ridiculous as one of our older friends in whom the same battle had become mechanized.

III

That night at home, and in the ensuing few days, I considered myself, my behavior, and my mental reactions in the light of this new realization that, with my friends, I had actually reached

middle-age. I was forty years old and no amount of thinking would make that fact disappear. Even though I felt with Madame de la Tour du Pin, "My heart is still so young that I have to look in the mirror to assure myself I am not twenty years of age," I realized that it is not with the heart alone that one lives. How about my habits and mental processes? Had I become as set as Lina, Jean, and Kitty without being aware of it?

I was forced to admit that I had, like Lina, lost intellectual elasticity. I was impatient and contemptuous of new ideas unless they related to my prejudiced beliefs or were backed by authority. I remembered a conversation I had had a few days before with a girl a few years my junior, not conspicuous for her intelligence. She had recently passed through a difficult experience and was trying to tell me something about the new perceptions she had gained through suffering. I had had a similar experience and listened without much interest to what she was saying. Suddenly she brought forth an idea which had never occurred to me under like circumstances. My first impulse was to dismiss the idea and I felt vaguely uncomfortable and irritable as I did it.

Now the irritation became suddenly significant. I realized it was due to an unconscious assumption on my part that as this girl was young and not too intelligent she could not possibly make a spiritual discovery which I had not made. Youth had challenged my middle-aged superiority. Instead of listening with interest to the adventures of this girl, as I should have done ten years before, I rejected whatever she had to offer. Before I knew it, my assumption of superiority would close my ears and eyes to all the new and strange things happening around me. Significant as this discovery was, it revealed only a symptom; I had still to

determine the fundamental cause of the symptom.

As the days wore on, I became more and more aware that much of my behavior, like Jean's, ran in set grooves. Her pattern might embrace more of her activity, but I too was living in conformity to a preconceived picture of myself. I looked at my clothes. Trying to see them with a stranger's eyes, I realized that for the past five years I had been buying dresses and hats which duplicated in style and color clothes I had worn with self-satisfaction several years before. I had been shying away from new styles which seemed to me extreme and absurd. I had been afraid to try new colors. Practically every dress that hung on the rack was a variation of navy blue and white. It had become easy to walk into a shop and assert myself against the wiles of the smart-looking salesgirls by insisting on what I regarded as my particular style. I gathered a certain satisfaction from shocking them by pretending that I did not want to be "smart." Perhaps, I reflected, I had been envious of their youth or my clothes were bought not in relation to their becomingness to me but in relation to a conception of myself as superior to the frivolity of clothes.

As I was thinking about this matter of clothes, an odd incident disentangled itself from the stream of memory. A number of years before a cynical old man, who had been fond of me, had remonstrated against my lack of interest in clothes, saying, "We have a tendency to believe that dowdy people are simple and humble. Actually, I am convinced that slovenliness always indicates a contempt for the rest of humanity." At the time I felt his remarks had the falseness associated with sophistication, but now they came back to me with new significance.

Another indication of the process of

settling was that the pattern of my days was becoming fixed. For instance, I telephoned my sister every morning whether we had anything to say to each other or not. If by any chance I neglected my daily call I felt something had been missing from my day.

Of my three friends, Kitty seemed the one who was putting up a lively battle; but her futile and pathetic attempts merely led her from one blind alley into another because she was attacking only symptoms. This was not the way I could follow. I too would have to fight, but before I did so I should have to recognize that my enemy was not age *per se*, which is after all unconquerable, but certain dreary habits and attitudes which seem to be its inevitable concomitants.

IV

All the time I was listing these symptoms of middle-age, I was fumbling for a definition of the state itself which would be illuminating and on which I might found a solution. From the picture I had built up, by considering my friends and myself, I could draw the generalization that our middle-age was not a deterioration toward the decay that was age. It was worse than that. It was a plateau, a point at which all significant spiritual growth ceased, a static state. The generalization I was seeking had to explain this cessation of growth. I came to the conclusion that the determining factor could be described as the *crystallization of insecurity*.

As children we feel terribly insecure. Life is hedged about with many prohibitions which our impulses continually urge us to break. Someone is always at hand to punish us for our mistakes of judgment, and this someone is always a middle-aged person who appears secure and at home in the world. I think the process of becom-

ing middle-aged sets in at that time. We look forward with longing to the time when we too shall be sure of what is wrong and what is right. As children we make the initial mistake of assuming that middle-age is equivalent to security.

This striving for security is not ignoble. It leads to achievement in every field of human endeavor. But like all other human motivations, it has its destructive side as well. It is this side which shows itself in the unattractive aspects of middle-age. What is all this resistance to new ideas, this insistence on final standards in dress and social behavior, but an unconscious assertion that we have at last satisfied the childish wish to be as sure and certain as our parents seemed to be?

At first sight the desire to look young eternally, to behave youthfully, appears to contradict this analysis. When examined more closely, however, it turns out to be a surface variation of the same striving. The women who behave in this way, at least in my experience, early achieved maturity and the admiration of their friends. They reached a sense of security in their early thirties. To change later would be to lose that sense of security. Hence they resist any physical change with all their will. To the eye of the beholder this interior drama appears to be an unimaginative struggle to defeat inevitable physiological changes, and so takes on the pathetic quality attached to any unnatural battle with nature.

What I had to do was to abandon any hope of security. I recognized that the drive for security would continue to manifest itself in me as it does in every human being, but by giving it no intellectual support I could avoid falling a victim to its destructive effects. These follow from a compulsion to maintain a romantic picture of oneself

combined with an illusion that this is the picture which everyone accepts. The consequence is that one's activity is limited to that which is related to the illusion. Thus the personality becomes a closed circle with energy flowing into the service of the illusion and the illusion directing the energy. This automatic pattern of behavior inhibits any recognition of the real limitations of the individual and cuts off the exploration of other potentialities. I had to begin again to grow and develop by exploring these potentialities, but this growth must be undertaken with a realization of my limitations such as comes only with maturity.

V

The metamorphosis by means of which a dying person is changed into a living one can be accomplished only by imposing a discipline upon oneself which has two aspects: one, a cheerful acceptance of one's own unimportance; two, the substitution of deliberate for unconscious activity. Cheerful acceptance of one's own unimportance does not mean service to a false ideal of humility. It derives from a perception embracing the whole of human activity and a just appreciation of the significance of the individual in relation to that activity rather than in relation to what he hopes he appears to be.

Part of the solution, I felt, must be found in work. I thought of the three women my sudden clairvoyant perception of whom had started me on my battle against the blight of middle-age. They were all women of leisure; that is, any tasks which they performed were dictated by convention. They kept excellent cooks and managed them well; for serving good food was incumbent on them. Some of them did volunteer work for charities, sandwiched in between parties and caring

for the children on the nurse's day off. No real sacrifice of personal convenience was involved. The more conscientious tried to avoid too much sluggishness and censored themselves severely for selfishness. But that kind of work was not only trivial, it had no direction.

The woman over forty, I reflected, was in an admirable position to undertake work. She has a maturity of judgment to bring to it which younger women, with all their greater reserves of energy, lack. Their efforts are often neurotic and strained; but the woman of forty who deliberately undertakes a piece of work which requires sustained application can do it with no compulsive drive for external achievement, but simply to satisfy the desire to do something which is vital to her.

It might, as it was in my case, be a desire to paint. This had been an interest of my childhood which I had failed to pursue from fear that I could never be a great painter. Now I could paint for my own pleasure in setting down what I saw. The whole experience was a world in itself requiring no outside appreciation or support. Through it I could explore myself, instead of setting out, as a younger person would do, with the ambition to be recognized as a painter. Thus painting found its place in my life as a means of stretching my powers to the utmost; the joy it gave me is beyond my powers to describe. Others who have had the same experience will know what I mean. It is a kind of creative activity known perhaps only to the purely spontaneous and gifted artist and to the middle-aged. For another person the work might be writing, or it might be so purely intellectual as reading—not reading to keep up with the latest spray of fancy to find topics for teatime conversation, but reading for the purpose of know-

ing something more about one's world and a great deal more about one's self.

Once I had made a readjustment of values by attacking the fundamental causes of the middle-aged attitude, the objectionable symptoms gradually dissolved. A particular advantage was losing the sense of superiority with which I had listened to my friend's account of her new spiritual perceptions. I had learned something that had been learned by many before me. I remembered the advice of Ptah-hotep to his son, given four thousand years ago: "Be not proud of thy learning. Take counsel with the unlearned as with the learned, for the limit of a craft is not fixed and there is no craftsman whose work is perfect. Worthy speech is more hidden than greenstone, being found even among slave women at the millstone." I no longer needed to be so ignoble as to draw from the youth and inexperience of others a sense of my own superiority. Another interesting, if less significant, consequence, was that I no longer found it necessary to rely on the false sense of superiority which a uniform had given me. Clothes might be a source of amusing experimentation. As they were no longer a definition but an addition, they ceased to be stereotyped.

I began to question my habitual modes of action, which had been maintained not because they were pleasant, but because they were habits. I gave up telephoning my sister every morning to indulge in a dreary exchange of amenities. I found that there was an art or skill of efficient management of one's time in middle-life. In youth one has so much energy! One rushes from one thing to another without counting the cost. But as that first

energy diminishes, one drifts into laziness, shirks making an effort. Then if one has acquired too many habits of repetition, all one's energy is drained off by the habits, and the things one really wants to do, those that would mean new stimulation, are consistently postponed.

Chronologically I passed through middle-age, but I believe that I escaped its destructiveness. Now, fifteen years after the beginning of my struggle, I feel that it was worth while, for middle-age has not been to me a plateau. It has been a period in which I have discovered new values and in which I have attempted to discover my own potentialities. With the heightened sensitivity arising from the experience, I have watched other people enter this period and succumb to the patterns which filled me with abhorrence. I have seen their growth stop with tragic results for themselves and for the community. My own struggle against this decay was purely personal, but to-day there are many more important reasons for not permitting middle-age to destroy one. The rapid social and economic reorganization of our time makes severe demands on flexibility. Only those who are alert and vital, those still curious about life, elastic enough to assimilate new ways of thinking, new ways of living, can adjust themselves to altered circumstances and face the future without fear.

We live over again in middle-life the ancestral conquest of death from cold. There were some men who flung back at Time and Nature an irreverent and mocking challenge, full of pride: The slow all-conquering ice-cap would not kill *them*. We must not forget that we are their descendants.



The Lion's Mouth



A CITY OF HABITATION

BY ROBERT HALE

ALL about me I hear speculation as to this and that. Has the Depression really ended? Is this a genuine recovery? Will stocks go up? Shall we agree with other countries about foreign exchange? What is the New Deal going to do to us?

All these things interest me profoundly. I discuss them and discuss them. I conceive that that curious product of human relations which I know as my life depends on the answers to these questions. Thus far it has been kicked and buffeted by the most idiotic irrelevances emanating mostly from obscure corners in the Balkan peninsula. Because of these, I have spent several years under the demoralizing conviction that, regardless of how I conduct my life, I shall probably be put out of business by high explosives. Then because of some poor economic planning with the rediscount rate, or because the Creditanstalt can't stand the Treaty of St. Germain, I spend several more years under the scarcely less demoralizing impression that, quite regardless of any conduct of mine, I may starve to death or become an object of public charity, or that the civilization which I grew up in and took for granted may break down completely,

leaving me a cog in some highly unsympathetic machine. Just now I am preëminently occupied with the task of conducting my own life, meeting responsibilities that, wisely or foolishly, I assumed, and trying to create from crazy fortuities, the gifts of providence, and the coils of ineluctable fate a life which, if it doesn't go echoing down through posterity, will at least not be too distressful for me to have to contemplate as the years advance.

Obviously, the appropriate conduct of our lives involves some knowledge of our milieu—the world. We must look that milieu in the face and confess that for practically every one of us it is getting increasingly difficult and for many of us increasingly distasteful. I am not discussing now the question of whether business is going to be better or whether we are going to get another ten-point move in American Cyanamid B. These things matter, but I am not sure they matter vitally. What matters for me is that I am compelled to observe the collapse of everything that I supposed permanent and everything that I valued and thought worthy of emulation. I believed, for example, in representative democracy. I believed also in what is now commonly referred to as the capitalistic system. I believed in this probably not from any theoretical conviction, but because it appeared, on the whole and with obvious distortions and injustices, to work. Also I believed from conviction and emotionally in freedom.

Freedom meant to me that I could believe what I pleased about God or the social order or the government of

the United States or the particular people who held office in it and could express my belief at all times; that within limits which I did not find irksome, I could engage in any profession or employment which suited my fancy or my talents; that, again within limits which did not disturb me, I could conduct my business or profession as I chose, could make or lose money according to my capacities. I could invest money as I liked—always foolishly as the event has shown, live where I liked and invite people to my house or exclude them as I liked. Like all forward-looking young Americans, I believed that I might get to be rich or I might get to be President, either of which attainments appeared legitimate if not positively laudable. At any rate I felt certain that I could have a voice in human affairs, that the Constitution of the United States safeguarded to me freedom as I conceived it and the right to own property, and that the Constitution was certainly not going to perish.

From my present study of the world landscapes, it appears that I must face the eventuality that none of my assumptions is justified and that I must at least contemplate a program for my own future on this hypothesis.

I have come to this conclusion gradually and reluctantly. Lenin and Trotsky didn't upset me much. I could endure the shock of the Russian aristocracy waiting on table or making dresses. Mussolini I regarded as an interesting but distinctly unpleasant phenomenon. Primo de Ribera didn't get my goat. But as the years went on and Hitler came, I realized that all constitutionalism, and particularly representative democracy, was everywhere on the defensive, that the dikes mightn't hold.

In the light of that background, even though there was no disposition in this country to adopt any particular color of shirt, I wondered about the blue eagles and a President who acquired

large chunks of legislative power so that he could do much as he liked with the currency and economic system generally. I wondered a little about taking the gold out of the Government's gold bonds. Some rumblings from General Johnson and Mr. Richberg about the sin of nonconformity, the boy I know who couldn't get on the C. W. A. payroll because the State Chairman of a political party who was running the C. W. A. had more "deserving" applicants, the gold of the Federal Reserve Banks which was taken by the Treasury on terms fixed by the taker, the intrusion of the federal government into all banks, markets for securities, mail contracts, and even tailor shops engaged in pressing purely intra-state pants—oh, well, I mustn't worry about those things. I mustn't take them too seriously. The depression is bad. I must realize that emergency measures are necessary to get us out of it.

All the same, I am going to do some thinking. If I am to conduct my life with any dignity or efficiency I have got to do it with reference to my knowledge of myself. Back in the days when coats of arms were reputable and even smart—days I do not regret—I remember seeing a coat of arms in our family with the motto—*Cognosce te ipsum et disce pati*. Well, I have been doing overtime on both in the last five years. Specifically I now inquire: If days come much darker, do I conform, do I rebel or do I run away? If I run away where do I run?

I know my spiritual home in the elder tradition of New England. I see the big house with the high gable and the woodshed and the barn and the wharf with piles guiltless of creosote and the dory not painted since the last trip herrin'in' and the little schooner in the cove. I never actually lived in the house or went herrin'in' in the schooner, but they are none the less

most intimately mine. I have been false to the theocratic tradition represented by the white steeple on the hill above them, but the political and social concepts which they embody are alive to me. I believe in individuals and their exertions and their souls. I regard the acceptance of a government job or a government dole as a surrender. The adjusted service compensation act made me angry. I still believe in minimal governments kept simple and comprehensible and inexpensive. Becoming lonely in that faith leaves me with no desire to relinquish it.

I do not argue these points. Other spiritual homes may be as good as mine. But it is my life that concerns me because I have got to live it. Do I reorient myself in the authoritarian state, pretend that I like it, and live happily ever after? The answer is in the negative. Do I smoulder and plot, or do I rebel and lose my neck? Do I seek a more congenial spiritual climate? If so, do I do it now or do I wait? Is there anything ignoble in leaving home to seek such a climate? At first sight, yes. This is my own, my native land, land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrims' pride. There you are—the Pilgrims! They left home to find a more agreeable spiritual climate. If any of my ancestors had come over in the *Mayflower*, I should probably have been brought up to brag of it. Yes, this has been my own, my native land, but how long will it remain so? I am satisfied that for me at least loyalty to faith or an attitude of mind transcends a material allegiance. Until those loyalties are fatally incompatible I shall stay where I am, dissenting and suffering as I must.

Then if the moving day comes, where do I move? That is harder. Not certainly, if I can help it, from the frying pan into the fire. Not into the shadows of the Kremlin or the Eternal City,

not to Berlin, not, alas, to the romantic, stricken city on the Danube, not to the cities of those hapless states of Eastern Europe which sprang from the dragon's teeth, Pilsudski's Warsaw, or the beautiful vindictive city of the Magyars.

No, the choice on the continent of Europe is more limited. There is above all France. In peace and war I have already spent several years within her borders. Spring never comes but that I think of late sunsets up the Champs Elysées and the odors of Coty and Houbigant that assail the boulevards. I go out along the straight avenues lined with poplars that lead to the quiet villages of my delight. I hear the clatter of sabots on Norman cobblestones and see the little square riggers in St. Malo, fitting out for La Terre Neuve. Even the towns where I spent shivering days in the A. E. F. present themselves to an affectionate memory. I recall days less stern in the vineyards of Burgundy, sunny Beaune, the snowy uplands of the Dauphiné Alps, flat valleys in the Pyrenees, the vivid colors of the azure Coast.

Yes, *vive la France!* I can never be totally content without her. I love her wines, her language, her landscapes, and her people. But somehow I am not so confident of her institutions. I detest her foreign policies, and I feel no confidence that her ever shifting cabinet groups may not be succeeded by something from out her Napoleonic past.

Well then, where else? Belgium more industrial than France and less alluring, Holland, which I scarcely know, and the three countries called Scandinavian. Norway I know only from handbills of cruises to the Land of the Midnight Sun. But I can feel a sense of kinship with these countries. Their democratic monarchies, their long tradition of constitutionalism, their history of adventurous seafaring and commerce, the sense of solidity in

their national character attract me strongly. But I am not yet prepared to seek asylum in these unfamiliar lands.

There remains in Europe only the Swiss Republic, whither some American friends of mine contemplating the worst are seeking to entice me. Switzerland has been for centuries a refuge for the exiles of all nations—personalities as diverse as Gibbon and Voltaire and Lenin. Her tradition is the tradition of William Tell. Under her democratic and tolerant government, foreign capital has come for safe-keeping and found it. Surely there is much in Switzerland for the bodies and souls of men, the enticements of an outdoor life in her mountains and valleys, the prospects of a cultured and cosmopolitan society. With work in Switzerland, I might live there happily. The possibility is not lightly to be dismissed. But I am not fixed upon it.

Outside the continent of Europe there is first and most obviously England. I have lived there and have many ties there. Alas, I think that Mr. Stanley Baldwin was fairly accurate in describing her as "the sole guardian of democracy." In England there is still the sense of law and its supremacy. There is the feeling now lacking in America that institutions are of more consequence than politics or political leaders. But the non-filtrable virus of unrest is there. Borne down more grievously than our own country with the impossible burdens of the War, one feels that the England of old with the sense of peace and security that one enjoyed there may pass away. And what will succeed it one does not foresee.

If not to England or the Continent of Europe then where? Canada with her British background, her solvent banks, and her popular government is the readiest and most obvious place of

refuge for weary Americans. If things go bad in this country, millions will cross her borders. She will get the new Tories as she did the old, and it may be that hers will be the position of supremacy on the American continent. But it is more probable, I fear, that the corruptions to the south will engulf her, than that her imperceptible boundary can serve as a *cordon sanitaire*.

There remain the less obvious parts of Earth. Asia offers no enticements for those in my frame of mind. There are of course the islands of the South Seas. I have never been to these magic isles. No doubt I should be lulled by their seductions and beneath their fronded palms, I should not have to spend the \$397.55 that I burned up in a furnace in the calendar year 1933. But to go to these islands would be escape not from oppression only but from the realities and responsibilities of life. I want a life lived in action and integrity, not Nirvana on a Pacific lagoon.

I think without longing of the instabilities of Latin America. I am drawn to South Africa but racial and governmental problems obscure its future as they have vexed its past. In fact the more I think of exile, the more I crave the native air and soil.

Would it not be possible, I wonder, to deal constructively with political dissenters like myself? If we be indeed museum pieces, might we not crave the boon of a museum? Might we not legitimately ask the same protection that has been accorded the American Indian, a reservation on American soil? Might we not merit treatment similar to that bestowed on the Great American Bison? Like the bison, we typify a moment in the history of our continent. We possess a definite historic value. Outmoded and scorned, our intractable mentalities might still be worthy of preserva-

tion as a reminder of what men were like before the advent of totalitarian and authoritarian states. Our very imperfections would afford an impressive background against which to view the achievements of a brighter age.

Specifically I suggest that the three Northern States of New England, which are isolated and in many ways backward, be made a preserve for believers in constitutional democracy and even perhaps in a little *laissez faire*. If it be objected that the area of these States is excessive, I will respectfully urge that much of their territory is wilderness and mountain land virtually uninhabitable, that their soil is for the most part unencouraging and their climate harsh.

An epithet of reproach might attach to the new reservation. It could be called Ye Olde Foolesland or Toriana or something of the sort. Every effort should be made to keep the reservation unattractive to all except constitutionalists and dissenters from the authoritarian order. It should have no false blandishments or spurious charms. It should attract no settlers unjustly. The provisions of the Securities Act might be made applicable to its prospectuses. Life within its territories would be more laborious and more austere. I would not even encourage the summer boarder with his patronizing manners and citified ways. Persons now residing in these territories unwilling to remain under the new olde regime could be repatriated in the Tennessee Valley or in some newly cleared slum. Their lands

and goods could be expropriated on terms satisfactory to the takers. On the other hand, new settlers would be admitted only upon confession of faith. Those who could not stand the gaff would be deported for government positions in the authoritarian nation. The population would doubtless be small but the unity of sentiment and harmony of dispositions would make amends for its sparseness. Its democracy would be representative and not equalitarian or even popular. There would be no direct primaries, no legislative initiatives, and no popular referenda. But some men of eminence might come to us.

We should not be incapable of collective action. We should have free fishing and fowling on the great ponds, bays, coves, and rivers so far as the sea ebbs and flows. We should have some common lands and perhaps grant townships for the support of colleges chartered to teach piety and virtue or even possibly Greek and Latin and History.

An Administration which makes its willingness to experiment a point of pride should not hesitate at the project because of its novelty. It would not involve secession—only autonomy on terms established in the Federal Constitution which scholars and men of learning might examine for the purpose. Thus at least sheweth the prayer of your petitioner and thus shall ever humbly shew. For it was perhaps such as he, who, of old, cried unto the Lord in their trouble and were delivered out of their distresses, and led forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.



Editor's Easy Chair



IN GOD WE TRUST

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN God We Trust used to be on our coins and still is visible through a magnifying glass on most of those which it is lawful for us to possess. It ought to be, for these gentlemen who are running our affairs now are for the most part comparative strangers to us, and one notices that they are subject to the most diverse opinions, and it is not easy to inform oneself about persons sitting in the spotlight. There was lately a good piece in the *Sunday Times* about Secretary Ickes, and his picture and the story about him made him appear a commendable figure. Heaven send that he is all of that, and *Today*, the Astor-Moley weekly, presented Mr. Jesse Jones, of Texas, as a marvelous business genius; and maybe he is. Nothing to the contrary has been set forth, but it is, of course, the business of *Today* to make him seem so. Very few unkind words are said of General Johnson, who is admired as the Casabianca of the Roosevelt administration, a fine figure he is on the burning deck—if it is burning; probably it isn't—but he is a fine figure anyhow, and outdoes the noise of the storms when he speaks.

There could not be so large a group of administrators as now conduct us through the valley of tribulation without including some that are not so good as others. Dr. Wirt, of Gary, considers Dr. Tugwell a Bolshevik

wolf, masquerading in a sheep's skin; somebody in the Department of Labor is sure Miss Perkins has fallen down on her job; dispensers of the benefits of the CWA have been accused in some localities of political discrimination and of feeding their own voters in unjustified preference to others who are hungrier. No doubt they did in many cases. That would naturally happen. Even the pulpit thunders at the veterans, but after all the veterans are useful to the present Administration in demonstrating what would happen if we had no President and were wholly at the mercy of lobbies that could terrorize Congress.

Congressman Wadsworth is afraid we shall lose our liberties, but Walter Lippmann thinks not, because the most serious of the emergency powers, that over business, granted to the President—the licensing power—only runs to the 15th of June, and will then expire unless it is renewed; and should not be renewed.

Does everyone realize what gains there are for our losses? If it had not been for the assault of the Legionnaires on Congress and before that of the Drys on it, and this long, long time of the high tariff grab-it-alls, it would not have been possible for President Roosevelt 2nd, to get the powers to do what has been done; and after all, a good deal of what has been done has

been good, and the loudest critics of it are still supporters of the President.

And really business is better. It looks so as you glance out of the window: more people in the street; shop windows somewhat gayer; testimonies from the steel men, the motor men, various big manufacturers; reports of business that show improvement, marked improvement in some cases; personal reports from people you know that they have begun to make a living again.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's second year started with more fluctuations in the Presidential luck than has happened heretofore. There was the matter of the Air Mail, generally regarded as a misstep in the manner of its doing, though of good purpose and apparently of due warrant. Besides that, Congress passed a Veteran's pay bill law over his veto to the detriment of his economy program. The like was done before by Congress in the reigns of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover; both saw their vetoes overridden when they essayed to check the lobby-loosed flow of funds to veterans. However, what Congress does by a two-thirds vote is by no means all accomplished by the voting goats. There are good names in the list of sixty-seven Senators who voted against it; but whereas the Democrats were split about even on overriding the veto, the Republicans voted solid to do it. There is some significance in that, and who will say that it is altogether bad to have party lines disclose themselves again.

Neither of these matters, the Air Mail and the overridden veto, is in itself bad enough to lose sleep over. The thing that matters is the policy of the Administration about production and trade. Our troubles are laid, justly or not, to overproduction; but the question now is whether to try to cure

them by restricted activity in planting, manufacturing, and everything else, or by extending trade. Of course, in the long run the decision will be to cut the tariff enough to let the flow of trade resume. That has got to be the policy of all the world. Dr. Butler comes home from Europe telling of trade treaties for restricted districts as Italy, Austria, and Hungary; says such agreements must go on till they give place to something bigger and broader. He talked to Mussolini. Increased trade was Mussolini's notion of how to avert war. Increased trade is sane; to put hobbles on agriculture, manufactures, Wall Street, coal, oil, everything else seems crazy. An immense regimentation and control of activity goes on in Russia to increase production. Something like it is proposed to us to restrict production.

Oh, well, that won't happen. Look a couple of years ahead. Franklin Roosevelt will be President for three years more if he lives; things will take shape in that time. Whatever his defects are, he has an immense good will to men. He has helped the spirit of the country. Even his critics credit his administration with some measures of great benefit and importance, like the manipulations of the gold standard. One never hears aspersions on Mr. Roosevelt's character. He is generally credited with being out to do good, but nobody credits him with being infallible. People are not infallible. Perhaps the nearest thing to being so is the possession of the capacity to sit tight and hold on until things come right. Our matters are sure to come right and comparatively soon.

BRITISHERS who have lived long in India in the civil service or the army sometimes bring home interesting conclusions about various things. Judge Troward, who was a Judge in the Punjab, and an observing and

thoughtful person, has said in effect that the knowledge of the East and the knowledge of the West must be blended; that neither can do a first-rate job in human life without the other. Some things that other Indian civil service graduates put out sustain this opinion.

For example, a slim book, published in Calcutta and in London, by E. H. Hankin, chemical adviser to governments in India, is devoted to examination of the Mental Limitations of Ex-perts. Dr. Hankin dwells a good deal on the office of education in furnishing the subconscious mind with materials to work with. He represents the subconscious mind as the place of deposit of all knowledge and information once acquired but forgotten. What we say is forgotten we think of as lost. Not so Dr. Hankin. He thinks it is all there inside of us and, though not readily reached by memory—not reached at all in many cases—it lies within us as the means by which we make quick decisions when we have to. Many things we never think out but know the yes or no of them.

Dr. Hankin really seems to find that the most useful department of the educational process is the forgettery. He is by no means inclined to have too much remembered, especially by persons in active administrative or business life. He thinks to acquire knowledge by effort if done in the right years is very useful training of the mind, but what is acquired does best to pass out of the easy reach of memory. His citation of individuals whom everybody of this generation knows about—Kitchener, Roberts, Lloyd George, the active people in the War, and how they did what they did or why they didn't do better, are interesting and impressive. The ordinary idea of education is to learn as much as possible and remember as much as possible of what you learn.

Not so Dr. Hankin, who would have persons in training for business or administrative jobs learn as much as possible but forget most of it very soon. He likes the classics for their effect on the mind, but finds so much to learn that few people in our generation can spend the time on Latin and Greek as their grandfathers or great grandfathers did.

The burden of Dr. Hankin's remarks is that the cultivation of the reason and of the memory, both of which are aims of contemporary schooling, are fatal to the business instinct unless indeed they come comparatively late in life when the business instinct is well established.

There is a good deal of current rumbling about the Jews as the great authors of calamity in this world. Very curious booklets to that effect are circulated, and periodicals devoted to it seem to thrive. The Nazis have done something for it. Now the main complaint against the Jews is they succeed too well in business. If that is the only trouble and if Dr. Hankin's theory about the business instinct is right, why can't the Jew-scare be quite cured by education? Most of them take all they can get now. So many go to college that they are a problem; but if by developing reason, and studying and becoming experts in various things they are destroying their subconscious business instinct—that is a wonderful example of things working out for good.

WE SEEM to know very little about education. Consider for a moment a gentleman who has had due experience of its processes and indeed passed through them with exceptional distinction.

Senator Bronson Cutting is a product of New York though he comes to the Senate from New Mexico. He needed the climate of that State when

he went there twenty odd years ago. Mr. Cutting in his educational period was a real scholar, and people who know about him think of him as possessed of a high degree of trained intelligence. He said the other day in a discourse in *Liberty* that, though our matters were improving and would improve, there was no prospect ahead that reviving business however far it might go could take care again of all unemployment. Machinery, he thought, would prevent that, and his estimate was that for an indefinite time, perhaps always, we should have as many as four million workers who would be out of a job unless the government provided one. Senator Cutting thought the government should and must do just that—provide for these unemployed by putting them to work on various public projects; but he thought that in itself would not do the whole business.

He said that public credit was mainly in the hands of bankers but that nothing less than government ought to control it, and that unless government did control it we would have more serious troubles. His illustration was: Suppose some business is doing well and borrows four million dollars from a bank to increase its plant. The bank, he said, did not actually lend the money but lent its credit. Then suppose another concern in the same general business had a like experience and borrowed another four million dollars from some other bank for the same purpose of increasing its plant. Then suppose production being increased, the market was flooded with the products of these concerns and their sales fell off, their profits dwindled, and the banks, seeing them much less prosperous, recalled their loans. They had to produce eight million dollars and pay it in and that money was withdrawn from the buying power of the country.

The moral he draws from that picture is that the lending of credit on a large scale must be a government function. He said the purpose of the Reserve Bank System was to make it so, to control credit, but that it had failed. He lamented that the President when he came into office last year and the banks were all flat on their backs did not demand that they should all become national banks. He thought that would have given government this control of credit which he thinks so necessary. He says it has got to come before our matters reach permanently a safe basis.

Now the great mass of people know nothing at all about such money matters as Senator Cutting discusses; they never will know much about them though they may increase knowledge somewhat. They do not even know that big concerns that want money to increase their plants do not usually borrow it from banks but sell bonds to get it. They have got to trust one lot of men or another lot of men, one party or another party, with the administration of public concerns, and it appears that they will have to follow those they confide in through considerable novelties of policy. Some of the conditions which we have to meet are of recent growth, particularly the increased efficiency of machines. That they should have to be dealt with by new understanding and new laws does not seem so outrageous to instructed observers as it may to persons who are used to what has been and very averse to fundamental changes.

Senator Cutting does not compliment the banks on their use of credit and the loans they made in the late '20s. In truth, though he does not say so, if we need drastic changes in the handling of credit and lending of money we owe something to some banks for the penetrating example they gave of how things should not be done.



Harper's *Magazine*

THE UNIVERSITY IN A TIME OF CHANGE

BY JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

President of Yale University

CHANGE is no modern invention. It is as old as time and as unlikely to disappear. It has always to be counted upon as of the essence of human experience. But now and again it varies its tempo as well as the severity of its impact upon existing institutions and, as a consequence, it sets for different generations problems of widely varying difficulty and urgency. We are living in a period unparalleled so far as we know in the rapidity and the shattering effects of the changes which it is undergoing. The character of these changes is doubtless sufficiently appreciated, but I venture to bring some of them briefly to mind that I may establish the context in which I would comment upon the functions and the obligations of the university in such an epoch.

In the range of politics and govern-

ment, the War and its aftermath destroyed three of the great European empires, and with them destroyed the last vestiges of absolute monarchy in the Western world. To a democracy across the seas this fact might be thought to rate as an incident of minor consequence, even perhaps a welcome one. But the repercussions of the debacle tell a different story. For, as a result of the social and economic consequences of the struggle, democracy itself, with its essential organ the deliberative assembly, has come under grave indictment. By its two great opponents, fascism and communism, it is alleged to be sordid, corrupt, and hopelessly ineffective to meet the demands of the modern world. The former alleges it to be crippled by the neurotic delusion of equality among men; the latter denounces it as smitten with the fatal

disease of capitalism, whereby the rich always and inevitably exploit the poor.

All this upheaval among the masses of mankind has been accompanied by a passionate outburst of nationalism, which is reflected in, and nourished by, the creation of tariff walls so high as to be destructive to any free flow of international trade and inevitably provocative of deep-seated hostility on the part of the nations victimized by them. Time was when we had let ourselves hope that international differences might be composed without the arbitrament of arms, but, despite all the agencies we had created to exterminate it, war has again reared its ugly head.

Within our own boundaries the changes have been entirely peaceful, but they have not, for that, been less dramatic or less radical. We have accorded the President powers such as only dictators have exercised in the past; we have regimented industry to a degree which is probably excelled only in Russia; we have taken over the control of agriculture and unloaded on the general taxpayer the burden previously carried by the overproducing farmer; we have set up bureaus without number to deal with various phases of the business situation, and preëminently with unemployment, with transportation, with finance, and banking in their larger aspects. We have suspended the promise to pay gold on the United States gold bond, and the end is not yet.

The full import of many of these changes has by no means been appreciated by our people, much less the political philosophy from which they derive. We are certainly in the early stages of a new conception of American democracy. Hitherto we have thought of it as primarily political. We are now thinking of it as social, economic, and industrial, reaching out vitally to affect the common life of the common man—and especially the forgotten man and the under-dog. Not long ago we spoke

chiefly of the rights of the individual. At present we are more concerned with his obligations to the social order. In the market place the talk was solely of profits; now we hear incessantly of service—a Rotarian target which time out of mind has invited the mordant shafts of the professional satirist. Industry was primarily concerned with dividends. Now it is quite as much occupied with stabilizing output and price levels. At present we are being subjected to a species of compulsory altruism, which is doubtless good for our souls, but hard on our tempers.

It is not merely our domestic policies as such which are at stake. We are being forced by the sheer logic of events to clarify our attitude toward other nations in matters of commerce and finance to a degree which has never before been true. Politically our nationalism, while less strident than much which is rampant in the world to-day, is, nevertheless, vigorous and sensitive. But are we to carry over this nationalism into complete economic isolation and independence? This is a question which we have by no means settled. So far as I am aware, we have not even squarely faced the costs. In our typical American middle-of-the-road manner, we shall probably try to work out some compromise; but the issue cannot be much longer postponed. It is only to be hoped that we shall not in our final course qualify for the definition of the pessimist as a man who, of two undesirable alternatives, chooses both.

What has happened in the world of commerce, industry, and finance has found its echo in the world of spiritual and moral forces. Religion has perhaps suffered the most critical change of any great cultural interest. In our own country, we have had no such aggressive attack upon organized religion as we have seen in Europe, but there is abroad a paralyzing indifference to religious thought and practice in its

traditional forms which is perhaps as sinister in its ultimate implications. Corresponding to the changes in the religious consciousness, and perhaps at bottom a phase of the same trend, has been a relaxation of previously accepted canons of morality which is equally obvious. The general ethics of sex relations, marriage, and divorce have all been fundamentally affected. Lawlessness seems to be more widespread and more generally condoned. There is also some evidence of a decline in the sensitiveness of personal honor in fiduciary relations of various kinds.

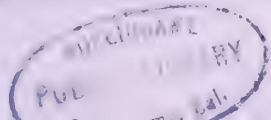
II

Peculiarly pertinent to the university in the exercise of its highest functions as the agent of intellectual discovery and creative thought are the recent epoch-making changes in the world of scientific ideas. With a few exceptions, these ideas have not as yet been translated into the vernacular and they have but just begun to infiltrate into the meshes of common opinion and daily life, but they constitute the most impressive and pregnant body of thought with which the modern world, and the university at its intellectual center, has to deal, and their effect upon the atmosphere of our generation bids fair to be of rapidly increasing importance.

Now at such a time, when every value in our civilization has been undergoing reappraisal, I conceive that the university has certain paramount obligations which transcend in their import the fidelities of her ordinary routine, important as those are. Set at the heart of our cultural life, she must enjoy, undisturbed by the clamor of the market place and the forum, that serene detachment which alone can guarantee clarity of judgment and the exercise of dispassionate intelligence. She has a double duty whose several mandates, directed to somewhat diverse ends,

often occasion perplexity and embarrassment in their execution. She is consecrated to the pursuit of truth, and this is ever her great lodestar. But she has also the duty to train successive generations of youth to live wisely and generously in the world of affairs, to bring to that world disciplined talents and a devoted spirit. And I think we may discern certain essential traits which must characterize her dealing with these great trusts if she is faithfully to serve her day. Be it said that the two commanding groups of obligations are by no means intrinsically at odds with each other, but they occasionally raise questions of priority of urgency which are puzzling.

Destined to live in a world of quick and unpredictable change, it is clear that the university should seek to foster in the youth who pass under her hand plastic minds, equipped to face new facts and new conditions independently and unperturbed, trained to use and trust proven methods of analysis, rather than to accept dogmatic assertions of fact or faith, trained also to understand the basic logic of experiment, that crucial tool of modern science—as well as the limitations of its use. It is rightly urged that the university must generate a more social-minded attitude in its students than has hitherto been prevalent. Heretofore we have generally regarded the encouragement of this attitude as a matter for ethics or religion, a species of purely moral gymnastics. Now we have begun to move into a zone of cultural development where such an attitude, considered quite objectively and devoid of sentiment, is increasingly accepted in the world of affairs as an essential element in furthering its ends—the welfare of mankind and the solidarity of the social order. The older generation will recall in this connection the utilitarian doctrine of enlightened self-interest.



Needless to say, the obligation to furnish men trained for all technical and professional callings remains unimpaired. But in each case there arises the question of the manner of this training and the social preconceptions on which it builds. A training in law conceived exclusively as concerned with precedent and judicial ruling will be something very different from a training in law conceived as one of the vital changing forms of social organization and function. Engineering conceived as sheer technology implies for its mastery training of one kind. Engineering conceived as not less applied economics and practical sociology presupposes preparation of quite another variety. In these and all similar cases in which the university is concerned with education and training, it is unquestionably incumbent upon her to reflect in her procedure the most enlightened and imaginative views. Whatever may be done in the courts, or in the clinics, or in the shops, or in the counting rooms, the university must be always pushing forward toward the intellectual frontiers where new territory is being won. The trade school may properly teach established rules of thumb. The university, while profoundly sensitive to the lessons of experience, must always move on the highest levels of constructive and pioneering intelligence.

III

And this brings me to the great and critical issue in the whole situation. We have before our eyes the pitiful spectacle of the German university, a little while ago the justly venerated home of creative thought, with freedom of teaching, freedom of learning, and freedom of utterance as its inalienable rights. And behold it now, stripped of its glory! Many of its most learned scholars scourged into exile before the fury of the mob, its freedom in

shackles, its teaching prostituted to the ends of political expediency. Nor is Germany the only continental nation in which the university has been dethroned from her high eminence and made a pliant vassal of the state. She is simply the latest and, in some respects, the most tragic; for we had supposed the German university to be too deeply entrenched in the pride and affection of her people to render such a spoliation of her treasure possible. And this pathetic disaster, be it recalled, is ostensibly justified by social and political exigency.

Have we any reason to fear a similar assault upon our own institutions? The first reaction will be one of incredulous scorn that any invasion of the independence of our universities can be even suggested. And let us hope that this attitude is well founded, yet we may expediently scan the horizon a bit before we accept it.

In the first place, our national record in the matter of lay interference with our colleges and universities is not so clear that we can with propriety assume any very supercilious attitude. In our State universities political interference has more than once resulted in the overturn of university administrations with the dismissal of the president, and sometimes also a rebellious board of regents, as part of the picture. It is a fortunate college president who in these tempestuous times has not received abundant letters from his fellow-citizens urging the suppression, or dismissal, of one or another member of his faculty whose public utterances on political issues, especially those of an economic or fiscal character, are unpalatable to his correspondent. The tone of not a few of these documents suggests no indisposition to subject the university to external coercion. The list of heresy victims in denominational colleges is long and, oddly enough, the same influences have more than once

been brought to bear on State institutions supposedly immune to religious tests. The Scopes trial has not been wholly forgotten, and in several of our great sovereign States legislation has ventured to dictate what scientific doctrines should be taught in State institutions—the university among others. As a by-product of grants-in-aid, the Federal Government has in recent years not infrequently exercised a decided control over certain parts of the teaching in land-grant colleges. And this policy is quite in keeping with our accepted doctrine that he who pays the fiddler may call the tune.

With a background of this kind in our recent history, with the public as a rule not seriously shocked by political or religious interference with educational institutions, we come into this era of wide and increasing government intrusion into affairs hitherto reserved for individual supervision. When our rugged individualist, who has always run his own business as it seemed to him good, suddenly finds himself running it as seems good to General Johnson, and especially after this has gone on long enough to have it feel more or less natural, is it likely if occasion arises for the government to put pressure on the university to teach a little more of this and a little less of that, to call off this piece of investigation and to throttle down Professor X, who is making disturbing assaults on some governmental activity—is it likely, I say, that this will seem a very heinous procedure to our friend who has already been relieved of a good deal of his original autonomy? I suspect it will not. To be sure it may not occur that any temptation to such interference will arise, but at least in institutions which receive government subsidies it is far from unthinkable; and in the measure in which the popular mind has come to regard the university as public property, it may well jump to the conclusion

that the university should be obsequiously subservient to political opinion, however transient.

That interference is not wholly impossible may be inferred from the fact that early in the N.R.A. campaign codes were reported to have been prepared for colleges and universities. To be sure these codes were ostensibly directed at employment conditions and not at general educational considerations, but, had they been imposed, they would have fundamentally and inevitably affected the whole educational program, with distortion of its objectives, which would have been lamentable.

And let me not be misunderstood as intending in any way whatever to pose as a wholly unsympathetic critic of the course which the Federal Government has followed. No more than most of my fellow-citizens, do I find myself in complete accord with every item in the policy of the present Administration. But for its imaginative boldness and courage, and for its essentially high-minded purpose, I have only respect and admiration.

Democracy is undoubtedly on trial, and the place of the university in a democracy like ours seems to me of cardinal moment to the maintenance of the highest values in our national life. I am, therefore, profoundly jealous of its integrity and deeply solicitous lest it should be robbed of its high estate, and above all solicitous that it be not plunged, like its German prototype, into an abyss of ignominy.

Let me make it clear that I do not anticipate any immediate and material interference with institutions of higher education on the part of outside agencies, governmental or otherwise. Certainly I am no alarmist. But the university should be in the largest and most generous sense the servant of man's highest interests and this can only occur if its spiritual and intellec-

tual independence be absolutely safeguarded. In a time when every element in our national life is undergoing the most drastic and meticulous scrutiny, when our relations to other nations are delicate and fraught at many points with tension, when the whole fabric of the social order is being woven afresh—to all of which attention has been directed at some length earlier in this article—in such a time it is inevitable that, in the person of members of its staff, the university should be drawn in to the area of critical debate. And no matter how objectively and dispassionately it seeks to render service, if the voice of its scholars be heard upon such subjects as tariffs or money or courts or taxation or agriculture or business control or the family or the church or the nature of the state, or upon any other matter of momentary vital concern, this fact will, on the one hand, invite attack by the hostile, and, on the other, tempt to exploitation by the sympathetic. Should either group enjoy political or social domination, the university may well suffer grave injury. Should the political pendulum swing still farther to the left, and should the tendency consequently grow to turn over to government increasing amounts of social and economic control—and this tendency has been spreading with amazing rapidity both here and abroad—it seems to me all but certain that education, first perhaps on its elementary and secondary levels, but ultimately on its university levels, will be brought into the circle of this expanding influence. I, therefore, think we shall be well advised to discount its possible appearance by making some preparations. Should it not happen, our needless efforts would be a small price to pay for such a precaution.

In the last analysis the university has no right to demand immunity from social judgments. It is the creature of society and it must justify to society its

existence by service so precious and so indispensable that society will not tolerate its destruction, or even its impairment. But in these days of perilous change, and before serious encroachment has begun, I would urge most earnestly that we clearly apprehend the sole conditions on which the university can render our democracy its highest service—and at a time, be it said, when democracy, if it is to survive, requires such service as never before. This service can only be given provided a strongly entrenched public opinion can be enlisted obstinately and fearlessly to withstand every effort to emasculate the university by robbing it of its complete integrity of teaching, study, and research. This public opinion must be developed and developed promptly by education, for I doubt if it now widely prevails, at least outside academic circles. Such a protective attitude toward the university will involve tolerant restraint in large parts of the public served, and especially the less intelligent and more headstrong parts, for their prejudices will often be offended by the verdicts of scholarly analysis. But thoughtful folk will appreciate the ultimate benefit of such wise and unprejudiced counsels, even as civilized society has come to recognize the incalculable value of courts that are above corruption. The university must justify its high privilege by seeing to it that its voice when heard is always the voice of ripe scholarship, temperate judgment, and completely disinterested objectivity, the voice of the devoted seeker after truth, unbiased and unafraid. It must take whatever steps are necessary to protect itself from misrepresentation by ardent, partisan, but intellectually immature and injudicious propagandists. Such precautions are essential to its ultimate preservation from destructive assault. If it claims freedom it must use its freedom with discretion and restraint.

Intrinsically the university is among the most enduring of human institutions. In its greatest exemplars it has seen dynasties rise and fall, kingdoms come and go. And yet it can be destroyed, and to smother the inner spirit of its consecrated allegiance to truth may be as fatal as any extinction of its external corporate existence.

Our forefathers bequeathed us the university as one of the most precious heritages of our culture and it behooves us gratefully to protect it from debasement and destruction. Above all, the university must stand firm in defense of the imperishable things of the spirit. Here at least genius and high talent must find asylum. Here freedom of thought and expression must flourish

undisturbed. The world is vexed with many cares and perplexed to exhaustion with many problems which spring from every phase of life and to all of them the university is sensitive. Yet it is not the business of the university to go down into the market place or into the arena of politics. It gains much of its power to be both wise and fair by remaining somewhat aloof. But it is its business, and especially in a time of human crisis, to bring to bear on the questions which most harass mankind the accumulated experience of the race and that insight which comes from profound learning, cultivated taste and disciplined intelligence. The destruction of its power to do these things would be a tragic human loss.

THE UNICORN IN MEMORY

BY WINIFRED WELLES

IT'S years since I have walked this way—
 I had forgotten how the hill
 Looms somber at the end of day,
 And how one jerky whip-poor-will
 Can jangle all the heart; how gray
 The wood draws in at dusk, how still.

In moonlight on that wildflower bank,
 Now I remember how you came,
 Like flakes of shadow on your flank,
 Your piercing eye as soft as flame.
 The black stream silvered where you drank.
 I stood and called you by your name.

All glimmering then, from tree to tree,
 Lustrous, you stepped, and quieter
 Than leaves your hooves. I stared to see
 My own small marble myth occur . . .
 I touched you and you followed me—
 How sad I am; how fair you were.



A WREATH FOR TONI

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

WE MET first on the stairs, but we became friends because he had the kitchen and I had the bathroom. That was in 1920 when Vienna was very sad, and when domestic life was ruled by the *Wohnungsamt* (the dwellings bureau). Our house was in the Margareten district. A little lower down on the same street there were gray and yellow palaces in weedy gardens, and in some of them lived officers of the military missions, members of foreign embassies, and even Austrian princes; but most of the palaces were appropriated as offices. At our end of the street though the houses were very modest—tiny groceries or sausage shops in their ground floors, or butcher shops advertising horse meat. The stone stairs were worn and uncarpeted; the stencilled walls had not been painted for a long time; the paint was peeling from them and sometimes the plaster. In our house lived cabinet makers and other artisans and the family that kept the sausage shop. There was always a smell of mold and cabbage—the house porter's cabbage probably, because he and his wife lived in an airless niche off the dark stairs and usually cooked with the door open.

We met on the stairs because I had forgotten my key. On our floor there were just the two apartments, and I had often seen him coming out in the morning and going in at night, sometimes with a paper parcel that looked like a coffee cake from the confectioner's. He was not prepossessing, and I

had not been interested in him. He wore neat but cheap-looking clothes, probably bought in the *Mariahilfstrasse*—the *Rue de la Paix* of the poor. Department-store clothes are very bad indeed in a town where all who can afford to do so have their boots made to order and buy even sheets and blankets in tiny shops which for generations have specialized in just those things. He was thin, and shy, with rough tow-colored hair and gray eyes behind very thick glasses. He was probably suspicious of me; for what in the world was an American girl doing, living alone in a proletarian house in Vienna of 1920?

But there I was, stuck without a key, just as he was putting his into the lock of the opposite door. It was a drizzly, typical Vienna autumn day, and I did not know the German word for locksmith nor where I should be likely to find one; my clothes were damp and I very much wanted a cup of tea.

"Do you think your key might fit my lock? I've lost mine," I ventured in what I hoped was correct German. Either the words or my obvious plight communicated the facts to him, and he came across and tried. When the key failed to turn, he invited me into his apartment, and I gladly went in.

It was, so far as space was concerned, an exact duplicate of mine. There was the same tiny hall, with a toilet at one end, and at the other, a small parlor. Off the parlor was a bedroom. Beyond that there was a tiny cubicle

—not more than six by nine, with a window looking upon a dark narrow court, the kind of room called in Vienna a *cabinet*. The hall had a jog in it, and off the jog and, likewise on a court, was a kitchen. "I have a bath-room where you have a kitchen," I exclaimed; for all the doors were open and the whole tiny apartment was visible at a glance. "Yours *was* a kitchen first," my host replied, and explained the history of our floor.

It seemed that a minor ballet dancer from the opera and a minor clerk from a government office had once occupied the two apartments and, falling in love, had had a door cut between them. Eventually the ballet dancer had been promoted and the pair had enjoyed relative prosperity, so they had married and converted the two apartments into one and changed one kitchen into a bathroom. "But after the War, when Vienna was crowded, what with all the missions, and people pouring in from the country, and no repairs having been made on any of the buildings for all the war years, there was a shortage of flats; and the dwelling commission ruled that two people could not have four rooms and two *cabinets*," explained the young man, gravely. "So they had to give up one of them, and I got it, together with my mother and father."

I glanced round the apartment, trying not to seem curious. There was little to see. In the parlor was a large ottoman, which probably turned into a bed at night, covered with a plush rug. There was a center table, with a green-shaded hanging lamp above it, which could be pulled down for reading, and about it stood several not very good Biedermeier chairs. In a corner there was an overstuffed easy chair. The room was used, it seemed, as a general living room, and there were dishes in a deal corner cabinet. The bedroom had two high black walnut

beds covered with red counterpanes, with a night table between, and two large wardrobes, and a dressing bureau. What surprised me was the tiny *cabinet*, for it was lined with books in shabby bindings as though they had been bought from second-hand book stalls.

"You have lots of books," I remarked, wandering over to them, and was surprised to read the titles: Herbert Spencer, and Locke and Hume, the German classics, Engels and Lassalle, and what seemed pedagogical books. I noticed Pestalozzi. There was nothing else in the room except a shabby walnut writing desk strewn with papers, pushed up against the window to catch the murky light.

"I am a school-teacher," he explained, not without a trace of pride. And suddenly he introduced himself stiffly with a little bend from the waist, "Anton Murbacher."

"I am a journalist—at least I *hope* I shall be one. Now I free-lance," I tried to explain, using the English word for my dubious profession.

"Ah, you study Vienna—Austria?" Herr Murbacher tried English, but with rather less success than I with German. I nodded. "I have not been here long. Now I study the German language. I hope later to go to Germany."

"If I could help you—you must get a true picture of our Austria. It is very sad, but not all sad."

This was all very interesting but not getting me into my flat, as he suddenly became aware. "If you will sit down I will get a locksmith, though there is none in our street, I think," he said, and then—"unless, of course, the door between the two apartments might be open or could be forced."

The door was behind the ottoman in the sitting room. A poor Balkan rug hung over it, and Herr Murbacher moved it aside. "It seems to have a

common lock," he remarked, and took a key from the bedroom door. "Perhaps" . . . and sure enough it turned, opening into my apartment, pushing out a portière which on my side concealed the door from view. He gravely gave me the key. "You can lock it again from your side," he said.

So that was the end of our interview, but not the end of our acquaintance. Herr Anton Murbacher was the first authentic Viennese I had met. I had met, to be sure, a few eminent politicians, a few people with grand titles to whom I had letters and who had tentatively invited me to tea, where I had felt very provincial and out of it. Still, they belonged to the cosmopolitan world. Herr Anton Murbacher belonged exclusively, I was sure, to Vienna. I had wanted "to get about among the people," and I had found that for a stranger in any foreign country that is precisely the hardest thing to do.

After that when we passed each other on the stairs we bowed and exchanged remarks about the weather. Sometimes a little round woman emerged from the neighboring apartment, wearing a shawl thrown over her head and carrying a shopping bag, and sometimes a spare man, well past middle age, with a wise kind face and a workman's hands, and they nodded to me too. I took it that they were the parents of the school-teacher.

"Don't you know someone who would give me German lessons—cheap? I have very little money," I said one day to the young man, meeting him again on the stairs. His face beamed. "But, yes, indeed . . . I have a friend. She speaks English very well. Her father is a professor!"

That was splendid! Hugo's grammar and the daily newspapers with a dictionary were all very well in their way, but at this rate it would be years before I could conduct an interview in

German. "I will ask her to come to you . . . or perhaps you will come to us one evening for supper?"

The question was put so shyly and tentatively that I replied robustly, "I should love to."

The friend was there a few days later, and Herr Anton knocked on the door. And across the narrow hall I went. The lamp was pulled down over the round table, which had a checked cloth on it and a platter of salami and cold veal. There was a potato salad and a big sugary *Gugelhupf*—I have never been sure how to spell that exclusively Viennese word for the most superior of all coffee cakes—and a large pitcher of milk. Father Murbacher was there, looking very scrubbed and clean, as workmen do who clean themselves up with brushes and coarse soap. Mother Murbacher hovered over us all, beaming upon us with her brown eyes, waiting on us with roughened hands protruding from a much washed flannelette shirtwaist. She had taken off her apron because there was company, but absent-mindedly she would wipe her hands on her serge skirt. "The Friend" was a girl about my own age—twenty-one or two—dressed in a plaid skirt and a cheap woolen jumper, but obviously cultivated, with a pleasant voice and fluent English, which she explained she had learned in England, where she had gone to live for several winters with a colleague of her father's. Her name was Maria, but everyone called her "Maridl." She had short smooth hair, good straight features, and a body that looked as though she exercised it. She would give me three German lessons a week, for which I agreed to pay a dollar. She was pleased and I was delighted, I was sure I should learn German quickly with her and I hoped that she would be my friend.

Anton poured me out milk and then, suddenly abashed, "Perhaps you would

like beer," he asked, "or a carafe of wine?"

"Toni!" exclaimed his mother, much perturbed, "we should have thought of it!"

"I would much rather have milk," I said. "Only I thought all Viennese drank beer or wine—what do you call it—*Heurige*?"

"Herr Murbacher is a socialist," explained Maridl. "He believes that drink is the curse of working people. All his family are teetotalers. More and more Viennese people, especially the workers, drink only milk. The Party encourages it."

Father Murbacher seemed to understand the tenor of the conversation. "Alcohol—it is all right for the rich, who have plenty of good food," he explained gently. "For us it is a great waste. Our children grow up pale and have rickets. It is better that we should spend our money for true food."

This was indeed a Vienna about which I knew nothing. I was curious about what bound these four people together. The father was a workman. The mother, unquestionably a peasant. The son had gone up a step. He was a school-teacher, and belonged to the "intellectuals"; but it was clear that his rise into another social class had in no respect weakened the tie with his family. As for the girl, she was obviously different. In her looks, her bearing, her greater poise, and simple self-assurance there was no trace of a proletarian past. Yet all of them seemed to be on the same economic level. I guessed that the son earned no more, and possibly less than the father, and the girl's clothes gave no indication that she was better off than the others. Later I was to see that two things bound them together—love and The Party. Not only filial love, but love between these two young people; the professor's daughter, and the workman's son.

Anton had spoken of Maria as his "*Freundin*" (his friend), and before the first evening was over, I believed that he had employed the word in the tenderer and more specifically German sense.

What with Maridl coming thrice a week for the German lessons and my proximity to the Murbacher family, we came eventually to have a sort of communal life. Frau Murbacher would often knock at my door at supper-time, carrying a plate under a clean checked napkin, which would reveal a cake or a little pudding. "Because you have no kitchen," she would explain. She knew how I struggled with two rings of gas upon which I made breakfast and sometimes supper in my bathroom. And if I was going out in the evening, I would stop at my neighbor's and leave the key. "In case anyone of the family would like a hot bath," I'd explain. This intimacy was never imposed on. They assured me with a smile that the bath was very often used, and I would sometimes suspect it from the exceptional whiteness of the tub and neatness of the bathroom.

Most of all, I liked to talk with the old man. He did not drink and was no frequenter of cafés, as most Viennese are, but he enjoyed a game of euchre; and sometimes of an evening I would stop across to play with him on the round table, under the green-shaded lamp. There was a fine self-reliance and pride about him. I learned that he was a valve maker very skilled, and thus relatively well paid and fairly sure of work as long as the factories did not shut down altogether.

"You should be a socialist, young woman," he would say, mildly distressed at my insouciance about political affiliations. For him The Party was the center of life. Once a week he went to the party *Versammlung*, or

meeting of the trade union, of which he was treasurer, and once a week he attended the committee meeting of the People's University. I learned that it was arranged and financed by the workers themselves, through their trade unions, and that it dated from long before the War. This organization gave lectures, and he would drive the whole family, even "Mutti," to them. "Education," he would say, "that is the hope of the working class, that is the hope of all the people. When a man can't learn any more then he may as well be dead."

Herr Murbacher was a freethinker, although he had been brought up a Catholic. His wife, who came from the Wachau, from a poor peasant family, remained faithful to the church, and was out for early mass every Sunday morning. Her husband had tried to read Renan to her, but she had only smiled. He was tolerant of her religious leanings. "Women are sometimes foolish that way," he would say, "and you can't change things all at once."

He worked in an engine works in the Favoriten district, which was not very far, and he walked there every day, carrying his lunch, of coffee, black bread, and a few pennies' worth of fat bacon, thickly encrusted with paprika. At night when he returned there would be a hot supper of thick soup and bread, and on Sundays, boiled brisket of beef or roast pork with potatoes or rice or dumplings. When they had *Marillenknödel*, in summer—light dumplings wrapped round apricots and steamed and sprinkled with ground nuts and sugar—that was a very great treat and I would be invited over. He went to work at seven-thirty in the morning and came home at five-thirty.

That he had been able to send Toni to the *Gymnasium* (the classical high school) and afterward to the university

was his great pride. It was a tremendous sacrifice, for it meant feeding Toni until he was twenty-two. Toni told me that during all those years his father had had a single suppressed desire—for a cheap but complete edition of Darwin. But he could not afford it. Toni had bought it for him with the first money he had earned after graduation.

"Mutti" accepted her husband's socialism as he accepted her piety. After all, she had grown up under the shadows of the Melk monastery, where her father had worked in the vineyards belonging to the monks. What could you expect?

The coming of the Republic, after the War was over, Herr Murbacher had accepted as an inevitable step in human progress. Curiously, he cherished not the slightest animosity toward the monarchy and, indeed, spoke with tenderness and respect of the old Emperor, Franz Josef. "The Kaiser never wanted the War," he would say with conviction. "The military party forced it on him. 'God is my witness, I have not willed this,' he said when he signed the Declaration." He told me many stories of the old days. He had often seen the Emperor buttoned tight in his uniform, with his pink face and white whiskers, passing down the *Mariahilfstrasse* from Schoenbrunn, in an open landau with gilded spokes drawn by two white Lipiziner horses with a flunky sitting beside the driver. Once Herr Murbacher had gone as a delegate to a Party congress, and had met Victor Adler, the great leader of The Party, and Dr. Adler had borrowed a pencil from him and had never returned it. He spoke of this several times with amusement and pride. He told me that Adler had worn eyeglasses and a mustache and had had kind eyes. "He looked like a college professor," Herr Murbacher would say, which was

praise from him. The old Kaiser and Victor Adler were both wreathed with laurel and bay in his remembrance, and he seemed to find no paradox in the association.

For Herr Murbacher was a constitutionalist. He had never opposed the monarchy; in those days he had looked upon universal franchise as the liberator of the working class. He believed profoundly and without question in human progress, and he thought he saw evidence of it in his own times. After all, there was his son, Toni. Toni had moved upward; the state had given him a scholarship; Toni was educated and was still loyal to his own people. The working people needed more men like Toni. Herr Murbacher smoked his pipe, ruminated, and on the whole was satisfied with the world.

That his own life had been sadly limited—all day in the factory, the meager meals at night, the close quarters in a shabby house, and no amusements whatever except the Party meetings, the free lectures, the game of euchre, and the Sunday excursions—seemed of no consequence to him. There were the long, free Sundays, when he sat in his shirtsleeves after a breakfast with fresh rolls, and read the Sunday *Arbeiterzeitung*, the Social Democrat newspaper. He would spend hours over the cultural edition. After the midday meal he and the old woman would go by tram to the Wienerwald and lie under the trees, or walk in the Prater—right down the main thoroughfare to the Danube, and back again. Then they would sit on benches and watch the carriages pass. And finally they would have afternoon coffee with whipped cream on top and a roll with it. This was the treat of the week. Younger men, he confessed, sometimes went to cafés where green wine was served and where there were zither players from the Tyrol; but

in the stern puritanism of his socialism Herr Murbacher scorned such amusements. What impressed me was that his standards were all for himself and fellow-party members. He had no intolerance and no envy.

For Toni, to be sure, he had higher cultural ambitions. Once a week, even as a young boy, Toni was sent to the opera or the state theater, there to stand in the queue for two or three hours for a balcony seat to see "Wilhelm Tell," or "Don Carlos," "Lohengrin," or "Hamlet."

Of course there had been the War. Toni was too young for that, but his father was not too old. He was in the *Landsturm*, second reserve, and called to the colors only when Italy entered the War. He fought up in the Alps for the rest of the War and was returned home without wounds but with a bad cough which lasted always afterward. He hadn't minded that so much, but he had minded what the War had done to Toni. Toni was in school and throughout the four years he had been fed on corn mash, with pieces of straw in it, and turnips. On the wall of the Murbacher apartment there was a class picture in which Toni appeared, taken in 1915, showing him in shorts and very large hobnailed boots—bought so that he could grow into them—pale and thin, with the gray look of proletarian children, slightly overgrown, in a jacket of poor thin cloth and a cotton singlet, because it was cheaper than a shirt. Already he was wearing glasses.

"We never had any sports," Toni once confessed wistfully. "Two hours in the gymnasium doing exercises, that was all." Whenever they had it to give him he took a slice of bread to school to eat at ten o'clock, and at night he did his homework in the kitchen. Afterward he went to the library of the People's University, because the public library did not have the books

he wanted and he felt out of place there. Of course he thought it his duty to study the socialist writers, and at eighteen knew all the differences between Marx and Lassalle and Engels and Sorel, between the British Guild socialists and the French syndicalists.

Oh, well, Toni had come through all right—"with honors." His father, to be sure, had wanted him to be a lawyer, perhaps a judge. But Toni shared his father's passion for education. He intended all along to be a school-teacher.

Toni was twenty-one when the Republic was proclaimed. To Herr Murbacher the Republic was an inevitable development. All the socialist writers had predicted it. Everything was coming out as promised. Things did come out all right if you only had patience—and kept on educating. There were hard times right after the War, of course. Lots of days lost at the shop, and not much food, and Toni still a year to go at the university. But the Republic was generous to the workers. There were manifold signs of progress.

Frau Murbacher was also aware of progress. The death of the old Emperor had upset her much more than that of Victor Adler, though she shook her head from side to side in commiseration, out of respect for her husband. She was rather worried about Toni, who was a freethinker like his father, and, like his father, careful not to hurt his mother's feelings.

"I do not believe in the church," he said to me precisely. "It is a substitute for thinking. Still, it is not necessary yet to have a fight with God." His mother, I was sure, prayed for him. And once she confessed that she had saved a little money for her funeral. The socialists favored cremation, but she had a horror of it. To be buried in the good earth was right. Never-

theless, she was aware of changes under the Republic, and they were all to the good for Frau Murbacher.

First of all, the rents. It was very fine to live in two rooms, a *cabinet*, and a kitchen, and the rooms looking upon the street, instead of the two narrow cubicles upon a courtyard which they had had before, with Toni sleeping in the same room as his parents. The Republic could be thanked for that, for it controlled the rents. And Toni? Toni had a library—seventy-five books perhaps—and taught in the secondary schools. Frau Murbacher shared his enthusiasm without quite understanding what it was all about. Vaguely perhaps she understood that class distinctions had been abolished in the schools. How very different they were than they had been under the monarchy she could not possibly understand, for she had never been to school at all after she was ten years old—and that had been in the country. Still Toni was happy, and when they could get an apartment Toni was going to marry Maria, who was a professor's daughter, and she was a fine girl too. Frau Murbacher, alone, felt strongly that Maria was above them.

Sometimes when I went into the city Toni would walk along at my side, full of enthusiasm for his work, his near-sighted eyes beaming behind his spectacles, his bony hands gesturing. "Your country is so poor," I would say. "The state is so poor. All the other people whom I know complain so bitterly."

"Patience," he would reply. "We must have patience." (The words might have been his father's.) "In many, many ways things are better than they ever were. We are bringing up a better generation. The children of the workers are better fed than I was, even under the rich monarchy.

Sports! Don't you see the children going off with rucksacks or skis every Sunday? All we could do was to sit in the park and watch the carriages pass! There's medical inspection in the schools. This generation won't have bad teeth and poor eyesight—like mine." He smiled modestly, as pleased as though the teeth and sight of his students were complete compensation for his own weakness. "After all, no country is better or stronger than its people," he would say.

"Your opponents say the taxes are too high. They say the peasants are resentful. They say all these reforms cost too much, at the expense of the business men and the landowners, Toni," I would warn.

"There's no other way," Toni would say. "You come and see our schools."

I did go to see them, and admired and wondered.

Then for some years I was not in Vienna. But I had letters. Toni was going to marry Maria "just as soon as we can get a flat to ourselves. We have been promised one in the new apartments which the municipality is building."

As a matter of fact they were married earlier, but they lived apart. There was not space enough in the two rooms and *cabinet* for four people. Toni went to his schoolroom each day, and Maria to the biological laboratory where she was a technician. Once when I was in Vienna for a few days she confided to me, "Soon we shall get the apartment. When we get the apartment we can have a baby."

II

I saw them last only a year ago. Again I climbed the stone stairs. There was the same smell of mold and cabbage and the same house porter, though he did not recognize me, but

nodded affirmatively when I asked whether the Murbachers still lived on the third floor. But Frau Murbacher recognized me. She drew me into the living room, where the class picture, the green-shaded lamp, and the Biedermeier chairs still stood. She was not so round as she had been and her laugh of pleasure broke her face into many wrinkles as we embraced. "Toni? Maridl? They live now in their new apartment. They have a son. He is a fine boy. Only five years, and he comes up to here." She measured his height proudly against her chest. "My husband?" Her mouth grew a little smaller. "Ach, Johann. He is not so well. He still goes to the works though, but he is failing. The cough is worse too."

Then I went to see Toni and Maridl, on a Sunday, when there was no school and no laboratory, and I was sure they would be at home. Why, it was a palace where they lived! One went through a great archway into a wide, grassy court, where there was an open splash pool, and children in sun-suits bathing and squealing. Up a clean, wide staircase, lighted by large windows. Maridl came to the apartment door, all excitement, all happiness.

So this was their new home, for which the baby had waited so long. It was hardly larger than the Murbacher apartment, but everywhere there was sunshine, and from every window one saw green trees. The kitchen was white and gleaming, and modern, and in an alcove stood a white table and chairs. There was a sunny bedroom with light walls and painted furniture, and a sitting room with a little day-bed in it, hidden by a screen. "For Victor, our son," said Maridl.

"Do you still go to work?" I asked. "But of course," she replied, "and I'm very lucky still to have a job. Now I

only work half-time because of Victor. But I can leave him in the kindergarten. You must see the whole house! Think of it! We have our own public baths—they couldn't afford to give us each a bathroom, but we have our own lavatory, and there's a branch of the public kindergartens here, and of the public library, and lots of co-operative shops, and the most wonderful laundry. You must see what our Party has done!"

And down the stairs we went again, to look at the library where some children were reading, and the sunny kindergarten with its lovely murals, done by some children from one of the art schools, and the modern, well-lighted and ventilated laundry. "I can do two weeks' washing and most of the ironing in half a day here," said Maridl, pointing out the electric washers and the gas "dryers," the large and small mangling machines, and the tall windows. And then we were out again in the courtyard, with its chestnut trees and loggias, and flowers and splash pool. And there was Toni, playing with his son. Same old Toni, with the beaming eyes and thick glasses and bony hands and cheap clothes. And playing with him, half naked, a tall, brown little boy, with hair as tow-colored and as stiff as Toni's, but with his mother's straight features and a proud, direct look. "Bow to your Auntie," said Toni. "She comes all the way from America." The boy stuck out his small hand and made a *diener*. "From America?" he asked, wondering, and went back to his sand-pile.

We had a long talk, Toni, Maridl, and I, mostly about politics, when congratulations about the flat and the child were over with. Hitler was in power in Germany, and the German republic was gone. "And your German Party colleagues?" I asked. "Where are they now?"

Worry creased a line in Toni's forehead. "It is a dreadful time," he said. "They say everywhere that democracy is finished in the world. They say no one believes in it any more. But our people all still believe. It is bad here, too. But the Austrians are not like the Germans. The people are different. They are more civilized. We have an old culture. It will never be here as it was in Germany!"

I wondered. In the town, among people not like Toni, I had heard other things. "They have taken away a lot of power from the municipal government where our Party has control," said Toni. (He referred to the Federal government as "they.") "We won't be building more houses like this one. But think of it! Tens of thousands of people now live the way we do! And look at the children! If only this generation gets a chance to grow up! It's the healthiest generation that Austria has ever had, and the freest. And the best educated."

I had just come from Germany. "Don't be too optimistic, Toni," I said. "The middle classes are tired of all this and the peasants too. And the people who ruled before the War. You've never won them over. And you've been too tolerant to eliminate them. They believe the whole country is ruled in the interest of your class, and they are likely to turn against you as they did in Germany."

"I know how they talk," said Maria bitterly. "As though we were parasites! Don't we work? Whenever we can, and for very little. Toni and I together don't earn more than three hundred schillings a month. Not fifty dollars! Without all this"—her arm gestured to the balconied house, its courtyards and gardens—"for which we pay only the upkeep cost, which is almost nothing, we could barely survive. Just the same, we couldn't afford tomato juice for Victor or fresh vege-

tables even in summer if we didn't grow them."

"Grow them! Where?" I asked.

"Out in the suburbs, near the Danube, where we got a free allotment from the city. We have a fine garden there. Toni works there after school hours, and we all do on Sundays. Sometimes, in school vacation, we even live there in our 'country house.' We built it—out of tar paper mostly, and some old boards.

"Oh, we are in luck!" she added. "We have work. Lots of the people in this house haven't more than the roof over their heads and the merest pittance of an unemployment dole. And the peasants are poor too. It is marvelous how good-natured people are. When there is so little to go round, people usually get ugly. They begin to kill one another for what little there is. And our situation is so desperate—the situation of the country itself, I mean. All around us are bigger or richer countries who want to absorb us or to keep control here for strategic reasons—France with money, keeping us just on a subsistence level. Why wouldn't she let us join Germany years ago, when the Republic was new, and when we might have helped to keep it? And Germany now, with the Nazis, no longer wanting union with us, wanting to gobble us up. And Italy too. Only here in Vienna, where our Party is in power, we have lived out of our own pockets, paid as we went; and now our opponents in the other parties say it is costing too much. I am afraid. I am afraid."

"If we can only get through these bad times," said Toni, "it must get better after a while!"

"I am afraid," Maridl repeated. "Sooner or later we shall have to fight for all this." Again her gaze swept the green court and the pleasant building.

"Not in Austria!" Toni averred

stoutly. "Austrians aren't violent. We know how to get on with one another. Why, we've never even had any communist movement. The Party wouldn't allow it."

Maria veered to another angle of the subject.

"Toni doesn't know the old-fashioned people as well as I do," she said. "I was brought up among them. They don't see—the people who are fixed in their ways, who can't grasp how our circumstances have changed, our circumstances as a nation, I mean—they don't see that our only hope is to work out a new way of life. It isn't just what we believe or what party we say we belong to or what we call ourselves that really divides us from the old ones. It's a different form of life. My aunts still live in stuffy over-furnished flats and let out rooms to lodgers rather than lose a single room or a single silver teaspoon. They think it is dreadful that I do my own washing, even though I do it in a marvelous modern laundry. They wouldn't live in this house at any price, because working people live here, and yet they say that the city only lets the working people live here and is too favorable to our Party members! They tell me I have married into the proletariat, and are still shocked. But what's the use of calling yourself middle class or proletarian when you belong to a proletarianized nation! Toni is like his father. He always says to have patience. But already they have dissolved parliament, and there are three private armies in Austria now. . . ."

"The Heimwehr," I said, "and the Storm Troops of the Nazis."

"And our own Defense Corps," said Maria gloomily.

"It's never been used for violence," said Toni. "It was started at the beginning, to defend the Republic and the Constitution. We all belong to it—to show how we stand."

"And all of them supported from the outside," said Maria. "Italy behind the Heimwehr, and Germany behind the Storm Troops."

"And the Little Entente behind you?" I asked.

"Half-heartedly," said Maria. "They would never help us in a showdown."

"One must have faith," said Toni.

"Some day we shall have to fight," said Maria. "You will see. I used to think, like Toni, that you can change the whole world by reason and good will. Now I wonder . . ."

Even when she went away and brought coffee, and we drank it on the benches in the sunshine, and talked of other things, with the handsome child playing about our feet, her words lingered like a chill.

III

When the government tried to oust the Mayor from the City Hall with the aid of the Heimwehr, the workers went on a general strike, and when their leaders were arrested the workers resisted with arms. Then the cannon came out and the Party Headquarters were bombarded and the municipal houses too. I read about it on the front pages of the New York papers: Civil War in Vienna! they screamed. It was the unanimous opinion of the correspondents that the workers did not have a chance. Many of the reporters referred to them as the "rebels."

I saw a small item in a long account of the fighting:

A leader of the resistance in one of the municipal apartment houses, Anton Murbacher, was sentenced to death for High Treason and hanged this afternoon. He walked coolly to the gallows, saying that he had always been willing to give his life for the Austrian Republic and the Social Democratic Party.

Yesterday I had a letter from Toni's

mother. It was written in an uneducated hand, in the difficult German script, and it took me several hours to decipher it.

"Dear Gracious Lady:

We want to thank our dear friend very much for the letter she wrote. We have had a real bad time. But it was a very nice letter. Our poor Toni would have been happy if he could have read the letter. It is now almost a month since then. He was in the apartment house where they lived the whole time. Maridl was there and Victor too, and for three days they didn't have any milk for him. Toni was commander of the defense department. On the day before they were at our house for supper and Toni ate a whole half of a *Gugelhupf*. When the troops marched in he had got the order to defend the house. Maridl says he was on the roof the whole time, but nothing happened to him, but many others were hit, also Franz, the Schroeders' boy that you know, but they think he will get well. Then when they began to shoot with cannon Toni wanted that Maridl and Frau Norbaschek should go in the cellar, but they did not go because they were helping with the guns. Frau Norbaschek got hit when she went to get water for one of the men. She is real bad. She was a good dressmaker and her boy goes to the *Gymnasium*. A shell hit Toni's flat and smashed all the things in it and his books too. Then they did not have any more cartridges and then Herr Stiegler put up a towel for a white flag. The police took them all away. They took him to a court, only it was a war court really. The Holy Father said Toni did not defend himself at all. He said the others weren't to blame, only he, because he ordered them. He said he wasn't sorry because he had only defended his home and his rights.

"Maridl took Victor to Toni so he could still see him. The officer allowed that and the good God will count it to his credit. Maridl said that Toni had broken his glasses so he did not know them when they first came in the waiting room. We couldn't go though because it was too late.

"They did it right away like in war. Frau Ribanek, she who lives where you used to live, she was with me when they did it. I went to the Holy Father and paid for five masses for Toni. I had my funeral money, so Toni will have his masses. He did not go to church but he was a good boy. The Holy Father says God will remember that. Maridl sends love. She is living with us now because she had to go away

from the new apartment. Other people are going to be put in when the building is fixed. We will be all right because we still have the two rooms and *cabinet*. Maridl says she will write you too, later. My husband would like to write but since it happened he does not go out any more. He doesn't talk any more nor read his books either. May the dear God protect the gracious lady.

Respectfully,
JOSEPHINE MURBACHER."

The stairs are dark, and smell of mold and cabbage, and the sun hardly ever comes in that street. They will make a bed for Victor, I suppose, in the *cabinet* where Toni's books used to be.

SONG

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

SORROW conceived of yew and willow
Falls like rain on the weary heart,
For the trampled field shall at last lie fallow,
The wound be healed where no poisons smart.

But grief that is born of rue and tansy
Knows no balm for its ceaseless ache,
And no rosemary, no small dark pansy
May solace the hearts that in silence break.

The cypress shadow is deep and lonely,
Yet tranquil the slumber beneath its shade—
But what shall bring rest to one whose only
Couch of the nettle and thorn is made!



THE MARINES LAND IN WALL STREET

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

BEFORE this makes its way into print the heavens will have fallen. The last and most direful of the catastrophes wrought by irresponsible meddlers will have overtaken the land. In short, the national act to regulate stock exchanges will have become a law. The marines will have landed in Wall Street. The place will be annexed to the United States. The government will have begun another experiment in the benevolent assimilation of a semi-civilized people. Can the federal government civilize Wall Street?

This is just a battle in a fifty-years war. But not the final one. The enemy is powerful, rich, vigilant, unscrupulous, and plays for vast stakes. Here, then, is a good moment to pause and survey the battlefield and estimate how much ground has been won in this long offensive.

The investigation from which this law was hatched was not a Roosevelt or New Deal design. It was the last gift of the New Era to the New Deal. When Mr. Roosevelt came to power he found the investigation in full swing with Mr. Charlie Mitchell's head already in Mr. Pecora's basket. The sensations uncovered by Mr. Pecora were too lurid to permit anyone to stop his march. Of course Mr. Roosevelt never tried to stop it. But he did not do anything to press it forward. He did not put his position and influence behind it, as he did behind the NRA and the money farce and other acts in

his shifting drama. He let it jog along. It certainly cannot be said to have constituted a dynamic part of *his* New Deal. Yet out of it have grown the only three measures which can be said to have any fundamental bearing on the great problem which he faced—the Securities Act, the Glass-Steagall Banking Act, and the National Securities Exchange Act of 1934. What is more, whatever teeth were drawn from the effective bill first introduced yielded to the forceps of Mr. Roosevelt's Treasury Department, Commerce Department, and his Federal Reserve Board, and not to the violent and boisterous wind and dust machine of the New York Stock Exchange. One word from Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the drastic first bill would have been passed with a whoop. Mr. Roosevelt made brave speeches about a bill "with teeth in it" while his departmental subordinates performed their dental depredations behind the scenes.

The investigation was provoked by Herbert Hoover. Hoover was saving the country by proclamations and forecasts. But Wall Street bears—Democratic bears too—were raiding the market, puncturing confidence. Hoover forced an investigation as a big bear trap. He planned to bring John J. Raskob, then Democratic national chairman, Barney Baruch, and a few others to Washington, pillory them as short-sellers (which they proved not to have been), adjourn the hearing in a few days, start the drums and trumpets

again, and resume our upward march to the old prosperity of Coolidge and Mellon.

But, alas, Fate had planted one of its minions on the track in the person of Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota. He was chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. Norbeck is one of those prairie Republicans—half Democrat, half other ingredients, but less than one-half of one per cent Republican. He too thought Wall Street had wicked bears. But he was convinced there was plenty more wrong there and that this was a grand chance to have a look at it. It was Norbeck, big, honest, calm, filled with common sense, who made this an investigation of Wall Street, who kept doggedly at the probe, who finally engaged Ferdinand Pecora, on the recommendation of Frank L. Polk, and who, more than any other man, gave to the investigation its tone, its character, and direction. He must come first in any distribution of awards for the results.

It was Wall Street's hard luck that Senator Fletcher of Florida succeeded Norbeck when the Democrats came into power. The old Senator stood like a stone wall for going ruthlessly through to the end. And despite his age he sat day after day through the greater part of fifteen months in sleepless vigilance at the hearings. Some day it will be possible to tell the inside story of the attempts made to end that investigation. They were continuous until Pecora's amazing revelations about the National City Bank. After that they weakened a little until the Morgan hearings, when the most powerful influences were set in motion to hamstring the whole enterprise. When the story is told it will be in order to speak specifically of the resoluteness, the patience, the calm and dignified surface which Mr. Pecora exposed to the most violent attacks and

the most subtle underminings, the balance, intelligence, and fine sense of social purpose which he brought to his enormous task. All-day sessions in open hearings; all-night sessions in preparation for the next day. I looked with astonishment at this man who, through the intricate mazes of banking, syndicates, market deals, chicanery of all sorts, and in a field new to him, never forgot a name, never made an error in a figure, and never lost his temper.

Mr. Pecora's investigation traveled two separate roads. He pursued the bad practices and the dishonest promotions of the bankers, investment houses, corporation executives ranging from the legerdmain of Mr. Insull in Chicago to the holding-company and affiliate-banking adventures of Cleveland, Detroit, and New York. The other phase involved a factual study of the stock exchanges of the country. The former occupied most of the open hearings. The latter went on behind the scenes and got little public notice.

In the flood of criticism which greeted the Exchange Control Bill every kind of voice was raised. Of course there had to be the voice of that cold and lofty being who affects an immense and overpowering intellectual superiority, a solemn pretension to calm philosophical detachment, unmoved by the small hatreds and partisanships of lesser men. Such a voice was supplied by the *New York Times*. It lost not an opportunity to play the game of the horde of parasites who prey upon the nation one day and hurry to its pages for the dope the following morning. It was shocked and saddened by the messy and immature methods of Mr. Pecora. It preferred the unprejudiced and selfless lucubrations of Mr. Richard Whitney. And finally it compared with unmasked irritation the deliberate and scientific proceedings of the Hughes Commis-

sion in 1907 with the unscientific and haphazard thrusts of Mr. Pecora.

The simple fact is that there has never been a greater travesty on an investigation than that supposed to have been conducted by the so-called Hughes Commission. It comprised a group of business men. What facts that commission based its findings on have never been vouchsafed to mortal eye. It sent a series of questions chiefly asking opinions to the Exchange. The governors sat in executive session and concocted the answers. The Commission agreed with most of them. Indeed, in one case at least its report was in almost the identical words of the Exchange's reply. It defended almost everything the Exchange stood for. It has been known as a whitewash, and Samuel Untermyer has denounced it repeatedly as a grim jest.

Contrast this with Pecora's method. He assembled a group of experts—accounting, economic, statistical, legal, trading. They set to work to collect, not opinions, but facts. Questionnaires were sent to every exchange asking, not for their views, but for data. Thousands of questionnaires were sent to every broker in the country, to bankers, to corporations. The answers were purely factual answers. The work of tabulating the replies occupied many months and a large staff. In addition, various exchange officials were interviewed in many conferences, brokers were questioned, bankers and corporation executives were examined. When it was all done the results, practically without the expression of an opinion, even by Mr. Pecora, were compiled in a series of reports and tables and submitted to the Senate Committee. That report is a mere collection of facts, open to anyone for any conclusions they can draw from it. It constitutes the first attempt ever made to bring to the surface the hitherto buried facts about operations on the ex-

changes. No future student of speculation can deal with the subject without digging into that report. And it was this report and its voluminous findings which shocked the *Times* into its comparison of Pecora's study with the Hughes Commission whitewash and brought from the *Times* editorial writer a bitter criticism before he had even seen the report.

II

A great deal of pother has been made about the authorship of the Exchange Control Bill. It has been attributed to everyone from the "young adolescents in the Little Red House" in Georgetown to Trotsky and Lucifer. There is no mystery about it. It was drawn under the general direction of Mr. Pecora, who acted on the orders of Senator Fletcher, chairman of the Senate Committee. Mr. Pecora detailed a number of members of his staff and invited several others—Mr. Thomas Corcoran, counsel of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; Mr. Ben Cohen, assistant counsel of the PWA, and Mr. Isaiah Stokes. Commissioner Landis, of the Federal Trade Commission, in charge of the securities division, interested himself at the suggestion of Senator Fletcher. Mr. Pecora's staff contributed, in addition to Mr. Pecora himself, his assistant counsel, Mr. Julius Silver, Mr. David Saperstein, and Mr. David Schenker; Mr. Frank J. Meehan, chief accountant of the Senate Committee, for many years in charge of the Wall Street investigations of the attorney-general's office in New York, Mr. Max Lowenthal, an expert in corporation finance, and myself.

The first draft, indeed the first three or four drafts of a bill, had been prepared by Messrs. Cohen, Corcoran, and Stokes, the actual writing being done by Mr. Cohen. Then, in conferences with the others mentioned above, this

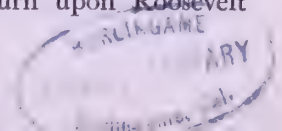
first draft served as an outline into which were fitted the various devices for meeting the variety of situations which the bill was designed to control. That first bill was a tremendously effective measure. I should like to have seen margin trading outlawed altogether. But aside from this, the measure on the whole would have dealt a real blow to a serious social and economic evil.

The President sent a message to Congress urging adoption of a market-control bill. But he carefully refrained from endorsing this measure. And then came that amazing and unparalleled storm of propaganda unloosed by the wounded beast in Broad Street. It might properly be called the Terror. That drive was designed to strike fear into the heart of every little and big business man, every bank, every investor, at the prospect of "upsetting the delicate mechanism of American business" by fooling with the mysterious machine of the exchanges. Somehow its operations, its gambling, its pools and syndicates, its manipulations, its chicanery, its greed had become the "heart of the Capitalist system." A bolshevist might have made such a charge against the Capitalist system. But this Terror succeeded in penetrating the inner circle of the President's official family, and the order came to revise the bill. Then the President directed the Secretary of the Treasury and the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board to collaborate with the framers of the bill in a revision. Mr. Thomas Smith, assistant secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Eugene Black, governor of the Reserve Board, Messrs. Pecora, Corcoran, and Cohen and a few others went into conference about this revision. It was at this point that Mr. Smith and Mr. Black did their work of emasculation on this bill while the President was talking for public consumption about a bill "with teeth

in it." The chief fruit of these labors was to take out of the bill itself almost all of its teeth and lodge the almost complete discretionary control in a commission. The bill subsequently introduced followed this pattern. And at this point I considered the fight on the economic evils of speculation completely lost. The bill had degenerated to a collection of regulations to govern the game of speculation as between the speculators, with the United States sitting in as umpire. The deeper and more important economic evils of the game were left untouched.

It is fair to say that in some measure some of these protective clauses which had been deleted were put back. And for this credit is due to the incessant labors of Mr. Pecora before the Senate Committee, and Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen, along with the chairman, Mr. Rayburn, before the House Committee. The actual writing job throughout was done by Mr. Cohen. And when one considers the magnitude of the field covered and the variety of forces to be reached, an abler example of legislative writing has never made its way into our statute books.

But it is perfectly clear to me that a bill with real teeth in it could have been enacted if the President had been willing to make a fight for such a bill. I have not the slightest doubt, for instance, that had Mr. Roosevelt not opposed it, brokers could have been driven out of the money-lending business altogether. An amendment to the bill in the Senate, offered by the conservative and sane Senator Bulkley of Ohio, himself the head of a great corporation law firm, was almost passed by the Senate and would undoubtedly have been passed if the President had uttered a single word for it. Instead, throughout, the President was fixed in his position that margin requirements should not be made too high. The Exchange will turn upon Roosevelt



with fury, I have no doubt. They should remember him with gratitude. He alone could have prevented a stronger bill.

III

From all this has emerged a bill which represents a definite advance. First of all, it is an assertion of the authority of the federal government over the whole field of security markets. This is, at least, a beginning. On the score of regulation the bill, while possessing much strength, fails in leaving too much to the discretion of a Commission. It remains to be seen what kind of a Commission Mr. Roosevelt will give us and how far such a body will go in dealing with the fundamental defects in the security markets. One need not speculate on the kind of regulation the nation will get under the kind of presidents we had in the three administrations preceding Mr. Roosevelt.

The theory underlying this law is that the whole question is not just a stock-exchange problem. In any kind of control of security speculation the marketplace must, of course, be severely scrutinized and supervised. But after all, the marketplace itself is nothing more than the gaming room. There remain the implements of the game, and these are securities and money. Intelligent and effective control, therefore, must reach, not merely the exchange and its members, but banks and others who lend money for the play and corporations which issue the certificates of stock which serve as counters.

The law does not put an end to exchanges. Anyone may organize an exchange. But the organization must be registered with the Commission. It must yield up full information about itself, must satisfy the Commission that it can enforce its rules and those of the Commission, and must make an agree-

ment to abide by the Commission's regulations.

It is the intention that the immediate government of the market and the policing of it shall be in the hands of the exchange as at present. It may make its own rules, name its own officers, elect and expel its members, fix the dues, duties, functions of members, provide for listings, delistings, hours of trading, terms of trading and settlement, reporting, and generally manage the marketplace as at present. But over this organization the Commission holds two potent weapons. One is the power of scrutiny, access to the records, the papers of the exchange and its members at all times. The other power resides in the Commission's right to compel the exchange, after hearing, to change almost any of its rules. The Commission can force changes in rules governing classification of members, methods of electing officers in order to give representation to every section of the market, suspensions, expulsions, listing of stocks, striking them from the list, the carrying of fictitious accounts, reporting transactions, fixing commissions, odd-lot purchases, and so on.

Thus the Commission, if it desires, may do away with inactive memberships now used by bankers and large traders to enjoy special privileges in the matter of commissions. It can force proper trials of members instead of, as at present, trials of the complaining witness at his expense. It can enforce adequate investigation before listing, as contrasted with the loose and casual glance made by the Exchange when it admitted a mess of alcohol shares to the privilege of listing. It can do away with secret accounts under which bankers and corporation executives hide their raids on their own stocks. It can prevent the exchange or its members from evading the restrictions on margins by a resort to the for-

eign method of term settlements which would be a curse in this country. Hardly a law exists which cannot be nullified by the use of some of those corporate devices which now flourish in the laws of our charter-mongering States. The Commission is empowered to penetrate corporate fictions and check evasions by this stratagem. This section of the law is strong.

IV

What is to happen to that person who is awaiting the happy dawn when the joyous bull puts his nose once again round the corner of Broad and Wall Street? Thousands of hardy patriots look eagerly for the time when they will be able to recover the losses of the twenties by means of a little judicious margin trading. Can they do it? I am afraid they can. This is the great failure of the bill. Forty-five per cent margins will not stop it. Back in 1928, Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, then President of the New York Stock Exchange, declared that a survey revealed that the average margin was forty per cent. Enough loopholes are left in the bill and it is reasonably sure that the Commission, however composed, will not impose too severe a margin rule.

Margin trading involves a flow of funds from brokers to customers and from other lenders to brokers. This bill undertakes to lay the hands of the law on the movement of funds in both areas. The Commission can regulate the amount which they can lend. The Reserve bank, under the Glass-Steagall Act, can act to check the flow of Reserve member bank money into the market.

Money flows to brokers from various sources. The New York banks lend large sums. Out-of-town banks once loaned still larger sums. Large corporations put immense volumes of surplus cash into the call-money market.

Individuals and institutions do the same thing. This bill undertakes to prevent brokers from borrowing from anyone save a member bank of the Federal Reserve System or a bank which agrees to abide by its rules. This, therefore, gives the Federal Reserve Board a chance to regulate the flow of loans to brokers. A good Federal Reserve Board can do much with this weapon. But apparently only God, the maker of trees, can make a good Federal Reserve Board. Moreover, the bill is weakened by provisions which enable the governing authority to loosen the requirements and to permit borrowing between brokers who are members and brokers who are not members of the exchange.

It will not be possible, apparently, for corporations to put their funds into the market as was done, for instance, by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, when in 1929 it loaned as much as \$95,000,000 in a day to brokers. New York Clearing House banks have a rule also which will protect us from a renewal of bootleg loans for others. On the whole, loans to brokers do now come under some form of control and they will hardly rise to the 1929 levels again. New York banks, which will probably do this business, hardly expanded their market loans at all from 1926 to 1929, and there is hope for us in this moderation rather than in the bill itself. However, it is this provision of the bill which will bear the closest watching for evasions by the exchanges and weakness by the Commission.

V

The new law contains a number of provisions designed to strike at the evils of stock manipulation. But they amount chiefly to this, that the Commission is empowered to take the necessary measures to check the abuse. This differs from the original bill

which specifically and directly outlawed certain practices essential to manipulation.

In two articles already printed in HARPER'S I undertook to prove that the chief economic evil of the Exchange was that it enabled promoters to load our corporations with huge burdens of debt and money claims, and that this was made possible through the device of issuing shares to outsiders, then listing them on the exchange and then, by "making a market" for them through manipulation, passing them on to uninformed investors. Many instances of this practice were brought out by Mr. Pecora to prove this point.

To end or at least check this abuse the chief aim must be, not so much to punish those who do it as to take out of their hands the weapons or tools with which they work. To rig the market the operator, whether acting alone or, as is usual, in a pool, must have an option. He must have the use of publicity, the privilege of creating an appearance of activity in the issue and thus running up its market price, an alliance with someone inside the exchange, the use of credit and generally the use of short-selling and the assistance of the specialist.

The original bill sought to take away forthwith all these dangerous implements from the brokers. That there should have been any hesitancy about this will give one an idea of the conservatism which dominated not Congress itself, but the leaders in Congress and particularly the responsible leaders of the administration. Only a short time ago Judge Woolsey of the Federal District Court for the Southern District of New York, held a pool operation and its creation of artificial activity to be a fraud and the use of the mails in furtherance of it a crime against the government, and the managers of that pool now stand convicted

in a federal court. Still, with the soul of Mr. Casper Milquetoast dominating Congress from some quarter, these provisions were taken out of the bill and incorporated as grants of power to a Commission.

One of the worst surrenders was the elimination of the provisions which forbade specialists trading for their own account and which eliminated floor traders from the floor. The Commission can make rules on these points. But that leaves up to the Commission a fundamental evil which the law should have dealt with directly.

In the face of Mr. Pecora's revelations this was indeed an odd retreat. Mr. Whitney has persistently sought to make it appear that the Exchange floor is filled with busy commission brokers earnestly representing their clients, filling orders which pour in from all the hundred million people of the nation. Mr. Hamilton Fish, in a speech in Congress, told his colleagues that the Exchange was not in any way to blame for speculative excesses. They were just brokers on the Exchange. It was due to the greed of the plain people all over the country. Mr. Pecora showed that in July, 1933, 120,000,000 shares were traded in on the Stock Exchange and that one-fourth of these were bought by the members of the Exchange themselves for their own accounts and one-fourth sold by them; in other words, the members of the Exchange were on one side or the other of the market in practically one-half of the transactions. This did not include their tradings carried on in other names, the names of their wives (a popular device), the pools they were interested in. Nor did it include the trades of non-member professionals, like Thomas Bragg, Percy Rockefeller, Matthew Brush, and hundreds of others as well as corporation insiders. One specialist in July bought for his own account a million shares and sold

a million shares for his own account—a single stock broker on one side or the other of the market in 1.65 per cent of all the trades. A specialist in eight months of 1933 made \$200,000 in commissions and \$2,000,000 in profits on his own speculations. The failure of the bill to outlaw these practices and to leave them to the mercy of the Commission was, in my humble judgment, a capital blunder.

VI

The chief strength of the bill lies in the provisions governing listed corporations. And it was this provision which brought down upon it the wrath of the embattled executives. The law abolishes unlisted security departments on exchanges and provides the Commission with power to exact complete and adequate information from all corporations seeking listing. The capital structure must be fully bared, including the terms on which all securities have been offered for the preceding three years. The share of directors, officers, large stockholders, their special agreements about bonuses, rights, salaries, and material contracts with the corporation must be disclosed. Had we had such a regulation before, Mr. Grace of Bethlehem Steel would have had to disclose his million-dollar-bonus cut; Mr. Dillon would have had to reveal the terms of his management contract with Goodyear Tire and Rubber and his twenty-cents apiece shares in United States and Foreign Securities Corporation; Mr. Brown would have

had to unbosom himself of his strange option contracts in American Commercial Alcohol stock.

The Commission can exact periodical reports and an annual audited statement, may prescribe the forms of reports and, most important of all, can compel executives to report their own holdings and all changes in holdings each month, thus furnishing a check on the tradings of insiders in their own shares. There is much more to this effort to force corporation executives to respect their status of trustees. And while these powers, like others, are lodged with the Commission, there is every expectation that they will be invoked.

The whole matter now rests in the hands of the Commission, and the President must be held responsible for the kind of administration that is given of the act. The tendency this last year to acquit the President of every failure in his Administration and visit the guilt wholly upon the back of some subordinate is a little dangerous, to say nothing of its unfairness. The Commission will be composed of men of the President's choice. And it will be influenced in its action against the exchanges by the extent of the President's desire to curb them. As for the Exchange itself, it can be counted on to contest the painful struggle for reform every inch of the way. This foolish attitude, it may be assured, is the prime blunder which got it into its present straits. I have not seen in it throughout this long fight any real evidences of dawning wisdom.



THE BULFINCH HOUSE

A STORY

BY JOHN AUGUST

THE east was gray when Emery Mayo turned off 112, to make by grass-grown lanes for the tops of the hills, and when he left the car and loaded his gun he timed sunrise above the Edgcomb hills at seven minutes past six. New Hampshire burned with a thousand smokes as a northwest breeze lifted mist out of the valleys. He had started down the far slope of Edgcomb when a grouse rose angling for a blackened thornapple. He dropped it and, looking northward, saw blue sky where the hills drew together in a notch above which, in an hour, the Presidential peaks would be visible. He killed his second bird in a tangle of elder and his third a mile farther on. Enough. He would give them to Judith Hardinge, who would turn them over to Polly, and, after a morning's sport, he would have his garage open by eight-fifteen. He broke the shells out of his gun and stood thinking of Judith and watching the slopes come through the lessening mist. Then, hunger suddenly crowding out thoughts of his fiancée, he made for an old wood road that would take him back to 112.

It was still "the Perkins place" that he crossed, though seventy years had passed since what was now black growth had been wheat fields, and the cellar hole could be found only through the twisting roots of arrow-wood. "Nobody but I knows where

the well was," he thought, "and I shouldn't know except that a dog fell down it when I was twelve. Makes it twenty-five years ago." The hills nourished a tenacious race, but no tenacity had served to keep the Perkins place alive. All that was left of it was the canted half of a barn roof rotting.

Emery stopped still like a dog at the point. Automobile tires had bent the weeds since the dew started to fall the night before. His quick glance found no movement and in a moment he followed the tire marks to that decaying pitch of roof. Under it was a light truck, its load covered with canvas. Hardly needing to, he looked under the covering.

Probably no automobile before this one had climbed to the Perkins place, and the first to open that forgotten pathway was a liquor truck! They brought the stuff over the border into Vermont in passenger cars, then transferred it to trucks which roared all night long southeastward through New Hampshire. The business was ending now, a few months more would see the last of it; but someone from Collamore had been picking up good money driving contraband. Only someone who knew the township intimately could bring a car through lanes and bog paths and wood roads almost to the top of Edgcomb. An unwilling suggestion that he could not repudiate rose in Emery's mind.

He raised the hood. His practiced hands lifted the rotor arm from the distributor. He stepped back into the undergrowth and made off downhill. When the truck's owners came for their four thousand dollars' worth of whisky, they would have to do some heavy towing. He grinned. It would not be a job for the Mayo garage.

Collamore was awake in bright October as he drove back along 112. Jessie Singer, whom Roger Hardinge would marry, waved to him from her father's dooryard. A red roadster shot down the highway, swerved round him and roared on, doing at least eighty. A booze-filled tourist, he decided, on his way home from Canada. A lane led off to Oscar Garceau's, and Emery could see a wagon half-loaded, children crowding about it. He stopped his car and for a moment despised these slovenly fields. Shiftless and spineless! No wonder Oscar was giving up, moving back to Quebec. He hadn't iron enough for the hills, which would take back these rich fields as readily as they had recaptured the Perkins place unless opposed with more vigor than Oscar had. But Oscar had paid Judith Hardinge no rent for three years now. . . . October second, after Sunday the first. That made Judith's birthday coincide with quarter-day—with dividends that would not be paid, rents in default, and Oscar Garceau's genial acceptance of defeat.

Ira Peavey, his highway police uniform shiny, drew up his motorcycle, grinned, and looked in the back of Emery's car. "Three, huh?" Ira spat learnedly. "Cleverest hunter west of East Collamore, hain't you, selectman? 'Twa'n't you gettin' ambitious to open the pa'tridge season at about three o'clock this morning?"

Ira flared his upper lip and squinted—his knowing expression. "Be bucolic," Emery urged him. "Be the rural sage, Iry. What happened?"

"Counted five trucks slammin' by. Then there was some shootin'—down by the new bridge, I'd judge. If I had to guess, I'd guess a high-jackin' party."

The rotor arm was suddenly hot in Emery's compass pocket. It must be ignored, for ample reasons. "The wise cop stayed in bed?" he asked easily.

"Evidence all gone this morning. Probably the red-headed Jew's outfit out of Magog. No, Emery, we don't interfere in arguments that ain't drawed to our attention. What you just overhear don't violate the peace and comfort of the commonwealth."

Having achieved humor, Ira started his engine and, waving, swept grandly down 112. Emery went on. At the new bridge the road crossed a hairpin curve of the Wiannetchee—it was a shrewd place for hijacking. The road turned northward and Collamore became a long street under flaming maples. Higgins's store was open, but Doc Whipple had not unlocked his pharmacy, the school yard was empty, and white shutters covered the windows of the rose-brick library. The maples ended and a row of spaced elms burned golden against sky and lawn—the Mall.

The Mall. Lawns led back for an eighth of a mile to terraces and the seven houses of Collamore. No cars were parked under the elms, no one was taking snapshots, and the Rev. Forsyth Burroughs was probably still in bed. But Emery seemed to hear the clerical voice instructing tourists, "Better single examples of the high phase of the Federalist style exist, but no such distinguished group can be seen anywhere in America. Our town was already seventy years old when the first of the seven houses was erected in 1810. That was the Bulfinch house, at the south end. Constructed by local craftsmen from plans drawn by Charles Bulfinch for the Honorable Jabez Hardinge . . ."

The Bulfinch house—Judith Hardinge's house. Her religion too, and her frustration. Emery took up his gun and grouse and went round to the kitchen door. Birch smoke was fragrant in the Fall air. Philip Storrs, the ex-architect and Lydia Hardinge's husband, was bringing an armful of kindling from the whitewashed shed. He smiled at Emery and said, "The young cub is back. Now you can hold him under water till he stops bubbling. I wouldn't advise you to take the chill off the water."

So Roger was back after another unexplained absence. This one had lasted four days. Judith's eyes could now lose some of their uncommunicated trouble. Philip stacked the wood in the bin by Polly's stove and went on. In muddy breeches and splashed, expensive boots, Roger Hardinge sat on a tilted chair and looked morose. But Polly, kneading bread on a white table, shook a curl from her forehead and smiled.

"There's coffee and rolls and jam, but it isn't time to get Lydia's tray ready and I can't stop to make breakfast for you. I wouldn't let you eat the apple pie, Emery, not even to make you feel like a Yankee. Thanks for the grouse. Too bad they haven't been hung for Judith's birthday dinner."

Filling a cup with coffee, he opened the oven to glance at six browning loaves of bread. Alone of the Hardinges, Polly made no problems for Judith. At nineteen she was as she would always be, competent and serene, superbly adapted to Collamore. All the Hardinges married—all but Judith, who only assisted them to marry. So Dr. Fanning's son would finish his internship in December and would come home: Polly would then move three houses up the Mall. Glass and china, copper and brass would shine for her in the Fanning house as here. While food could be cooked,

lint and dust overcome, floors and furniture kept comely, Polly Hardinge would exalt her heritage.

Emery took doughnuts from a yellow crock. "What happened to your bread mixer?"

"You'll love that. It has to be welded or something. It's in the pantry."

"Not welded," he reported, investigating. "New shaft. I'll turn one." He put the mixing arm in his pocket, and his eyes approved many shelves of bottled tomatoes, corn, beans, peas, beets—labeled, dated, alphabetically arranged. The home farm was worked on shares, and this was Polly's harvest. Catsups and relishes made splashes of color up one corner; there were jellies and jams and marmalades on the south wall, and the large, museumlike jars held chickens and squabs.

He came back to stand by the range. "Also, Judith's loom is reported out of kilter, handy man," Roger said unpleasantly. "You can exhibit your Yankee cleverness tinkering with that. The fallen aristocrats will be grateful."

"Making a stay are you, Roger?" he inquired. "So where have you been?"

Roger stood up, picturesque in out-going clothes. He had been more picturesque still going down brown turf under punts, the white 29 on his green sweater cheered by all Dartmouth. He was sulky now—or worse, for anger and excitement mingled with his sullenness. "You're a big frog, aren't you, Emery?" he said. "The bourgeois of Collamore, and maybe some day you'll be living in the Bulfinch house. Selectman, school board, fire warden, small capitalist. Still I don't have to account for myself to you."

Roger went out of the kitchen. He missed his headlines probably, and the awe of youths permitted to gaze on a varsity left end. Nothing to use his energy on—so it was curdling him. "When did he get back?" Emery asked.

Polly's face expressed nothing. "The young squire was in the kitchen when I got up to make breakfast. It hadn't occurred to him to light the fire."

As a city-dweller and an expectant mother, Lydia, Phil Storrs's wife, was entitled to sleep late, but Judith must already have spent an hour and a half burnishing her house. Emery leaned his gun in a corner of the kitchen and went through the house to the great room that overlooked the Mall. Photographs of the chimney piece, the interior cornice, the centerpiece of the ceiling, had appeared in many architectural journals, but Judith had never permitted her furniture to be reproduced. Sun poured through northern windows that framed elms bordering the Cutter house next door. Suddenly Emery hated this rectitude of mahogany and glass and white paneling. It was beautiful, distinguished, patrician, but loyalty to it had walled off Judith from everything her life should have been.

Roger was looking out across the green sweep of the Mall, and Roger also was part of Judith's denial. "Don't need to be any bigger fool than's natural to you, Roger," Emery said impulsively. "Why not stop mourning about not being able to go to Boston Tech? If you can't, you can't. The time's come to get to work."

Roger swung round from the window, savagely angry. "I'm fed up with your preaching! I didn't make the world—you've got me mixed up with God. What can I work at?"

"Might work at controlling your vocal cords. . . . It's intelligent to do whatever you find at hand. Plenty of work right here in Collamore."

"Help Harry Marsh rake leaves? Or should I open a garage and make droll Yankee aphorisms while I wipe grease on my pants? Thanks, I'm not clever with my hands."

"Besides," Emery pointed out, "you'd have to borrow your capital from Judith."

Red flared in the tall young man's cheeks. The last four years, though they had only speeded up the slow evaporation of the Hardinge money, had shown Roger the ignominy of dependence. "Maybe you've heard I want to get married," he said.

Emery nodded. "Aim to bring another family into the Bulfinch house?"

That raked deep. "Do you want me to wait ten years? You and Judith never took a chance, did you? You waited to be secure—how can you tell you're alive? I'm not going to wither and hope while I'm making up my mind marriage is prudent."

"Passionate, huh?" Emery inquired. "Youth's a fever in your veins?"

"Anyway, it isn't ten years of patient yearning."

"Not strong enough to put you to work though. Judith can make some more bedspreads to help you out."

"I'm getting out of here, parson," Roger said violently. "I'm leaving Collamore."

Oh, that delusion! "Too bad the stands can't give you a wah-hoo-wah to start you on your way." Emery scrutinized him. "Going on the bum? Or has something scared you?"

But Roger went swiftly out of the great room. Judith, coming down the famous curving stairs, stood aside to let him pass her headlong. She was wearing one of the blue-and-white smock-like garments that showed the subtlety of her figure. Economy of bone and flesh, stripped to the necessities of design, she was superbly New Hampshire—the product of a century and a half of survival.

Emery's nerves jumped, for though her face was calm, the serene replica of many faces that looked out of portraits in the Bulfinch house, her eyes were deeply shadowed. He had not known

Judith Hardinge all her life without being able to recognize distress when he saw it—or without knowing certainly that she would not mention it.

She gave him her hand and color stirred in her cheeks. Her eyes requested him to make no warmer recognition of the day. "I heard you being a guardian. You failed to observe your own caution about the well-bred voice. He didn't say where he's been?"

"The Hardinges," Emery said, "are a proud county family."

"It seems not to have occurred to him that I also can feel humiliation at not being able to send him to Tech. . . . You'll look at my loom? It has been feeding unevenly."

She halted for a glance at the portrait of the Hon. Jabez Hardinge, builder of the Bulfinch house, with a shaft of sun now striking his forehead. "Roger has that forehead," she said, "and the nose of the Honorable Jabez. The resemblance stops short right there. Oh, quite short."

Light reflected from the portrait warmed her face. She said, with complete detachment, "We're only relics living in a museum. The Hardinges are an extinct family. I hope they call this the Mayo house, if ever . . ." Her voice died.

"Whoever lives in it will always be pensioners of Charles Bulfinch. In a way the Hardinges are just interlopers, Judith, just an incident. No Mayos ever lived in any of the seven houses, but two generations of them had died in Collamore when the Honorable Jabez came up from Portsmouth to open his pineries—and I'm living on their land. The Mayos are good yeoman stock, out of the granite. Makes a good cross for the thinning gentry."

"It would, if the cross ever occurred. . . . It's happened, Emery," she stated rather than said, "I'm thirty this morning. I lay awake last night as a girl might before her wedding day. It's

no longer possible to be just the oldest Hardinge girl. I'm a decayed gentlewoman—a New England spinster."

He saw that her reticence had been broken up—but had been broken up dispassionately. Her eyes had been disciplined to shrink from nothing they must look at. So she was looking at herself in a new light, but no rebellion could possibly follow the discovery. "I'm thirty-seven," he said soberly. "Yankee mechanic with clever hands. This is Collamore, Judith, not the happy islands. We do what we have to do."

Her forehead was tranquil under the straight part in her hair. "Next month Lydia will have a third baby to call me Aunt Judith. Then I'll soon be the aunt of Polly's children. The New England spinster is the best type of aunt. . . . No doubt you've left some grouse in the kitchen. For how many years have you brought me grouse on the first day of the shooting season, and acquiesced with perfect taste when one further obligation kept me unmarried in this house?"

Her father had died when she was seventeen, her mother when she was nineteen—nineteen and falling in love with Emery Mayo. There had been three children to bring through adolescence and education into marriage and maturity. There had been the Bulfinch house and the three farms to manage and preserve. The Hardinge inheritance to be watched. Everything except to yield to the summons of her own fulfillment.

"We had a job to do," he said morosely.

Only in the granitelike acceptance of necessity did Judith Hardinge, walking across the yard with him, differ from that girl of nineteen. Her quiet bitterness meant acquiescence, resignation to the lost years. In that subtle body was latent a sensed capacity for revolt, for passionate overturn, like

the charged loveliness of autumn in the hills. If he had been able to reach that in her, the eleven years would have been a different story. He hadn't, and so, though rebellion might exist, it would not break out. Judith had accepted this new necessity of seeing Roger through. Emery Mayo would, as always, accept it too.

Elm leaves fled before them across the yard. The barns were white-washed, sweet, orderly, heaped with harvest. Here, as in Polly's kitchen, one saw a deeply wrought passion for neatness, for soundness. A one-time woodshed held Judith's loom. Starting it, Emery watched the shuttle for a moment, diagnosed the ailment, knelt, and let his fingers work expertly in the gears. He nodded to Judith, who fed woof through it, smiled, and shut off the power. Light lay on whitewashed walls. A frame held a pattern in lavender and white—one of the exquisite curtains or bedspreads which sold exorbitantly to tourists who came to stare at the Mall. Her weaving meant the same passion, the heritage of New Hampshire. As rents failed and dividends were passed, she had turned to what she found at hand.

"How many times were we going to be married—after something?" she asked suddenly. "After the children were grown. After Roger had finished Dartmouth. After Polly was married. So Lydia came home."

"They have to come home when they're broke and having a baby."

"No one could foresee how many obstacles Roger could be. It seems quite natural to him to hold us off once more till the world makes the place he wants. I don't know what he's doing, Emery. I do know he's furtive and ugly and terrified by something."

"He's twenty-three—old enough to know what he's doing. Got to expect him to be ugly, a little. The boy

wanted to be an engineer and he wants to get married."

"Can you remember when we did too?" she asked with quiet bitterness. "I see Polly's bread-mixer in your pocket—you've made my loom work perfectly—you've always been clever with your hands. Perhaps you could arrange the world more agreeably if you were cleverer with other people's lives."

That was a final judgment; she accepted it, she wouldn't oppose it. She began to change the frame and, as he went out into clear morning, the loom struck up its regular thudding. They were both like that and had always been—well disciplined, willing to accept necessity. All necessity, he thought, except their own. They were warmed by a fire that had smoldered for eleven years without ever breaking into flame.

Philip Storrs was sitting on the front steps, drawing details of the cornice on a pad of paper. He had discovered a new America in the seven houses of Collamore, had been led from them to other New Hampshire houses, was preparing a book. That was adaptability, it was meeting the unforeseen with new weapons. Emery looked at the drawing. Strength and stability wrought in white pine, it had the secret of New Hampshire, of the Hardinges.

"Selectmen's meeting last night, Phil," he said. "Town's saved up thirty-five hundred dollars out of school funds to do remodeling here and in East Collamore. Five per cent, hundred and seventy-five, for architectural supervision. Will you do it?"

Phil looked suddenly the other way. Morning sunlight made a gold lacquer on the Mall, with Harry Marsh, the hired man, raking leaves in slow time. Children were shouting in the yard before the rose-brick schoolhouse.

"I'm a third-rate architect," Phil said, "and I made thirty thousand dol-

lars in 1928. If I'd been fifth-rate or even first-rate, I could have quadrupled it. Last year I didn't even have an office. So I came to stay with my wife's folks. . . . Unless this is a Yankee subterfuge for getting money into my pocket, you know I'll do it. At least Judith won't have to pay Lydia's doctor bill."

"Won't be any. With his boy marrying Polly, Doc Fanning will practically be the kid's grandfather. . . . You're feeling—relieved—Phil?"

The architect nodded. "One's nerve seems to come back, in Collamore. Mine was kicked out of me, facing a third child. Does nothing scare this town? Haven't you heard that the world came to an end? You take your leisure shooting grouse; the selectmen save money to spend on schools; Dr. Fanning delivers babies in the Bulfinch house in its second century—don't you understand you should be paralyzed with terror?"

Emery permitted himself the rural nasality of Ira Peavey. "Pineries closed down in 1837 when the hills got logged off, and the town's had hard times ever since. But we've lived through the end of the world five or six times in that century, and Polly still fills her pantry. Must have some kind of toughness. . . . Be good painting weather for a spell now, Phil. You might get out some white lead and touch up that cornice."

"White lead, a full pantry, and wait it out!" Philip laughed. "That's the local religion. It's a good one, but a little hard on the oldest daughter. . . . You've never had the toughness to take what you wanted and let the rest of us starve."

Philip Storrs, Jr., aged eight, kicked one of Roger's footballs round the corner of the house, in the direction of the school. Then Roger was in the doorway intently watching that progress. Young Philip reached the cor-

ner of the Mall, crossed the road in white gold light, and ran whooping into the yard.

"Constructed from plans drawn by Charles Bulfinch," Roger quoted. "Or, the descendants of the Honorable Jabez being now on the town, shall we move on to number 2? 'The next house appears at first sight to be a replica of the Bulfinch house, but was built by some anonymous carpenter who successfully altered the proportions. . . .'"

His voice died in clean air. Philip let his pencil sketch a bevel in the entablature. Emery's gaze rested on Roger, who flushed and studied the road.

A red roadster shot up 112 at about seventy. Phil Storrs swore and stared at the schoolyard to make sure that his son was safely across the road. No children had been crossing—but that was just luck. The doorway was empty. Roger had slipped away into the house.

A bell began to clatter in the cupola on top of the school. "Nine o'clock," Phil said. "Doesn't your conscience throb, losing a full hour? But then you're the queerest garageman in America. Lawyer, weren't you, before you turned philosopher?"

Emery's gaze lingered on 112. "Just a law clerk in Boston. No good at it. But I was clever with my hands—I was a Yankee mechanic. So I came home."

Oscar Garceau was coming up 112. The Garceau possessions and the Garceau family were contained in as curious a vehicle as had ever traveled that historic highway. An old wagon box was bolted to the chassis of an old automobile, and the return of the defeated to Quebec was accomplished on pneumatic tires behind a scrawny horse. Emery and Philip started forward, and Judith came round the house, summoning Harry Marsh to bring out a

crate of provisions. Polly came down the front steps, her arms heaped with loaves of newly baked bread. She gave them to one of the children, and Oscar effervesced with praise. Hands in his pockets, saying nothing, Emery watched Harry Marsh lift in a large box filled with Polly's products and the surplus of the Bulfinch house. Gesticulating, ragged, improbably mustached, Oscar invoked blessings on the 'Ardinges.

"You've told your brother-in-law you're coming home, Oscar?" Judith asked.

"She's got beeg house," Oscar said cheerfully. "Quebec people 'ave beeg 'eart—will be always room. So good-by, Mees 'Ardinge. I 'ave *douleur* that we 'ave not made better with your land. Too bad, dose 'ard times."

For four or five days and nights, making northward, they would pleasantly picnic on Judith's provisions. Then they would drive shouting into a Quebec farmyard and a less waxlike brother-in-law would assume Oscar's responsibilities. Hard times? In the best times the hill towns had ever seen Oscar's invincible shiftlessness would have come to the same end—three years' rent unpaid and Judith's charity while Oscar praised beeg 'earts. Whatever small flare of energy had brought him southward had been too small. And Judith's farm was idle, unprotected from the hills.

"You go get some *douleur* that your kids haven't got drawers, Oscar," Emery said. "If your brother-in-law's heart is as tough as you say it's big, you'll be working on the roads next week."

Mrs. Garceau broke into ecstatic Canadian French which invoked miscellaneous blessings on Mademoiselle 'Ardinge and dissolved into pleasant grief. Various children joined the lamentation, then Oscar climbed to the sagging seat, and all of them were

happy again. They shouted "*au 'voir*" in several keys, Oscar stirred the horse to action, and the equipage rolled off up 112. The shadows of elm branches moved across children, bedding, and chairs, and the defeated were black shapes against slanting gold.

"Licked. Gone back to his wife's folks. It's an instinct," Phil Storrs said.

He walked swiftly away. Judith watched him, her eyes compassionate. Emery said, "I didn't go through the wagon. I thought the chatelaine of the Bulfinch house wouldn't call it charitable to search for whatever Oscar has stolen from your farm. It will be everything he could unbolt and get into the wagon."

He was vividly seeing the frowsiness of acres that should be neat and opulent. Year by year Oscar had let the place yield to decay. The fields would be ragged and scrawny, the barns would be out of plumb, no white paint would keep the house self-respecting. In Emery's mind the fallen, vine-rotted roof at the Perkins place ached like an old wound. Whence would come the obstinate labor that alone could keep Judith's acres from the hills?

"You haven't much mercy for them when they give up, Emery," she said. "When everybody is helpless, what does a little theft matter?"

But the very survival of Judith Har-dinge herself testified that the yielding quality was inappropriate to this granite. "Oscar never belonged here," he said.

"The farm or the Bulfinch house—just where is the difference? There are so many people under my roof who have reached the end." She had her new finality. Autumn breeze wrapped the blue-and-white garment closely round her—her body had endurance, stability, strength that had no passion. She was granite and unwarmed. She held her head high but, looking at

Oscar Garceau, she saw Judith Harding.

"Go back to your loom!" he said roughly. He had spoken more vehemently than in all the lifetime he had known her. She walked down the drive through clear sunlight, leaves scudding before her on the west wind that pressed the dress against her thighs and breast. Obedient to her obligations, but unmarried, unfulfilled! Emery walked rapidly at an angle across the Mall. He bawled "Roger!" with that surprising roughness and, again, "Roger!" The young squire appeared at a second-floor window. "Come down here!" Emery shouted. Surprise and resentment showed in Roger's face, but Emery roared again, "Get down here a-hellin'. I want to talk to you," and sheer vigor of command produced obedience.

Roger came through the door. "What the—"

"Come on over to the garage."

Roger drew back and, involuntarily, his glance swept the visible stretch of the highway north and south. Emery seized his arm. "Scared, are you?"

"I'm not scared," Roger said angrily. He shook off Emery's hand.

At the garage Emery unlocked the big doors, took the chains off the pumps, set out the oil rack, and started the air-compressor. He unlaced his boots and went to a closet to put on a suit of grease-impregnated overalls. He tossed a similar suit at Roger.

"I'll give you four dollars a day while the work lasts this fall," he said curtly. "That's Hen Fuller's ton-and-a-half truck, and the first thing she needs is a carbon job. You can make a start on the valves."

Roger folded the overalls and laid them on a bench. "You don't think I will, do you?"

"Rog, the sooner you get it through your thick head that you're not going to gallop down the field to cheers ever

again, the better for all of us. After you've mastered that idea you can begin to think how a Varsity left end looks wearin' clothes his sister paid for by working at a loom."

"Is it my fault?" Roger asked, too loudly. "If you think I like living in the Bulfinch house, loafing, while Judith makes bedspreads for fat women in limousines, you're dumber than I thought. But did I invent a nation that can't produce a job for me?"

"Trouble with you, Roger, you're not intelligent," Emery said impersonally. "An hour ago it was God, now it's the nation that's let you down. We're all sorry Judith couldn't send you to Tech and make you an engineer—that would have been lots prettier than muckin' grease in a garage. But let Oscar Garceau blame things on God. Four dollars a day isn't lookin' picturesque buildin' Boulder Dam, but it's a job. And, in Collamore, you can support Jessie on it. Before you wither away from hope."

"Oh, stop being bucolic!" Roger shouted. "You don't have to chew a straw and spit to show me you're a wise guy." He jerked a wallet from his pocket and drew a sheaf of bills from it, large bills. "I don't need to muck grease for four dollars a day. I can take care of Jessie—and not in Collamore either."

Emery sat on a bench. "Not intelligent. Not even with a Dartmouth degree and being named all-American by the Dartmouth paper. . . . I was kidding you, Roger—I wouldn't pay you four dollars a year to work here. You aren't clever with your hands. All I wanted was to see your money, and now I've seen it." He stood up, all the morning's anger in his voice. "So make up your mind to it, Roger. You can't be an engineer but there's the Garceau place to farm. You can start cleaning it up to-day."

The boy's face became mere contempt. "If I won't clean up grease for you, is it likely I'll turn farmer?"

"You adolescent jackass," Emery said dispassionately, "being intelligent is just learning to do the thing at hand. Nobody on a farm in Collamore is scared this fall."

"Do I seem scared?"

"Quite a lot. Well, I wouldn't force anything on you—it's your choice. There's the Garceau place and it needs a lot of work. And down at Concord there's a brick jail that's hospitable to rum runners. No use working on that truck up at the Perkins place—she won't start for you." Here Roger Hardinge went quickly through the door. Emery's voice followed him. "Your boss ought to be calling on you pretty soon, Roger—four thousand dollars' worth of goods to be accounted for."

The full extent of the crisis at the Bulfinch house was now acknowledged. The atmosphere of this remote hill town was not accommodated to crisis—it was a place for the orderly, slow procession of life and death. The pride of this race was firmly married to righteousness—how was he to tell Judith that her brother had been driving a liquor truck? He began to work on Hen Fuller's engine. His mind burned with a complex anger—anger at Judith's resignation, anger at Roger's stupid folly. All this was disorder, a violation of neatness.

Abandoning his wrenches, he went out into that calm sunlight. A great dignity, the Mall in scarlet and gold, the seven houses white and chaste beyond it. This dignity, this security, had endured because it had never compromised with disorder. He went up the swept drive of the Bulfinch house and crossed to the white barns. Judith sat on her stool, intent on the growth of line in pale lavender. At sight of him she shut off the power, and noise ended while her eyes phrased an inquiry.

He went straight to the point. "The reason Roger has been disappearing the last two months is, he's been driving a liquor truck for a combine up at Magog. Probably you haven't heard about it—the villagers call it the red-headed Jew's outfit. They brought some through last night and somebody waylaid them. There was some shooting. Roger took his load up to the old Perkins place and left it there. That's why he's scared."

"I see. Bootlegging."

"No. Rum running."

Why didn't she flame? The part in her chestnut hair was exact; her eyes had the blue of autumn mist in the hills. He saw doubt become bitter certainty in them, but she would give disaster no expression. Suddenly this discipline seemed to him a barren thing. Submission could be poison. Only by yielding to violence could she break free; only violence could save her—or him. There would be none. They weren't violent people. That was their defeat.

She said with an effect of meditation, "I'm having a distinguished birthday. I heard the shooting. I was lying awake thinking of the decline of the Hardinges. I was pretty morbid but not morbid enough to suppose that the shooting could be part of the decline. I couldn't possibly have imagined rum running. He'll have to go away."

Fury was making Emery's throat tight. "He's got that idea too. I won't let him go away. I've got a use for him."

"He'll go away. There are some things that even a Yankee mechanic can't patch together and solder up. No criminal can stay in my house."

"Your house is a hundred and twenty-three years old—be queer if it hadn't held some pretty curious Hardinges in its time. Roger stays here." Wrath broke out of his control. "He had spunk enough to take steps to get

married. You wouldn't lie awake seeing horrors if you hadn't slept alone too long." Beyond precedent, he gripped her arm. "You and I accepted our obligations; we submitted to the inevitable like well-bred disciplined people. Well-bred, hell!—in a garage and at a loom. It's time to wonder if there's any difference between discipline and anemia. Good blood can have a lot of water in it. Stay and make bedspreads. I'll manage Roger."

He stormed out of the shed and his eyes held the dazzle of sunlight. He had a sense of triumphant reassertion. Elm branches moved in the brightness, and he started to confront Roger, but a horn began to sound stridently at the garage, summoning him to the gas pump, and habit made him respond. But his mind still seethed and not till he had crossed the Mall did he realize that he had already seen the red roadster twice this morning. Confusion died at once. No mistake was possible. Four thousand dollars' worth of liquor was now to be accounted for. Emery went forward warily.

It was an Italian behind the wheel and, watchful at his side, the red-headed Jew was unmistakable. Small chunky men, both of them, swarthy and pig-eyed, incongruous in these hills.

"Fill her up, Jack," the Jew said. "Then listen to the engine. She don't sound so good." His small eyes roved, taking in the Mall, the roadside, the available data. "How would you kill time in this town?"

They were soft-spoken, steellike, and very dangerous. But—they weren't clever, for the tank would not hold three gallons more. Emery let his eyes drowse and brought the rustic drawl of Ira Peavey to his voice. "Library opposite the Collamore Inn. Or Doc Whipple's pharmacy's got a nice choice of post cards."

"Watch it, Pete. I'll buy a post card

from Doc." The Jew got out of the roadster and, his shoulders hunched, strode down the sidewalk. Long-armed, hands half open, like a chimpanzee. Sun and shade moved on that pinched-in coat; underneath it, on hip or under shoulder, would be a gun. Pete too, alert behind the wheel, would have one, but the floor of the car would hold no further armament, since they had invited him to work on the engine.

Rapidity was everything. "Start her up," Emery directed. His voice was peremptory, and Pete's eyes narrowed under a creased forehead. "Want me to look at the engine, don't you?" The starter whirred. Emery listened to the effortless rhythm of eight cylinders firing perfectly. No, they weren't clever. At the very least, they should have unscrewed a spark plug. Probably they were just contemptuous of the hicks they might encounter in such a town.

"What would you say was wrong?" Emery inquired conversationally.

"I drive 'em, Jack," Pete said, his gaze fixed on the Jew's progress. "I don't mend 'em. She just sounds bad. Do your stuff."

The Jew was scanning the stores. He went into Doc Whipple's pharmacy and the sunlight was empty of menace. Work fast!

"She sounds pretty bad." Emery straightened up. "Got to get some tools." He turned his back on Pete to cross the road toward the Mall.

He heard Pete say, "What the hell?" and get out of the roadster. His scalp prickled but he sauntered through sun and shadow to the lawn, not looking back. At the same slow pace he came to the front door and went inside. Out of sight, he hurried through till he saw Phil Storrs. "Go out the back way," he said swiftly. "Go over to the telephone office and have Gladys locate Ira Peavey. Get him up here on the run with any of his buddies. Wait for them and bring them over here."

Inquiry in Phil's face faded before urgency. Phil was intelligent! He went without a word. The regular thudding of the loom told him where Judith was, and Polly moved in the kitchen. Emery went upstairs and down the hall to Roger's room. Roger scowled at him, swinging round from the bed on which a rucksack stood half-filled. Emery saw thick socks, underwear, a toilet-kit.

In spite of rising tension, Emery had space to despise the instinct of flight. "Getting out, huh? You and Garceau—licked and scared out. You can't stand the gaff. Well, you're not going, Roger. You'd stay here and work it out if I had to thrash you every morning like a sulky kid at school. . . . Too late, anyway. Your boss is over at Doc Whipple's finding out where you live."

Roger straightened slowly. He hadn't really expected them to come! No foresight. Rebelliousness that was just blind, that did not see its way, was mere folly.

Emery nodded. "They'll be here any minute. You'd better figure out what you've got to say. This is no *maybe*, son—it's a *must*."

Even as he spoke, Polly's exclamation of surprise and fright at the front door drifted upstairs. "There they are," Emery said. "You asked for it and here it is. We'll go down and talk to them."

He let Roger precede him down the hall. But nothing could be done. Pete stood with his back to the closed door and had the stairway covered. The Jew could command the lower hall; he had blocked Polly off in a corner. She stared at them, trembling.

"Yeah!" As they reached the bottom step the Jew nodded. "And Jack too. That's nice. We'll go in here." He shrugged at the great room. "You too, sister."

They had cold precision. Their trade was a constant readiness for the unanticipated. And in the room that

marked the high tide of the Hardinges, their mechanical alertness, their reptilian efficiency, was a riotous intolerable discord. Pete leaned in the doorway and his hands had not come out of the pockets that a nifty tailor had cut at an angle in the nifty coat. The Jew's hands too were in his pockets. Among these exquisite chairs, against the white, carved distinction of the woodwork, they were a violation, a rape of more than a century's decency in this house. Jabez Hardinge had built for a stability, an order, that could not be aware of such a threat.

Nothing to do but wait it out. Emery's eyes half closed—look as stupid as possible, be Jack the yokel while time moved. If they could be kept here nothing precipitated, while delay co-operated with Phil Storrs! For all the efficient venom of their calling, they were not intelligent.

"Siddown." The Jew spoke quietly; his trade saw no profit in violence that was not called for. The delicate chair he sat on seemed violated by the alien contact. His small eyes fixed on Roger. "So what?"

"Don't talk no more'n you need to," Emery said in his most bucolic drawl. But it was possible to be a little pleased with Roger's behavior for, ignoring Emery, his face pale but stubborn, he said, "Your stuff is safe. When they jumped you I didn't wait around. I could have crawled off through the brush. I didn't. I drove the truck up in the hills and hid it. It's still there."

Nothing happened in the tempered sunlight of this white-and-gold room, no one moved, nothing crossed the shadows of exquisite mahogany; but intangibly menace receded. Pete's hands were still in his pockets and his unwinking eyes did not alter their observation, the Jew moved no muscle, and Polly remained terrified and incredulous—but something was appeased.

"That's nice," the Jew's cold voice said thinly. "So you can take a walk with Pete and see if it's so. I'll make friends with Jack and sister here. Then if Pete says it's O.K., we'll let you drive to Boston after dark."

"I'll show you where it is." Roger stood up. "Then I'm through. I'm not running any more liquor. I'm not driving to Boston."

Emery's muscles tightened and menace came back to this white room. No intelligence! Roger could not know about Phil Storrs's errand, but even so he should have recognized that the moment called for temporizing.

The Jew moved one shoulder only. "Yeah, you're driving to Boston," he said.

A clear space. Pete in the doorway, hawk-eyed. The Jew on that fragile chair at the opposite wall. Roger twenty feet away from him, transfixed, his face now scarlet. Polly nerveless by the mantel. . . . I'm not intelligent, Emery thought with sudden fierce contempt. Knew they were coming. Had all morning to get ready. Did I do anything? Did I do anything but waste time complaining about Judith? Have I even got a gun? Did I even tell Ira Peavey to be round?

"I saved your liquor for you." Roger was flushed and defiant. "That's enough. Go get it and the hell with you."

"Yeah?"

The syllable was soft and skeptical, and without haste the Jew was on his feet. The thing was precipitated before its proper time—the moment was here and Phil Storrs with Ira Peavey did not exist. Roger was at the apex of a triangle, the Jew and Pete able to command the room from either side, and clear space all about them. Polly screamed. Emery's legs tensed. It might be he could take one of them out, it might be—

Pete swore loudly, in terror and

shock. He leaped six feet into the room. Judith was in the doorway, Emery's shotgun held at the level of her waist, the stock pressed against her hip, her finger on the trigger of the right-hand barrel.

"Don't move, please, either of you," Judith said. She had startled them into immobility, and she stood for a small moment between the white columns, under the entablature which Charles Bulfinch had created to signify the security of her race, which neither violence nor vulgarity could disturb. Her eyes burned. So she moved forward a little and said, "Perhaps you'll take this, Emery."

He had come out of his chair. Carefully leaving her foreground clear, he skirted furniture to come up beside her and take the gun. With it once in his hands he gave his anger rein. "Over in the corner," he urged the two of them with a curt gesture of the barrels. In a kind of catalepsy they obeyed, their arms swinging free. "Get what they've got," he ordered Roger, and the boy flung himself at them, jerking two automatics from their clothes, and stood free. "Sit down!" Emery commanded them.

But Judith said sharply, "No! They can't sit here," and he saw her point. Even their presence amidst this mahogany and brocade, this chastity of white and blue, was a profanation. They defiled the Bulfinch house, and its mistress would not tolerate the sacrilege. "Stand up then," he said. Tension died out in him. "Stand up and wait."

So silence possessed the great room, silence and sunlight intensified with noon. Roger seemed to have forgotten the very presence of the captives; hands in his pockets, he leaned against the white mantel of Charles Bulfinch, stared at the floor, and brooded. Polly was altogether incredulous, staring at them. But Judith sat upright in her

chair, and loathing made her cheeks flame. She had destroyed a threat. She had repelled an invasion of the hills that her race held in subjection. There had been a good many invasions in two centuries, there would be more; but the race maintained its dominance. Fanaticism of white paint, righteousness of the neat and cared-for thing—the rum runner was an untidiness, a soilure, and would be destroyed.

She used what she found at hand! His soul at peace, Emery resolved never to inform her that when he left a shotgun in a kitchen it was never loaded.

Aloofly he approved their economy of speech. They said nothing but only scowled murderously and watched his gun. He repaid them with silence while the shadow of a window frame moved a little farther across the carpet, till motorcycles roared beyond the windows and then stopped. With that arrival disdain overcame Emery Mayo.

"No forethought," he said. "Too sure of yourself in a place you didn't know anything about. Didn't bother to find out it was the first day of grouse season. So you come into a house you've never seen—and you don't even look around to see who's in it, and a woman comes in and sticks you up with a shotgun. You poor dumb boobs," Emery said, contemptuous of stupidity, "you'd never have got that liquor out of town."

Ira Peavey, with another highway policeman and Philip Storrs came surprised and intent through that white doorway. Emery nodded to them. "You get to be a corporal, Iry, out of sheer merit. You've made a capture of two notorious rum runners engaged in their occupation. They've been drawn to your attention." He took the rotor arm from his pocket and handed it to Ira. "Red roadster at the garage. Then go up to the Perkins place and you'll find about four thou-

sand dollars' worth of liquor in a truck. Ought to make a deep impression on your captain."

When they had finally gone, after clamor and excitement, Roger said desperately, "So where are we? You manage things, don't you, Emery? You're clever, you arrange people and make wisecracks. Why didn't you let them go? Do you suppose they'll take this without getting me into it?"

"I thought of that," Emery said. "Thought of it even this morning when I found your truck. I might have worked it out if you'd known how to use your head. Well, you'll take what you have to, son, whatever it turns out to be. But Ira lives here. He'll take care—"

Judith came out of her chair. "You'll be taken care of, Roger. That's your gift, your quality—people take care of you."

Scorn was a strong acid in her voice. And—it was a new one. She stood poised, her lip drawn back to form more speech, and Emery knew what it would be. The morning had wrought upon that discipline and somehow, deeply, unpredictably, beyond analysis, that sensed rebellion had broken free. It had begun in anger, and had gone beyond anger. He knew what she was going to say. She said it.

"But you're getting out of my house. You bring—them—into it." Her glance moved across the purity of line and color, of carved paneling that embodied the fundamentals of strength and order. She would dispose of Roger as she would scour a soiled panel. He had created uncleanness, mere dirtiness, and so he would be expunged.

"There is no room for you," she said. "Emery is coming to live here."

It was said. Fatality was announced; the thing was achieved. Emery nodded. "You've made your point, Judith. No need to underline it." Her body moved a little under that blue-and-

white garment. "In a way, he's made his point, too. He's got his latch-key—he can speak in town meeting."

Emery turned squarely toward him. "You don't want to argue any more, Rog? You've got it by heart now? Go put away your pack. Take off those pretty hiking clothes and put on some overalls. After dinner you can make a start on Garceau's place—get it fit to move into."

Upstairs, Lydia was stirring. That situation, Emery realized, required further attention. It would get it; it

would be worked out; it would be solved with the means at hand. . . . For the first time in his knowledge of her Judith's eyes were free. Sun warmed the hollow of her throat. So he would move into the Bulfinch house. And, with Roger at the Garceau place, the hills would be opposed. The Garceau house, the Bulfinch house—time didn't matter much, only the phase changed, only the arrangement. They would be taken care of, kept up, kept decent and secure. It had been and it remained a secure, a tenacious race.

SPELL

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

WHAT strange entrancement claimed him so
The boy could scarcely say.
His lonely life began to grow
Astonishingly gay.

What hour the thing began to flower
His mind could not recall.
But rising in his heart a tower
Was terrible and tall.

He lived in fear the charming spell
Was beautiful as brief.
Being so young, he could not tell
What part of it was grief.

His trembling tongue could not define
The anguish in his joy.
This was a startling and divine
Enchantment for a boy!

O leaning tower he could not cleave!
O imminent peril never come!
What ruthless wizard dared to leave
A boy in such delirium?



FROM AUTOMOBILE TO ROAD-PLANE

BY DOUGLAS HASKELL

WHETHER or not you like the new Chrysler "airflow" cars, there is something upon which you will probably be ready to agree: they look peculiar. They are neither quite like the beautiful automobiles of 1926 that arose from the horseless carriage, nor are they like the neat diagrams that appear in the popular scientific magazines forecasting the air-minded future. An old excellence has been lost, and a new one has not quite found its center. Even the illiterate remark, "Oh, yes, and the next ones will be a whole lot different still." The evolution to come is taken for granted, and also the fact that it is irreversible and scarcely more than begun. The Chrysler of 1934 is an almost perfect instance of transition.

Now the general theory of streamlining, with airplane experience behind it, has been known in considerable detail for at least two full decades. So much has been written on the subject that perhaps it is mere repetition to say that objects penetrating the air tend to approximate the shape of a tear drop, blunt in front and tapering to the rear. Scientifically-minded laymen have learned that this shape is the very opposite of a wedge. The tip of an arrow, the beak of a bird, and the blade of an axe are all built to penetrate solid objects and not gaseous or fluid ones. From the standpoint of science our present-day cars, shaped like wedges, would do better if run backward, a conclusion that Glenn

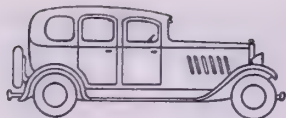
Curtiss has verified by experiment.

Why then did the automobile manufacturers not make greater haste to apply known principles? The first answer is inertia, but there were more. We have heard a good deal about how automobiles should resemble planes. But the problem of the builder begins just where his product does and must *differ* from the plane. A car can no more be simply an airplane without wings than it can be simply a buggy without a horse. And it is for this reason that there is such a fascination in the automobile as a special kind of vehicle.

II

To understand the vogue for streamlining it is necessary to know what streamlining is, and what it is not. To begin with, the belief that streamlining has to do entirely with greater speed is wrong. Racing speeds are only the extreme needed to impress the average condition on the slow-witted human mind. Racing cars have always served as a fine and indispensable laboratory, but have never been used comfortably by the whole family.

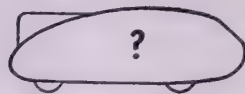
Complete streamlining, leaving the customary automobile entirely behind and working straight from aerodynamics, would effect immense economies at *present* cruising speeds. The average open-road speed for 1933 is given by Professor Klemin in the *Scientific American* as forty-five or fifty miles an hour. At the speed of fifty miles an



Past



Present



Future

hour he calculates that already 18 horse power out of 26, or nearly two-thirds of the power, and hence of the fuel, are expended not against the road but simply to "getting through the air." And air resistance differs from ordinary rolling resistance. The latter increases in direct proportion to the speed, but air resistance increases as the speed squared. The power that is required to overcome such resistance mounts still more rapidly, as the speed *cubed*. Below is a table containing a sample calculation showing how rapidly the "empty" atmosphere becomes of all-controlling importance:

	Horse Power Required	"Dymaxion" Fully Streamlined	Average 1933 Sedan
at 10 miles per hour		2	2
at 30 miles per hour		6	9
at 50 miles per hour		13	27
at 70 miles per hour		25	62
at 125 miles per hour		90	301

By applying full science, then, it would be possible at present speeds so to redesign the car as to relieve the engine of anywhere from a third to a half of its horse power and of its weight. We should have to give up the habit of bragging about our extra horse power though, which is equivalent to a convict bragging about the weight of his chain and ball. Some years ago men were able in races to climb some pretty stiff hills at a speed of sixty miles an hour with motors that rated not eighty horse power or a hundred and thirty but only three, in cars weighing not a ton and a half but seven hundred pounds; and although the drivers were not comfortable and could not take along the family, yet such lightness and

efficiency leave something to think about.

Air resistance does not always wait for a moving object. Sometimes the wind can take a powerful initiative itself. This is why not only the greyhound is streamlined, but every bush, every tree, every mountain (smoother and rounder in proportion to its age) and even the humble turtle. Thirty miles an hour against a head-on wind of twenty miles are equivalent to fifty in a calm; and a sixty-mile gale affects cars, bushes, or buildings, though all of them endeavor to stand still. We tend to neglect such things, being solid moving animals ourselves and reluctant to acknowledge the wind. Boats that move through the water were streamlined long before the piers of bridges were, that stand immobile while the water rushes past them. The earliest masonry bridges, with all their bulk, were in fact often more of a dam than a bridge. On the upstream side of the old London Bridge the Thames was a foot or two higher than below. In floods such damlike bridges often gave way and were carried off; and similarly our skyscrapers would snap in the wind if we did not do an immense amount of "windbracing" in the frame and then load them down with a horrible weight of otherwise uselessly heavy brick.

In nature there is no such blundering. Everything is streamlined. "The lilac bush," says Buckminster Fuller, "may be remembered as having the streamline leaf, and many will recall even the blossoms of the lilac in a heavy wind swinging into a position where the butt of the blossom cluster

rounds to the address of the wind and tapers off to a point with varying adjustment or squirm in the varying wind pressure, with each little blossom umbrellaring in the streamline survival symphony."

Streamlining when undertaken by man is, therefore, something far more fundamental than a means to greater speed in transportation. It indicates a superior approach to the whole problem of design. It coaxes nature, yields, guides, and adapts; it is the opposite of "conquest" by clumsy attempts of sheer force. The result of such adaptation is always a superior fitness which makes the product beautiful. Yet sometimes streamlining itself has to wait or suffer because people are afraid of what looks unfamiliar. Our minds are in compartments, and a shape that we find beautiful in a fish shocks us if found in a car. Then a certain amount of social streamlining has to be done to ease the novelty through the empty, bodiless, but potent opposition of old habit.

III

The earliest inventors could scarcely occupy themselves with thoughts of "form." Their problem was to put a motor on wheels and make it go. The procedure is typified in the story of one of the first two American gasoline cars (the other was that of Haynes) first driven in 1891 by Charles E. Duryea. Mr. Duryea had not been thinking about road vehicles at all but was intent on inventing a flying machine. One day he came across a gasoline motor that simply begged to be put on wheels, and Mr. Duryea, more or less as a diversion, addressed himself to the problem, with the success of which we are now witnesses.

All the other inventors used the same forthright methods. What is astounding about those early vehicles is nothing connected with their shape

but everything connected with the variety of their arrangements. There was no compulsion holding men's minds to the "standard automobile." Motors were electric or steam as well as "explosive," and were mounted frontward or sideward, under the seat, in front of it, or more often than not behind, according to convenience. In view of this early variety, if you ask an automotive engineer just how the particular type we are familiar with became so universal he finds it hard to tell. In fact those questions are again wide open, and the motor in many a car may go back again to the rumble from which it came.

Naturally the experimenters were concentrating on motors and tires, and if the buggy held together tolerably against the pounding which the one-lungers gave it on the roads of that time nothing more was asked.

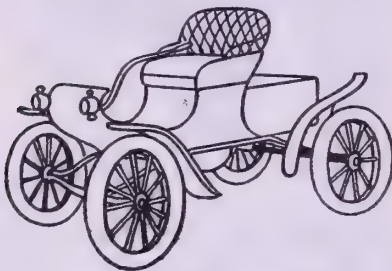


Duryea, 1891, Horseless Buggy

Tires were the most bothersome of all. Mr. C. B. Veal, research manager of the Society of Automotive Engineers, recalls that his father on a trip of one hundred and twenty-five miles changed tires eleven times. This meant taking the tire literally off the wheel, since there were no detachable rims, let alone spare wheels! Mr. Veal's wife, traveling with a woman companion, found difficulty getting into hotels partly because no duster

could keep out the grime, partly because such temerity was scarcely considered ladylike. Tires and motors were improved through the ubiquitous races. Joseph Tracy describes himself and Henry Ford with the Ford "999," eating hamburgers at noon and counting on winning the race to eat anything at all at night.

In the struggle for survival it was not the speediest or the smartest that always won. Even at the sacrifice of certain kinds of excellence, the best guarantee of success was all-round balance, as was proved by the story of the most famous of the gasoline buggies, the "curved-dash Oldsmobile." This car became the symbol of the St. Louis Fair and the subject of popular songs. It had a one-lunger engine, certainly not the most elaborate or powerful then in use, but it possessed the overwhelming advantage of being simple. It was dependable and cheap and simple enough for the ordinary man to understand. Therefore, Oldsmobile reached the astonishing production in 1902 of 2,500 carriages, and in 1904 of 5,000. Thus began the nation-wide and universal popularity in America



The "Curved-Dash Olds"

of the automobile. With subsequent over-elaboration, the Olds output promptly fell and left the low-cost field from then on to Henry Ford, who was still more radical. He intended that every one of his workers should be able to own a car.

The sleighlike curved dash of the

Oldsmobile was the first stirring of a new conception. Such a dash was not used behind the horse. Carry it up overhead, and you would be well on your way toward the most advanced streamline. Yet the period of 1900 to 1910 was to find a different form, and for a reason that deviates from the usual automobile myth.

The myth is that the automobile as we know it has dropped the horse, but the fact is the opposite. Much as they bragged about the "horseless age," the pioneers missed Dobbin out in front. Without him the front seemed empty. The curved dash was too abstract a substitute and too insubstantial. They hit on the sheet-iron bonnet. Sometimes this bonnet concealed a motor, but in the beginning quite as often it did not. The fact only gradually followed the effect. Had the men of 1900 to 1910 been acquainted with modern abstract art they would have understood better what it was that they were doing. The "bonnet," now our familiar hood, was simply the horse rendered abstract, the horse stylized. And that is why Professor Klemin, already quoted, can wryly remark, "That the early automobiles were like carriages is no more remarkable than the fact that they still are like them." But they ran.

IV

Strange to relate, before Duryea ever began work on his first American gas buggy, the general arrangement of all automobiles for the next fifty years—barring the pioneer Americans—had already been settled by the French. If anything is more astonishing than the fertility of the American inventors, it is the logic of the French engineers. Levassor in 1887 had not only installed in his Panhard the motor of the German Daimler but had already devised in its entirety the familiar arrangement that puts the motor in front, the

driving wheels in the rear, and a clutch and gear box, not to mention the passengers, in between. I have said that the hood represents a stylized horse, but it is equally true that, given the traditions of coach building, the motor in front was the most convenient disposition.

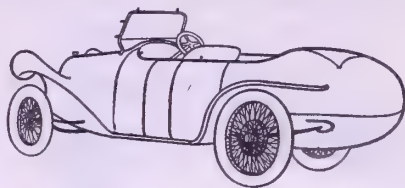
(Parenthetically, Levassor already knew that the great weakness of his layout was the gear-shifting system. He said it was temporary and "barbarous." The first move away from this shameful fuel-wasting barbarity has already been made by Reo, and major improvements in other cars are expected at any moment.)

The French, having settled fundamentals, were ready for the next step, which was the coherent designing of their new vehicle as a whole. They conceived the "torpedo body." This was the earliest attempt at a streamline and also the birth of what we have been calling the "automobile."

The reception of this "torpedo body" in the United States revealed the great difference between the two sets of workers in their approach. The torpedo was foreign. It smacked of the impractical, and, besides, "its beauty was to be questioned." Everything seemed to be against it until the American workers hit on a discovery that really interested them. They found that the essential feature of the torpedo, which was the smooth plastic continuity of the body, resulted in something that was far easier than the older type of gasoline carriage to manufacture in quantity.

Progress does not actually follow the smooth curves and the rational procedures that are afterward assigned to it, and in this instance the change really began through a mere detail, namely, giving the driver's seat a door. This door had previously been omitted, probably because there were none on buggies or cabs. Indeed the driver

was still treated as a sort of cab driver, which is humorous, since it was he who bought the car, drove it, got under it, and in general suffered all the inconveniences; in reward it was he who had to squeeze his fur coat (all cars were open) under a badly placed steering wheel in winter, to bark his shins on wrongly placed pedals, knock his

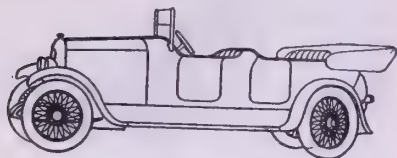


French "Torpedo," 1909

knees against the dash, duck behind steering wheels in direct line of vision, and wear out his back. While he was cramped and crowded, the passengers behind were given such abundant space and distance that a critic asked "what they might have against the driver?" At any rate, about 1909 it became customary to give the driver's seat its own doors; and with the "fore-door" in front of him the American manufacturer suddenly saw his car. Despite angles, curves, curlycues, and all sorts of interruptions, he saw it as a continuous single enclosure. "Speaking broadly, the fewer panels there are to a body, the cheaper it is to make, the fewer junctures and corners, the easier it is to paint, the simpler the outline, the easier is the making of the frame. Added together, these things make the body which is now the common form (1915) . . . considerably cheaper." The inevitable corollary was that the bumps and wrinkles should be ironed out.

Once the value of plastic continuity was felt where Americans are sensitive, namely in their unique pursuit of mass production, it swept all before it. Among stock cars (which are the ones with which this article is concerned)

there are many of the date 1915 or 1916 that for general neatness and cleanliness of silhouette can compete with anything since, at least among open cars which were then nearly universal. Among the 1916 models, for example, there is a Mercer "22-72" four-passenger sporting touring car that is excellent, and a similarly bullet-shaped Cunningham, both of them



Marmon, 1916 (with high hood and graceful second cowl)

with an inward curve or "tumble-home" to their sides; there is a Marmon "34" with a characteristic high hood and a graceful slightly rising second cowl; the Stutz "Bulldog" has the low "racing" sides, though the collapsible top looks very high to us now. A good exception to the run was Packard, already with its crimped hood, straight lines, and general angularity, and still by exception carrying a good many more moldings than the others; but Packard always got its bodies either from the custom builders or from their designers, so that the lines and the proportioning were unfailingly distinguished. These are the ones we should pick to-day, failing perhaps to allow for the preferences of that time as represented by the Premier. With a squat radiator and sloping hood this, like the majority of other cars, gave what to us now is an unpleasant appearance of nosing down.

Along with moldings and panels, there disappeared numerous attachments which were either left off or else built in. Conspicuously absent from the running board were the gas generator for the lights (now that they were electric), the tool box and the bat-

tery—although the battery has never since been as accessible as it was then. Everywhere and always there goes on the struggle between art, which strives to assimilate and integrate mere gadgets into functioning parts of a single ordered organism, and luxury, which adds new eccentricities for the purpose of ostentation. This year the gas tank and the trunk rack have been digested and built in, but at the other end has been added a useless radiator grille, which on some of the most expensive cars is at its most tinny.

V

In the earliest gasoline buggies the very first impression we get is of the great height. Even Mr. Levegh on his 1900 Morse racer, as pictured in *Horseless Age*, sits high on a throne. Closed cars kept their height longest. In 1914, when touring bodies were beginning to take their present shape, Packard put out a classical limousine on each side of which there were four narrow tall window openings: two for the tonneau and two for the chauffeur.

But as a French sport turned into the American national avocation there was a need for closed bodies that were not just limousines. In the 1920's with the perfection of quick-drying pyroxy-



Premier, 1916 (slightly nosing down)

lin paint it was possible to make the great majority of automobiles closed.

Three horizontal lines dominate any closed automobile coach; by studying them as he sees them on the street the owner may find the reason why he bought his own car rather than an-

other on the point of "style." These three lines are the top, then the running board and fenders, and the "belt rail" in between. The belt-rail molding is the molding that commonly runs directly under the glass and continues forward along the side of the hood.

So far as the running board and the top were concerned, the whole effort has been to bring them down; this has left the middle line to play with for the sake of form.

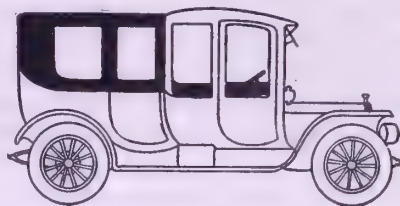
These lines, however, are really generated from inside. In coaches, as in buildings, art is not free but copes with the threefold problem of "commodiousness, firmness, and delight"—in this instance capaciousness, smooth riding, and beautiful lines. "Commodiousness" means that people are seated comfortably with a good view and opportunities to converse.

The custom designer, with whom all the best devices have originated, receives a chassis already finished by the manufacturer of the motor. It has a given length. The rear-seat position is generally placed quite directly over the rear axle, where the low-slung chassis arches up in what is called the "kick-up." Too far back, the rear seat would be even more uncomfortable than it is, and too far forward, it would crowd the front compartment and the driver. The driver, for his part, is placed in relation to steering post, pedals, and shifting lever. Here the fraction of an inch can make all the difference between comfortable driving and the worst fatigue. Years of hard work were required here simply to get small obstacles out of the way.

The belt-rail of the body, directly under the glass, is the most convenient line on which to measure width, since it is near the passengers' shoulders; and the passengers are generally wider at the shoulder than at the seat. Habit, on the false analogy of the wedge, has put the broadest part of the car at the

rear seat, but in the new Chryslers already the belt-line swings out from the rear to a greatest width in the middle.

From the belt-line, also, the vertical lines can swing in or out. In the earliest coaches the favorite shape was the tulip, flaring out; for years the sides were straight; but now they converge



Packard Limousine, 1914

toward the top like the sides of a boat: they have a "tumble-home." This decreases the appearance of height and of course decreases also the resistance to the wind, while no useful space is lost.

The sides of the earliest cars, as we have seen, were low, the sportier the lower. The first thing to come up, as in the old Marmon, was the hood. This was because of a sound instinct about the appearance of the car from the front. Where the hood was high and the belt-rail low, at the cowl, or juncture, there was first a deep cut.

To-day the whole belt-rail is high, so that especially in sporting cars with the top down nothing is visible of the figures inside below the chin. This is partly for a feeling of safety, and partly because the desire for a single shape, all-enclosed, is groped for long before it is reasoned out.

In fact, our hoods have become so high, and the belt-molding is so universally continuous, that windshield and windows under the low top have been reduced to mere duck-blind slits. Gone is the pleasant outdoor view, gone is the sense of leisure and of openness; there is left only the sense of power and of security at roaring speed



The three controlling lines in the design are the top, the "belt-line," and the line through running-board and fenders. In the future car, with motor at the rear, no belt-line is needed, and the outlook is more than amply restored which at present is cramped between a high belt-line and a low top.

(in proportion as actual security decreases). If the hood is to approach any nearer to the top—as indeed it should—then it will either crowd out the windows altogether, and merge with the roof, or else it must be made to contain the windows itself. To accomplish this, the motor must be removed and placed at the rear, and the disposition is like that of the early gasoline buggy, except that by indirection we have arrived at the fully streamlined shape.

With a knowledge of the three chief horizontal lines, and with attention particularly to the junctures, the reader is in a position to amuse himself endlessly studying the coach-maker's skill. There is, for example, the achievement of this year's Ford, which has brought the door right down to the running board and joined the fenders to the body in a sweeping line, eliminating the appearance in previous models that they were mounted on a platform; in conjunction with raking instead of vertical lines, this arrangement has done marvels in lowering the apparent center of gravity and in doing away with the awful boxlike look of older small-car sedans.

Yet such studies have now really become archæology; the period is over. The details are unimportant when the general dispositions are all wrong. What is the use of inventing new lines for fenders? One look at any car from a building up above it will show you that the fenders, running boards, and hoods in the aggregate represent an egregious waste. Only somewhat over

a third of the total area that the car covers is available to the passengers, and the rest is all devoted to this useless and flouncing tinware. There is little satisfaction in having the front seat hold three instead of two passengers if you have become disgusted with a system of loading that leaves the car riding rough when carrying only the driver, or dragging, swerving, and swaying if there is any extra load, which has to be added toward the rear. The center of the load must be somewhere near the center of gravity, and the center of gravity must be somewhere near the center of direction. And what is the sense of boasting of a ton or two of weight, however flossy or shiny? The dinosaurs are dead.

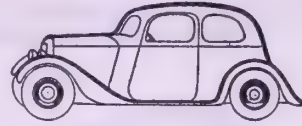
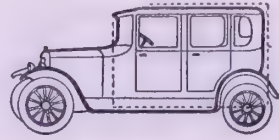
What the common features of all future automobiles will be can already be seen in the first of the advanced experimental models. Buckminster Fuller, for example, has already put on the road two or three "Dymaxions." Although they are the center of considerable engineering controversy, they give an idea and a very vivid one of what may be expected. The first thing that strikes us is the stunning beauty of their continuous sculptured shape.

By comparison the car of 1934 with its excess hood and fenders looks as gadgety and awkward as the first of the "fore-door bodies" look to us to-day. It is easy to see that such a continuous shape will be immensely simpler and easier to stamp out than our present collection of bonnets and aprons, and can be protected by some sort of full-length, streamlined bumper rails.

The inside, however, is still more remarkable. The broad front of the car has now become available to the passengers; the motor is to the rear. Since the body extends out over the wheels, there is all the transverse space that you find in a bus: enough to convert the rear seat into a cot for sleeping. The car is converted into a totally new instrument, a Pullman coach, so to speak, or a self-contained overnight tourist camp.

The "Dymaxion" has two full-length transverse seats with a total capacity of seven passengers, but the space between the front and the back seat is so wide that in a pinch it would seat four more. Additional passengers load at just about the center of gravity of the empty car, which is at about the second door. There would seem to be no reason why a space so roomy should not have movable chairs instead of fixed divans, if a designer could get his car to swing around sharp curves without sideward throw.

The windows, relieved of having to clear a belt-line, can occupy as much space as wished; their inward curve permits a passenger next to a window to look nearly straight up. An impression of openness is conveyed that takes one's breath away at first, but after-

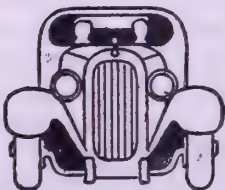
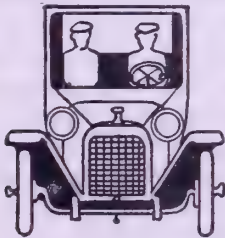


Ford drops the box

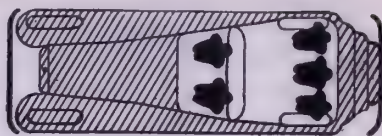
ward one would not dispense with it for any consideration.

The driver, with no motor ahead of him as a bumper, is justified in feeling somewhat concerned about accidents; it is intended in future models to extend the body frame upward like the bumpers at the end of a railway track, and for a beginning the driver might feel better if they were left uncovered so he could see them. Ventilation comes in through louvres in front and follows the streamlined ceiling, giving fresh air without either a draft or elaborate devices to prevent one. The sensation is akin to that enjoyed in modern houses: "light, air, and view."

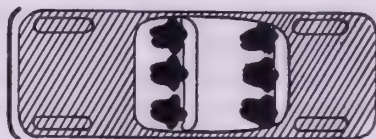
Into the other features of the "Dymaxion" we shall not go, since engineering matters can best be tested in use, and by engineers. Even there, imagination as well as knowledge is required, for it is the easiest thing in the world to condemn a single innovation without realizing that other *surrounding* conditions have been substituted that destroy the basis of the comparison made. The actual test, one would say, was the question of the superiority of Mr. Fuller's three wheels, which enable the car to turn on a pin but have been challenged with respect to stability. The most important technical question of all, which affects the buyer's purse, is settled beyond a doubt: such a car consumes far less than the present models in gasoline.



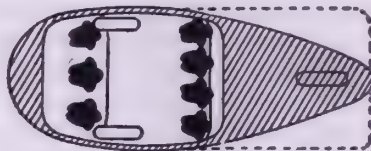
Toward unity and compactness



1933: The majority of passengers ride over the rear axle. Most of the space, as indicated by shading, is occupied by machinery and body, not passengers.



1934: (Chrysler) The passengers are moved forward to a better riding space, with comfortable room for one more.



1934: (Dymaxion) One type of "road-plane," with the passengers now in front, occupying a greatly enlarged compartment. Waste space is greatly reduced. This is one of many possible rearrangements of the old "automobile."

Other experiments are reported that are not yet open to the public. Mr. William Stout, the former airplane manufacturer, is reputed working with radical innovations, but as this is written the details are still rumors. Mr. Stout *has* let us know that he challenges any shape which closely resembles an airplane fuselage (the "Dymaxion" is such a shape) for a reason that makes a road-plane different from an airplane. We all know how boats and airplanes adjust themselves to the surrounding medium. They do not always point the way they go. A ferry crossing a river points somewhat upstream; and an airplane traveling north may point north-north-west. A road vehicle, on the contrary, is permitted no such deviation. Its wheels follow the road wherever it leads, and the only way to

avoid this would seem to be to abolish the road or put the vehicle on something else. So Mr. Stout is concerned with the wind that blows whence it will and the car that must follow the road: for this sometimes raises the problem of heavy winds from the side that might make the "perfect" tear-drop shape harder to steer than even the present-day old tubs. One would guess that his shape would result in something related to the humble turtle.

While the engineers are working such things out we can all learn at least to avoid complete reliance on analogies. If we are leaving behind the "horseless, buggy" this does not mean that we shall go to a wingless plane. We do know that we shall have the road-plane, streamlined according to science and not mere "style." The

tentative Chrysler of this year, which has an appearance just between this and that, is, nevertheless, so constructed inside (with a continuous all-embracing frame like a Zeppelin) as to

be prepared for another decisive move. The speed of the conversion depends on how hard we push the manufacturers. The product will not be the familiar "automobile."

SONNETS

BY HELENE MAGARET

FOR one more leaf of love would be as lead.
*I could not bear it, even if it were
 So light that drifting on a thistle-head
 The delicate thistle-feathers would not stir.
 So ample is the love I carry now
 Like one beneath a load I fight for breath.
 Let not one petal of that crimson bough
 Fall on my shoulders lest it herald death.
 Beauty becomes so sharp I cannot face
 Even the sunlight, and against my will
 I weep alone for things of common grace.
 Where can I cover my eyes, how can I still
 My heart, and in what twilight-haunted place
 Hide from the lilies on the window-sill?*

*We would not love the "Dialogues" again,
 If we could drink with Socrates, and hear
 Him jesting in the street with other men.
 We would not hold the written word so dear
 Had we the voice and confident, keen eyes,
 And so it is I can no longer be
 Content with all the scholarly and wise
 Words of the men who fathered poetry.
 For having talked with you, I find at last
 The gay, unsilenced singing of the past
 Sweeter than told in books. O Love, you play
 A deathless music. Let the stolid earth
 Be barren of its dreams. You know a way
 To bring all muted songs again to birth.*



LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

BY JOHN HYDE PRESTON

I WAS going to crave indulgence for stealing a title that belongs to Robert Browning but, on rereading his poem, I realized that the title provided me with a valid basis of comparison. When Browning wrote his pastoral meditation, declaring that love was better than gold or greatness or the glory of kings, the year was 1855. The good Queen sat quietly on her throne; the English-speaking world was poised in an unruffled calm; morals were inflexible laws that broke the breaker. Brides were innocent and statues were draped. In America a man named Walt Whitman had just turned the stomach of the world by declaring that the human body was a thing of beauty.

Now eighty years have passed. The human body still looks very much as it did then and there has been no marked improvement in its shape and tint, but a great many things have happened in the world which it inhabits. One might almost say that the Industrial Revolution and the Machine Age have wrought as many changes in the bedroom as they have in the business office. The Industrial Revolution that gave security to Browning's time has given to our own time all the hectic and hysterical quality of a force that has burned itself out from within. We have seen feminist movements, women in business, rebellions against the older code of morals, greater liberties of speech, a world war and its subsequent universal disillusion, years of fantastic

prosperity, and, finally, a depression. The lovely, tormenting, charming, and unreal days of 1855 have passed beyond recall from the face of the earth. To-day the younger generation is facing a problem that the English society of Robert Browning's time had never dreamed of, except as moral turpitude.

Browning's "ruins" were the vestiges of a buried city; our "ruins" are the vestiges of a buried world. I suppose the War dealt the death-blow to the last ghost of the unquestioned moral standard of the Victorians, but the year 1929 buried that slain wraith. In Browning's time if you lived in a certain sphere, were educated in a certain way, and associated with certain people—who were always the standard people—then you behaved in a certain way. There wasn't any question about it; you did what everybody else did and avoided what they avoided. Morals were not open to discussion; you simply observed them and they fitted very nicely, with a few outrageous exceptions, into the general scheme of things. But now morals are the most discussed subject in our midst. Along with our monetary standard, we have been forced to change almost every other standard. We have been almost forced to create a brand new morality in order to meet the demands of our changing life. For the year 1929, besides burying a lot of noisome ghosts, also gave birth to a good many things, and among them was the

dilemma which ninety per cent of young American men and women of marriageable age must face in 1934.

It is impossible to-day to go into one of our colleges—Harvard or Bryn Mawr, Yale or Vassar—without hearing discussions, at once sad and heated, about the effect the depression is having upon the emotional lives of the generation now in its twenties. And outside the colleges, on the streets, in clubs, in any place where young people meet, there is a good deal of attention being given to the thought of love and marriage. A burning question is: "How can we, in the year 1934, go about the business of achieving a normal way of life?"

Wide-awake social observers have been aware for some time of the changes brought about in married love. Anyone looking over the divorce statistics of the past four and a half years cannot help seeing that the present economic crisis, for all its evils, has had a strangely healthy effect upon the average American marriage. Since that fateful October of 1929 the divorce rate has steadily decreased; legal separations have been remarkably fewer. Men and women have faced together a new necessity, and apparently Reno has not been so glittering in the face of salary-cuts. Many couples, striving against poverty toward a common goal and facing reality for the first time, have for the first time found themselves. The romantic adolescent, who is the main prop of Reno, is apt to mature under hardships.

If the depression can contribute toward the stabilization of American marriage, then it is not entirely an ill wind. But what is going to be its influence upon unmarried love, upon love in its "pre-altar" stages? What is it going to do to the young people now attaining a marriageable age? What changes is it destined to bring about in American morals? These seem to me

important questions which social commentators have mostly neglected.

To-day our young college graduates are finding it next to impossible to marry; only a rare few are lucky enough to have families willing or able to support young love. Many of them, if this depression lasts a few years longer, will be thirty or over before they are in a position to assume the responsibilities of a wife. Young women who, in the so-called "normal" times, were able to contribute to the family budget during the first difficult years, now find it impossible to get jobs. As a result, there are in America thousands of healthy, normal young men and women who, because of world-wide economic conditions and through no fault of their own, are prevented from enjoying healthy, normal lives. For them, ill-paid even if they are so lucky as to have any job, a home and children will have to be postponed indefinitely.

Yet it is hardly to be expected that love will remain in abeyance because there is no bank account. The depression has taught us (rather to our surprise, because we didn't know that we could be so resourceful and civilized) how to live quite happily without servants, frequent jaunts to Bermuda, and two cars in every garage; but it has not taught us—and unless some competent educational system with three or four initials is set to work, will notoriously fail in teaching us—how to live happily without love. The urge toward taking a mate remains just as strong, perhaps even stronger because the depression has increased our loneliness and our desire for companionship and human security.

What can the young people of to-day do about all this? Are they apt to retire into their dreams and wait until fortune smiles upon them? Are they apt to dismiss love as one of the impractical luxuries of 1934? On the

contrary, will they not, if they are worth anything, face their new dilemma bravely and work out a solution?

II

A few years ago there was a good deal of discussion in this country about matters of sex, about what was moral and what was not, and there were intelligent and constructive things said as well as reckless and foolish things. Dora Russell's *The Right to be Happy*, which advocated almost complete sensual freedom for the young, and other books of similar nature dropped like bombshells into our schools and colleges. They caused such a stir and gathered so many avowed disciples that Aldous Huxley was moved to satirize the modern girl as wearing a cartridge belt loaded with contraceptives. The excitement (presumably aided in some cases by enthusiasm for the Russian experiment) became so intense that in some of our largest and most respectable colleges for women there was a secret census taken to determine the number of young ladies who had succeeded in guarding that mysterious possession known as virginity—and the census showed that the percentage of virgins was extraordinarily low. It appeared that America was full of unmarried girls who, after the age of eighteen or younger, were known as maidens only by courtesy.

But those were the days before the economic collapse had threatened and affected our every move. Now it has become evident that, in the years of prosperity, the behavior of the younger generation was more the result of attitude than of necessity or deep conviction. I remember once about five years ago hearing a young girl say, rather defiantly, that she had taken pains to lose her virtue just to prove to herself that God had not given her a

good brain for nothing. What those young people did then was often in the nature of an intellectual experiment, whereas to-day they are forced to be practical. They know now that they are facing together a situation whose solution requires care and forethought. In the days when there was plenty of money to pay for their mistakes, they could afford to be casual. The "free love" and "companionate marriage" cults that were so bandied about during the 1920's were, on one hand, the outcome of swollen pocketbooks and subsequent restlessness and, on the other hand, the answer, at once defiant and boastful, to centuries of stifling puritanism. The War had let down the barriers, and about the beginning of the last decade America began to develop her violent and almost morbid interest in sex. It was manifested by a flood of literature such as made the critics of other nations look with amazement upon our belated adolescence. Many of these books did a great deal of good, but the fact remains that writers like Judge Lindsey, Marie Stopes, and Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell could be popular and widely read only in a country which is sexually immature. It is inconceivable that a book like *Married Love*, for example, would sell ten copies in France; yet I have heard doctors say that this particular volume (though it may be no more than a slightly sentimental rehash of Havelock Ellis and Dr. Van de Velde) has been instrumental in holding together countless marriages in our land. For it has helped fill a disgraceful and tragic abyss of ignorance which is evident in almost every American's education.

However, all things considered, it does not seem that what you might call our decade of sex-excitement has produced a vast flock of either liberals or libertines. On the contrary, the depression has brought us to an almost

unobtrusive normality. Never since 1918 has that group known as "the younger generation" evinced so little interest in new cults of behavior. They have lost the urge to "show off" as well as the urge to "prove something." And now their whole concern is with finding a way of life that will fit into the new bounds imposed by the economic crisis. Instead of wasting their energies in flouting conventions and seeking excitement, they now find themselves in quest of something more permanent.

The young men and women in love who are finding it impossible to marry are facing one of the most poignant and disturbing problems that fall to the lot of youth; and their solution of it will have a telling effect on their futures, whether for good or bad. It all narrows down—or perhaps you should say broadens out—to a question of the sexual relationship. To keep close company with a beloved one and yet avoid all physical contact is difficult in the shortest of engagements; but to-day, when many marriages have to be postponed for a year or two years or even three years, it is next to impossible. All would be well if the young people could accept it as next to impossible and proceed on these grounds, but the hitch comes in the fact that such physical unfamiliarity has generally been thought desirable. Of course there are always people who are blessed with great "control" or lack of emotion, but they, unfortunately or fortunately, are not the average. Doctors have pointed out that a complete abstinence over a long period of time between two people in love is both soul-rending and destructive. It not only confuses the minds and interferes with the working ability of those who force themselves to live under such a rigid and unnatural regime, but it also plays havoc with the nerves and with the health of the body.

III

For these young people who are in love in a time of depression there are but three courses open; one must be chosen, though all three entail grave disadvantages. The first course is to deny desire for the time being and follow the way of their parents; the second is to accept desire and live together—that is, cohabit with each other—before marriage; and the third is to marry on what little money they have, swallow their pride, and take a chance on their being able to get along, even if it means having to move in under the family roof for a while.

Let us pause to examine the first course. For many reasons it is more difficult for young men and women of to-day to survive the ordeal of a long engagement than it was for their grandfathers and grandmothers. Since 1870 the general consciousness of life has changed and grown profoundly. The average young girl of that time was not brought up to be aware of the facts of sex and many of them knew nothing about it until they became brides. Books and plays never concerned themselves with its problems, and no one dreamed of talking about it in mixed company. But the young girl of 1934 lives in a world where discussion of sexual matters is quite general; they are dealt with frankly and exhaustively in the novels she reads and the plays she sees, and many of her friends are more or less openly "having affairs." Therefore, she is emotionally ready for marriage years before her mother was.

The man's world has also changed. Our grandfathers had a more rigid code and lived under a very different system. Emerson noted in his *Journal*, in the middle 'sixties, that most of the men he knew had been chaste until marriage. The few who were not chaste had had recourse to the brothel;

their initiation into the mysteries of sex was generally with a lady of the streets. But their grandsons have grown up in a time when the red light is no longer the safety valve of civilization and only an occasional man is chaste on his wedding night; and their first experience is usually with a woman of their own class. Yet his grandfather, who never dreamed of making physical advances to the girl he expected to wed or to any other woman of his own social stratum, avoided one great difficulty and embarrassment that is apt to attack his grandson. For the modern young man runs the danger of falling in love with a woman who has deep-founded and very sincere misgivings about a pre-marital relationship. The idea of consorting with a prostitute as relief to his pent-up emotions holds no promise of pleasure for him, and it would be difficult for him to have an affair with another woman of his own class without being unfair both to her and to the girl he loves. There he comes face to face with a strange plight which is generally best solved by patience and thoughtful planning.

Yet there is one wide advantage on his side. For is he not, because of his varied associations with women of his own sphere, better equipped than his grandfather was to say what qualities would be durable for a lifetime?

IV

As for the second course—living together before marriage—it must be clear to thousands of young men and women that this obvious solution of the trials of a long engagement has not always proved so easy as it seems. The old traditions are too much with us, and even the Russells cannot write them away. No one can go into our schools and colleges without noticing that, in spite of the great sensual free-

dom which characterized the post-war generation, the young people of to-day are still bound more than they know by the morality of their fathers and mothers—even though they seem to feel called upon to deny it. It colors their actions as well as their thoughts, and often they allow it to decide a momentous question for them against their own wills.

As in the generations past, the man has the easiest time of it. Society does not expect so much from him and nobody has set a great price on his virtue. So long as he is discriminating and keeps his transgressions to himself the wrath and disdain of the world is not likely to descend upon his head. In spite of feminist movements, the man still has a much freer life—that is, a freer routine of living—than the woman. He usually has only his conscience to answer to, and he is less apt to have obligations to his family.

But the case of the girl is different and more perilous. The average "nice girl" has been brought up to believe that pre-marital relationships, if not actually immoral, are at least untidy. It is not easy, despite the fact that the world about her seems to be gradually discarding such notions, to remove that belief from her mind; for even though she may consciously disavow it, its roots are still deeply and firmly embedded in her general conception of life. In fact, it is less a belief than a sense of guilt, and a sense of guilt takes time to outgrow. You may call such hindrances the bugaboos of an antique morality if you like, but you cannot deny their power and, in some measure, their value.

But even though a girl free herself and dismiss such restrictions as unintelligent, she still has very practical aspects of the situation to face. Of course to-day she is not apt to run up against the milksop type of man who begs a girl to live with him and then

quickly loses all respect for her when she does. But she is very apt, unless she exercises extreme care and secrecy, to incur the wrath of her family and to make her home-life impossible. The fact that a girl has freed herself from any sense of wrongdoing and is happy and full-hearted in her relationship does not mean that her parents would be able to understand or even sympathize with her behavior. Try as they might, they could not see behind the face of the clock. Many parents make an almost pathetic effort to view situations as their children do, and they are prevented from seeing not because they are stupid or narrowminded or bull-headed—though some of them are all those things—but simply because they were brought up to believe that such situations would never be possible and, therefore, have not provided a place in their minds to receive them. Now the economic crisis has imposed upon them the need of being flexible. It is the duty of the older generation to make every effort to understand that such situations are not only possible but, unless they themselves can give their children some practical help and assist in solving their dilemma, almost inevitable if not necessary in the natural course of events.

Another disadvantage that faces young men and women who are living together before marriage is that they can seldom find an adequate and sufficiently private place where they can be together and alone. The low-salaried young man to-day cannot afford the bachelor apartment that his brothers of 1928 had—and if he could afford it he could probably afford also to get married. He has no place that is really his own, and often he does not realize what a psychological help it would be to both the girl and himself if he could provide some safe retreat, no matter how small. As it is, they are usually forced to hold their rendezvous

in places not conducive to the atmosphere of love. A young man who had known all the pangs of a two-year engagement recently described his marriage as "coming in from the fields."

The secrecy that is necessary under such a regime imposes a severe strain. Not only is there the tension of keeping up false appearances but there is also the nasty need to conceal a fact that a normal person ought to be proud of. The young girl who is sincerely in love is not in the mood to enjoy intrigue for its own sake; she hates to feel that there is anything clandestine and two-faced about her life, or that her life is divided—one part with the man she loves, the other with her unsuspecting family. And on top of all that she has to bear the hardship of being separated from her fiancé at the times when she needs him most. It is never easy to spend part of the night with him and then go back to the parental roof and sleep alone the rest of it. Neither is it easy to feel that they cannot be together any moment that they please. The moderns who believe that a pre-marital affair is practically the same as marriage are pathetically deluded. For it is almost always a hectic thing; it has little of the easy companionship, the fine peacefulness, and the true balance of married life. For a serious person it never holds complete fulfillment.

Very important in any unmarried girl's mind is the fear of becoming pregnant. It is not the fear of the novel's heroine whose lover deserts her, but a very practical fear of how such an exigency would be provided for. She knows that her fiancé will stand by her through thick and thin, but even if they decide to assume the risk of marriage on their slim finances, they certainly cannot assume the responsibility of a child. The only alternative for a pregnant girl is an abortion and that, besides being an extremely risky opera-

tion in consideration of the disgracefully surreptitious ways it must be performed in this country, is also a grave psychological problem for both the man and woman. The best plan, of course, is to employ means of preventing pregnancy. But that is not always easy. Not only do strong emotion and embarrassment both play a part, but it is much more difficult to use contraceptive measures in a pre-marital affair than in marriage. What is more, our asinine lawgivers with their fetish of prohibitions have made it very difficult for the unmarried girl to obtain adequate medical advice on birth control, and a great many young men, although they have probably had previous experience, are notoriously ignorant or neglectful of this matter.

V

We come now to the third course open to young men and women in 1934. This course, while it requires more sacrifice than some would be willing to make, is the one that will probably be adapted more and more generally by young people who are finding that the pre-marital relationship leaves them with a sense of impermanence and incompleteness. Such a course dictates that they get married, without expensive ceremony, and live where they can and how they can and dismiss from their minds all that dangerous nonsense about "keeping up appearances." Young people seldom know until after they have taken the happy plunge how really simple it is to live within a tiny budget. If worse comes to worst, as it might in some cases, they can make arrangements to live temporarily with either the bride's parents or the groom's parents, or perhaps divide their time between the two.

Most young people will throw up their hands in horror at this last alternative, and the majority of parents are

apt to frown upon it. They rake up all the time-honored objections to in-laws and recite eloquently a catalogue of the inconveniences that such an arrangement would cause. They say it would be humiliating and unnatural, while they forget the fact that in eighteenth-century America it was quite customary for a young husband to settle with his bride in his family's house.

There is no question but that such a course would give birth to many difficulties and perhaps require gladiatorial adjustments, and that it would be impossible in many families; but at least the difficulties would be easier to bear than the racking torments of an engagement period that might seem to have no end. Young people and their parents must learn to look upon it with an eye at once practical and sympathetic, going on the assumption that the present economic stress may last for some years to come. One of the main handicaps of American life to-day is that, while the depression has taught us a great deal about the simplification of living, we are still balking against some of its best lessons and still trying to make many of the pleasant illusions of 1929 fit into the conditions of 1934. Many people still hang on with all the tenacity of sentiment to the ideal of a costly church wedding and a still more costly reception, when a simple home ceremony and a few stirrup cups would accomplish the same end. It is still a sort of moral responsibility for a husband to take his bride on a protracted honeymoon to some distant place, when a few days at a simple farmhouse in the country would be even more joyous. But most thorny of all is the seemingly indestructible notion, supported by inflexible parents and conscientious young men (and perhaps by real estate agents), that newlyweds must start life in a certain way, on a certain scale, with a separate house or apartment of

their own, and must become entirely independent members of a community.

It is this notion, together with the cruel superstition that a man must have absolute financial security before he asks a girl for her hand, that is keeping so many young people from marriage and leading to a rapid loosening of morals. If this standard is to be insisted upon, then it is only natural and inevitable that pre-marital relationships will go on and increase and will soon have to be tolerated by all reasonable people as part of the new moral code. Parents who are worried lest their daughters "live in sin" will have to exert every ounce of strength and resource in helping those daughters solve the difficulties of getting married, and in some cases will have to face the stupendous inconveniences and petty irritations that would arise should the young couple be forced to move into parental quarters that might be already crowded. What is more, if they should take the youngsters under their own roof for the time being, they will have to learn to accept this situation with a grace that can be acquired only by thought and kindness and will have to make a herculean effort to keep from patronizing them in any way or in any way making them feel that they are in an inferior or humiliating position. And the young people, on their side, must contribute what they can to the household expenses, do their share of the work, and cultivate a patience and sense of co-operation that will serve them in good stead always. Such an arrangement may not be as pleasant as living alone, and for some it would not work, but it is at least a step in the right direction.

The marriage dilemma is a challenge that calls for courage and thoughtful planning. The problem of 1934—the problem of the generation now in its twenties and the problem of its parents—is to realize the new limita-

tions imposed by the economic crisis, and then to behave like intelligent and resourceful human beings within those limits. In less than five years the whole tone and color of American life have changed more than they did in the previous five decades. Now we are staggered by a deluge of events more catastrophic than the World War. Indeed, this time of depression is like time of war when it is taken for granted that people get married without knowing what their economic futures will be. Parents in 1917 did not try to prevent war marriages on the grounds that the young man might not be able to get a job or afford a house of his own when the War was over. Why should they now? For there are war marriages in 1934 just as surely as there were seventeen years ago and it is up to us to provide for emergency conditions.

It is no longer a question for debate. Either marriage will have to be made easier for young people who are in love among the ruins, or else morals will have to be relaxed even more to meet the exigencies of the present day. Whatever you may think of it on ethical grounds, the fact remains that the majority of young Americans are living together before marriage. They are doing so soberly, with open eyes, and in all solemnity. It is not an experiment, but a need met. It is not a defiance of old standards, but an acceptance of new problems. Yet at best it is only a substitute for marriage, and their hearts and minds are set upon that as the ultimate goal. If it remains as difficult for them as it has been up to this time, then the institution of marriage itself must suffer.

Whether these young people will have happier married lives than did the generation of the 1920's, with their epidemic of divorces, is for the future to show; but if their sincerity and their willingness to struggle can help them, then it seems a safe bet that they will.



THE NATURE OF THE NEXT WAR

BY A. W. SMITH

EVERY war of any consequence is followed by its military reaction. Immediately it is ended, martial minds begin to work. They strive to discover the formula for success and to analyze the causes of defeat. If, as is nearly always the case, the war has followed no established pattern, it is regarded as abnormal in character. No war, in fact, has been normal since the Napoleonic Campaigns, which set the pattern for over a century. Military tradition dies hard.

The reactions of 1918 were more immediate and more thorough than usual. In reorganizing armies in the light of war experience there was hardly a nation which did not hasten back to the model of 1914. Aircraft, tanks, and artillery were dismissed. There was unanimous reversion to the tricky foundation of enormous masses of infantry. Infantry was rechristened "the decisive arm."

No matter that heavy machine guns had become four to six times as numerous as in 1914, that for each heavy machine gun there were added four or more light automatics. No authority has explained how infantry, whose movement was paralyzed by fire in 1914, can regain mobility in the presence of fire defense nearly trebled.*

* Basing the calculation on the British Army, the theoretical capacity for fire of an infantry battalion compares roughly as follows:

1914.	Two heavy machine guns.....	1,000 rounds.
	800 rifles.....	12,000 rounds.
		13,000 rounds per minute.
1934.	10 heavy machine guns.....	10,000 rounds.
	32 light automatics.....	16,000 rounds.
	700 rifles.....	10,500 rounds.
		36,500 rounds per minute.

This refusal to face reality is no new feature. It is as typical as the almost superstitious faith placed in the equipment of the winning side. After 1870, for instance, the British adopted the spiked helmet, in which the Prussians had fought so brilliantly. In it seemed to lie the germ of victory. To-day many armies of the post-war states of continental Europe have adopted French patterns. Horizon blue is the winning color. And as the reality of war gives way to the clamor of theory, some change of tactics is evolved, some technical detail is invented. To these the soldier pins all his hopes of success.

So in 1914 the French staked all confidence of victory on two things—the seventy-five and the offensive *à outrance*. The one was a technical achievement insufficient in itself to affect the issue. This childlike faith in a single weapon showed that the lesson of 1870 was forgotten. Then the *Chassepot*, so immeasurably superior technically to the needle gun of the Prussians, was hopelessly defeated by leadership and training.

The offensive *à outrance* was a staggering error in tactics. It permeated the French army like a disease which grew in strength as it increased its scope. It showed a disregard of every principle of tactics even more firmly established by the astonishing power of modern arms. The theory of the offensive *à outrance* was the refinement of the mind of Colonel de Grandmaison. It was the outcome of an

attempt to reduce the brilliancy of Napoleon to the simple fixed terms of a chemical formula. Any French officer who did not embrace the faith was cast aside.

The offensive *à outrance* was a perfect example of the blind misuse of a great man's maxim. Napoleon pointed the relation of the moral to the physical. The de Grandmaison school went one better. They taught that morale could conquer matter, that mere will power was sufficient in itself to carry the man forward in attack. In Foch's famous "*Attaquez, attaquez*," reiterated over four years of war, lay the germ of the theory which refused to face the bitter truth that the will to win is useless when a bullet has shattered the flimsy link between body and soul.

The French reaped the whirlwind. The offensive *à outrance* very nearly cost them the War. In the first two months it cost them more than seven hundred thousand casualties, including a paralyzing proportion of officers. Those losses outdid the very best records of carnage during 1916 and 1917.

Those two months merely drove home a lesson already well pointed. It could have been learned in Manchuria, in the Balkans, even in South Africa, that the accuracy and volume of fire attainable by a modern army could immobilize even the most determined infantry.

Six weeks after the War had begun, Joffre set quietly to work to rewrite the French training manuals, to pull apart the structure of years. The causes for failure and the enormous losses were ascribed to anything but the true reasons. To technical unpreparedness, for instance, even to the unsuitability of the French uniform of dark-blue coat, scarlet kepi, and trousers. It was an unsuitable uniform—in fact, an absurd uniform. If its com-

bination of colors had been calculated, it could not have been more conspicuous. The long and cumbersome coat reaching well down the calves had to be buttoned back to give play to the knees and to display the lively color of the trousers. It was the coat of the British Army of 1742. It was time that it was changed.

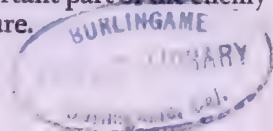
But the causes for tactical failure went deeper than that. They went beyond questions of mere weapons and equipment. They lay in the lack of realistic pre-war training.

We allow the soldier the obvious disability of being able to practice his profession only in exceptional circumstances. He spends the intervals of peace preparing for the next war. He does so in the light of his experience in the last one. He must necessarily be a war behind the times. We have a right to expect, however, that he be no more than one war behindhand.

To state that the internal combustion engine has revolutionized warfare is to state a platitude which is no more than half a truth. The principles of strategy and of tactics remain unchanged. In application and in technical detail they are subject to variation.

The elephants of Carthage provided as effective an answer to certain forms of defense as the modern tank. Their tactical limitations in relation to armament were as rigidly imposed. After the battle of Zama Rome imposed on her defeated enemy one of the first recorded disarmament clauses. The keeping of elephants was forbidden.

So the Allies in the peace treaty banned the tank in a defeated Germany. At least they retained close enough touch with reality to realize that mechanical armaments were likely to form an important part of the enemy army of the future.



II

In the face of modern armaments mobility is attainable in only two ways: by overwhelming fire with fire, or by some form of mechanized armor. And yet in nearly all European continental countries the fashion is again for large masses of infantry of the 1914 pattern. Provision, moreover, is being made for the future. In Rome and Berlin, in Budapest, Prague, and Belgrade, mass marriages are subsidized. Marriages mean children. Children eventually mean infantry. Infantry is cheap and is easily trained. But alone it is singularly ineffective. Quite early in the War it was discovered that it was no longer the infantry which attacked, but the artillery. It was necessary to destroy the enemy and demolish his defenses before the infantry could advance. A shield of fire—the rolling barrage—replaced the old infantry firing line. The infantry supported this shield with a function which was confined to advance and contact. When the limit of gun range was reached the advance had necessarily to cease.

The idea was that a hole could be blasted in the enemy's defense through which the infantry might advance unmolested. It was an expedient, and as an expedient it was a grotesque failure which reached its climax at Ypres in 1917. There the British massed a hundred and twenty thousand gunners. They fired four and a quarter million shells—a total weight of a hundred and seven thousand tons—in the initial bombardment. The gains both tactically and strategically were negligible. The price in blood was eight thousand two hundred and twenty-two casualties for each square mile gained. And square miles of what? The intense bombardment churned the naturally waterlogged ground into a morass in which guns

sank up to their hub caps, in which mules foundered girth deep, and in which overburdened men literally drowned. Dark figures black against the dawn sky advanced at a slow walk in lines of perfect symmetry. The machine gun took fearful toll. A stalwart machine gunner had but to feed and fire his gun to mow down the waves in swaths. He loosened the traversing screw. He swept slowly down the lines. His Number Two had but to see that the belt fed straight as the gun swung chattering on its mounting. A wisp of steam from the water jacket climbed slowly in morning air . . .

Those losses, we were told, were essential to victory. "You can't make an omelette," they said, "without breaking eggs." "Blood," they quoted, "is the price of victory." How Clausewitz must have writhed in his grave. But that blood was not the price, for victory had not been won. It was merely a deposit on account.

But at times some got through. They landed in shell holes. Under some natural leader little groups of men crept forward, outflanking the guns, stalking the gunners. That was how they gained their ground. And from the beginning those little groups might have gone out alone—not in the symmetrical lines which offered such perfect targets.

Then came the "blob" formation—little irregular knots of men—and the tactics of infiltration. "Soft spot" tactics they were called. They were an improvement on the symmetrical line. The price of victory in blood was somewhat reduced but it was still fantastic. The dice were too heavily weighted in favor of the defense.

The infantryman of the nineteen thirties is essentially the infantryman of 1914. In a body he possesses greater fire power, but he is more than ever burdened with the load of his accouterments. Technical improvement has

passed him by. He carries over sixty pounds dead weight of weapons, clothing, equipment, and food, more even than he carried twenty years ago. As far as his weapons are concerned, there has been no startling change. His rifle and bayonet are still the rifle and bayonet of prewar days, although various armies are flirting with the idea of providing their individual infantrymen with some sort of automatic weapon.

To the military mind this possible improvement presents a problem of its own: it is assumed that it will be virtually impossible to keep the automatic-armed infantryman supplied with ammunition. To do so, it is said, would require in the individual infantryman the intelligence and ability to control his own fire under battlefield conditions. This argues a far higher standard of training, and in a short-service conscript army, the mere idea of further technical complications is enough to raise a shudder.

The question of ammunition supply is vital, but such is the conservatism of the soldier that this very same argument has cropped up again and again through the centuries. Within the writer's memory it was used against that admirable little trench weapon—the Stokes gun. "How are we going to supply it?" The same thing was said forty years ago at the introduction of the magazine rifle, and earlier still of the breech-loader itself. It has probably been said of every weapon which requires ammunition replenishment—from arrows for Assyrian bows to stones for Arcanian slings. But the military have always disliked new weapons, like Lord Napier, in the 1850's of the last century, who objected to the conical bullet. It would destroy the infantry spirit, he said, by turning them into "long-range assassins."

And yet the automatic rifle is com-

ing. In fact, in one army at least it has probably arrived. The advent of the automatic rifle multiplies the capacity of infantry for fire. The problem of how to retain mobility in the face of fire is aggravated. The solution seems to lie only in the tank and the armored car. The armored vehicle is hailed as the infantryman's salvation.

The completely mechanized army is, therefore, a dream of the not too distant future. So far no country has had the boldness to institute completely so sweeping a change in conventional organization—or else financial stringency has limited progress toward that end. But footslogging cannon fodder is already outdated. In terms of slain infantry, victory demands an ever increasing price of blood. It has now reached a price which no army and no nation can afford to pay.

III

Hitherto strategy has necessarily been based on roads and railways. It has been linear. Linear movement demands columnar formation. The slow snakelike column of marching infantry can move readily neither sideways nor backward. Like a snake, it is vulnerable along its length. The cumbersome unwieldiness and the tenderness of columns demand battle on a linear front wide enough to protect their length from flank attack. The bullet then resolves the battle into a siege.

Speedy cross-country movement opens up new possibilities in the conduct of war. To-morrow, we are told, we shall see invasion by powerful fleets of battle vehicles on a wide front at many points. There will be fast and deep penetration—one hundred, two hundred miles in a day. The mechanical army will fight area battles, front, flanks, and rear, everywhere. It will make for centers of supply and

production. It will seek to paralyze the resistance of its opponents with quick movement.

Experiments have been made in mechanization, but infantry is still conceived as the mainstay of the force instead of becoming its accompaniment. However, on his own legs the infantryman does not move fast enough for this role. The speed of even the heavy tank, the thirty-tonner, has been increased to twenty miles an hour or more and its radius of action to a hundred and fifty miles. During the War it was a monster whose slow movements enabled it to be accompanied by an infantry attack. To-day it can outstrip any infantry.

To fit the picture the evolution of a new infantry is prophesied—a true light infantry, a *corps d'élite* of the foot-slogger. Athletic, fast-moving, intelligent he must be. Lightly accoutered he will be, and armed with an automatic weapon whose fire he is capable of controlling for himself. He will have to be capable of independent action. He must be able to "infiltrate," to penetrate where penetration is possible. Such action will call for intelligence and boldness. He will be the accompaniment rather than the mainstay of the mechanized force. He will be the landing party of the land fleet.

The new light infantryman, we are told, will not be called on to travel on his own legs. He will be provided with speedy transportation which is proof against the bullet. He will be brought into action unfatigued.

The natural obstacles, the forest and river, the swamp and mountain range, will then come into their own again as defenses. They can hold up the mechanized force which needs bridges and solid open country. The mobility and intelligence of flesh and blood are required to swim and clamber, to creep in mud and thread a way through trees.

According to this program, we shall

see the new infantryman brought to the scene of action under cover. He will carry nothing but his arms. He will be assisted by mechanized artillery served by gunners no longer clinging to jolting caissons. The dead rumble of artillery is gone. Well sprung and rubber-tired, the gun travels across country drawn by its tracked car in which the personnel ride in comfort.

The new infantry—fast-moving, unencumbered long-range assassins—will crack the defense. They will guard the passage through to the more favorable country beyond. They will be taken on board again. The mechanical force travels fast. A hundred, two hundred miles a day in penetration fast, deep, and paralyzing.

This stirring vision foresees war lifted from the filth of trenches. It is to be reinstated as a dashing affair of swift movement. The tank and the armored car are glorified as providing the means out of the impasse.

A parallel has been drawn between land and sea fleets. The battleship is presumed to have its counterpart in the heavy tank whose size and power make it capable of surmounting almost any obstacle. Heavily armed and armored, it is the backbone of the land fleet. It is accompanied by its destroyer force of fast light tanks—tiny two-man affairs whose speed on good ground may be as much as fifty miles an hour. By dispersion of the armored force casualties are reduced and the artillery defense broken down before it can do much damage. There are also the land cruisers, immensely fast-moving armored cars, wheeled for easy cross-country work, capable of very long distances.

But the parallel is too facile. It is quite unsound. At sea there is no limit to the size of a ship. Heavier armor has been met by heavier armament. Heavier armament by in-

creased speed. On land such a race is not possible beyond certain limits.

It is impossible to construct a land vehicle which would be proof against a direct hit from even the three-inch field gun, which is approximately standard the world over. The defense of the tank against the gun cannot lie in size and armor-plate. Primarily, the tank is a weapon with which to overcome the machine gun and the rifle bullet. Only secondarily must it stand a fair chance of escaping the effects of gunfire. Its refuge lies in speed and maneuverability.

At Cambrai in 1917 one gun destroyed tank after tank, picking them off one by one at short range as they followed one another in succession over a ridge. That was an exceptional target. It was the fulfilment of the gunner's prayer.

Now it is conceivable that the field gun to-day is at the mercy of the mechanized attack. It cannot be relied on to be ranged, laid, and fired quickly enough. But it is no longer to the field gun that one looks for anti-tank defense. The most effective answer to the tank during the War was the tank itself. To-day mobility is met with mobility. The tank and the armored car are being met with the mobile anti-tank gun—a machine gun firing a thirty or forty millimeter armor-piercing shell any one of which is capable of putting a tank out of action.

Mobility in defense will depend for a time at least on even greater speed in the attack. But the limit will soon be reached. The war vehicle must conform to certain essentials. It must be able above all things to protect its crew, to carry an armament, and to travel across country. Fulfilling all those conditions, unlimited speeds are unattainable.

Again the dice are weighted in favor of the defense. The defense tank armed with a one and a quarter-inch

machine gun in a turret amidship can deliver a stream of two-pounder armor-piercing shells at the rate of a hundred and fifty a minute. One in five is a tracer. It leaves a phosphorescent trail permitting the gunner to follow the track of the shell.

On either flank of the tank there are sponsons each with a half-inch machine gun firing armor-piercing bullets, three hundred rounds a minute each. Those are for the whippets and the tankettes. The defense tank, itself as fast as the attack, has little to fear. It has one objective, the destruction of hostile tanks where and however they appear.

The tank is extraordinarily vulnerable. It has innumerable tender spots—its engines, its gasoline tanks, its ammunition magazines, its human personnel, its very tracks. It is not hard to render it immobile, and with mobility goes its one excuse for existence.

Those visionaries who see in the mechanized force the remaking of war are doomed to disappointment. The limitations of the armored vehicle are imposed by its own character. Within limits there is a definite place for the armored force, but it does not offer an infallible solution of all problems.

This faith in the unlimited power of machines is as touching as the child-like faith in the horse, which leads armies to experiment with transporting their cavalry, horses and all, in motor vehicles. It is like some child who is reluctant to put down some dear but worn-out toy which has long lost semblance of anything real, but is the more dear for all that.

In the intensified study of Napoleon's campaigns, which followed the Franco-Prussian War, it became the universal fashion to put an artificial strategic value on cavalry. Koeniggratz and the charge of Margueritte's Chasseurs d'Afrique at Sedan were forgotten. The Boer War and the war

in Manchuria with cavalry immobilized by fire were disregarded. The cavalry school resorted to the astonishing argument that those wars were not normal. They went farther. No war, they said, had been normal since the Napoleonic campaigns. There followed the Balkan Wars with similar complaints of abnormality, and at last 1914, which from the cavalry point of view, was the most abnormal of all. The blind cult of the horse had obliterated reality; the one greatest factor of war was forgotten—the bullet.

It is doubtful if large masses of cavalry will ever again take the field. In 1914 a total of fifty-eight divisions were mobilized. A majority of the high command on all sides were cavalry officers. The cavalry were steadily increased as the War progressed. In Russia the original twenty-four divisions rapidly became fifty-four. They were immobilized not by shell and bullet but by sheer weight of fodder. The railways were congested with its mountainous bulk. In it was embedded one of the prime military causes of the revolution. It had become impossible to feed the troops.

It is a strange reflection on the military mind that a supply question should finally decide the obsolescence of an arm which has militarily been obsolete for forty years.

Of the twenty-five and a half million tons of supplies shipped across the Channel by the British during the War, the largest single item, exceeding even ammunition, was fodder at five million four hundred thousand tons. Gasoline takes the place of fodder in the supply field. Large as it looms, its bulk is more apparent than real. Considered in terms of mobility, it requires transport infinitely less in bulk and tonnage than oats and hay.

Highly intensified mechanization assists supply, but it is absurd to sup-

pose that it is the one answer from on high to the problem of movement in the face of fire. Machines can be rendered inoperative and men driven underground by the bullet. Blood still remains the price of victory.

IV

The press, more sensational in its descriptions than accurate in its deductions, has been responsible for some astonishing statements of the capabilities of aircraft in war. The flight of a Lindbergh, a Wiley, or a Post is followed by wistful complaints of the vulnerability of New York from the air. How absurd this is should be apparent.

Both functionally and technically aircraft of 1934 differ little from the aircraft of 1918. Faster perhaps—but an airplane's ability to remain in the air still depends on its capability for movement. More reliable—but still at the mercy of the weather, still subject to technical failure or failure of personnel; and in battle a single bullet may still effect complete destruction of both craft and crew. Aircraft to-day have a longer range, but the distance-flight mark bears little relation to the radius of action of aircraft in war. In peace-time, having reached his objective, the pilot is under no necessity to return. In peace fuel may take up all the available load. Those are not the conditions of war. Five hundred miles, less than a tenth of the distance-flight mark, would be a fair guess as the very limit of the bomber's radius under war conditions.

Essentially, aircraft are the same machines. Their weaknesses, though lessened, have not been overcome; their strength still lies in speed, surprise, and in their capacity for three-dimensional movement. In function aircraft are bound to be more or less subordinate to movement by land and sea; for air

fighting is not an end in itself. It is only a means to an end.

It is a commonplace that a navy cannot completely carry out its primary function, which is control of the seas, until the fleet of the enemy has been destroyed. Hence destruction of the hostile battle fleet is a primary objective. Similarly, an army's primary objective is the destruction of the enemy's army.

It is argued, therefore, that because these things are true of the older fighting services, it is also true that the primary objective of an air force is the destruction of the enemy's air force. This argument fails to take into consideration the peculiarities of aircraft. There is nothing in air fighting which corresponds or can correspond with the defensive land battle behind barbed wire and in trenches, or with the bottling up of an enemy's fleet by blockade.

If it is difficult to bring a reluctant sea fleet to action, it is even more difficult to force action on an air fleet. Nothing can compel it to take to the air. Nor can the attacker wait indefinitely for it to do so. Once brought into action, air forces are hard to defeat decisively. A Trafalgar or a Sedan in which a whole air force is crushed at one decisive stroke is inconceivable.

It is in the attack on civil populations that aircraft can take effective independent action. There is presumably no doubt that civilians will be drawn more completely into the next war. To what extent they will actually be mobilized and their efforts directed will depend on how fresh are the memories of the previous war. They will necessarily, however, be nearer to the battlefield. The perfection of mechanical contrivances has lessened distances. To be completely safe the civilian will have to live much farther from the seat of operations.

It is supposed that there will be a mass air attack, possibly simultaneously with a declaration of war by a heavily equipped opponent. It would have all the advantages of surprise. It would be designed to destroy points of importance by a bombing attack which would so disrupt the national life that further resistance would be useless. It would so shatter undisciplined civilian morale that the victim would unpromptingly offer his surrender.

Those who argue the probability of such an attack point to the standard example of an initial surprise—the attack of the Japanese torpedo boats on the Russian fleet lying within the security of Port Arthur. That, however, was a nonrecurring chance to strike at a single definite objective. The very nature of the situation precluded counter attack in kind. The possible loss was relatively small. The possible gain enormous. Such conditions are not common to air war on civilian populations.

An air fleet which is apparently superior may have to face technical surprise either from the ground or in the air. During the War it was shown conclusively that the fate of air battles depended less on numbers of craft and the individual skill and gallantry of the fighting pilots than on the technical differences of the machine engaged.

Should the attacking force fail of complete success, its air forces will have broken themselves against the bulwarks of the defenders. No longer will its ships be available for its fighting forces on the lower levels on land, on the sea and under the sea. Its own home country will be open to retaliation.

A French authority on air warfare has arrived at the conclusion that the best form of the offensive is the mass attack from the air on the enemy's home country, but that such an attack will be possible only provided three essential conditions are fulfilled: Pro-

vided the attacker possesses or obtains a real measure of superiority in the air permanent, temporary, or local; provided targets exist whose destruction would so disrupt everyday life as to compel surrender; and provided those targets are inadequately protected.

Certain countries clearly offer themselves as better subjects for such action than others. The highly centralized countries, those which are most closely populated and highly industrialized, where there are exposed centers of distribution and manufacture, are ideal as objectives. Great Britain, for instance, offers a better target than Russia; France, than Spain. But such attractive objectives are generally those which are most likely to be in a highly organized state of defense, both on the ground and in the air. The simultaneous fulfilment of all these conditions is unlikely at any time.

The technic of anti-aircraft ground defense was at a great disadvantage when the War began. In the last years of the War it was definitely overtaking the offensive power of aircraft. During 1917 three hundred and forty-nine planes raided London by day and night. During 1918 only fifty-one came, and all by night. Daylight attack was no longer safe, or even possible. In the last great raid on London, on the night of May 19, 1918, thirty-five Gothas started out. Only thirteen managed to reach their objective. Three of the thirteen were shot down in aerial combat, three were destroyed by gun fire, one was forced down. Six of the luckless thirteen managed to struggle home. The success of the defense was final. There was no further bombing of London.

In the intervening sixteen years the science of defense has received universal attention. It has been developed to a degree of efficiency unknown; for these are matters of the highest secrecy. We know, however, that the anti-air-

craft gunner to-day makes claims which we who observed his work with contemptuous amusement during the War would regard as frankly extravagant. He grids the sky with fog-piercing searchlights; he has intricate arrangements of intersecting beams, of long base height and range finders, of electrical sound and direction detectors, his system of protective balloon hung nets, his motorized automatic anti-aircraft guns, his tracer projectiles, and his radio telephone control of the defense fleet.

And as ground defenses have improved, so have those of the air. In last year's maneuvers in Great Britain, in which ground defense hardly figured at all, of forty-seven daylight raids only sixteen were able to reach their targets and return unmolested by the defense planes. In seventy-nine raids only twenty-three returned unintercepted. In each case the performance was less than one third of completely successful attack as far as molestation from the air alone was concerned. Everything was in favor of the attack. The countryside was undarkened. The distances to be traversed by raiders were very short, cutting down any warning the defense might get. In wartime the raiders' difficulties would include all the known and unknown infinitely complicated factors of ground defense and actual air fighting.

Fighting and pursuit planes to-day have climbing power and speed far higher in relation to bombers than during the War. Radio-telephone communication gives them another advantage which they did not possess in the War. They can now be directed and put in touch with their quarry from the ground.

If the mass air attack is improbable, at least in the early stages, the unfortunate citizen in spite of all dangers offers too good a target to be let alone. In the spasmodic bombings of the War

mere material damage could not possibly have repaid the cost in effort and casualties. The moral effect however was incalculable. In 1918 three hundred thousand Londoners were being driven to refuge in tube stations every time the alarm was sounded. Trains stopped running. Munition plants were shut down. Essential services were interrupted. People had hysterics. Children's nerves were shattered. This was damage which could not be measured in terms of money or casualties. In future the breakdown of morale may well be a primary objective of air attack.

V

Chemical warfare has been forsworn by most of the nations of the world. Gas defense, however, is universally practiced, and there is no nation which does not maintain a chemical warfare research department. These, it is claimed, are insurance against surprise.

For, with all forswearing, gas will be used in the next war. In Russia there is the so-called "voluntary" society (it has compulsory membership)—the Osoaviachim—the League for Aviation and Chemical Warfare. In France gas has been included as an essential item in the enormous eastern frontier defense works. They are not a solid fortress line extending in unbroken mass from frontier to frontier, but a well-disposed series of strong points. Intentionally the French have left "*trouées*" much like the famous *trouées* de Charmes of pre-1914 days, which are designed to canalize the attack and reduce it to an easily destroyed form. In war the *trouées* will be drenched with gas and a high concentration maintained sufficient at least to handicap the attack.

From gas in the defense it is but a short step to gas in the attack. World opinion, moreover, is prepared. And

even if world opinion were not in so receptive a mood, we already know that small matters of international law are no restraint. There was a theory that offenders would be permanently outlawed from the comity of nations. As Marshal Foch hopefully put it, "*La guerre n'est pas le bât suprême car audessus il y a la paix.*" But the nation in extremis is concerned only with its very existence. Winning the war becomes its only aim.

And yet chemical warfare at the time of its forswearing offered to the world the only hope for a warfare which might in any way be termed humane. To cause death is not the wish of even the most bloodthirsty general. Disablement serves his purpose far better. Then the human body which has been trained and brought up to the fighting front must be with infinite care and labor taken back again. It must be tended and supplied. It blocks roads and railroads with ambulances and hospital trains.

From a tactical point of view temporary disablement serves the purpose as well as permanent. For this, gas is ideal, but for some reason there is supposed to be something ungentlemanly about it. Its use was proclaimed in 1915 with all the horror accorded to a new weapon. The wave of indignation which swept the world was equalled only by the indignation which greeted the introduction of gunpowder by the godly friars, Bacon and Schwarz.

Aside from the absurdity of raising the point of legality in such an essentially lawless proceeding as war, by international law it is legal, and by custom it is considered more sporting; to rend the body and shatter the mind with prolonged bombardments of high explosive and to finish off with machine-gun fire and the tearing stab of cold steel. These kill and maim, injuring body and soul beyond hope of recovery. Even if the latter are not reft

apart by the actual impact of metal, mere noise destroys the mind and kills the spirit. Men are driven insane. They claw their faces and dribble saliva from their lips. They die without a scratch on them.

In the face of experience it is impossible to maintain that gas is less humane in its action than other weapons. In the British army there were 180,000 casualties* from gas. Of these 6000 died—or approximately three per cent as against the twenty-five per cent of deaths among casualties* from other causes. In the United States Army while twenty-seven per cent of all casualties* were caused by gas, only two per cent died. Of the seventy-three per cent of other casualties the mortality was twenty-four per cent.

Nor are there dreadful after effects. According to the report of the Surgeon General (U. S. Army) gas, contrary to accepted belief, does not increase its victim's susceptibility to tuberculosis, nor does he commonly suffer from any permanent injury. About a quarter of those wounded by weapons regarded as legitimate suffered permanent injury.

Unfortunately, from the standpoint of more humane warfare, gas is a much overrated weapon. It is only effective under certain well defined conditions. It is a weapon of siege war where men fight in enclosed positions. It can be discharged where there is the man power to bring the cumbersome cylinders within range, and when there is time to await a favorable wind. It can be fired in drums from projectors or from guns in the form of shells, where targets are long enough in one position for the ammunition to be made available. In the open, against uncertain targets, its dispersion is too quick, its action too slow, and its stopping power too small to make it universally effective.

* Admitted to hospitals.

This is not to say that gas, though ineffective, is not dangerous. Obviously it has its perils, but its scope in warfare is not to be compared with the effectiveness and destructiveness of high explosives or machine guns.

Of the total British wounded only about three per cent were gas casualties. On this basis gas as a weapon did not justify the enormous amount of labor and energy put into it. Tactically the principal advantage of gas lies in its psychological and fatigue value. As knowledge and skill in anti-gas defense improves, so does the psychological value recede into the background.

Fatigue, however, remains. The mere possibility of gas means that every soldier, already overburdened with some sixty pounds dead weight of arms and equipment, must add an extra two or three pounds of respirator to his load. His already complicated technical training must include instruction in its use.

Worst of all, already under the severe physical strain of fighting, he may be called on to wear his respirator. It deprives him to some extent of vision and totally of speech. He cannot eat, drink, or sleep unless there is some provision for gas-proof shelters. There comes a time when the drawing of every breath becomes hard physical labor.

But beyond fatigue the well-trained soldier has little to fear. Even the blister gases like mustard gas or Lewisite, with their low-killing power and their high nuisance value, can be overcome. During the War whole areas could be rendered untenable to friend and foe alike by drenching with a blister gas. Such was the case at Bourslon Wood and later at Armentières. But to-day protected troops will be able to hold their positions. The very cloth for their uniforms is treated with anti-gas chemical before it is sent to the tailor.

While the fear of gas has been trained out of troops, it still has a firm hold on the psychology of peoples. During the War the fear was carefully fostered until gas held terrors far beyond its actual potentialities.

There is no way in which gas can be used against a civil population except from the air. It is doubtful if such an attack is feasible. The quantity required to have any effect would be too enormous. For instance, to immobilize London for only two hours with mustard gas—which would be the most likely agent—would in theory require not less than one thousand tons of gas. In actual practice the amount might be from five to ten times as great. To distribute even the theoretical thousand tons would call for a fleet of not less than a thousand bombing planes. Such figures stagger the imagination.

It is possible that there might be spasmodic gas bombing with a view to demoralize rather than to destroy. Its physical effect could only be trivial. Dr. Freeth, an expert on gas warfare, did not exaggerate when speaking in London he said, "There have been astonishing statements about the dangers from gas to the civilian in the next war. If in a gas raid a man could keep his head sufficiently to close the window, put out the fire, and wait until the properly constituted authority had taken the necessary steps he would have little to fear."

There remains the possibility of chemical surprise. The possible extent and direction of invention must always be unknown. The unknown belongs to the realm of interesting conjecture. The probabilities, however, are vital, and Professor Norris* deals in probabilities when he gives it as his opinion that it is unlikely that new substances have been discovered which

would be particularly valuable in gas warfare.

During the War all known fields were explored to discover poisonous substances. If since then nothing chemically new has been discovered to make new gases available, there is no surprise in store.

But the sober view of Professor Norris is as little likely to carry public weight as the matter-of-fact opinion of Doctor Freeth. The citizen seems almost to welcome the terrorism of sensation. At least it serves to make the payment of taxes more palatable.

Time and again in the history of armaments a new weapon has been invented to supersede all existing weapons. Time and again early optimism has been profoundly modified by trial and experience. Eventually there comes an effective answer to every new weapon. Future air attack will have to face perfected defenses. The armored vehicle may well be rendered obsolete by the anti-tank machine gun and the armor-piercing bullet. Gas is subject to rigid basic limitations which may reduce it to a position of minor tactical importance.

These weapons are useful but not infinitely so. Each has its well-defined position of greater or less importance in the intricate pattern of the armament mosaic. Each contrives to make the conduct of war more complicated.

Future war appears to hold no escape from stalemate in the field. The four years of the Great War offer one instance only of a notable campaign. Allenby's campaign of Megiddo was brilliant in conception, bold in execution, and decisive in result. Elsewhere stagnation was the rule. Victory in the field is unattainable without movement. Movement cannot be achieved in the face of modern weapons. The circle is closed. War holds the same promise of bitter futility.

* Professor James F. Norris. Formerly President of the American Chemical Association. Liaison Officer for Chemical Warfare in London during the War. For some years consultant to the Anti-gas Research Department of the U. S. Army.



IF THERE IS A MARYLAND

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE commonwealth lying between Pennsylvania and the Potomac is a small one, but not the smallest, an old one, but not the oldest, a rich one, but not the richest, and a populous one, but not the most crowded among the forty-eight components of this Union. Obviously a median State, yet once she touches the superlative. I firmly believe that Maryland is the most improbable State in the Union.

Officially, her existence has been recognized for so long that she is now celebrating her tercentenary; but we all know what official records are. The fact that the Post Office Department is getting out a three-cent stamp on which a philatelist with a strong magnifying glass can read "Maryland Tercentenary"; and that the Mint is getting out a special commemorative half-dollar; and that the Tercentenary Commission is getting out a medal with the head of Leonard Calvert on one side and that of Albert C. Ritchie on the other; and that countless banquets and speeches and water-pageants and fireworks displays were scheduled for the month of June—all these things may impress the historians of the future as indisputable evidence; but they really have little bearing on the question of whether or not there actually is a Maryland.

Some thousands of miles of land and water are given that name in all atlases, to be sure; but all atlases used to label most of the territory between the Mis-

issippi and the Rockies "The Great American Desert," which some people regard as proof that all atlases may be wrong. And if one seeks other evidence, difficulties arise and multiply as the search proceeds. For instance, some say that an Irishman named Leonard Calvert, representing his brother Cecil, second Baron Baltimore, landed a company of colonists on what is now Blackiston Island, in the Potomac River, March 25, 1634. Others say he did no such thing; that if he landed at all, he landed about March 10th; furthermore, it is strongly intimated that he didn't land at Blackiston Island, but at some one of various other points. In fact, when you come right down to it, there is no unassailable evidence that he landed at any particular point, which leads straight to the inference that perhaps he didn't land at all. Maybe the Calverts didn't found Maryland. Maybe it was a couple of other fellows.

And her history for the three hundred years that have followed has been characterized by a strong admixture of myth which has given a cast of high improbability to the whole. Take, for example, three cardinal points in that history, three that have become Articles of Faith in the Maryland Creed, to wit, the Cradle of Religious Freedom, Barbara Frietchie, and Intransigent Wetness—the one thing all three have in common is that they probably aren't so. Not only was there no complete religious freedom in

Maryland in 1634, but there is not complete religious freedom in 1934, atheists and pagans still being under certain civil disabilities. Barbara lived in Frederick indeed, but she never saw Stonewall Jackson, much less did she wave a flag at him. And Maryland once ratified the Eighteenth Amendment.

This cheerful implausibility runs through the whole State. Early in the nineteenth century the national anthem was written in Maryland by a patriot who, at the moment when he wrote it, was paying a friendly and courteous call on the enemies of his country. In the middle of that century the words of the State anthem were written in Louisiana, the tune was imported from Germany, the sentiment being a raucous defiance of the United States of America. In our own times the man who committed the foulest and most bestial murder in many years was defended desperately through every court in the land, up to and including the Supreme Court of the United States, was given two complete trials, not counting appeals, and after two years was hanged in the most decorous and orderly fashion by the public executioner; but the State protested the law's delays by lynching, not this atrocious criminal, but two much less spectacular murderers. The most celebrated living politician of Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie, is a Virginian. Probably the most celebrated living cleric of Maryland is the Rev. James Cannon, Jr., who is Bishop of Arizona and California. The most prominent Maryland novelist, at the moment, is James M. Cain, who lives in and writes about California. Maryland made a school-teacher out of the poet, Sidney Lanier, a poet out of the school-teacher, Lizette Reese, and a national shrine of the grave of Poe, after allowing him to die quite literally in one of her gutters.

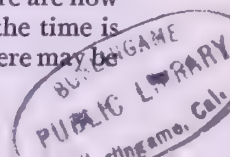
II

All this is very unlikely. Nevertheless, the balance of probabilities indicates that there really is a Maryland. In fact we have official authority for it. Besides the stamp, the half dollar and the medal, Maryland is represented in the United States Senate—a prerogative belonging to States alone.

But senators and surveyors never made a State. Mr. Tydings and Mr. Goldsborough might sit in Washington representing nothing in particular. Some senators do just that. Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon might have run their celebrated line to no other purpose than to show where Pennsylvania ends. The political and geographical entity might exist merely to serve administrative convenience, in which case Maryland, as the sixth colony settled by the English, might as well be designated as District Number Six. I have written that it "might" so exist, but as a matter of sober fact I could as well have written that it "may" so exist.

For to establish beyond controversy the actual existence of a cultural and spiritual entity corresponding to the name of any State is quite impossible. I am convinced that there are by no means forty-eight real States in this Union. Among the vast rectangles in the West are some, I am sure, that differ in no detail of their mental and spiritual lives from their neighbors on one side or the other. Their inhabitants are Americans, and Middle Westerners, but otherwise undifferentiated; and the State names that they bear are mere matters of reference, like the numbers on automobile license plates—no more descriptive of the person who bears it than is the number borne by a convict descriptive of him.

Furthermore, in some ways it seems increasingly plain that if there are now less than forty-eight States, the time is swiftly approaching when there may be



none at all. One of the most lamentable effects of the New Deal is its rapid erasure of State lines. If this erasure is necessary, it is still lamentable, perhaps even more so, since this dread necessity would indicate that Americans are incapable of enduring that diversity in unity which is characteristic of a rich civilization. When the labor and the reward therefor of Marylanders are fixed by code authorities in Washington; when the right to build a highway or a distillery in Maryland must be sought in Washington; when a Marylander's authority over his children is fixed and limited by Washington; and when a Marylander's right to raise wheat or pigs is subject to the pleasure of Washington, then it is difficult to say offhand where one may find proof that there is a Maryland—or a Massachusetts, or a North Carolina, or a New York, for that matter. Perhaps all these once great names are now become no more than repositories of gracious traditions, like Provence and Aragon and Bohemia.

Nevertheless, one may adopt a doubtful proposition as a working hypothesis, provided its tentative nature is clearly understood. Let me then set up the qualified assertion that if there is a Maryland, it is not to be found where the chambers of commerce and business associations tell you to look for it. There are wide fields on the Eastern Shore capable of producing incredible quantities of tomatoes; but they are not Maryland. On the northern shore of the Patapsco River, just below Baltimore City, is an incredible forest of smokestacks, lying by day under a black pall of fumes, and illuminated by night by the lurid glow of hell itself, constituting the greatest steel manufacturing district on tide-water; but that is not Maryland—God forbid! In Baltimore itself are tall, stately office buildings, full of tall, stately executives, and these are firmly

convinced that they are Maryland; but they are fooling themselves, for their replicas are to be found in every city. Among the hills that begin to rise a hundred yards west of the docks and that go rolling back a hundred miles and to a height of three thousand five hundred feet are countless beautiful, smiling valleys, starred with gracious farmsteads and pleasant villages; but these are real estate, not Maryland. Hacked out of the middle of the State is a space of seventy square miles containing the city of Washington, and smeared over the Maryland hills around it is a smudge of suburbs, appendices of the national capital; and these are far more alien to Maryland than anything else between the Potomac and the Mason and Dixon line.

If I were a native son of the State I should probably fall into the delusion of believing that there is one particular spot to which I could take you and say, "There is Maryland!" But as an immigrant from another State, I know better; my own birthplace being elsewhere, my eyes are clear. Sometimes indeed I fall victim to the witchery of Maryland names and am half-persuaded that romance must stand out visibly and tangibly on the banks of a river named Tred Avon, or on a plantation called End of Controversy or My Lady's Manor. But it isn't so. It is merely that some special grace seems to have been granted Maryland when her place-names were being bestowed, so that her atlas is made to resound with echoes of the court of Charles the Martyr and those of savage kings—Prince George's County, Queen Anne's County, Wicomico, Anne Arundel, Charles, Cecil, St. Mary's. And the roster of her little towns is a singing list—Conowingo, Nanticoke, Havre-de-Grace, Golden Ring, Point of Rocks, Admiral, Sang Run, Girdletree, Kepp-tryst, Lonaconing, Seat Pleasant, Arundel-on-the-Bay, Dames Quarter,

Wetipquin, Bishops Head, Conococheague. Of course, there are Funkstown, Bozman, Lime Kiln, Oella, Pomonkey, and Woodensburg too; but a dissonance, if it be swiftly resolved, merely emphasizes harmony. However, you may visit Charlotte Hall without seeing Maryland, or even Four Locks, or Ilchester. For if there is a Maryland it is not exposed for observation in houses or streets or factories or landscape even, or seascape. It is an elusive, fleeting thing, which you may stumble on anywhere, but of which you never catch much more than a momentary glimpse.

Some people think to find it in what is merely old or picturesque—the fine, Georgian houses of Annapolis, for example, with their rooms so magically proportioned that four plain walls, a ceiling, and a floor combine into an effect of astonishing lightness and grace; with stairways that seem to have been inspired by the flight of a swallow; with kitchens equipped with wide-throated chimneys and fireplaces in which an ox might be roasted, kitchens built to serve banquet halls. And there are, on a less grandiose scale, the streets of little houses built by sea-captains near the foot of Federal Hill, in Baltimore. Their builders were the men who commanded the Baltimore clippers in the great days of sail; and their houses are somewhat as they were—square and sturdy and spotless. Their red brick is painted as carefully as the woodwork of the vessels, the white marble steps are scrubbed like decks, their brass door-handles shine like a ship's metal work. Here the captains, home from the sea, took their ease; and on quiet summer evenings these streets have been filled with a drone of talk about all strange, romantic spots—of Canton and Bombay, of Cape Comorin, of the Barrier Reef, of Java Head, of Mozambique Channel, of typhoons in the China Sea and

of blizzards howling around the Horn. Even to-day, although the clippers have long since sailed away over the world's edge, and Federal Hill lies under a pall of smoke belched from the stacks of tugs and tankers, and dirty, wallowing tramps, one seems to breathe, in these streets, a whiff of the stinging gales that whip the spray off plunging seas round the Orkneys, or the strong trade winds on the Middle Passage.

And some find the true Maryland in those countless places on her soil that great men and great events have made memorable—in Crooked Lane, that sinuous alley in downtown Baltimore which cannot be insignificant, because down its tortuous length a column of troops once moved under the command of Washington and Lafayette, bound for Yorktown; or on the narrow point in the harbor where Fort McHenry, ancient and toothless now, still frowns across the water as it did in the dawn's early light when the battle smoke, drifting away, revealed that the flag was still there; or away up in the hills where, between Sharpsburg and Antietam, McClellan for once moved swiftly and, therefore, Lee's brilliance and daring went for naught; or in the ruins of the old Fifth Regiment Armory, where Bryan cursed Tammany to its face, cursed it with bell, book and candle, tauntingly, and made the nomination of Woodrow Wilson inevitable.

III

But all these things, Annapolis and the seamen's houses, the forts and battlefields and places made distinguished by the passage of great men, are of the Maryland that was. Granting that they prove there was once a Maryland with an individuality and a character distinctly its own, it does not necessarily follow that such a place still exists. There was once "a grandeur that was Rome" too, but Mussolini is

not it. On Mt. Vernon Place George Peabody sits in bronze, and to his left rises the marble façade of the first endowed conservatory of music in America; two of Baltimore's innumerable hills are crowned with forests of buildings, bearing the name of another Maryland merchant, and constituting the first modern university in America—Johns Hopkins. Here is proof enough that energy and imagination once abounded in Maryland, but no proof whatever that they still exist. In fact, neither the Peabody Conservatory of Music nor the Johns Hopkins University has received any notable gift from a native Marylander in many years.

The town of Baltimore is full of beautiful old men—courtly, dignified, charming in manner and impressive in appearance, white-haired, but clear-eyed, serene, and confident. Their only trouble is that many of them have no sense. It would be rash indeed to assume that there is another George Peabody or another Johns Hopkins among them. The town regards them with a curious mixture of affection and humor; there is a ribald theory that those who sit behind the broad windows of the Maryland Club are not living members at all, but former members stuffed and mounted there to maintain the prestige of the place; and a counter-theory that they are living members indeed, but not mere idlers gazing at the traffic in Charles Street for no purpose, being, in fact, paid a monthly salary of a certain number of terrapin dinners for sitting there. Be that as it may, they are members of all known boards of trustees and their names appear on all committees of a civic character; which accounts in large measure for the difficulty of getting anything done in Baltimore. However, as much might be said of practically every old city. The parade of the stuffed shirts is nothing peculiar to

Baltimore. Certainly it does not distinguish Maryland from other States.

It would be pleasant to record that the virtue and intelligence of its citizenry set Maryland apart from and above all the forty-seven others; but if it were so recorded, some skeptic would instantly cite certain recent events on the Eastern Shore and make the record look silly. The Eastern Shore is the peninsula lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It includes the State of Delaware, nine counties of Maryland, and two of Virginia. With the last three years it has been the scene of two lynchings that for brazen cynicism have hardly been equalled, even in the Deep South; nor have the sadistic details of the orgies often been matched north of Arkansas. The peculiarly appalling feature of the Maryland lynchings is that they were not passionate outbursts of a brutish population inflamed by extraordinary crimes. They were in fact not protests against crime at all, but, on the contrary, protests against civilization. It is generally agreed, not on the Eastern Shore only, but everywhere in Maryland, that the mob murders were precipitated by the Euel Lee case, in which the Maryland Court of Appeals had intervened to halt an effort to railroad a man to the gallows.

There is hardly a reasonable doubt that Euel Lee was guilty of an appalling multiple murder on the Eastern Shore; but there is no doubt at all that to try the man anywhere on the Shore would have been to make a mockery of the processes of the law. The Court of Appeals so decided and ordered the case removed; and when it appeared that in the county on the Western Shore where he was then tried the names of Negroes had been excluded from the ballot box, the Court intervened a second time and ordered a new trial. The net result was that it took more than two years to get the man

hanged in lawful and orderly fashion. In the meantime two other Negroes, accused of later murders on the Shore, were defiantly lynched. This was the reply of the Eastern Shore to the insistence of the Court of Appeals on a fair trial for every man, even one accused of an atrocious crime.

Nor can it be successfully maintained that the Eastern Shore is alone in its detestation of one of the bases of civilization. No other part of Maryland has recently indulged in lynching, it is true, but there was plenty of sympathy for the Shoremen elsewhere in Maryland; and the sincere, if futile, efforts of the Governor and the Attorney-General to bring some of the lynchers to justice met with widespread execration, not only on the peninsula, but in Baltimore and on the rest of the Western Shore as well. No, Maryland is none too thoroughly civilized.

But does this constitute a distinction setting her apart from the rest of the States? Well, on the very day that the Governor of Maryland sent a battalion of National Guardsmen to the Eastern Shore to arrest some of the lynchers, the sheriff, having failed to apprehend them, the Governor of California issued a statement heartily indorsing a lynching in *his* State. And the highest court of Maryland twice intervened to assure a fair trial for Euel Lee, although his guilt was far better established than that of Sacco and Vanzetti, who had no similar help from the highest court of Massachusetts. Her moments of semi-barbarism indeed seem to indicate that Maryland is precisely like her sisters, rather than different from them.

Moreover, there is no anti-syndicalism law on the statute books of Maryland, and when the Communists stage a parade the cops turn out to protect them, not to harry them. There is no life-for-a-pint law, no sedition law, no law establishing a censorship of books

or newspapers; yet when a scandal sheet was started in Baltimore a year or so ago, the people responsible were promptly sent to jail under the ordinary police regulations against obscenity. In these matters Maryland is more, not less, civilized than many of her neighbors.

If there is a Maryland that is something more than a mere subsection of the continent, that is something individual and unique, it is obviously not to be found in measurable and provable facts. Perhaps then it is to be found just in those things that are not historically true. The traditional Cradle of Religious Freedom, for example, is hardly to be described as a historical fact. The fact is that in 1634 Maryland was made safe for Catholics, and that is all. The first Baron Baltimore belonged to what was then a minority sect, bitterly persecuted in England; and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to establish in the wilderness a sanctuary for his co-religionists. But for the King of England to have set up anywhere in his dominions a refuge for Catholics under that name would have stung his Protestant subjects into a revolutionary fury, which he dared not risk. The best he could do, and all that he did, was to make Lord Baltimore's colony a sort of religious No Man's Land, where no Christian could legally slit another Christian's throat to the glory of God. Of course it never entered the mind either of the King or of the Baron to grant religious freedom to Jews, atheists, and pagans. For that matter, they have not been granted complete religious freedom to this day. If a Buddhist or a Mohammedan wishes to marry in Maryland in 1934 he must have it done by a Christian minister using a Christian rite, or by a Jewish rabbi with the Jewish rite. He cannot have it done by a civil officer employing a purely legalistic formula, much

less by a priest of his own religion. Atheists to this day are debarred from jury service in Maryland, and there is some doubt that their testimony is competent in lawsuits.

Nevertheless, in 1634 the grant of identical legal status to Catholics and Protestants was a tremendous advance over current practice—so great an advance that it inspired G. K. Chesterton, three centuries later, to describe Maryland as the spot

where the bonds were riven,
And a hundred faiths set free,
Where a wandering Cavalier had given
Her hundredth name to the Queen of
Heaven,
And made oblation of feuds forgiven
To Our Lady of Liberty;

and by setting up the tradition of freedom it has laid upon the Marylander of 1934 a feeling, vague perhaps but nevertheless existent, that it is a little *infra dig.* for him to get too hot and bothered over religious rows.

Equally dubious, from the standpoint of the historian, is the story of Barbara Frietchie. Nevertheless,

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland,

and while Frederick exists and Whittier is remembered, the legend of Barbara will be a living thing in the lives of inhabitants of Maryland. Barbara's immortality rests upon her stout refusal to permit inconvenient facts to interfere with her beautiful theories. That this spirit is cherished by many inhabitants of Barbara's State to this day is plainly evident. It is a fact, for example, that the Declaration of Rights in the State Constitution asserts,

That a long continuance in the Executive Departments of power, or trust, is dangerous to liberty; a rotation, therefore, in these Departments is one of the best securities of permanent freedom,

in the face of which fact the Hon. Albert Cabell Ritchie has been elected Governor for four consecutive terms of four years each; and in the spring his election to a fifth term seemed to depend entirely on his willingness to run again. The Maryland attitude seems to be that since Bert is a pretty good Governor, it is sensible to keep him in the office; and as for the Constitution, what is the Constitution among friends? Shall the State of Barbara Frietchie be deterred from doing what it wants to do by a scrap of paper?

Constitutions, in fact, worry Maryland but little. Certainly the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States never bothered her appreciably. Just at the moment when Great Britain was permitting the Irish to set up their own government, Maryland's bland indifference to Volsteadism stung the Hon. William D. ("Earnest Willie") Upshaw, a great paladin of prohibition, to make a speech in which he formally read her out of the Union. The only permanent effect of the speech was to inspire someone to write a letter to the editor of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, suggesting that, as Maryland was now expelled from the empire, she should imitate the Irish by setting up the Maryland Free State; which suggestion was so heartily approved by the citizens that as the Free State she has been known far and wide ever since.

IV

But all this, plainly, is not matter subject to statistical analysis nor capable of establishment in open court by the rules of evidence. It leaves always open to doubt the very existence of the State of Maryland. Have three hundred years of rich and varied history really stamped themselves upon the minds and characters of the inhabitants of the State? I think they have,

but I don't know how to prove it. I think you can find Maryland all up and down the social scale, but I don't believe anyone can point it out to you. I think I have heard something that was not Virginia, nor Pennsylvania, still less Delaware or Ohio, in the drawling utterance of an ancient waterman on Sinepuxent Bay, entertaining his customers with tales of storm and shipwreck on that treacherous, sandy coast. He sailed for anyone who would hire his boat, but he talked only to those customers who were polite to him. A free man he was and yet, if you spoke him fair, he felt under bond to entertain you; for politeness establishes a claim on any Marylander of any social grade.

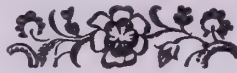
I have heard it in the chatter of a well-dressed crowd sitting on the grass of a steep hillside watching red-coated riders flashing over the fearful jumps on the floor of the Worthington Valley in the Maryland Hunt Cup Steeplechase. There is no admission fee to this race, no professional betting, no hawkers of hot dogs. The officials are gentlemen who volunteer for the duty. The riders are not referred to as amateurs—they are “gentlemen jockeys.” And the reward for the winner of a race so gruelling that frequently the Rider of the Pale Horse has entered uninvited is twelve months' fame among the members of the Hunt. But to a Maryland horseman this is compensation enough for dicing with Death twenty-two times in eight minutes as he tops the rails in that four-mile course.

I have heard it—heard the same elusive intonation—in the voice of a Negro peddler, wailing through an East Baltimore street his wordless chant announcing oysters for sale, and

in the voices of a group of gentlemen gathered on the lawn of a vast suburban estate, watching the twilight die while a butler moved among them with a tray of tall, heavily frosted glasses crowned with a spray of mint leaves. Negro peddler, millionaire banker, and savant with a name known to the learned in far countries, all spoke with a certain blandness that is not the music of old Cambridge nor yet the similar, but more languid music of the best Charlestonese, yet akin to both. It is that serenity that informs the speech of people who have dwelt long in an old, established society. In Marylanders of poor quality it degenerates into a revolting smugness; but among the better specimens it is very attractive indeed.

And if there is a Maryland, here it is. The sense that three hundred years of history not without honor lie behind them has given these people the assurance that their position in the world is fixed and firm. It has established within them a profound conviction that Maryland, which has been here so long, will remain a long time yet; so why fret and fume? And it is this core of tranquillity at the center of their minds that enables Marylanders to be tolerant, to wait on wisdom, to regard panaceas and messiahs skeptically, to greet the lather and fury into which mercurial reformers work themselves with quiet chuckles.

It is a maddening place for zealots and fanatics and young idealists. Because it is incapable of divine madness, perhaps it is incapable of greatness; but it is incapable too of certain types of sliminess, of certain types of charlatanry, of the Bæotian brutishness all too frequently encountered in America. It's not so bad.



RADIATION AND LIFE

EXPLORATIONS ALONG THE BIOLOGICAL FRONTIER

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

BIOLOGY is one of those intimate worlds which everybody claims as his parish. An American novelist describes the myriad reactions of consciousness as "chemisms." A former premier and philosopher of South Africa defines life "not as an entity, physical or other," but "a type of organization." Even in a book of astrophysics one may encounter biological dogma. "Man," ventures an astronomer of the Paris Observatory, "is only a colloidal oxynitrocarbide of hydrogen with some admixture, chemically speaking." Chemists are more analytical. They undertake to break down the admixture into its traces of metals and other infinitesimals, tab the results on a page, as one might write the recipe for a pudding, and announce that the chemical constituents of the human body are worth about ninety-eight cents. Robots should be cheap—if we knew how to put the ingredients together.

Aye, there's the rub! We know fairly well of what the biological world is made, but we lack the fabricator's pattern. The blueprint of life remains to be discovered. Until it is found we may expect that such aberrations as cancer and insanity will continue to pose their infinite jests on personality.

Protoplasm is both the nearest and the most remote aspect of nature—nearest because it is ourselves, the very stuff that breathes and thinks and inquires;

and yet, to the investigator eager to unravel the secret of life, it sometimes seems more inaccessible than any star. There are stars that the eye cannot discern even through the 100-inch telescope, but the more sensitive spectroscope and photographic plate see them in such detail that it is possible to classify the stars precisely and form some definite picture of their inner structure. In certain fundamental aspects the astronomer knows the invisible star more exactly than the biologist knows the living cell.

But this comparison invokes the cosmic scale, and there stars are the norm and protoplasm the rare exception. More than ninety-nine per cent of the matter of the universe exists as stars and nebulae in a state of high temperature, incandescent, naked, perfect gas, a comparatively simple and obvious system of atoms which is explainable in terms of physics and chemistry. A living cell, though almost infinitely smaller, is more complicated—a heterogeneous aggregate of liquids, gels, and gases, a chilly system which in spite of its low temperature is the seat of powerful molecular and atomic interactions that somehow spin their mysterious product, life.

Life comes only from life, in our experience. But life is also completely dependent on its non-living surroundings; and by changing the physical or chemical environment life may be

quickened and increased or retarded and destroyed—a fact which makes experimental physiology possible.

In 1912, at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Alexis Carrel opened a hen's egg that was in process of hatching, removed the developing chick, and cut out a tiny fleck of its beating heart. This bit of life was transferred to a solution in a test tube; and there, protected from germs, poisons, heat, cold, and provided with a never-failing supply of oxygen, sugar, and other nutrients, it lived and flourished as no heart cells in any living chick ever did. Indeed, it is doubtful if an animal could provide its tissue with such completely favorable surroundings; for in nature a heart as well as a chick must work for a living. Freed from work-a-day strains, the cells in the test tube proliferate so abundantly that it is necessary to prune down the tissue daily to hold the growth within bounds. To-day, more than twenty-two years after the beginning of the experiment, this part of the part of a chicken shows no sign of aging. On the contrary, there is reason to expect that it may continue to live a hundred years, a millennium, or until the sun grows cold—so long as someone provides the necessary environment.

Dr. Carrel's experiment is a striking demonstration of the complete dependence of the living on the not-living—a commonplace observation, but its implications go to the root of our mystery. For when the chemist, sifting living matter into its elementary parts, discovers nothing new, nothing that is not already known in the rocks and the stars—

Finding their mould the same, and aye the same,
The atoms that we knew before—
Of which ourselves are made—dust, and no more,

the question arises: At what point and

by what means does inanimate matter pass over and become alive?

Outside the cell are compounds containing carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen—all lifeless, familiar elements, common to earth, air, and sea, "dust and no more." These diffuse through the cell wall and are converted into foods. These food products in turn pass over into new combinations and enter a new category, they become living matter: green chlorophyll, red hemoglobin—protoplasm! Thus endlessly the line of life marches on, forever transporting star stuff into life stuff, moving by some catalytic hiddenness that is the very bridge of life.

To find that bridge has become the grand quest.

II

Among the agencies which the new physics has brought to the aid of biology in this search, none gives more promise of success than the quantum theory of light and the new implements and methods of generating, manipulating, and measuring radiation. Light, which opened to the astronomer the interior of stars and to the physicist the interior of atoms, is becoming the physiologist's surest instrument for exploring the delicate vital mechanism. Nor is it only an instrument; light is also one of the chief subjects of biological research.

For light is the great prime mover. Not long ago F. G. Donnan, chemist of the University of London, suggested a new holiday. He would have all city people make "a pilgrimage to the tilled fields and green pastures once a year, say when the first breath of returning spring brings its fragrance to our nostrils, or when the sun rises on midsummer's morn, and, falling on the bosom of Mother Earth, offer thanksgiving for that bountiful conjunction of sun and earth, of radiation and matter, which sustains our life."

Such a festival might have a salutary effect on urban superiority complexes, perhaps even on homocentric pretensions—reminding the proud race of its dependent position, not only in the cosmic scheme of things, but also among the living species. Whatever man may be mentally, physically he is a spender. He is as parasitic as any fungus, and in precisely the same way, *i.e.* he derives his energy from the degradation of organic substances provided by other living beings. With the exception of a trifling fraction of power wrested from the harnessed flow of water and wind, all the energy used by man—the fuel he burns in his furnaces and motors, and the food he burns in his body—is the product of a specialized type of plant cell which has the faculty of trapping and storing the energy of sunlight.

The importance of the plant's photosynthesis lies in this: that it acts *against* the energy stream. Man and all animals, the fungi and all parasitic plants, move with the current. And that current forever flows downstream, from hot stars to cool planets and on to the absolute cold of interstellar space, ever falling to lower levels of energy, toward stagnation, equilibrium, complete entropy, death. Against this universal waste the green plant sets a valiant barrier. It is not strange, therefore, that many biologists regard photosynthesis as the starting point for the grand quest. Some of the most penetrating research of modern biology has been in this field, and three of the recent Nobel Prize men—Richard Willstätter, Otto Warburg, and Hans Fischer—are distinguished for explorations of chlorophyll or its processes.

This enigmatic green stuff of plants—the trap that captures sunlight—is today the focus of experimental work in a score of laboratories and an interest in hundreds of others. Present researches stem from the classic experi-

ments of Willstätter, begun in 1902. It was in that year that the young German chemist—thirty years old—left Munich, where he had just worked out the difficult structure of cocaine and other alkaloids, to accept a professorship across the Swiss border in the University at Zurich. Here he tackled a more difficult structure.

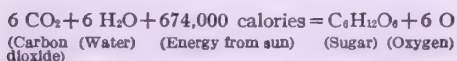
"I remember well the time of my first experiments with chlorophyll," related Dr. Willstätter in Chicago last summer. "I told my assistant to prepare a solution from grass under specified conditions. When he asked, 'Shall I order the grass from Merck's?,' I took him to the window and showed him the view from our old botanic garden. At our feet lay a meadow, which perhaps was much greener than meadows appear to me nowadays."

But if Willstätter's studies took some of the greenness out of meadows—revealing that the chloroplasts always contain, in addition to their green pigments, smaller but quite definite proportions of yellow pigments—they also took some of the mystery out of the elusive sunlight trap. He broke it down into its molecular parts. He showed that chlorophyll is not one green substance, but a mixture of two, each containing the same familiar carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and magnesium, but in slightly different proportions and arrangements. He traced the two chlorophylls to their chemical origins, and proved that the parent substance of the green stuff is closely akin to, if not identical with, the parent substance of the red blood pigment, hemoglobin. Thus, searching the secret of light's mechanism within the plant, the explorer comes upon a link with the animal kingdom. Hemoglobin is the carrier of oxygen within the animal body. Chlorophyll is the deoxidizer. Their functions are basically different—yet blood and chlorophyll both own the same ances-

try. Thus does the intrinsic unity of nature crop out in the most hidden places.

III

The key problem is to explain how the green pigment is able to bring together two such mutually indifferent substances as water and carbon dioxide, and out of them forge a new highly energized compound, sugar. For this is what photosynthesis does. Whatever may be the inner processes, we know what goes into the green cell and what comes out. The audit of the exchange balances perfectly:



The six parts of oxygen are released and replenish the air. The one part of sugar is stored in the plant for food. And, mind you, it is life's basic food. Out of it the other carbohydrates and fats are built, and by combinations with nitrogen the proteins are fabricated. Sugar is the very fuel of life. It burns with oxygen like any other combustible, and its combustion yields back precisely the ingredients that went into its making: carbon dioxide, water, and 674,000 calories of chemical energy. Any living being may set off this process; indeed, it is continuously occurring spontaneously. But only the might of chlorophyll can reverse the reaction and upbuild. And it can work only with light.

Otto Warburg, at the biological laboratories of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute near Berlin, tried the experiment of growing green algæ under an illumination of weak light. The water plants developed dark cells rich in chlorophyll, and were powerful producers of sugar. It was found, however, that the efficiency of the chlorophyll decreased as the intensity of the illumination was increased. The greater the input of light, the smaller the output

of sugar per unit of light—which seemed somewhat of a paradox until Warburg drew his picture of what was happening in the cell.

The chlorophyll molecules, being colored, are the absorbers of the light. It is known that this absorption can exist in each instance only a small portion of a second. Indeed, in some gaseous reactions, this period is limited to less than a millionth of a second. Therefore, whatever use is made of the energy must be within that slender whirl of time, and presumably it can be used only if the chlorophyll is in contact with a carbon dioxide molecule. As the process begins, this contact is one hundred per cent; presumably every chlorophyll unit has at hand a carbon dioxide waiting to be reduced. As the intensity of light is increased it quickens the process; more and more sugar is manufactured; but presently the sugar is being produced faster than the cell transport can carry it away. The oncoming carbon dioxide molecule now finds the assembly line blocked; it is unable to reach a chlorophyll machine; so the works become clogged with their own overactivity—a living demonstration of the evil of unbalanced production and consumption!

In this picture Warburg was one of the first to apply the quantum theory to the photosynthetic process. According to this theory, light is not emitted as a continuous flow of energy, like a stream of water from a hose, but in discontinuous units or quanta, like a stream of bullets from a machine gun. What the chlorophyll molecule receives, therefore, is a bullet of energy shot out by some agitated atom of the sun. The effect of the impact is to displace one of the revolving electrons within the molecule. In the process the energy of the quantum is absorbed by the displaced electron; but when the electron returns to its stable

state in the molecule, the absorbed energy is released for use, again in the form of a quantum.

But all quanta are not the same. The energy varies with the frequency of vibration. Blue light, being of higher frequency than red, is packed with more energy; a quantum of blue gives the absorbing body almost double the kick that a quantum of red light is able to deliver. And yet—chlorophyll does its most efficient manufacturing of sugar with red light, and actually uses mostly red light.

Seeking an explanation of this apparent contradiction, Warburg turned to the statistics of his experiments. He found that when photosynthesis was accomplished with blue light five quanta were necessary to reduce each molecule of carbon dioxide; but when the process was activated by red light, four quanta did the work. He was able to derive a mathematical relationship which showed why this must be so. Another German biochemist, T. Schmucker, has just completed a series of experiments, using other methods, which confirm Warburg's results. The yellow pigments, which are only about one-fifth as voluminous as the green pigments, are strong absorbers of blue light; and the quanta they absorb appear to be just so much wasted energy so far as photosynthesis is concerned, for the yellow pigments seem to play no productive part in the photosynthetic unit.

But what is the photosynthetic unit—one molecule, or many? Two American biophysicists, Robert Emerson at the California Institute of Technology and William Arnold at Harvard, are working on this question. Recently they rigged up a neon lamp which illuminates the green algae with intermittent light, twelve flashes to the second. With this device they found that for every molecule of carbon dioxide re-

duced at each flash there was present in the cell an average of 2480 molecules of chlorophyll.

This does not mean necessarily that 2480 chlorophylls are active in the reduction of each carbon dioxide. Indeed, it is difficult to visualize so many huge molecules (each chlorophyll contains at least 146 atoms) operating on one small carbon dioxide molecule of only three atoms. More likely is the assumption that at each flash many chlorophylls are not functioning, and that the proportion of idle to active molecules is a constant, totaling 2480 for each manufacturing unit.

It may be that the unit is a super-molecule. Harold Mestre, of the Jacques Loeb Laboratory, emphasizes in a recent paper that chlorophyll alive in the cell is very different from the extracted chlorophyll which we analyze in our test tubes. Absorption spectra and other tests show considerable differences. Extracted chlorophyll has no power to make sugar.

But photosynthesis in the living plant may be speeded by artificial means. Warburg used intermittent light flashed from a rotating sector which divided each revolution into equal periods of light and dark; with this he found that when green algae were illuminated with 133 flashes per second the rate of photosynthesis doubled per unit of light. More recently Emerson and Arnold used their flashing neon tube, adjusted to make the period of illumination a small fraction of the dark period. With fifty flashes per second they were able to increase photosynthesis per light unit by as much as four hundred per cent. Making five particles of sugar to form where only one formed before is an achievement—and would seem to betray rather close contact with life's most fundamental process.

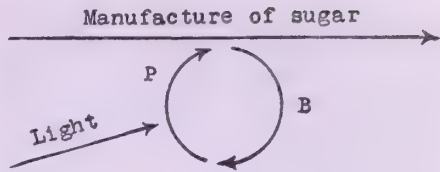
It is not a single process, but is now

revealed as a cycle in which at least two operations continually follow each other. There is the *photosensitive phase*, actuated by visible light, which is completed in the hundred-thousandth of a second. And there is a purely *chemical phase*, which may be completed in the dark, and takes at least four thousand times as long. This dark phase was predicted by F. F. Blackman, a British botanist, and is known as the "Blackman reaction." The Emerson-Arnold experiments are convincing evidence of the reality of the Blackman reaction.

How, then, does the green factory operate?

James Bryant Conant—who was working on this problem when Harvard called him to its presidency—suggested from his own studies with chlorophyll that the dark phase makes the sugar. He thinks it may do this by a catalytic process of taking hydrogen atoms from chlorophyll and combining them with carbon dioxide in the pattern $C_6H_{12}O_6$, which is sugar. The reaction in the light follows instantly, according to Conant, and is a regenerative process to restore the sugar-making mechanism to its productive phase; it may do this by removing hydrogen atoms from water and using them to repair the mutilated chlorophyll molecules, at the same time setting the green stuff back to its former state packed with the energy of sunlight, ready to repeat the cycle of manufacture.

Conant's theory is only one of many that have been proposed to explain photosynthesis. Like the others, it remains to be proved. All authorities are agreed that the photosynthetic process is cyclical, though the steps within the sequence may be far more complex than any present theory supposes. The Blackman reaction, for example, may itself be a train of two or more sequential operations. Arnold pictures the cycle in a simple graph:



The arrow B represents the Blackman reaction; the arrow P, the photosensitive reaction; together they constitute a turning wheel driven by the energy of light. It is the rotation of this wheel, the two curved arrows following each other in perpetual sequence, that moves the process as a whole.

Whatever and wherever may be the bridge, surely here is the wheel of life—the whirling loom by which quanta are woven with atoms and molecules into the peculiar forms that nourish and make protoplasm.

IV

But this universe of light contains more than visible radiation. The rays we see are few and weak compared with the invisible light that is pouring through space continually—ultraviolet rays, x-rays, gamma rays, cosmic rays, to name only the high frequencies. In addition to radiation, there continually move through the air countless ions or electrified particles similar to the alpha and beta particles from radium. These ions are fragments of atoms broken by collision with high-frequency quanta or with other ions. They dart through space at all velocities, some approaching the speed of light itself.

Now, it is in the midst of this fantastic turmoil, of bombardments and mutilations and rushings-about, that protoplasm has emerged and spread its wondrous web of life over the earth. Did it do that in spite of the invisible radiations and collisions? Or, with their help? What happens when one of these projectiles smashes into a living cell?

Science has known for more than thirty years that radiation from radium and x-rays will destroy living tissue. Becquerel discovered this by chance when he carried a small quantity of radium in his coat pocket, and later suffered an ulcerating sore in the flesh under the pocket. This accident suggested the use of radium as a means of destroying cancerous tissue. Through the years the cancer specialists have accumulated considerable data on the biological effects of radiation. They found, for example, that young rapidly growing cells are more susceptible to its lethal action than are old cells. The tissues too show varying resistance: blood, spleen, bone marrow, and other lymphoid cells are the most vulnerable, while nerve cells are the least. A body of empirical knowledge of this kind has been built up in the course of medical practice, and is extremely valuable both to therapy and to experimental medicine. But the biophysicists aspire to apply exact quantitative methods to the phenomena, and lately significant results have been obtained both in Europe and in the United States. A single series of experiments, conducted by Ralph W. G. Wyckoff at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, will serve to illustrate the procedure and its disclosures.

Dr. Wyckoff selected bacteria as the subjects for his studies, and set himself the task of bombarding these minute creatures with high-speed particles and rays of various frequencies, and measuring the survival ratio. By applying the quantum theory to the results he was able to arrive at some picture of the changes brought about in living cells by these violent intrusions.

The first experiment—which was a joint project with T. M. Rivers—used a beam of electrons shot from a cathode-ray tube at a speed of 148,800 miles a second. An electron is an ion, the negatively charged part of a smashed atom,

therefore, these particles are comparable with the ions which eternally dart through the atmosphere. Known numbers of colon bacilli were spread in a single layer on an agar plate and bombarded with electrons. Out of every 1000 bacilli, 311 were alive at the end of 12 seconds, and 26 at the end of 28 seconds. Similar experiments with other species of bacteria showed comparable results.

It is known that when an electron of this velocity is absorbed in matter, the effect is to release a large number of secondary ions within a very small space. The impact of the speeding particle sets off a veritable explosion, smashing out parts of atoms, each of which recoils at high velocity to wreak havoc wherever it strikes. Tests have shown that an electron of this velocity will liberate about 10,000 ions within a space less than one thousandth of a cubic millimeter—a volume so small that about sixty such cubes would be required to cover the dot of ink which marks the end of this sentence. It is this sort of atomic pandemonium that is stirred up within the single cell of the bacterium. With thousands of its molecules thus dismembered and pounded into a frenzy of chaotic movements, the peculiar organization of protoplasm is destroyed. The experiment indicated (1) that a single electron hit can kill, and (2) that every absorbed electron is fatal to its living target.

For the second group of experiments Wyckoff used x-rays. Here the bombarding projectile is not a material particle, but something unimaginably penetrating—a quantum of radiation. Just as visible light has its range of energy proportionate to the frequency, so with x-rays. The bacilli were bombarded with x-rays of five different frequencies, in progressive order of energy. This interesting relation was found:

Millions of quanta passed through the bacteria without harm, other millions were absorbed without fatal effect, but when a death did occur it was the result of the absorption of a single quantum. Of the bombardment with the hardest or most energetic rays, about one bacterium out of every four that were hit, died; while of the bombardment with the softest rays, sixty were struck to one that died. The criterion of bacterial death is the cessation of cell division.

From the ratio of quantum absorptions to microbe deaths, considering also the frequencies of the rays and their ionizing powers, Wyckoff figured that the bacterium must be a differentiated structure in which there is a relatively small region sensitive to x-rays. It is as though a man were vulnerable to a bullet only in his heart, and if struck elsewhere would escape death. Wyckoff was able from his statistical picture to compute the probable size of this vital zone, and found that it measures about one one-hundredth the volume of the living creature. And the living creature, the colon bacillus, is a single-cell cylindrical rod measuring about two one-thousandths of a millimeter long by five ten-thousandths of a millimeter in diameter. Divide that by one hundred and you have the size of the life unit.

The third and final group of experiments used ultraviolet light. This is invisible, but inferior to x-rays in energy content. Using progressively five different wavelengths of ultraviolet, Wyckoff found that of the quanta absorbed by the microbes only about one in every 4,190,000 killed. Interpreted on the same basis as the x-ray results, this would mean that the sensitive region of the organism is confined to the volume of a single large protein molecule—a conclusion which Wyckoff rejects as improbable. The fact that one bacterium can absorb millions of ul-

traviolet quanta without destruction, while another is killed by the absorption of a single quantum, is more reasonably explained on the assumption that some individuals among the bacteria are more susceptible than others to this form of radiation.

Thus we conclude that rays may kill. A single quantum of ultraviolet light is sufficient to kill if the cell is susceptible; a single quantum of x-rays is sufficient to kill if it happens to strike in that hundredth of the cell's anatomy that is the "spark of life." But this does not mean that the millions of quanta that are absorbed without fatal effects may not work other and more subtle changes in an organism.

Several years before Wyckoff began this study, H. J. Muller proved that it was possible to alter the inheritable characteristics of living creatures by x-ray bombardment—thus suggesting the possible method by which evolution works.

Dr. Muller, a geneticist of the University of Texas, used the fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*) as the subject of his experiments. He put pedigreed strains of the flies in gelatine capsules, subjected them to measured periods of x-radiation, and then released the flies into a large bottle where they were provided with food and all other comforts of home. After a few generations had bred, the progeny of these rayed insects began to show the most pronounced mutations. Some of the children, for instance, were born with huge wings, others with truncated wings, many wingless. There were flies that grew extra antennæ; in a few the antennæ came large and thick; in one a leg grew out of its head in place of an antenna. Hundreds of variations showed up, not only in the physical form of the insects, but also in their characteristic behavior. And all these remarkable results are explained on the hypothesis that the genes, or units

of heredity in the germ cells of the parent flies, had been struck and twisted or sliced into new patterns by the x-rays or their ions. Comparing the slow rate of change in nature with the results obtained by a few minutes of intense x-rays, Muller reckoned that evolution had been speeded up 150fold by the artificial bombardment.

But what of the natural bombardment—of rays and ions from the upper air and from radioactive rocks in the earth's crust?

It has been known for several years that cosmic rays can penetrate six feet of lead, but it is only recently that physicists have been able to photograph the effects of these invisible darts, some of which are charged with the piercing energy of twenty million volts. Nothing else known on earth has such concentrated energy. The rays have been observed to knock particles out of the neighborhood of atomic nuclei, sending them off at incredible speeds. It is estimated that on the average about a hundred cosmic rays plow through the human body each second. One wonders what they do to the fragile stuff—and the complex organization—of protoplasm.

Muller, collaborating with L. M. Mott-Smith of the Rice Institute, made a study of the relative intensity of radiation in the air. They concluded that while natural radioactivity undoubtedly causes some, it is insufficient to account for all the mutations spontaneously occurring in nature. This analysis was made in 1930 before the recent discovery of the higher voltages of cosmic rays.

Lately the geneticists have been looking within the living cell itself for the activating mechanism. It may be that chemical interchanges between the atoms and molecules of the genes cause the strange shiftings which later show up in the variants. It may be that activity within the cell is able to

produce an invisible radiation of its own, somewhat as the firefly and luminous bacteria emit their visible radiation. Life, whose wheel is driven by light, may also be a *generator* of light. This is the amazing concept posed by a series of experiments in a Russian laboratory.

V

The laboratory is the Histological Institute of the First Soviet University, Moscow. Here for several years Alexander Gurwitsch has been at work with microscopic studies of living tissue cells. These grow by a process of cell division, each cell reaching a stage when it splits and forms two cells, each of which in turn repeats the process. Watching this mysterious multiplication of life, Gurwitsch noticed that the cell division frequently followed a definite rhythm. For a year he concentrated on this study, and prepared a report summarizing his experiments; but the manuscript was lost at the censor's office in Leningrad, and most of these early data are unrecorded.

From the order of the rhythm, Gurwitsch concluded that the cause must be physical. He suspected that it might originate in neighboring cells. One of the tissues that had manifested the rhythmical division to a marked degree was the tip of onion root, so this obliging vegetable was selected for the experiment.

Several onion bulbs were allowed to sprout in water. After the roots had grown five or six inches long, the most symmetrical root was chosen, and all the others on the bulb were cut away. This selected root Gurwitsch called the "sender." He proposed to use it as a biological cannon. He mounted it in a thin tube, setting it in a horizontal position that indeed suggested a miniature short-range artillery piece. He pointed the tip of this sender at another onion root, the "detector," which

was similarly protected in a tube, but with a small area of its side exposed naked to the tip of the artillery piece. The idea was to see if the growth of its exposed area would differ from the growth of other parts of the detector root.

After three hours' exposure to whatever influence the sender might emit, the detector root was sliced into sections suitable for examination under the microscope. And now for the test! Gurwitsch counted the number of cell divisions on both sides, and found about one-fourth more in the exposed area than in an equal area on the opposite side. Apparently the biological cannon had made a difference!

He tried the experiment all over again, this time interposing a thin sheet of quartz between sender and detector; the result was unchanged essentially. But when he repeated the experiment with a thin sheet of glass, or when the quartz was coated with a film of gelatine, the effect ceased. It is well known that quartz is transparent to ultraviolet rays, while glass and gelatine are opaque to them. From these and other considerations Gurwitsch concluded that the influence must be an ultraviolet radiation generated by the cells of the sender. Since it was the increased rate of "mitosis," or cell division, of the receiving root tissue that revealed the emissions, he named them *mitogenetic rays*.

Publication of these and later experiments evoked skepticism among biologists—and in England and America much of this attitude persists. The wavelengths claimed for the mitogenetic rays are shorter, therefore more energetic and powerful, than the ultraviolet light reaching us from the sun, and it seemed incredible that living processes could generate such energetic quanta.

In Paris though, J. and M. Magrou repeated Gurwitsch's experiments, and

reported similar results. Then T. Reiter and D. Gabor, in the research laboratory of Siemens & Halske Electric Company near Berlin, put the idea to the test in a series of very careful experiments; their verdict is that the rays are real. Others too reported confirmatory results—while equally reliable investigators could detect no effects and were disposed to dismiss the whole idea as illusory.

Meanwhile, in the Moscow laboratory, Baron had found that yeast cells are sensitive to the radiation; and because of the greater ease of handling, yeast took the place of onion roots as detectors. The effect here is to accelerate the rate of yeast budding by a factor of 25 to 30 per cent. Later it was noticed that bacterial growth is also stimulated by the mitogenetic effect, and cultures of these organisms have been used as detectors.

But biological growth is itself such an enigma that many authorities balk at the idea of accepting it as proof of radiation. If the radiation exists, they say, it should be measurable on a physical basis like any other radiation. In accord with this idea, many attempts have been made to photograph mitogenetic rays, but always without success. It has been estimated that because of the few quanta emitted per second, an exposure of thousands of hours would be necessary to obtain appreciable photographic blackening of the most sensitive plate.

This same limitation made it seem impossible to measure the radiation by its ionization effect. But B. Rajewsky, working in Frankfurt, finally succeeded in installing an extremely sensitive photo-electric cell in an ionization chamber, and with this a purely physical detection of mitogenetic rays was reported. Other European investigators have confirmed Rajewsky's results; but a careful campaign of experiments made with a device of this

type was completed in Boston in 1933, by Egon Lorenz of the United States Public Health Service, and his report is negative. Lorenz was unable to detect any evidence of the radiation, though he tried seven different living tissues all of which have been reported as good senders of mitogenetic rays.

Many kinds of tissue are accredited as senders or generators of the rays. From various records of experimenters I glean the following:

Young cells radiate more strongly than old cells; root tips, dividing eggs, and other germ cells, and certain tissue of embryos are particularly active sources. In mature animals, the working muscles, the cornea of the eye, blood, and nerves are energetic senders. Healing wounds give off rays, and it is claimed that the healing process can be hastened by mitogenetic irradiation. Cancer tissue radiates, but the blood of cancer patients does not. The blood of healthy rats gives off rays; the blood of starved rats does not; but when a little sugar is added to the latter radiation follows immediately. Illness or other departures from the normal physical condition of the organism seem to affect the quality as well as the degree of radiation. Otto Rahn, of Cornell University, reports four cases, two men and two women, in which harmful radiations were detected during periods of sickness. One of these was a laboratory worker engaged in experiments with yeast, and it was observed that the yeast cultures suddenly ceased to grow. Tests were made, and it was found that a few minutes' exposure to the fingertips of this person killed vigorous yeast cells.

Rahn reports that the radiation which killed the yeast emanates also from a chemical compound, oxy-cholesterol. This compound is known to be excreted by the sebaceous glands of the hands and face under certain pathological conditions. It is said,

moreover, that simple chemical processes, such as combustion in a gas flame, the digestion of protein by pepsin, and even common inorganic reactions such as the neutralization of acid by alkali, give off characteristic radiations, which are analogous to the mitogenetic radiation.

I have mentioned the observation, reported by European investigators, that the blood of cancer patients does not radiate, while other human blood does. Certain hospitals in Germany report a use of this distinction in the detection of cancer. In a German scientific journal M. Heinemann mentions cases in which the clinical diagnosis could discover no tumor; the blood of the patient was tested for radiation, and none could be detected; a new clinical investigation was then made, and a small hidden tumor discovered.

George W. Crile, of the Cleveland Clinic, addressed the American College of Surgeons in Chicago last October with a theory of life postulated on radiation—radiation emanating from the living cells themselves. Dr. Crile foresees a time, within the next century, when the physician will be able to control these radiations to the wellbeing of man.

Meanwhile, the Rockefeller Foundation has just granted a sum of money to the National Research Council as a fund to support a searching test of the reality of mitogenetic radiation. A conference of scientists interested in this problem met in New York in March, and a program of research is being planned by a representative committee—a systematic attack which, it is hoped, will conclusively settle the controversy.

VI

But whatever the outcome of the proposed attack, and however convincing its results may be in solving its

immediate problem, the sphinx will continue to dangle its eternal questions: How do we live? Why do we grow old? Why must we die?

Perhaps it is futile to look for a bridge anywhere in protoplasm. Life may be inherent in matter, just as radioactivity and magnetism are. It is in the massive elements at the far end of the periodic table, vast bulky atoms such as radium and thorium and uranium, that we observe radioactivity.

But experiments early in 1934, both in Europe and America, have shown that light elements, even nitrogen, become radioactive under the battering of high-speed particles. Similarly, we associate magnetism with iron and nickel and cobalt and certain alloys of these metals; but the sensitive detectors of the modern physical laboratory reveal that all the elements possess a certain degree of magnetism. Life is always linked with the element carbon, and the carbon seems to require as close associates hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; but may it not be that life, like magnetism and radioactivity, is a property of star stuff latent in all atoms, a something hidden, waiting for the propitious configuration of matter with energy to bring it into play?

"I venture to think that life is an inevitable consequence of sunlight striking upon the dust and being de-

flected into a special motion, just as the whirlpool is the inevitable consequence of water striking upon a sandbar." A physiologist wrote that sentence, and for more of the whirlpool analogy look in *Kamongo*, by Homer W. Smith, a bold and beautiful facing of the riddle.

Our philosophies will not answer the questions. "For over three hundred years the philosophy of biology has witnessed the swing of the pendulum between extreme vitalism and extreme mechanism," remarked H. A. Spoechr. Dr. Spoechr is director of the Carnegie Institution's Laboratory of Plant Biology, and out in the California sunshine is forever puzzling over the fascinating mystery of photosynthesis. "Each return of the pendulum has found the subject enriched by some basic observations. But it is doubtful whether philosophical speculations can be very fruitful in our fragmentary state of knowledge."

The future of biology—and the biologist, confesses J. B. S. Haldane, "is the most romantic figure on earth at the present day"—lies in experimentation. The future of civilization is closely entwined with the results of that experimentation, and with the degree to which it puts the results into practice. And the future of biological experimentation, I venture to think, lies in the strange and mysterious ways of radiation.



ON BECOMING FRENCH

BY CHARLOTTE T. MURET

SOME time ago, at a meeting for the discussion of foreign affairs, the chairman who introduced me said that whatever I might know of the subject on hand, I had at least been able to transform myself from an American into a French lady. I confess that this introduction disconcerted me, for I was much more anxious at the moment to pass for an authority on foreign affairs than for a lady of any kind! On reflection, however, I saw that the chairman had rather aptly described a change which I really had tried to effect during my years abroad.

Can an American adapt herself so thoroughly to the French as to become one of them? This question became vital to me when I married a Parisian who spoke almost no English. It is true that many Americans make their home in France; but for the most part they merely adapt themselves to the outward manifestations of a spirit which they never penetrate. It is the picturesque aspects of a foreign country which they enjoy but their roots are at home and, however long they live abroad, they are travelers still and never really become part of the French world.

Circumstances demanded of me a greater adjustment than this. France was to be my home, and if as a human plant I was to take root and thrive, I had to learn to think and feel with the French and enter fully into their life. For an Anglo Saxon such adaptation is difficult. The Latins are more subtle-

minded than we are, and they needed no Einstein to demonstrate to them the philosophy of relativity, for it is inherent in their outlook. They do not indulge in the over-simplified conceptions by which we escape from reality's infinite complexity. To them a spade is never merely a spade, but a complicated object whose history is connected with that of all the gardens of the world. They have a different set of values, another moral code, and to understand them one must develop new standards and a new inner life. In my case the metamorphosis was particularly hard for I had certain very un-Latin traits: I was naïve, emotional, enthusiastic, and full of uncritical optimism. I once read a book called *Lady into Fox* and I am inclined to feel that the transformation described in it, while certainly more radical, was hardly more difficult than the one required of me!

Fortunately my chosen companion was eager to help me, but before he could do so it was necessary to interpret him. My Parisian husband was ever courteous and unwilling to pain me or to insist on his own ideas, and I had to learn to gather from a gentle hint or a casual remark what his opinions were. Never shall I forget the first dress I bought under his guidance. I hesitated between a green and a red brocade, both of which, I thought, had his approval. I finally bought the red one, but the first time I wore it I sensed without words that my husband did

not like it. "Why didn't you say so when I was choosing it?" I exclaimed. "I did give you a hint," he gently replied, "but as you did not respond I thought you had set your heart on the red." I realized then that he would never impose his point of view on me and that I must learn to recognize the small signs which indicated his approval or dislike. Once I was attuned to his signals, however, he guided me with unfailing delicacy and tact.

In the first place he taught me how to manage my servants. Alone I might have taken years to discover that French maids never respect a mistress unless she knows the amount of work which she may demand of them. That amount is so incredibly large that I was never able to bring myself to exact it. When I realized that my chambermaid not only kept the apartment in perfect order, waited on table, and answered the doorbell, but looked after my husband's clothes and mine, washed my lingerie and his socks, and mended all the linen, I had not the heart to ask her to make me underwear and blouses, as any Frenchwoman would have done. I was glad to give her an afternoon off every week, as well as the usual alternate Sundays, to the annoyance of my French friends, who declared that, like all Americans, I was spoiling the servant market. I knew, however, that my indulgence was appreciated by my maids, for they saw that it was not the result of ignorance.

With regard to people my husband's insight often modified my hasty judgments. "So-and-so is clever, but he is too vain," I remember exclaiming apropos of a man who is a well-known political figure to-day. "He is a mere lady-killer!" "The word 'mere' is premature" was my husband's comment. "That vanity will not long be satisfied with such small game as hearts. He will have a political career."

Enlightened by my husband's quiet discernment, I shed many of my illusions about the French. My present impressions of them are the result of many years of experience, but I feel that I still have much to learn. In fact, I have at last reached that humility which, if it is not always the beginning of wisdom, is at least the end of fatuous certainty.

As I see the French to-day, their most outstanding characteristic is intelligence. They are both quick-witted and penetrating, and this is true of all classes, even of the peasants. Jacques Bonhomme may be ignorant, limited, sometimes brutal, but he is rarely dull. I discovered that fact in the wards of a war hospital. The soldiers whom we nursed, most of them peasants, were untutored, sometimes illiterate, but their perceptions were keen. There was little about the American nurses which they did not discover, and their estimates of us—strange creatures though we must have seemed to them—were often disconcertingly accurate.

In the next place the French, far from being romantic, as is often supposed, are the greatest realists in the world. They are not afraid of facts, and they accept human nature as it is. They do not disapprove of sensuality in itself, as peoples of puritan tradition are apt to do, but they dislike excesses. Above all, they are fundamentally reasonable. They know that life is difficult and goodness rare, therefore they are sometimes angered but seldom astonished by evil. They are skeptical, for they do not see life veiled by the rosy mists of illusive idealisms, but they are very tolerant and understanding. My husband never speaks severely of anyone's private life, and moral indignation seems to him somewhat childish. Although he would not imitate them for worlds, the worst that he can be brought to say of vicious people is that they are unfortunate.

It is this mixture of tolerance and skepticism which gives French gossip its peculiar character. There is no place where scandal flourishes more riotously than in Paris, but, strange to say, it is innocuous. It was once alarming to me to be told that So-and-so had probably murdered his father or eloped with the colored cook; but I soon learned that such stories are simply fables which people repeat because they are amusing, but which do not in the least injure those of whom they are told, because no skeptical Parisian ever believes a word of them. I remember the first time I brought home some such tale and told it to my husband with horror. "My poor child," he said, with amused pity, "do you mean to say that you believe what you hear?"

It is true also that Parisians would probably not care greatly if some part of the gossip which they repeat were true. They would feel that in any case it was none of their business. Some years ago a well-known French nobleman published a book of memoirs in which he spoke of his American ex-wife very cavalierly. I happened once to mention this fact with some indignation to an acquaintance, and he answered me calmly, "Oh yes, I said to So-and-so" (mentioning the author by his first name) "'My dear fellow, that is a rotten thing to do.' But he is rather apt to do shabby things." This was said without the least trace of indignation. Such tolerance allows the individual great liberty. It is, however, confined to Paris, and even there to a certain milieu. The French middle classes are morally very rigid.

Whether it is a cause or a result of these traits I know not, but the French are fundamentally unemotional. Excitable they may be at times, but only on the surface. They readily lose their heads over details, but in moments of real crisis they are cool and

collected. Their feelings are usually very moderate, and so they can afford to express them freely. An Englishman who greets a long-lost son dares not bestow on him more than a handshake and a gruff "How-de-do?" If he let his feelings go the result would be overwhelming, volcanic; so he must suppress all emotional manifestations. The Frenchman, on the contrary, can allow himself to kiss his boy on both cheeks, and even shed a few tears, thus enjoying his perfectly reasonable emotions to the full. I have sometimes reluctantly suspected that the French were rather cold-hearted; but even when I most felt this, justice compelled me to add that their affections, though not ardent were reliable. As friends and relatives, what they lack in enthusiasm they make up for in faithfulness and sincerity.

For all their realism the French are not materialistic. They love form and they deeply respect ideas. In fact, these two things are the objects of their truest passions. As a girl, I once dined at the home of a banker with the famous socialist leader, Jean Jaurès. During the conversation both Jaurès and his host grew so heated that I feared they would come to blows. Yet the discussion was not on political or social questions, but on the literary merits of one of Ibsen's plays. I do not believe that American politicians and bankers often spend great ardor on such subjects! It was a passion for ideas which made Robespierre so intransigent, and to-day many an ardent Republican continues to adore the doctrines of Democracy, though he grumbles ceaselessly at its results.

II

It was certain practical aspects of life in France which first required adjustment on my part. The most obvious arose from the French indif-

ference to comfort. It is a great mistake to suppose that the French do not indulge more freely in bathtubs, steam heat, ice boxes, and telephones because they are ignorant of these things. Not at all! They simply do not want them enough. Comfort costs money, and the Frenchman prefers his *sous*. His comfort seems to him to be transient, while money is not, and the cheapest thing with which to pay is his own skin. I have seen wealthy women stand patiently waiting under the pouring rain for an omnibus rather than risk the paint of their limousines in bad weather. A Frenchman will not sell his tapestries, which are a joy to the eye (and incidentally a piece of tangible property) in order to put steam heat or plumbing into his *château*. Personally I prefer the plumbing, but I have learned to respect this stoical indifference to ease, for I realize that in France wealth with all its possibilities of harmonious living can usually be obtained only by prudence and economy, not, as with us, by energy and daring. Therefore, I am grumbly prepared to put up with the relative lack of comfort in France.

It must be confessed, however, that, whatever one's philosophy, practical matters in France are often trying to an American whose ideal is efficiency. It is no wonder that Frenchwomen spend much time in their homes, for every detail there must be attended to in person. If you are giving a dinner, the cook will insist on showing you her chicken at every stage of transformation from the moment when it enters the kitchen, disembowelled with hanging head, to that when it stands triumphant on its platter, swollen with chestnuts and bejewelled with a decoration of truffles. If the kitchen stove smokes, the workman who repairs it will want to talk to you personally in order to explain that this stove has a peculiar temperament which must be

humored. It is for you to reconcile the cook's temperament with that of the stove! Paris plumbing and heating never function long without tinkering, even in the newest houses. They seem to like the mere attention, however inefficient it may be. As for the Paris telephone, it is nothing but an instrument of torture, and only French endurance can resist its demoralizing effects. My husband is not naturally a patient man but I deeply admire him at the telephone. He is so polite, and he has such a variety of tones at his disposal: cajoling, plaintive, pathetic, tragic, and irate! His eloquence would move multitudes, but it has no effect on the telephone girl. It is quite customary in Paris to send an occasional box of chocolates to the unseen deity who controls one's telephonic fate and sometime gives one a number. This has always reminded me of the old pagan custom of propitiating the gods by sacrifices. Everyone does it and, therefore, there can be no particular advantage for anybody; but no one dares stop because they feel that there is no telling how much worse things might be if the sacrifices—or chocolates—were omitted.

Partly as a result of their thrift the French have a great respect for the life of things. It is a real pain to them to see an object neglected, abused, or thrown away before its usefulness is exhausted. I well remember my husband's face when he saw a small hole which I once carelessly burned in a bedroom carpet. I had kept the bad news from him as long as possible, but at last it had to be told. "It can be mended," I suggested, on the verge of tears. "The little Armenian at the corner repairs rugs wonderfully well." "Yes," he answered, sadly, "but the place will always show." Had the scar been on the face of a beloved child he could scarcely have looked more grieved. The basis of this attitude is

not parsimony but the realization, which we Americans have lost, that things are in truth the product of human thought and labor, and that to abuse them is to destroy a real value. Waste seems to the French not only stupid but immoral. In consequence there are in Paris a quantity of little people whose sole occupation is to mend, to repair, to renovate. In France no object is too humble to claim its mistress' care and consideration, and you are no true French housewife until you know where to have your shoes reheeled, your porcelain delicately mended, your furniture reglued, your fabrics rewoven.

An aspect of French life which is chilling to Americans is the inhospitality of the French. In saying this my conscience troubles me with the memory of a wealth of kindness which I have myself enjoyed, but it must be admitted that in general the French are not open-handed or hospitable even to one another. Such informal invitations as: "Come to lunch any time," "Stay with us whenever you are in town" are unknown in France. I have many Parisian friends who would make real sacrifices for me, but not one on whom I could drop in unexpectedly for dinner. Here too thrift plays a part. If you are having chops your French cook will give you one chop apiece, no more. Nor can you have recourse to the ice box, for what passes for one in Paris is merely a sort of outdoor cage, in which are kept some dabs of this, some specks of that, unalluring trifles which, graced with a heavenly sauce will, nevertheless, make an excellent dinner. One of the painful experiences of my early married life was the first time we came home from the theater, and hungrily tried to raid the kitchen pantry. Mother Hubbard's dog was no more disappointed than we were! There are no left-overs from a French cuisine.

Yet one French custom which I should much like to see adopted in America is the inflexible rule that one must empty one's plate at table. There is no hardship involved in this except for the absentminded, for in France food is never portioned out by the hostess; every dish is passed round so that each may help himself according to his appetite. Nothing is ruder than to omit to clear one's plate for, since people are allowed to help themselves, to leave something implies that the dish was unpalatable, and that is wounding to a hostess who prides herself on her table. I suffered from this rule in the early days of my Paris life, for I was not used to calculating the exact extent of my appetite. Moreover, I did not always recognize the dishes which were served, and often found myself unexpectedly committed to a serving of some pet aversion. I always did my duty, however, for I knew how much rudeness on my part would pain my husband. He is himself a Spartan in such matters. Once on a stormy trip to Algiers I saw him finish a plate of *cassoulet* (white beans and onions), a dish which always disagreed with him, because the ship's captain had indiscreetly helped him to it. Even the thought of inevitable seasickness could not overcome his heroic courtesy! This was excess of good manners, but the rule itself is a wise one. As a semi-foreigner I am appalled to see the quantity of food which goes out on our plates to be thrown away.

As a matter of fact, French plates are not merely emptied; they are wiped clean. The obvious reason is that French sauces are too delicious to be dealt with by a mere fork, and it is correct to mop them up with one's bread. Unwary Americans should remember, however, that there is an etiquette even in this matter. The morsel of bread which carries the last

drops of some culinary poem to one's lips *must* be held by one's fork. To pick it up in one's fingers is an unpardonable solecism!

One reason why the French do not indulge in casual hospitality is that they like things well and even ceremoniously done, and when they are invited out they expect to find delicate food, well served, in an appropriate setting. My husband, who loves conversation and has the appetite of a bird, grumbles about accepting an invitation from some rare Parisian hostess who is a bad housekeeper. Her carelessness offends not only his cultivated palate but his sense of the fitness of things.

The French inhospitality toward strangers as compared with our own eager cordiality has other sources. In the first place, clever as they are, the French have a very limited curiosity. Moreover, an experience dating back to the epoch when French society was the model of all civilization has led them to believe that they are themselves the best company in the world and, therefore, they prefer each other's society to that of strangers. On the whole, they are not far wrong, but it is a pity that even a distinguished foreigner will usually seem to them less desirable as a guest than some figure of Parisian society. This provincialism used to grieve me, but I now suspect that the American liking for strangers, springing, as it does, largely from curiosity, often grows cold with time. I am not sure but that foreigners who live long among us are eventually looked on with contempt for the very unlikenesses which at first attracted us. In France, on the contrary, those rare individuals who are once taken into a French milieu are never again made to feel that they are outsiders.

A further difficulty in entertaining in Paris springs from the fact that in France people who disagree do not

willingly mingle. It is hard to be tolerant with regard to things in which we believe strongly and, indulgent as the French are to human weakness, they are often intolerant in the intellectual domain. Americans enjoy people for their personalities rather than for their opinions, while the French on the contrary are more interested in what people think and say than in what they are. One proof of this is that, greatly as they care for form, the French accept clever people whatever their outward semblance. Among our friends there is a man whose table manners would alarm an ogre and whose clothes are, I suspect, the same which he wore when his wife died fifteen years ago. But he is a man of powerful intellect, wide knowledge, and keen wit. Therefore, not only are we delighted to have him at our table, but most Parisians, however fashionable, are glad to meet him there, although he uses his knife to punctuate his conversation, and sometimes drops a button into his soup.

III

Once the French have adopted a point of view they do not, as we do, struggle to keep an open mind; for they feel that to be ever ready to change one's opinions on important subjects is proof either of a want of proper reflection, or of a lack of clear thinking. Because ideas are so vital to them, they are apt to consider people who differ fundamentally from them as unpleasant or dangerous. The parlor Bolshevik is unknown in France, for no one would be inconsistent enough to receive in his salon a person whose avowed ambition was to destroy both salon and host! The result of this is that in France most people have labels, that is to say, they are more or less identified with some type of thought or some party, whether Catholic or

radical, socialist or reactionary. It is important in giving a party to assemble the right tags and not to mix the reds with the blacks or whites; for parties, like cocktails, owe their success rather to the blend than to the quality of the ingredients. To combine opponents might be a joke in America, perhaps even a cause of pleasurable excitement. In France it would be a grave social error, and the result would not be eager discussion, but chilling discomfort. To commit a "*gaffe*" is a serious matter in France, for it will never be forgotten. If you have uttered some amusing naïveté, or trodden with involuntary wit on someone's social toes, the story will be repeated with glee for years, but you will get no credit from the pleasure you have unwittingly given! It is no light matter to be a hostess in so complex a world.

Another thing which I had difficulty in learning was that novelties, as such, have little intrinsic charm for the French. Innovations do creep in, but they must prove themselves to be definitely superior before they are accepted; for the French do not yearn for what is different, and they usually prefer the accustomed way of doing things. When I first set up housekeeping I was eager to introduce the American custom of having lighted candles on the dinner table. The idea horrified my husband. "The unshaded flame will hurt people's eyes," he said. This was a reasonable objection, but I did want my candles, so I bought taller candlesticks and longer tapers, in order that the little flames might tower well above the heads of my guests. "Now," I exclaimed, "those flames cannot possibly shine in anyone's eyes." "No," murmured my husband despondently, "but you know the candles will melt down rapidly. . . ." Thereupon, I gave up candles and with them my hope of altering French customs. Yet in spite

of this conservatism most of the tasteful novelties of the day, in table decorations and other things as well, do originate in France.

The greatest trial of my French existence was a dearth of feminine society. French women do not have that intense life with one another which is so delightful to us. They do not dash about together to shops or movies to anything like the extent that we do, and that unjustly criticized institution, the women's luncheon, is unknown in Paris. One obvious reason for this is that the men come home to lunch and this midday recess is one of the greatest superiorities of French life. It is extraordinary how much it alters feminine existence when, instead of a long day to be filled with sexless activities, there are only brief intervals between the appearances of the husband. Moreover, it changes not only the feminine but the masculine point of view, for it permits men to take a closer and more practical interest in the details of their homes. It is partly for this reason that French husbands often give their wives a companionship which American women can only find in one another. They like and expect to be consulted about household matters, such as menus and decorations, and they are often both able and willing to advise their wives in the important matter of dress. The Frenchmen who are to be seen at fashion shows are more often husbands than strangers imagine. Since my marriage I have seldom bought a dress or a hat without my husband's advice, and when I have done so I have usually repented it, for he sees me more clearly than I see myself.

French women too have a different point of view from ours. Their ambition (and they are intensely ambitious) is seldom for a personal career. Their pleasures, their circle, their place in life all depend on a man, and it is only

through men that they hope to attain to power and consequence. One of the few French women I know who has made herself an independent career once admitted to me that she could not work unless she had the guidance and encouragement of some man, either husband, teacher or friend. French women's technic of life reflects this dependence. They consider it their principal business to create an harmonious atmosphere, to be figures of delicate and suggestive charm, and to give their men-folk understanding, support, and appreciation. They are willing to be unobtrusive partners in achievements of which they will share the fruits. If a Deputy becomes a Minister, it is probable that his wife's tact and charm have helped him to reach the post, and in return she will be lodged in a palace and, like himself, will have patronage to distribute. The attitude and the results are the same, under other forms, in the small bourgeoisie and the laboring classes.

To be desired and needed is more to a Frenchwoman than to be independent. To her the idea that woman's place is the home has no terrors. That is her natural domain where she rules, creates, and finds scope for her pride and her sense of power. Is not this, after all, the ideal life for nine women out of ten?

Her children, too, take more of a Frenchwoman's time than do those of American mothers as a rule. They are never confided to a boarding-school early, and often not at all. Their mother watches over them with meticulous care and knows every detail of their lives. She gives perhaps less attention to their bodily development than we do; but to be her children's companion and confidante, to be with them in their play and in their work is a French mother's conscious aim, and for that she will sacrifice everything else. Unlike the Englishwoman, she

will not readily follow her husband to distant places if it means leaving her children behind. Her children's lessons are a great preoccupation to a French mother, for success in them is an important matter. Few French children do their homework alone; father and mother pore over the lessons that are assigned, commenting on them and explaining them to the young pupils, and the whole family is interested in the school curriculum. In such existences, oriented toward the home, the husband, and the children, there is little room for the various activities which American women enjoy together. As for old maids, there are none in Parisian society! I used privately to wonder whether they were drowned like kittens. Now I know that they are relegated to the provinces or to good works. Some too find their vocation in being aunts. The maternal instinct is so strong in French women that nephews and nieces often seem able completely to fill an empty heart.

Last, but not least, of the limitations of French life for me was its lack of intimacy. In the fascinating and colorful society of Paris little affection is exchanged. Love and intimacy are kept almost exclusively for the family circle. This is partly because, since everything in France is done *par relations*, that is to say, through personal connections, society is a game in which the stakes are the very real prizes of fame, honor, and success. It is not only Ministers and Deputies who have posts and favors to distribute; members of the Academy or of the learned societies, owners or editors of newspapers and magazines, even critics of art and literature or political writers can make or break a career. Their good will is valuable and, therefore, the social contacts through which it can be gained are of serious importance.

The formality of French life springs

also from the fact that the French are not as gregarious as we are. They are not afraid to be alone, nor do they need to huddle together, as we so often do, for mere company. When they seek one another it is in order to exchange ideas and to be amused, not because they need affection. Their lack of warmth is also the result of a mistrustfulness which is part of their skeptical nature. They express their own aloofness by a very apt phrase. They say: "We do not readily hand ourselves over," and the word used, *se livrer*, implies a surrender. It was hard for me to learn that one need not trust or esteem people in order to enjoy them, for my impulse was to attach myself to those whom I liked. I still envy my husband, who could live contentedly among enemies provided they were superficially polite, and, above all, did not bore him. I know that I shall never attain to that degree of detachment and self-sufficiency.

IV

In return for these difficulties I found many compensations. First of all the tempo of life in France makes for true enjoyment. In America some inward unrest, some need of excitement seems always to be driving us on, and it was good to escape from that feverish rush. I recently visited one of our most delightful university towns and there talked with two French women. Both spoke of the terrible pace of American life. One of them told me that she belonged to a little club which meets for discussion once a week from eleven to twelve in the morning. "Imagine," she said, with pained astonishment, "there is one lady who leaves exactly at twelve. No matter how interesting, how delightful is the discussion, always she gets up as the clock strikes! Has she an appointment? Perhaps so, but how can one

leave a conversation of the most absorbing for any appointment? Is it not a foolish conception of life," she added, with gentle scorn, "to curtail one pleasure just to hurry on to another?" This is the true French point of view.

When I was first married twenty minutes was the longest time which I could happily spend in a chair on the boulevard. After that, having drunk my liqueur, looked at the sky, and watched the passers-by, I was seized by the fatal American need to "do something." Now I feel with satisfaction that I could spend unlimited time anywhere in Europe or Africa absorbing one single *café noir* and watching life go by. I have found the inner peace which enables me to enjoy an endless series of moments each for itself.

This serenity I learned in part over a tapestry frame. I used to wonder how women endured the monotony of their lives during the Middle Ages, confined as they were in their gloomy castles without books, without society, dependent on an occasional strolling minstrel for their only distraction. Now I know why they were contented; they made tapestry. Endless hours can be passed happily in working on a piece of needlepoint. The ceaseless regular movement of the hands is soothing. The mind is superficially occupied, for there is a pattern to follow and a choice of silks to be made, but the spirit drifts now into daydreams, now into deeper contemplation, while the web grows and flowers glow, as one's fingers evoke them into colorful being. There is a sense of creation and of rest, and time disappears, so that one seems to be suspended in a smiling eternity.

One great compensation which I found in France is the gentle art of conversation, which still flourishes there, although the French have been lamenting its decline for two centuries.

In Paris it is not necessary to furnish your dinner guests with means of amusement for the evening. They possess these in themselves, and if they honor your board it is for the sake of talk. To ask them to play cards or to go to the theater would be superfluous, if not insulting. How comforting it is to know that one's best pleasures depend only on one's ears and tongue!

Since conversation is an art, its object is not to instruct but to delight. Americans do not readily grasp this idea. Some of the puritanism which is rapidly fading from our customs lingers in our intellectual life, and talk for talk's sake seems to us somewhat frivolous. Our practical minds wish to be enlightened, and to arrive at the truth, therefore we like to discuss, to talk things out, not perceiving that an epigram often conveys more truth than a lecture. The French feel that conversation should never degenerate into a lesson or an argument. It may be a battle of wits, but the weapons should be finely pointed rapiers, not clashing swords. "*Glissez, mortel, n'appuyez pas!*" my husband often murmurs to me, and that is the secret of good talk. Pass lightly from point to point, striking sparks if you can, but never allow yourself to expound or to hammer your ideas home. The French, as our expressive slang phrase has it, "get you the first time."

In France the woman's social role is reversed, and she is the receptive, not the active partner. She must water the conversational plant, but she does not produce its flower. It is pleasant to discover that at dinner parties one is not expected to amuse one's neighbor, but only to allow oneself to be entertained. That neighbor, however occupied his day may have been, will not be a Tired Business Man, who would really prefer to be at home with slippers and pipe. On the contrary, he will be a willing playmate, eager to

show his powers in the game for which he is best fitted. But the role of listener is no sinecure in France. You cannot be adequate to it merely by scattering random smiles and exclamations. Women are expected to be intelligent, and to evoke by enlightened appreciation the best qualities of their companions. A story, possibly true, which illustrates this went the rounds of Paris last year. Marshal Lyautey, it was said, was dining at the Legation of a foreign power. In order to do the great man honor, the Minister, his host, put beside him a woman noted in her own country for her remarkable beauty. It was apparently her only gift. During the dinner Africa was mentioned and the beauty naïvely said to her distinguished neighbor, "Ah, yes. Africa! Have you been there often?" The builder of French Morocco was struck dumb, and it was obvious that even beauty did not condone such ignorance in his eyes, for he found nothing more to say to her.

Closely allied to the delightful game of conversation (the best of indoor sports) is the new world of *nuance* which one enters as one grows into French life. In order to enjoy this varied domain which gradually unfolds before the inner eye one must learn a new language. I am not speaking of the French tongue but of the carefully graduated scale of meaning which is attached to all that is said. With any new acquaintance we must learn by experience how much weight to give to his words, and this is peculiarly true of the French. They only express a fraction of what they feel or think, and leave it to your intuition to supply the rest.

To-day if a French friend says to me in speaking of a common acquaintance, "I do not see her often," I know that I might reply to the unspoken thought, "I do not like her either." An Anglo

Saxon soon finds that his literal statements are given a significance which he did not in the least intend. I remember saying to my husband as we left one of the first French dinner parties I had been to in Paris, "That woman is a snob!" "Very well," he replied instantly, "we will not go there again." I had great difficulty in convincing him that I meant only what I had said and that, while my hostess was a snob, I had no wish to drop her. He himself would never have spoken so much had he not meant a great deal more. There is prudence in the French reserve, and a dislike of committing oneself, but there is also the moderation which is born of innate taste. Exaggeration is for the French a misuse of language and a barrier to all delicacy of intercourse. They usually think before they speak and formulate their ideas from a background of reflection, whereas we are apt to talk as we think, hastily and tentatively, in view of further discussion. In conversation, as elsewhere, we care chiefly for the content, while the French are occupied with the form.

French society, it must be confessed, has more rigid rules and customs than our own. Titles, for instance, are still significant, whether they are hereditary or spring from a function, and they must be used in presenting those who bear them. This is a great convenience to strangers, for it enables them to some extent to place people and to avoid, for instance, confusing an ambassador with an auctioneer even if they have the same name. More difficult is the question of precedence. I had believed in my happy-go-lucky American fashion that the best way to arrange a dinner party was to put one's guests where they would enjoy themselves most, but I soon found out my error. French people would rather spend a dull evening in a seat of honor to which their rank entitles

them than to enjoy themselves in some lowlier spot. This once seemed to me absurd, but I have come to understand it. Where rank or importance count, to be denied the place which your consequence should command is humiliating, for it implies a slur. Many serious problems arise for a hostess out of this matter of precedence. Does a Minister in office outrank an Academician, or is it only the Prime Minister who does so? In a more modest way does age outrank literary fame, and do both pass before or after an historic name? The French are not alone in appreciating the importance of these things; the English are so well aware of it that they give every Admiral, for instance, a flag-lieutenant, who is the best dressed man in the Navy, and whose chief duty is to seat the Admiral's guests correctly. Fortunately, every married couple disposes of four places of honor, two major and two minor ones, as it were, on the right and left of host and hostess. With these resources one can usually make an equitable division of one's notables. Nevertheless, there are certain people of equal importance, bachelor Academicians, for example, whom one dares not invite together for fear of giving lasting offense to the man who sits at your left.

Calls must be made in France on pain of losing your acquaintances, but I found this custom pleasant, for it was a way of seeing people informally. French teas, however, troubled me greatly. They cannot be taken casually, for they are as important as lunches or dinners. An invitation to one requires an answer so that the cakes and sandwiches may be correctly calculated, and if you accept you must go.

Another French convention is that of writing notes. Innumerable are the occasions for these; birth, death, marriage, a step up in one's profession, a

holiday absence, the appearance of an author's book, all require the acknowledgment of a note. There is great art in the writing of them, but also great labor. Yet, after all, this conventionality is not irksome once it is mastered. A man of letters, André Bellesort, once assured me that etiquette had been invented in the sixteenth century to prevent the French courtiers of that period from falling upon one another whenever they met. "You see that we still find it indispensable," he added with a smile. The fact is that the French are sensitive and they have a lively vanity. Conventions are for them a means of safeguarding their feelings while preserving their freedom. Etiquette makes it possible to protect oneself against a bore without actual rudeness (by the simple device of omitting to call, or to leave cards, for instance)—and the bore is more feared and hated in Paris than the executioner.

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This brings me quite naturally to that exquisite thing, French politeness. Good manners are as important in France as good morals, and of far more general concern, for men may hide their vices, or leave them at home, but they take their manners everywhere. My husband says, "That man is rude" in much the same tone with which a Puritan might have said, "He is wicked"; and the condemnation is just as final. There is a philosophy behind this point of view. The French realize that we necessarily spend much of our time in casual encounters, and they, therefore, argue that it is worthwhile to bring delicacy and consideration even to passing relationships. *La bonne grâce*—graciousness, is the lubricating oil of life. It makes the social wheels go round and eases the wear and tear of human friction. This is, after

all, a very civilized point of view. The French are themselves sensitive, and they are keenly aware of the feelings of others. Seldom do they fail to say the pleasant thing, to congratulate or sympathize as occasion demands. Little by little one comes to expect and to bestow these small caresses of the spirit until it is second nature to be gracious. Life thus acquires a great smoothness. It is rather like sitting on a down pillow. Nowadays when I go to England or America I often find myself wondering: "Why does So-and-so want to be disagreeable?" Suddenly I realize that poor So-and-so had no intention of being disagreeable; he simply blurted out what was in his mind without considering its possible effect on me. I am, to say the least, mature, but no French girl of any age would ask me, as have many American ones, "What would you do if you were young?" I am also undoubtedly what is euphemistically called "a large woman," but in France I perceive it only in my mirror. I cannot imagine a Frenchman ever saying to me kindly, as more than one American has done, "You know *I* like plump women," as though his preference were sure to console me!

Tact is widespread in France. My saleswoman at the dressmaker's, a delightful person, with whom I have spent many pleasant, though expensive hours, seems to know my good points better than anyone in the world. My chamber maid makes me feel that her "Madame" is a very precious person. Even the chance waiter at a modest restaurant knows how to give me an agreeable sense of my importance without abandoning his own dignity. The attitude of these people is that we all have our own places in the world, and that it is their pleasure to serve me, as it is mine to be well served. I can never forget the delicacy and gentleness of the soldiers

whom I nursed. Some of them were rough fellows enough, a few even belonged to the "Bataillon d'Afrique," the disciplinary regiment. It is easy to imagine what their conversation must have been among themselves, but I never heard a coarse or brutal word while I was in the room, nor was I ever allowed to do a disagreeable or heavy task if there was a man in the ward well enough to do it for me.

French manners can be amusing, as well as exquisite. An American friend of mine once took a motor trip in France with a rather reckless chauffeur. Before starting she begged him to be careful not to run over any dogs, for that she felt she could not bear. When at the end of the tour she thanked him for sparing her feelings the chauffeur, who would cheerfully have run over a dog a day for the sake of speed, doffed his cap, and solemnly answered her, "Madame, it is I who thank you in the name of the dogs of France!"

I am often asked whether I prefer to live in France or in America, and the answer I give, while it is always very positive, is never twice the same, for my feelings on the subject vary according to time and place. The truth is that I have a divided heart, and when I have been a certain length of time in one of my countries, I begin to think with a sort of

remorseful homesickness of the other.

The question which I myself sometimes ponder is whether, after all, I really have been transmuted and assimilated, as well as accepted by the French. I do not think so, nor do I wish entirely so to be. Could I achieve my ideal, I would acquire what is best in the French character, while keeping the most valuable of my own native traits. This would mean on the one hand to grow more sensitive, to have a keener discernment of values, to accept reality without illusions, and to care more for the things of the mind and less for excitement and material pleasures; on the other, to maintain a power of enthusiasm, to keep a warm, even a confiding heart in spite of clearer vision, to refuse to limit curiosity or affection in the face of the fact that life is short and love most uncertain. Such a combination has its difficulties and its perils. To be enthusiastic without illusion, sensitive without bitterness, intellectual without coldness requires no small degree of courage, for illusions, bitternesses, and a cold heart are the various armors by which we instinctively seek to protect our too-vulnerable souls. But who would part either from natural ardor or from acquired wisdom for the sake of mere ease and safety? I am still American enough to feel that it is always worth while at least to try both to have your cake and eat it!



FRUIT TRAMP

A STORY

BY DANIEL MAINWARING

IN JULY the fruit tramps came to Clovis. They put up tents in the eucalyptus grove along the track, and at night you could see them sitting around their little fires.

The Elbertas would be ripening when they drove in battered Fords and Chevrolets along the highway to the hills. Within a week a community would spring up in the grove to stay there until the last peach was in the sweat box and the last raisin had been hauled to the packing shed.

Every year or so, there was talk of turning the grove into a park, but no one did anything about it. Once in a while the townspeople sent Old Tim, the constable, over to make the fruit tramps clean up around the tents that looked like dirty bits of fungus growing against the tree trunks. Tim would hang about for a while talking to the children and telling the women to hang their washing so it could not be seen from the road.

"Them underdrawers now," he would say. "They don't look so good from John Good's store. Better get 'em out of sight." He would grumble a little and then go back to his chair on the porch of his office and sit there for the rest of the day, half asleep, his big hat pulled down over his eyes to keep out the glare of the sun, sucking at his dead pipe and shouting to the people he knew.

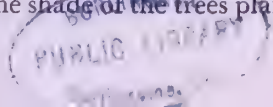
Farmers who needed help went to

the grove and hired a family, children and all, paying the men so much a day to pick the fruit and the women and children a few cents a box for cutting peaches. Usually one of the little girls stayed at the camp to cook supper and have it ready when the family came back at dusk, and during the day in the fruit season you could see them bending over the pots or washing clothes or making miniature cities out of syrup cans and spools when they had nothing else to do.

For a while, during the War and right after it, fruit prices were good and the tramps made plenty of money. Six dollars a day the men were paid, and the women received as high as four or five cents a box. It wasn't bad being a fruit tramp then.

But people in the cities stopped eating so many peaches and raisins. Prices went way down. The mortgage companies came, took the Lincolns and Cadillacs out of the barns, loaded the furniture the farmers had bought in good times into moving vans and drove away, and the banks foreclosed on the land and took over some of the farms.

Still the fruit tramps came every year when the Elbertas were turning yellow in the shiny leaves. Not so many came, but the grove was pretty well filled with men and women and children who drove along the highway leading to the hills and pitched their camps in the shade of the trees planted



there by a man named Cole fifty years before.

When times were bad it wasn't easy to make a living picking peaches and grapes, cutting the peaches in half, laying them in orderly rows on the trays. It was hard, unpleasant work. Out in the orchards the heat waves rose, and when you knelt on the earth to pick the fruit up the sand burned through your overalls. The cutting sheds offered little shelter from the sun, and the fuzz from the peaches crept up the women's arms and down the necks of their dresses. They stood all day on the packed earth of the shed, picking the fruit up with their nimble fingers, jabbing the knife point into the soft flesh and, with a twist, halving the fruit.

The filled trays piled up, and before the stack was thirty high the shorter women and the little girls had to stand on boxes so they could reach. Usually the farmer's youngest son rustled for the cutters, taking the empty boxes away, putting full ones in front of the women, pushing the cars loaded with trays of fruit into the sulphur houses which stood back of the sheds.

When the wind blew from the sulphur houses, the sheds were filled with yellow, choking smoke. In the early morning everyone would be cheerful and the girls would giggle when the rustler pushed against them and the women would shout at the men who drove up in the vineyard trucks. In the afternoon though everyone would be tired and cross and the rustler would growl at the women to hurry. By that time their skins would be covered with peach fuzz and would itch and burn and where they scratched themselves with sticky fingers a rash would break out.

Our family was so big that we didn't have to hire any fruit tramps, but did the work ourselves. Sometimes when the crop was poor we went over to the Jap's and helped him out. Other

farmers thought father was lucky because he had so many children to do his work. He used to say, "Well, let them try to feed you for a while and then they'll know who's lucky." Once he offered to trade ranches with John Cadwallader, who had one son. "I'll take your boy. You take my mess of kids," father said. "I'll hire me some tramps to do the work. They feed themselves."

When things got bad we didn't feel it like the other farmers, or maybe it was because we hadn't been used to anything much. It always took all the money father made to feed us, so we never bought a car or new furniture, and father said he couldn't afford a mortgage.

The summer when prices were low-est didn't affect us as it did the others. We were in a position to sit back and watch when the trouble with the fruit tramps started.

It was hot that year. There had been little rain and when June came the mountain tops were bare of snow. From the valley you could see little patches near the ragged crest of the ridge, like bits of paper scattered through the trees. The canals were dry and the river was so low we didn't dare go swimming because they said we'd get typhoid fever. All night the engines throbbed, pulling the water from the deep cool sands, spilling it into the ditches, and sometimes late at night we would go over to the Jap's and lie naked in the little pool near the pump, letting the cold water cover us. We had no pumping plant of our own, so the Jap gave us water when we needed it because we always helped him get his crop 'in when ours was poor.

The fruit tramps came again that year, more of them than ever. There were new faces in the grove. People who didn't know what a raisin was

put up tents and looked round for work. They came from farther away, from Los Angeles and San Francisco where things were bad too and work was hard to find. It was a cheap way to spend a summer, camped in a grove of eucalyptus trees rent free, and I suppose they figured the fruit had to be picked so the farmers would pay them to do it.

Around the first of July, when the Elbertas were coloring up enough so they could be shipped green, Aubrey Bell stopped by the bridge to talk to father.

"What you paying this year?" father asked.

"Don't know. Last year we paid two-bits an hour. We can't now."

"You'll make more leaving the peaches on the trees," father said.

"What you going to do?"

"We'll get along," father said, pointing to where we were sitting on the porch with mother stringing capri figs on wires. "I got all the help I need. All I got to do is feed 'em."

"You're lucky," Aubrey said.

"Try it some time," father said. "I'll trade you the whole lot for a pair of mules."

"You won't trade me for a mule," my sister Rose said.

"I couldn't get a mule for you," father said. "Who'd want you?"

"If we pay fifteen cents an hour, we can make a go of it," Aubrey said. "I figure I can make a hundred and fifty bucks off my Elbertas if I pay that."

"They won't take it," father said.

"Let 'em starve then." Aubrey started his Ford and went away along the dusty, rutted road.

We heard no more about it for a week or so. Then father went in to town for some flour and rice and beans and talked for a long time to John Good. At dinner that night he told mother all the farmers had got together and decided to pay fifteen cents an

hour to the pickers and a cent a box to the cutters.

"You'd make ten cents a day," he told Rose.

"Not that much," my brother Joe said. "Maybe eight."

Rose threw a book at him and he grabbed her and they rolled over on the porch, almost upsetting the coal oil lamp.

"Stop it. I'll lick you both," mother said.

"That's an awful little bit," father said. "I'd hate to work for that."

"I work for less," mother said.

"Want to quit?"

"Sure," mother said, but when we saw her face we knew she didn't mean it.

"I'm sorry for the farmers," father said. "But it's their own fault. They bought a lot of junk when things were good. They put in electric lights and drove round in cars they couldn't pay for. I guess they'll always be like that though. I'm sorry for those tramps too. That isn't such a nice way to live, camped in the center of town on the dirty ground with everybody looking at your washing hanging on the line, knowing how many holes there are in your undershirt, seeing you eat your dinner every night."

"They don't mind," mother said.

"Some of them do. The new ones. There's people camped in the grove who never was outside a city before. They're going to make trouble, John says. Says some of them are Reds."

"What's Reds?" my sister Nell asked.

"Russians," father said.

"But why Reds? Why not blues or pinks or yellows?" Nell asked.

"Call them anything you like," father said. "I think it's a lot of talk anyway. They don't look bad to me. Only kind of pitiful and white-faced like they didn't have enough to eat. I wanted to take the grub over and give it to them."

"That would have been fine," mother said. "Then you could have felt sorry for us."

I took the wagon in to Clovis next day to have the blacksmith set the tires. I hung round the shop for a while, helping him with the forge, watching him as he spun the steel hoop on the anvil and hit it with his hammer while the sparks flew all around him and dropped in the inch-thick coat of coal dust on the floor. Then I went out into the sun and walked down the main street to John Good's store.

A lot of farmers were hanging about outside, talking. After I listened for a time I found they were having trouble getting pickers. Some of the fruit tramps were willing to work for anything and they had gone out to the farms; but the rest said they'd rather starve than pick peaches for fifteen cents an hour.

Jake Cole came back from the grove pretty soon. "There's a big guy over there who thinks he's running things," Jake said. "He's getting the tramps all together and telling them not to work. He says they should get a living wage."

"He's a damn Communist," Hal Bradley said.

There was a little hunchback in the crowd named Emory Whitfield who lived about a mile from our place. He got pretty excited and began waving his arms and swearing. "Those damn Rooshians," he said, "they ought to go back to their own country. Who in hell do they think they are anyway?" When he talked he kept bobbing his head, and the hump on his back looked like something loose stuck inside of his blue work shirt. He hadn't shaved for a long time and around his lips his red whiskers were brown from tobacco juice.

"He don't look like a Rooshian to me," Jake said. "He's as white as I am."

"You ain't so white," Hal said. "Maybe you would be if you went in the ditch once in a while."

"You can't tell about Communists by their looks," a farmer I didn't know said. "It's the way they talk you can tell by."

"Well, he's always talking about a living wage," Jake said.

"Then he's a Red. They always talk like that," the farmer said.

"Let's all go over and talk to him," Hal said. "Maybe if we put it up to him that we got to live too he'll be reasonable."

"Maybe he won't. I already told him," Jake said.

"It won't do no hurt," Hal said.

"Let's run him out of town," the hunchback said. "We been treating them too good, giving them a place to live and all. I been saying for years we shouldn't let them live in the grove. Look how dirty they keep it."

When I thought about the hunchback's ranch and how dirty the house and yard and outhouses were, I snickered, but no one paid any attention to me. They went across the road and I followed, the hot dust burning my bare feet. I ran across quickly and stood in the shade as close as I could get to the tent where the big man they called a Communist lived. He was sitting on a lug box, cutting a chain out of a piece of white pine with a thin-bladed knife, but when he saw all the farmers he stood up. He was a big man with broad shoulders, bigger even than father, and through the faded blue shirt you could see the muscles on his arms like big lumps. His hair was as pale colored as straw and around his neck and ears it was ragged. Probably his wife cut his hair as mother did mine, with a pair of dull scissors.

Some of the other tramps left their tents and came over and stood behind the big man, and you could see he was different from them because his clothes

were clean and his face and hands were clean and when he talked he spoke good English.

"Well, how about it?" Hal asked. "Jake here says you boys won't work for less than two bits an hour."

"That's right," the big man said.

"We can't pay that," Hal said and you could see he was trying to be nice about it. "We don't make much off our farms. Hardly enough to pay the taxes. We can just get by if we pay fifteen cents."

"Would you work for that?" the big man asked.

"If I was hungry I would," Hal said.

"We aren't that hungry," the big man said.

Emory Whitfield pushed up to the front and waved his fist. "You will be before we get through with you," he said.

"Shut up, Emory," Hal said. "Let me do the talking. It won't do no good to get tough about it."

The big man smiled at Hal. "You seem reasonable. Now put yourself in our place. We have to eat too. I feel that it would be better not to work at all than to slave in this hot sun for nothing."

"What do you mean nothing?" the hunchback yelled. "Ain't we willing to pay you fifteen cents an hour and your women folks a cent a box for cutting?"

"You're too kind." The big man wasn't smiling any more. "We won't do it, so there's no use talking about it."

"By God! let's run 'em out of town," the hunchback said.

Hal grabbed Whitfield's arm and told him to shut up. "You think it over," he said to the big man. "We can't pay no more and it ain't because we don't want to. We got to live too."

"I know," the big man said.

The crowd went back to the store. I was going to hang around but then

I looked at the clock and remembered about the wagon. I hurried back to the blacksmith shop, hitched up the team, and drove on home. When I told father about the trouble at the grove he said I'd better keep away from the fruit tramps or I'd get hurt.

They didn't give in and the farmers didn't give in, so the Elbertas ripened on the trees, fell on the clods and rotted in the sun. Before the packing sheds, the empty refrigerator cars stood waiting and the crews of women who were to pack the peaches for shipment to the east were laid off. Four families got tired of going hungry and went to work on the Miller ranch. Because the other tramps were mad at them for not holding out, they moved their tents into the willows along Dry Creek.

There had been a couple of fist fights in Clovis already, and some of the tramps were threatening to dump out the fruit that lay on trays in Miller's drying yard down by the river, or so the farmers said. A barn half filled with hay on the Thompson ranch caught fire and burned, and people round us blamed the tramps, though father was sure the Thompson boys had been smoking in the hay loft.

Some of the farmers wanted trouble but the rest were pretty upset about the whole business, feeling sorry for themselves and for the strikers. It wasn't nice to go by the grove and see the women and kids sitting around looking like they needed something to eat. Four or five women in the town got groceries together and took them over to the camp. The big man thanked them and said they didn't need charity, but when he wasn't looking some of the others took the things the women brought. That's what we heard from the farmers who stopped in at dusk to sit on the tank house steps and talk to father.

I saw the big man again two weeks

after the strike started. Father and I were spreading trays in the drying yard on the sand, which was burning hot even though the sun was gone. After a while we knocked off to get a drink, and as I brought the cool water from the well I saw him coming through the orchard, carrying a shotgun.

Joe, standing on the porch with his face pressed against the screen, told father to look and pointed at the big man. "He's going to dump our peaches out," Joe whispered.

"Hush," father said and when the man came across the yard, offered him the dipper filled with water.

The big man leaned his gun against the stairs and took the dipper.

"Any luck?" father asked.

The big man shook his head. "Thought I might get a rabbit. Didn't see a single one."

"We don't eat rabbits round here this time of year," father said. "They have sores on their necks."

"They'd be better than nothing, at that."

Father held out his hand. "My name's Bigelow."

"Mine's Martin."

"You don't live around here."

"No. I'm camped in the grove. One of the strikers."

Joe had come out of the porch and stood near the pump. "Are you a Red?" he asked.

"Joe." Father frowned at him.

"Do I look like it, son?" the big man asked and when father started to apologize, he laughed. "I know what they've been saying about us. It doesn't hurt my feelings."

Father rolled a cigarette and gave the papers and tobacco to Martin. "Sit on the steps a while."

Martin sat down, poured the tobacco in a paper, made a cigarette.

"I'm neutral in this business," father said. "I got so many kids I don't hire

any help. Couldn't if I wanted to."

"Do you blame us for holding out?"

"They can't pay more."

"Perhaps not. But it seems wrong to me to work for such a little bit. They're taking advantage of our poverty."

"You've never been a farmer, have you?"

"No. This is my first fling at it. Until now I worked in cities."

"You don't see things the way we do then," father said.

"I guess not. I only know I won't work for fifteen cents an hour, and as long as I can control the others, they won't either."

Father didn't say anything more until mother told us supper was ready. "You might as well have supper with us, Mr. Martin."

Martin stood up. "No thanks. They're waiting for me in the grove."

Mother came through the back door. "Please stay. I'll fix some things for you to take home."

"Thanks," the big man said. "I couldn't do that." And he went away from us, down the lane to the bridge toward town. I watched him until his big form was out of sight.

Saturday morning, three weeks after the strike started, Jake Cole came over to borrow our hay wagon. One of his eyes was black and there was a bruise on his jaw.

"Celebrating?" father asked.

Jake shook his head. He was pretty serious. "We had a big fight in town last night. A bunch of us, maybe ten, went over to see if we couldn't knock some sense into those guys."

"Didn't have much luck, did you?"

"We will," Jake said.

"Let them alone," father told him. "You'll just get into trouble and your fruit will rot anyway."

"We're going to fix them to-night," Jake said. "Last night we told 'em.

I told that big guy, I said, 'By God, either you pick our fruit for what we'll pay you or get out of our town.' "

Father looked up from hooking the traces. "That sort of stuff gets you nowhere, Jake."

"You talk like you was stringing along with them." Jake sounded angry.

"Be yourself, Jake. I don't want to see you get into trouble."

"All the boys are going to be there. You better show up too."

"Not me."

"You getting yellow? Want us to think that?"

"I don't care what you think," father said. "Go haul your hay and cool off. If I didn't know you so well I'd kick your pants for you."

Jake drove off in our wagon. Father saw me standing around watching and told me to get the hell out in the fields and go to work. I took a shovel and ran out to where Joe was cutting a ditch across the lower end of the patch of Lovells. It would be three weeks yet before they were ripe, and father thought one last soaking would make them a lot bigger.

After supper father hitched the team to the buckboard and climbed to the seat. Joe and I asked if we could go along, but he said no, he had some business to attend to, and the best place for us was home. After he was out of sight we told mother we were going over to the Jap's to swim and lit out on the short cut to Clovis.

We ran for a way, then Joe got out of breath and we lay down in a row of vines and looked at the moon coming up over the hills. It was pretty dark because there was only a piece of moon like a sickle you have just shined up on the grindstone hanging right back of Kings River canyon. The wind was soft and cool to our faces and it moved the arms of the grapevines a little, making a soft whispering

sound as though it was trying to tell us something. Joe tugged at my arm. "Let's hurry," he said.

We walked fast along the creek, cut through the Malstar place to the road and then followed the railroad tracks to town.

"Better not let father see us," Joe said. "He'd sure be mad."

There was a packing shed right at the end of the grove, and we climbed on the platform and sat on some lug boxes, waiting. It was pretty quiet at first. Away off a train whistled twice and you could hear the engine puffing, the night was so still. In the grove people were talking and through the trees you could see them sitting around their fires.

A lot of automobiles were parked in front of the stores that faced the main street and up at the end of the line was our buckboard, the only one there, but father wasn't in it.

Someone was talking in a loud voice over by John Good's store. We moved our boxes back so no one could see us, and waited, and then a lot of men were crossing the road to the grove. It was too dark to see who they were, but I knew they were farmers and that father was probably with them. The crowd stopped not far from the tracks, right in front of us. Out of the trees came a bunch of men and the big man was in front.

I looked all through the crowd but couldn't see father, and that made me feel better. Emory Whitfield stepped forward and began to yell, "Get the hell out of our town or we'll run you out, you damned Bolsheviks."

"We're harming no one," the big man said. "We have a right to do as we please."

"Not in this town, you don't." Jake Cole moved toward the tramps beside the hunchback. "Pack up your trash and get out of here."

"We stay here," the big man said.

The farmers moved closer. A couple of them had shotguns under their arms. Others were carrying pitchforks and lumber. The tramps edged backward, all but the big man.

"They won't hurt us," he said.

"Not if you clear out we won't," Jake said.

"Don't let them frighten you," the big man told the other tramps.

The hunchback started to yell again, running back and forth between the crowds of men, yelling at the farmers to run the tramps out of town.

Someone was coming fast across the road. It was father, and Old Tim, the constable, trying to keep up with him.

"Let Tim handle this," father told the farmers. "I routed him out and brought him over here. It's his job. You boys go on home before you get into trouble."

"You keep your nose out of this," Jake said.

The hunchback was jumping up and down in front of father. "You got a mess of kids to do your work," he said. "You don't have to worry none. Come butting in here when it's none of your damn business."

"Send 'em all home, Tim," father said. "To-morrow you can clear the camp out. Old man Galt will give you an order. But hell, they can't move to-night."

Jake stepped up close to father. "I said to keep your nose out of this." Jake was pretty big but my father was a head taller and a lot broader. He grabbed Jake's shoulder, spun him around, and planted his foot in the seat of Jake's pants. "You got that coming to you, Jake," he said. "Run along home."

One of the farmers raised a club.

"Look out, father," I yelled. It didn't do any good. The two by four smashed against his head, he put up his hands, moved around like he was dizzy, and then fell down. Joe

jumped off the platform screaming "Father, father" at the top of his voice, and I jumped after him.

And as we ran toward the crowd the big man jumped forward, grabbed Jake, and hurled him at the farmers. I caught Joe and held him because we couldn't do any good. He kept screaming, clawing at my hands to get loose, and over his head I saw the men fighting, the big man hitting at the people I knew with his fists, all alone because the other tramps had run into the grove.

"Red. Bolshevik. Rooshian," the hunchback was yelling. "Kill the bastard Rooshian."

Hal Bradley grappled with the big man, but he was thin, and the tramp picked him up and tossed him out of the way as though he were a little boy. Then the big man stood there, telling them to come on, telling them to drive him out of town.

A gun went off and a red flame pointed at the big man. He put his hands over his belly and started moving backward, very slowly, toward the grove, but he didn't get there. Maybe he tripped over something, I don't know; but he fell down and a woman came running out to him, took his head in her arms, and started to cry.

All of a sudden the farmers were gone and father was sitting up, holding his head and swearing. We went over to him, and Joe held on to him tight and kept asking, "You all right, father, you all right?"

Old Tim helped father up and we all went over and looked at the big man. He wasn't groaning, just lying stretched out with his head in the woman's lap, and she was crying.

In the grove the fruit tramps were tearing the tents down and packing their stuff in automobiles, and inside of an hour there was only one tent left in the grove. That belonged to the big man and he didn't need it any more.



SUBMERGED, 1934

BY ROBERT N. ALDRICH

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I'VE quit my ninety-cent-a-week job and turned in my overalls. I'm back on the streets. And I've still, in spite of the government camps set up for transient relief, plenty of company. And I'm doing what any single man without pull, without money, and without influential friends is doing—I'm bumming, panhandling.

But the going's tougher. Mission soup is thinner; Salvation Army sandwiches are harder to get. Even "yard dicks" and "brakies" rough us up more. Instead of bawling out their "Hey, you, d' ya think this road owes ya anything?" and kicking us out, they're carrying blackjacks—and using them. When they catch us, we're railroaded to government camps. We call it "railroading," for to us it's just that. Few of us want to go, and none but the watery-eyed old men, half-nuts and not knowing what it's all about anyway, are willing to stay.

Our "new deal"—two suits of overalls, six hours of work a day, a weekly wage of ninety cents, and a camp that we can't leave—didn't seem new to me at all. It seemed just a big outdoor mission with one, and only one advantage—regular meals. But we paid for them. Not just by working thirty-six hours a week, but by being forced to stay.

My first night there I visited the library. I didn't get much past the titles. All the books were musty, bear-

ing such interesting labels as *How to Raise Chickens Successfully*, *Mathematics of Finance*, and *Economics of Dairy Husbandry*. I looked around the room. Several fellows were reading magazines and papers. I went over to one of them who was stretched out with a copy of *Colliers* in his hands and asked him where the magazines were.

"They're ain't any," he said, looking up. "We gotta buy 'em ourselves." Then he explained their system. Whenever the men thought they wanted a certain magazine or paper, they pooled together and subscribed for it.

I sat down and waited for bedtime. Some of the fellows slept humped over in chairs. Old men stared vacantly ahead of them. Boys in their teens looked scared and alone. Aside from the newspapers and magazines, I might have been in a flop-house. The next day we worked our six hours on odd jobs; they assigned us anything, anything to keep us busy. That night we sat around again. I wrote a letter to my folks, asking them to write that they wanted me to come home. A fellow they called "Itch" furnished the stamp to mail it.

When the answer came, a week later, they let me go after I'd shown them the letter. But I didn't go home. I haven't been for over two years. Why? Everywhere I go I hear it. I'm sick

of it. When the cops pick me up they ask me. Then it's the "cooler" for the night and in the morning "move on." When I'm broke and have to flop in a mission they preach Christ's goodness for awhile; then they ask the question.

Before I learned better I used to ask relief societies for things I needed. But instead of the overcoat or shoes, or whatever it was I wanted, I'd get some advice to go home and let my own town take care of me. The overcoat and shoes I'm now wearing I got in a little Kansas town, at a back door.

Home is a little paradise and a sure cure-all, according to them. And up to the time I lost my job it seemed a pretty good place to me too. I'd been making cores at a tractor factory there for five years. Single fellows were the first to go. I'm single. A couple of months more and they closed the plant, and my father was out of a job. Our savings lasted about six months. The grocery store quit giving us credit. All that was left was to go on the county. We did. They paid our rent and gave us a grocery order every week. But we were still hungry. If we ate all we wanted, the food was gone by the middle of the week. We tried to get more but couldn't. They said they were doing all they could, that there were other families they had to take care of. A few weeks of this was enough. I've a younger brother and two sisters. When I'd sit at the table I'd feel guilty, feel that I was eating food that I wasn't entitled to. Then the idleness, the shocked sense of living on charity in your own town, the moping around talking depression—well, it did to me just what it's done to thousands of others. It made me want to get away. It made me a bum. And for two years I've been riding freights, being "floated" from town to town.

The N.R.A. started. Then the C.W.A. Blue eagles cropped up everywhere. Headlines in papers dazzled

me with Congress's billion-dollar relief projects. I saw crews of men working in the streets on public works. It looked as if things were at last changing. Thoughts of going home for once looked good to me, and the more I thought of it the more I wanted to go.

I rode a meat train, and late one Monday night pulled into the yards of my home town. The next morning I hit the government agency for a job. It was jammed with men, fellows like myself, young fellows, all trying to get in on some of it. I knew one or two of them. I went up to the desk. It took the fellow there about three minutes to tell me I was out of luck. Only family heads could work for the C.W.A. The other work was filled. Besides, my home town was no longer home. I'd been away too long and hadn't voted for nearly three years. As usual, they were sorry but they didn't know what they could do about it. They suggested I live with my folks. Now that my father was getting fifteen dollars a week on the C.W.A., everything should be all right. Yes, I thought, that made it just fine, didn't it? Those dollars were already overworked in paying rent, in feeding, and in clothing a family of five—my family. And now, I was supposed to live on it too. I thought of my two sisters in grade school and my brother in High School. But I didn't try to explain. At these places they have a habit of not understanding such things. And even if they did—well, I guess they couldn't do much about it. I left. And that night, about eleven o'clock, I left town.

Other bums have been through much the same thing. There's Joe, for instance. I met him in El Paso, at the east end of the Southern Pacific yards. Four or five of us were waiting for a fruit train to "make-up." We were going east. Joe came up and sat down on a pile of ties beside me.

He didn't seem like a bo for two

reasons—he wanted to talk and he smoked tailormades. Joe wanted to know all about it, how to hop a train, how to get off, and how the “yard-dicks” treated you. I told him what I could and smoked his cigarettes. Joe said he’d just lost his job at a filling station and had decided to look for work other places. Our train pulled out. Joe jumped to his feet and, holding a small package in his right hand, stood waiting on the road-bed. How he expected to hop a “hot-shot” with one hand wrapped around a package, I don’t know. I stuffed it in his coat, and told him to wait. A “76” engine and a few cars banged by us in a cloud of smoke. Joe looked at me questioningly. Pointing to a negro who’d just hopped it, I yelled, “Like that, see!” I saw Joe hop it, saw him swing dizzily until a rush of wind slapped him against the side of the car. I grabbed a “reefer” a couple of cars back. On top I saw him again. Sprawled out on his stomach, his arms wound around the top’s deck, he looked like a ball of jelly bouncing up and down. With his feet braced against an “icer,” he was holding on for dear life. I went over to him. Joe looked up at me with eyes so bloodshot from cinders that he could hardly see. It was cold, so I left him and strapped myself on between the cars. We rode to San Antonio together. Joe wanted to stay and look for work. I wanted to go north.

That winter I saw him again in Chicago. It was in a West Madison Street flophouse. Joe didn’t know me and, for a moment, I didn’t recognize him. He slunk into the door and paid his fifteen cents like any other State Street bum—silently, sullenly. Then he shuffled to a cot near mine. He was drunk. He needed a shave, and his clothes were shabby and didn’t fit. About six o’clock in the morning, while waiting for our coffee, I went

over to him. Joe knew me, but that was all. This time he hit me for a smoke. I was out. He looked vacantly at me for a moment, then turned and walked slowly out. I haven’t seen him since.

At first riding freights seems an experience packed with thrills. You’re going places you’ve never been before, seeing things you’ve never seen before. And through it all there’s hope, hope of finding a job, hope of something turning up in the next town. You switch from “locals” and “drags” to riding sizzling “hot-shots.” You learn to dodge yard “bulls,” to sleep anywhere—on cinder road beds, in tinny rattling “gondolas,” in jerking box cars, on the reefers, in empty “icers.”

But the kick soon wears off. Cities, people, all seem the same. You’re not seeing towns, but just railroad yards. You want to be a white man again, to be treated like a human being. You want a bed to sleep in, to eat a cooked meal again. You want to get some place where you can take a hot bath and put on some clean clothes. How, where? You don’t know. But you’re tired of train smoke, tired of worming through sidings of “empties” and dodging train men, tired of waiting for your train to “make-up.” Work? Hopes of that have faded, too. There isn’t any. If you look for it, they pick you up and stick you in the jug to sleep on the cement floor for the night. In the morning it’s “get goin’.” So you stick close to the yards, bumming meals from outlying stores or from back doors. Sometimes you eat—more often you don’t.

Lying beneath a water-tank at night, your cap folded up for a pillow, you try to sleep but can’t. Switch-engines are chugging in the yards, banging box-cars around. You think of home, wondering if your father has a job yet, wondering if your girl is dating other fellows. A “brakie” or somebody, a

lantern swinging in his hand, walks by. He sees you but doesn't bother you. They never do if you're out of the yards. A cinder jabs in your back, and you roll over. You're tired. You wonder when you can get something "hot" out to-morrow; you wonder how the town is for eats; you wonder if—if . . . You sleep.

II

But it's in the cities, particularly the larger ones, where the down-and-outer learns how worthless he really is. It's there he learns to give up the little fight he's got left. The first big town I hit was Chicago. Landing there late one afternoon on the I.C. with only a dime, I didn't know just what to do. I spent seven cents in taking an Ogden Street car downtown. It took me to the corner of Lake and Dearborn, a little to the north of the Loop. I was green. I'd been in cities before, but never in anything like Chicago. The "Els," the street-cars, and the mixed traffic seemed tangled up in a hullabaloo of racket. I wanted to get away from it. I wanted to eat and wash up. Riding an "oiler" on an empty stomach since morning makes you feel that way. A young Greek selling papers on the corner seemed to know what it was all about, so I asked him where the Salvation Army was. He said something, naming a couple of streets, I guess, but I didn't understand him. I asked him again. This time he pointed south and again mumbled something I couldn't make out. But I started out in the direction of the point.

I had the bum's knack for feeling out flophouse districts, I guess, for, after about an hour's walk, I was in South State Street. Bums were everywhere, slumped in doorways, shambling aimlessly past the burlesque shows and dime movies. I saw them in two-bit hotels, in hotdog joints and nickel restaurants, in pool halls and

penny arcades. I milled around with them, drunks, sullenly deadened with "smoke"—a mixture of high-test gasoline and water sold as alcohol for fifteen cents in short half pints. I asked some of them where I could get something to eat. A couple of them just stared emptily at me and walked on. They looked as if they hadn't eaten a square meal in months themselves. Another was drunk and couldn't talk straight. Another was a "Wop" that I couldn't understand. Walking by an O'Neil eating house, I noticed that it advertised two eggs and toast for a nickel. I went in and offered three cents for a fried egg. No. But I should have known better. I was in Chicago. As I ate my supper of three handfuls of peanuts that night I thanked the fellow who'd invented penny slot machines, and imagined that he hadn't been born in Chicago.

I wandered up and down State Street for a couple of hours, knocking elbows with fellows like myself, fellows who didn't seem to know where they were going, nor caring. My feet were tired and sweating. About seven-thirty I wanted to flop. I came to a mission. A fellow outside was passing out cards and urging bums to come in and be saved. I didn't need any urging.

I went in and sat down in the back. On my left side, slopped over with his eyes shut, was a drunk. On my right, staring fixedly ahead of him, was a dago. Our savior, a well-rounded man of about forty, stood on a platform before us. He had a puffed-up red face and a bald head. Beaming through his shell-rimmed glasses, and stretching his arms heavenward, he motioned us to rise. Slowly we rose to our feet. The drunk on my left and a dozen or so others still slumped in their chairs. Our red-faced leader, his voice booming forth the redeeming strains, led us in song. A few joined in, the dago on my right coming in particularly strong

on the last chorus. Until 9:30 that night, he fed us on the milk of Christ's goodness. In heats of passion he told us of the hardships He had to bear. With beads of sweat running down his face and into his collar, he begged us to mold our lives after Him. Every fifteen minutes or so we'd rise and sing hymns. Finally, our leader was preached away. Pulling out a clean handkerchief and swabbing his forehead with it, he threw us a couple of his huge smiles and left the hall.

The fellow who'd been passing the cards out in front came in and began stacking, or rather throwing, the chairs against the wall. My socks were sticking to my feet. I asked him where I could wash. There wasn't any place. I asked him when we'd eat. Without pausing to look up from his work he grunted out, "In the mornin'." Some of the bums had their shoes off and were stretched on the floor. I moved over to the wall. An old man with watery eyes, his gray beard stained with tobacco juice, came over and sat weakly down beside me. Slowly, carefully, he took off his shoes and coat, rolled them together for a pillow, and lay down. No one talked, no one seemed to want to. In about ten minutes they turned the lights out. I couldn't sleep that night. It was stuffy, hot. The breathing, the snoring kept me awake. A fellow lying near me had a fit of coughing that lasted about ten minutes. I was itching. Maybe the place was lousy—maybe it was just my imagination. I don't know. It was my first night in a flophouse.

At five-thirty they rang a bell in our ears. At six we were herded outdoors. At six-thirty they opened the doors and we trooped in again single file to get our breakfast—black coffee in a tin cup and a doughnut. Then we left, still hungry, and dirtier than when we came in—but with our souls saved.

Outside I again asked a bum where

I could get something to eat. He told me of a place on Halstead Street where if I'd hurry I might get something. I hurried. As a reward for my mile and a half walk, I was in time to get some highly diluted bean soup, also served in a tin cup. I didn't have a spoon, so I drank it. It wasn't hot enough to burn me. On my way back I stopped at the Salvation Army on Eighteenth Street. After I'd answered their questions they gave me my sandwich, a shaving of minced ham hidden between two thin slices of crumbly white bread.

That morning I washed my feet and socks. My bath and laundry was a fountain in Grant Park, directly facing the largest hotel in Chicago—"The Stevens." Twenty-five or thirty bums were there, all trying to get clean. Some were shaving. Others had their socks off, and were using the granite edge of the fountain as a washboard. One fellow, trying to wash his clothes free from lice, had washed his whole outfit, and was stretched out on the grass in a pair of bummed pants. Hoboes were sprawled everywhere. With sullen faces they lay there, some sleeping, others looking at Chicago's skyline and listening to Michigan Avenue roar as it whirled by.

While waiting for my socks to dry, I sat down on a terrace with hundreds of other men. Most of them had their shoes off, and their feet stretched in front of them. Few had socks on. Some, with their hats covering their faces, were huddled on the ground sleeping. Others lay on their stomachs and chewed listlessly on blades of grass. But most of them, like myself, were leaning back on their elbows, looking, staring, thinking.

Eight rows of cars streamed by in a continuous parade. I couldn't help seeing the majestic forty-storied "Stevens" with its long block of entrances, and I couldn't help thinking of State

Street, just two blocks behind it. People, fine-looking, prosperous-appearing people, poured into the Stevens Coffee Shoppe, and on coming out were helped into shiny black cars and driven away. The rest of the world seemed to be strutting proudly by, laughing at us, ignoring us. Yet they knew us—they saw us, there, everywhere—they couldn't help knowing. I thought of a lot of things. I thought of town after town I'd been kicked out of, thought of my five-mile walk that morning trying to get enough to eat, thought of everything that happens to a fellow on the road. And I became like any other bum—silent, bitter, sullen.

That night I slept on a warehouse platform in Wacker Drive, buried in the din of Chicago's traffic. Thousands of others were there with me and on loading docks just like it. We wrapped ourselves in newspapers, and huddled up close to one another to keep warm. At daybreak the cops chased us out. Then again the tour of charities, churches, and missions for something to eat. I went to four of them, ate what they gave me, and was still hungry. That afternoon I panned a fellow for the first time. Maybe it was beginner's luck, maybe it was just my stuttering confusion—anyway he slipped me a half dollar. Since then—well, I've lived the best I can, any way I can.

Sometimes a bo finds one of the better places. There he can take a bath, and get what's more unusual—a clean bed. The Helping Hand, in the heart of Kansas City's slum section, is one of them. For sanitation, this place is in a class by itself—or it was the one night they let me stay there.

After I'd registered I was set to work. Everybody worked at the Helping Hand. My job was to clean spittoons, about two dozen of which were scattered through the room. A short tow-headed Swede was to share the labor. While the boss was showing me the

sink and brushes and explaining the art of spittoon-cleaning, the Swede left. In a moment he was back. "These ain't dirty," he said, holding up a couple of brightly polished cuspidors as evidence; "they're still wet." And they were. They glistened inside and out. But we cleaned them again or made a pass at it when the boss looked in.

My work done, I moved over to a couple of straight-backed chairs in the middle of the room and sat down. But not for long. Four hoboos, with sweating brows, were mopping the floors and coming toward me. Where they'd been and where they'd yet to go I couldn't tell. The floor beneath me was still wet from a previous scrubbing. I got up, and continued my wait till bedtime standing up. In another half-hour or so an old man shuffled over to me. He stooped slowly over and picked up the spittoon by my chair.

At ten o'clock we were marched upstairs, double-file, to bed. Those whose work tickets weren't punched stayed below. The beds were double-deckers and they were jammed close together. I woke up a couple of times when the fellow sleeping above me dangled his hand in my face. Flophouse smells, garlic, booze, sweating bodies, and disinfectant, crawled stickily from cot to cot. Bed-springs creaked as bos rolled and tossed, moaning to themselves in a low whine. The guard, walking by and flashing a light in our eyes, yelled to someone who was coughing to "shut up."

I spent the next night in St. Louis. It was just about the same. It's always—just about the same.

III

Usually a bum is silent. He takes anything that's dished out to him in the same way it's given—begrudgingly. In my week's stay at the government camp, I met a fellow who was different.

We called him "Whitey." His long lean body and the scar on his face that ran from the middle of his cheek past his left ear singled him out for attention immediately. Besides, Whitey walked straight. Few bums do. And when Whitey talked he didn't whine like most of us. He barked his words out as if he knew what he was about.

The first night Whitey didn't say much. He just sat by his bunk and smoked a few cigarettes and went to bed before the lights went out.

After breakfast the next morning Whitey turned out for work. The supervisor looked at Whitey, scratched his head for a moment, pointed to a rake, and told him to clean the place up. Whitey looked around him. The place was spotlessly clean. Without saying a word he walked over behind the tool shed and rolled a cigarette. He sat there all morning.

In the mess hall that noon the supervisor met Whitey at the door and told him he couldn't eat. Whitey drew himself up to his full six feet and just looked. Then he grinned and walked in the door. And nobody bothered him while he was eating.

That evening in the bunkhouse, I heard Whitey talk. He was leaning over, taking off his shoes. "You fellows better be hittin' the hay," he said, "so's ya can be 'n shape t' earn that dime of yours to-morrow."

Nobody said anything for a moment. Then "Shoey," a small wizened sort of a fellow, a plasterer by trade, chimed in with a weak, "Well, it's better than nothing, ain't it?"

That started him going. "Ya," he blurted out, straightening up in his bunk, with one shoe off and the other partly untied, "so it's better than nothin', is it? Huh! D'ya know why they're givin' ya your ninety cents a week?" A bunch of us gathered around him.

"They wouldn't dish it out t' ya if they knew they didn't have t'," he said,

glaring. "They know ya gotta smoke, they know ya gotta have razor blades, they know that ya wanta write letters, and ya gotta have stamps. They know that even a bum can't do it on less'n that. Wages? Hell!

"Better than nothin', is it?" he said, breaking forth in a new volley, and turning around and glaring at Shoey. He turned and faced us. "Look what they're doin' outside—payin' 'em fifteen bucks a week for working the same hours as you. Even them reforestation workers are gettin' more for a day's work than you for a week. That's what the government's doin' for ya!

"Why?" He yelled it in a voice so loud that even the rafters seemed to shake. Nobody answered. "You're single, that's why!" He paused a moment. "Look here," he said, lowering his voice, and tearing his shirt open so a star-shaped scar about the size of a half-dollar showed beneath his shoulder. Then, pulling his overalls over his right knee Whitey showed us another, a long, ugly white gash. He pulled his over-all leg down and took out his makings.

"Did a yard bull d' that t' ya?" came in an awed tone from a kid of about fifteen years of age who had been listening intently. He'd arrived in camp only a few days before.

"No," answered Whitey, putting the cigarette to his lips, and squinting at the boy as he licked it shut. "Them come from shrapnel—one at Château Thierry, the other in the Argonne." He struck a match to his cigarette. "But what of it?" he asked, his thin lips twisting into a crooked grin. "What if we are worth just a dime a day to 'em now?" He stopped and paused significantly. "Sometime there'll be another war. . . . Then we'll be the first t' get taken care of."

After the lights went out that night we talked for a long time and louder, much louder, than usual.

Whitey left the next day. Shortly

after, my letter came and I followed him out. I often think of Whitey, wondering about him. But there's someone I think of more, a fellow who stood behind me in a Detroit soup line last winter. We'd been waiting for about half an hour for the kitchen to open. It was cold. A woman a few places ahead was shivering and blue in the face. I turned, stamping my feet to keep warm, and saw him. He was short, squat. Wrapped in a faded brown overcoat several sizes too big for

him, he didn't look like much. He wasn't. He was a bum.

"Damn cold, isn't it?" I said.

His eyes, staring through their red lids, glinted savagely down the line of men and then at me. "Ya," he muttered between clenched teeth, "but it's m' last."

I looked at him again, questioningly. He opened his overcoat pocket so I could see in. In it was his answer to the soup line—a six-inch piece of lead pipe.

LEAVES FALLEN AND FALLING

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

LOVELY shock of plain brown!
 Light leafage all down.
 Bald, big in the branches the cliff-rocks recur.
 With earth we are chilling; with her and in her
 Our autumn, more true with each year—and each spring
 Less near to our story, less true. (What is true?)
 Bitter blue
 Radiant death! Small death, in moth-wing,
 Light as leaves, light as wishes, to lie on leaf-mold . . .
 And cool goes to cold,
 And gold dims to gloom.
 Shucks rattle, the thistle is thin on its stem.
 We see something never to alter in them.
 How hard for the poet to write in his room
 With the pull of the seasons on all he pretends,
 While the gold washes faint and the plaint of the wee
 Invisible cricket crescendoes and ends.

The Lion's Mouth



AS THE OITH TOINS

BY E. B. WHITE

I WAS saying to Mrs. Janowski the other evening that spring will soon be here. She had just come in from Gristede's, her strong round arms full of pâté, and as she entered the warm apartment where the lamps scattered the early dusk, there came with her the first good smell of coal gas that told us both that the janitor was dampening the furnace. The warm weather would soon be upon us.

"Yes," she said, "soon we will be able to put the ivy plant out on the fire escape on rainy days."

Mrs. Janowski went over to the shelf and began moving among her preserves, stacking up piles of oranges and corn flakes, and taking down a can of soup. She went easily about her task, and when one of the children ran to her, begging for something to eat, she opened up a box of crackers with competent, sure strokes of the knife. As I watched her, so capable, so calm, it seemed incredible that it would soon be spring again.

How solemnly, I thought, the days follow one another in soft succession. The Dog Show is over. Hockey players still flash across the brown ice at the Garden, but they, too, will be gone before long. To-day I heard a barrel

organ, and I know that some evening as I come out of my office and start down the Avenue toward the spot where I take the bus I shall meet a cart full of pink geraniums.

Life is good, here in the apartment with Mrs. Janowski and the children. It is pleasant to wake before daylight on these late winter mornings and hear the town's heavy breathing, the whistles from the river, and the steady sure progress of a crosstown car. At six o'clock the milkman comes into the downstairs hall, knocking his bottles about and banging doors. In the gathering light I stare at the walls and at Mrs. Janowski's freshly washed gloves hanging on the shade-cord where she put them before she went to bed. Soon Minnie, our little terrier, comes to the door—a polite but determined black visitor in the dawn, saying Ooof, very softly, very patiently, and adding softly Mmmm. One of us, rousing with agonizing effort, goes to the door and admits her, installing her on the bed by the window, where the sun will presently strike through, to her infinite comfort and peace. Thus the tranquil morns: the lovely light filling the room and traveling round the walls, the rustle and flutter of the chintz curtains at the open south window, Mrs. Janowski's long hair like a little grove round her calm face, and the terrier surveying the garden and needing very much to be taken out into it by me.

When the spring comes we shall read in the *Times* about the first robin, and we shall go to the circus and

see Clyde Beatty. They will be busy days for Mrs. Janowski, all through the morning-glory planting and the arranging of the four strings from the windowbox to the top of the shutter. The children will roller-skate again and go out into the park without their leggings. In May the fleet will come in, and we shall remember suddenly that it is time to renew our driving license.

So the days pass. I can see them, live them, as I sit here now; feel the gentle push of the steadily advancing year. I see cherries ripening in the pushcarts; under my bare feet are the hot sands of the Long Island beaches in early July on those first aching Sundays, and the sun-tan oil rubbed with sand into the blistered thigh; the singing pavement of the Queensborough Bridge, and the hot, tortuous return to the apartment, where slip covers make the chairs look blue because the slip covers are blue. Ice will tinkle in Mrs. Janowski's glass as she comes out of the kitchenette with its rows of freshly bought green olives shining in the light, and on her calm capable brow will stand small beads of perspiration. "It's almost time," she will say, "to begin to think about who will take care of the fish while we are away on vacation."

Then there will be pleasant Sundays when we shun the beaches and stay quietly in town, motionless, scarcely breathing—days when the heat sprawls untidily over the island like a Sunday paper. People will leave their shades up, and I shall be able to sit dreaming at the open window at evening, watching the young portrait painter take her bath in the tiny studio apartment across the way. Night and day the threnodial buzz of

electric fans will be in our ears. Toward the end of summer a few spears of timothy grass will usurp the morning-glory box and a caterpillar will appear from nowhere. The morning-glories will wither, and it will be the grasses' day. They will stand there, plumed and proud, waving their seed-pods in the warm breeze. On clear evenings when the heat is less intense, the city will swim in a lovely bath of light, and a lone member of the Salmagundi Club will venture out to sit for a few moments on the little balcony overlooking the Avenue. In September the mosquitoes will come; and one fine morning the superintendent of the building will appear at our door, wrench in hand, and we shall watch solemnly while he removes the stove and hides it in the trunk room, in readiness for the visit of the building inspector.

I see it all so clearly: the bright tragedy of the yellow fall, the day we drive out to the Danbury Fair, our car laden with applejack, to lean on the rail watching the trotting races. And after the Fair the Rodeo, and after the Rodeo Halloween. I see the town in October, with calendulas in the flower shops and pumpkins on the stands. I will bring home a pumpkin for a jack o' lantern; and three days later Mrs. Janowski will have a time trying to wedge it onto the dumbwaiter with the rest of the garbage. And then, before we know it, Christmas Eve, and the search on the uppermost closet shelf for the tree ornaments.

Christmas Eve! It will be five years for us in the apartment, come Christmas. I was just saying to Mrs. Janowski, five years is a long time to have lived in one apartment.



Editor's Easy Chair



HABITS OF MONEY, PEOPLE, AND DRINK

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ENERGY and zeal appear in the various efforts to inquire into corporations and to distribute, if possible, their prosperity. To inquire about what their income is and has been and how they made it is all very well; but when mere commercial prosperity becomes a matter suitable to be brought to the attention of a Grand Jury there may be resulting loss as well as gain. The management of certain of these big corporations has been very much respected. The incomes derived from them are quite well distributed already, and whether they can be spent to more advantage to the nation by the people who now get them or by employees of the United States Government is, of course, a question proper to consider. If the aim of distribution by income taxes, inheritance taxes, gift taxes, all taxation, is to produce a land in which nobody is to be rich, it probably will not be realized, and if it could be realized would be imperfectly beneficial.

Rich people are sometimes very handy. They undoubtedly do some good jobs that would not be done without them. Money is just so much power of a sort, and the ability to use it, the power to use it in large quantities without permission from any organized authority, is now and then very valuable indeed. People with money in hand can do things quickly.

They do not have to wait on minds that have not reached the degree of discernment which they themselves may have attained. We see the advantage of that position just now as it is indicated by the great money-spending powers that have been conferred on the President. It was necessary for somebody to have the power to act and act quickly. The very rich people have had that power, and some of them have used it to admirable purpose.

It rains on the land and fills the rivers, and you might think a lot of water was going to waste, but the rivers all run into the sea and there is your water. The sun lifts it up out of the ocean, purifies it, drops it on the land again, and so the process of watering the earth goes on. The possessions of the very rich and powerful follow a like course. In the end they get back to the people.

In Europe the tilting grounds of knights and the gardens of kings and princes are nowadays public parks, and the palaces tend to become museums. The Louvre in Paris is an example. Perhaps some of the more indulgent economists might admit that the great accumulated fortunes perform a service like that of forests which retain the rainfall and let their waters escape gradually. Where there are no forests the water rushes into the rivers,

carrying the fertile top layers of land with it, causing floods and leaving sterile acres behind. The erosion so effected is very serious; and possibly it may be held that the great accumulations of wealth hold back capital for use after the small and easy spenders have got rid of their money and, as in bad times, cannot get any more.

IT SEEMS to be considered that the British have managed their affairs better than we have managed ours and are farther along towards commercial recovery. That may be true, but the transfer in England of private property to public uses has been terrific. Of course the population of the British Isles is much more homogeneous than that of the United States. Moreover, Great Britain itself is a compact country almost like a suburban district that can be traversed from end to end in a day. It is really a marvelous aggregation of people, and its problems are simpler than ours in not being greatly complicated by agricultural problems and by recent race mixtures. There is still in those Islands control of immense resources, great wealth, great ability, and profound understanding of the problems of this life in this world. Just now the leadership in world recovery and of the reorganization of life seems likely to go to the British and to British dependencies. That does not include the United States; but if you stretch the ties a little and say that beneficial world leadership is going to the English-speaking peoples, that covers the ground. If you believe that prosperity of the British is almost as important to the United States as its own prosperity, that is a matter worth attention from some of the brethren who are very impatient of British action on such matters as the remnant of war debts still due us. There may be other things which at the present moment the Brit-

ish government can better do with money, in hand, than to pay it out to us on war debts. The strength of the British Navy, of the British war power, is not in the nature of a liability to the United States but of an asset—not something to be met, but something that strengthens the hand of an inevitable ally in any great world crisis.

The English-speaking people include two minds—the mind of the British and the mind of the United States. They can and probably will work together for good, but they are by no means identical. In London there is by far the greatest machine for world government that exists. There is another one in Washington not to be sneezed at, not by a great deal, but not so settled in its policies or of such a vast diversity of responsibility as that one in London. The British mind is pretty much made; the American mind is still in the making. The British are the outcome of a remarkable racial mixture, and from that mixture the people of the United States largely derive; but the mixture in England has not had important new additions in recent centuries, whereas the conglomerate in the United States is working in the mixer all the time. We have had enormous contributions to population—some of them good, some of them doubtful—but all working into the general mass. The English colonists—the Canadians, the Australians, doubtless the New Zealanders, and perhaps the South Africans, are probably more like the Americans nowadays than they are like the British. All these peoples that have escaped from Europe are livelier in their imaginations than the peoples who have stayed there. So it seems, and that is valuable and differentiates among the English-speaking people the various detached groups from the original mass.

MR. JOSEPH CHOATE, appointed by the President to be our national barkeep, reports that the high price of drinks has resulted in a large production and distribution of unlawful stimulants. He says the production of unlawful whiskey exceeds the whole consumption of that article.

Why do people drink whiskey and particularly in such quantities? It is a compact stimulant, but the use of it as a habitual beverage requires more judgment than the average man possesses. Good authorities may be found who think it is of benefit to some people, particularly when they get old. Dr. Osler, whose mother lived to be one hundred, prescribed for her small allowances of whiskey several times a day. It used to be told that Queen Victoria drank American whiskey. Of course some of the American whiskey is good and it suits more or less a vast body of drinkers in these States. Prohibition favored it and discouraged wine drinking.

But to get back to the revival of bootlegging, Mr. Choate points out that piling various taxes on the original cost of production of fairly good whiskey at least trebles the price, and it is this great increase of price that makes illicit stills and bootlegging profitable. Mr. Choate would reduce taxation, which is sensible of course. In this he is opposed by Senator Borah, who professes to be a Dry and seems as such hostile to anything that will legalize any kind of alcoholic drink and traffic in it in these States. He does not want taxation reduced on whiskey; he may not say so explicitly, but it may be he does not want bootlegging to fall off.

In the end it may be discerned that it is inexpedient to try to produce revenue—State, municipal or national—from the sale of drinks. That is primarily because when you tax drinks you stimulate the sale of them. The

vendors have to sell more to make a profit. The whole business should be run not to produce the greatest revenue but to do the least harm to drinkers. Those gaudy liquor shops that are now on every corner in large cities are quite delightful to see because they remind us of Repeal, and in their way they make a joyful noise unto the Lord. It is something that they add a little to gaiety; but what the country needs in drinks is mild wines such as we were getting at very moderate cost, and of a quality constantly improving, from California and the other wine-making districts of the United States. Prohibition destroyed that wholesome drinking, made innocent drinking a crime and criminal drinking very popular. It did a vast damage to the morality of the country and one that is slow to be corrected. Look what it did to Bishop Cannon! Acquitted of the offenses for which he was tried, his retirement from the bench of Bishops was voted for by many of his own brethren, though not enough to effect it. Bishop Cannon has four years more to serve as a Methodist Bishop, but he has been transferred to the Fifth District consisting of Arizona, California, and the other conferences of the extreme Southwest. His call for a Methodist drive for a new National Prohibition Law fell on deaf ears, and the General Board of Temperance and Social Welfare of the Methodist Church South, of which he was the head, was abolished. These actions show a very comforting spirit in the Methodist Church. The old way to beat rum was to arm the spirit of man against its dominion. The Methodists were useful in that effort and can be again, whereas the employment of political terrorism to pass laws to ban drinks has been immensely harmful. Some of them undoubtedly see it, probably have seen it for a good while.

It was remarked in some newspaper

that the cost of hunting Dillinger now running into millions of dollars might have been averted by a trifling expenditure to improve his early training.

Yes, and think what mischiefs we might have escaped if Bishop Cannon could have been taught Christian sense in the nursery! He stands for the very worst that was in Prohibition, the worst in spirit and in purpose, the blunder that is worse than crime. He did not scruple to rouse the basest passions of political jealousy and partisanship in his unholy war. Unhappy man! There should be a search to learn how he came so; what great defect in his raising so perverted his mind.

DISCUSSING what sort of news stories may properly be called "big," Brother Brisbane, whose observations follow the sun in the Hearst papers from coast to coast, observed the other day: "Mere bigness is nothing. The Great Pyramid is several million times as big as Michelangelo's statue of Moses, but that statue is more important, more truly 'big,' than would be a million great pyramids rolled into one."

Very curious that. Brother Brisbane has ranged far and wide through the fields of information, gathered a great deal, remembered quite a lot of it, can recall (not always accurately) in his endless peregrinations enough of what he knows to make Today's paragraphs, and yet he does not seem to be at all informed about the Great Pyramid. Very curious! How did it happen? He probably has never seen the reverse of the Seal of the United States, as originally designed with help from Jefferson and Franklin, and does not

know that it bears on it a pyramid with the tip lifted up, the all seeing eye in the space between, and two mottoes: "*Novus Ordo Seclorum*" and "*Annuit Cœptis*." Presumably that pyramid is the Pyramid of Gizeh since that is the only one of great individual importance.

But that one has a very solid claim to be the most interesting building in the world and the most important; incomparably more important than Michelangelo's statue of Moses, incomparably bigger as containing immeasurably more thought. It is imposing as a pyramid, was much more imposing before it had been flayed and its polished white skin removed to build mosques and other buildings in Cairo, and that was only about twelve centuries ago after the Sultan of Bagdad, Al Mammoun, had broken into the pyramid and discovered that there was no treasure concealed in it—about 820 A.D.

Why is that Pyramid called the Bible in Stone? What about its passages? Its empty stone sarcophagus? Its extraordinary orientation? Its unmistakable indications of accurate astronomical knowledge such as has been equalled by our astronomers and mathematicians only in very recent times? How comes it that the Great Pyramid is the source of weights and measures for the Anglo-Saxon people—for the English, for the people of the United States, both of whom have so far obstinately declined to switch to a decimal system, though, true, we have it for our money? If Brother Brisbane does not happen to have stumbled on all this information about the Great Pyramid, he is lucky to have it called to his attention, for there is nothing more interesting in sight.



Harpers *Magazine*

WHY LIBERALISM IS BANKRUPT

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE moral and intellectual bankruptcy of liberalism in our time needs no demonstration. It is as obvious as rain and as taken for granted. That is not in question. I want instead to put the question of why it has to be. I do not mean why liberalism as a philosophy of life and an approach to human conduct has to be a failure. I am not sure that it does. I am sure only that liberals are a failure, and I am asking why.

Why is it that high aspirations and hard thinking are incompatible? What is it that makes men of fine instincts, just those who seek a better human order, incapable of tough-mindedness, of facing unpleasant realities and looking at the world as it is? And why should this be true in America more than anywhere else? For here surely the fecklessness of liberalism has been carried to the extreme. For what reason? It cannot be racial; for racially we are of the same stock as

the Europeans. Nor can it be the conventional explanation that we are a young people; for we are no younger than the European stock from which we come. Is it something in the American climate, or the ease with which we plundered an empty continent of its wealth, or our traditions? What is it in the American soil or system that makes what we like to call idealism inseparable from immaturity?

One of the familiar figures of our time is the tired radical, or the tired liberal for that matter. The truth about him is not so much that he is radical or liberal as that he is tired, and it was not so much his radicalism or liberalism that tired him as his pursuit of adolescent illusions. It is in character, therefore, that so many radicals or liberals, when tired, should become more conservative than those who have never been anything else. They come to the conclusion that they have been defying fate and that the

liberal cause is hopeless, wherefore what has been must be. A more logical conclusion would be that only the illusions they cherished were baseless and that they never had served their cause.

We are likely now to drift into a form of fascism on the specious pragmatic ground that liberalism, democracy, and the whole system of nineteenth-century beliefs cannot function. That may or may not be so, but there is no way of knowing. They have never been tried. No serious effort has been made to apply democracy or save it. When first, about a generation ago, we no longer could pretend to ourselves that the promise of democracy had been fulfilled for the mass of men, when it became glaringly patent that democracy had been emasculated, what did we do? We flung ourselves into passionate crusades for the initiative and referendum, for the direct primary and the direct election of senators; in choking voices we sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and battled at Armageddon for Theodore Roosevelt and, inferentially, the Lord. Thus we showed our discernment of the reason why the American dream had faded, so we interpreted what was wrong with democracy. And then we got the initiative and referendum and the direct election of senators and the direct primary. A host of other lost causes which were fought and bled for were won. And then what? What was changed? The connection of ideas implicit in that sequence or lack of sequence has never been made to this day. For the initiative and referendum and the direct primary in 1934, read the New Deal and the technic of peace by conference, the international peace machinery so-called.

Let us take these last as the point of departure, since they comprehend the larger questions of modern life. The two problems overshadowing all others

for contemporary man, those determinant for his generation and his children's, are the problems of war and the economic system. On war or peace hangs not the future of all civilization perhaps but certainly the survival of the civilization which has characterized the white race. On our ability to restore to the economic system the equilibrium it has lost by the evolution of power-machine industrialism and finance capitalism depends the hope of happiness for the race. All those who profess to think seriously about their world and themselves in relation to it can be judged by their approach to these two problems.

II

Take war first. Just now the workers for peace are in the depths. They are publicly confessing the collapse of the hopes they had cherished since 1919. They have reason to be dejected. The so-called peace structure erected since then has manifestly toppled. The League of Nations is relegated to trivial issues or benevolent generalities. The Kellogg-Briand Pact is an almost forgotten formula. There is no longer even a pretense of intention to disarm. For many this is merely a crushing blow; by others it is likely to be taken as proof that it is hopeless to prevent war. They will in consequence come unconsciously and by slow stages to the conviction that preparedness is morally justified, being in self-defense in an imperfect world.

The premises are sound enough. Internationally all is as it was before the World War. If there is any change, it is that nationalism is more aggressive and rampant than in 1913. National rivalries are sharper. International competition, with the goad of economic need added to chauvinistic ambition for glory, is keener. We are coming back to balances of power,

rival alliances, and diplomatic duelling. Competitive arming is in full swing and a naval race is about to set in. With tariffs, quotas, embargoes, and "managing" of currencies, we are already engaged in trade wars. The results are in full view: the Far East smolders and Europe is ready for the spark. Despite all the flamboyant pronouncements, the invocations of Utopia, the successive commitments to a new international order, and the multiplicity of conferences, commissions, and other devices of organization, the progress toward abolition or control of war since 1919 is negligible. The net result is revealed as nil.

From all of this it does not follow, however, that war is inevitable, that it is innate in the scheme of things or "human nature." To the contrary, never before has it been so clear that war is preventable, provided men will pay the price for preventing it. Never before has it been so clear what are the causes of war and how they might be controlled. Indeed, one can say that never before has there been so good a chance for peace and never before so little hope of peace. The failure of all the supposed efforts since 1919 proves nothing. The point is that there have been no efforts. What has been so construed—the magniloquence, the rhetoric, the enunciation of formulas, the elaborate paraphernalia—has been either piffing or pretense and, therefore, futile. On the part of governments and those for whom governments speak and act there has been no attempt to make any efforts for peace. On the part of those classes which have been most vocal and most ecstatic at the signing of every new treaty behind which there was neither sincerity nor conviction or at the convocation of every new committee to take up what there was no intention whatever to take up—on their part there has been only gullibility. Actually nothing

more has been done to prevent war since 1919 than before 1914. Failure? There has been no failure. There has been only nullity.

What is this peace structure whose collapse is now mourned? The League of Nations, for example. But one need only read carefully the newspaper files for the first few months of 1919 or the diaries of the more discerning participants of the Versailles Conference from Keynes to Nicolson. In its origin the League was a sop to Woodrow Wilson and a consolation to genuine Wilsonians in the Allied countries who had been sickened by the War and responded to the prospect of a fairer world without the jungle law. It has been little more since then. On the part of those classes that wield authority there has never been any intention or desire that it be anything else. There has never been any intention or desire to effectuate the ideas implicit in the Covenant. There has been no sign of willingness to subordinate national sovereignty to review by any international organ or to subject national acts, policies, ambitions, or economic interests to veto by any international government. In the sense implied by the Covenant the League has been taken seriously only by certain nice but naïve classes in America. In many European countries there have been men of the type of Gilbert Murray, cultivated men imbued with the best of the European humanistic tradition, for whom belief in the League is a counsel of despair. But they have been restrained, inarticulate, and chastened compared with the swarms of twittering Americans, members of women's clubs, foreign policy associations and peace societies, or jejune college professors who darken the streets of Geneva every summer, ecstatically believing whatever they are told and asking questions at which hall porters giggle.

Had those who really cared about international organization for peace remained astringently skeptical, squarely recognized how strong was the opposition to any change, and mobilized their energies to prevent the sabotage of the League and the League idea, eventually there might have been a functioning League. At least, by pointing out derelictions and betrayals by omission, they might have galvanized public opinion, for many years left disgruntled by the War. But that would have required a different attitude. It would have required an honest confrontation of the fact that people who counted cared nothing about the League, which has been the only fact about the League worth considering since 1919. So far from being disloyalty, that would have been the highest loyalty. It would have meant opposition to the League in order that there might be a League. Instead, the League became a holy cause in itself. Its purposes were stated in evangelical terms: that was enough. So we consecrated ourselves at innumerable luncheons and committee meetings, and he who registered doubts—doubts founded on the most palpable facts of European politics—was branded a mocker and an outcast from high principle. For in America it can never be understood that anybody who faces an unpleasant fact and calls attention to it is not necessarily in sympathy with the unpleasantness. And now the League is sinking into desuetude, with vestiges of statistical bureaus compiling figures on unemployment and committees on intellectual co-operation cataloguing archives. But the League has not failed. There has been no League. There has been no effort to bring it into being. And there is no more reason to believe now than there was in 1913 that the idea of international supervision is impracticable. The greatest disservice done to that

idea by the passionate but innocent exponents of international peace machinery is that, by concealing with lush sentimentality the fact that the League was a façade for the workings of the realpolitik of the big Powers, they have given ordinary men reason to believe that the League was tried and could not work. Therefore, why not nationalism?

Is argument necessary concerning the Kellogg Pact? The emotional catharsis that Japan's violation of that treaty produced in large and influential groups in America would be incredible if we had not ourselves witnessed it. The Powers of the world had bound themselves in solemn covenants not to resort to war, and Japan had broken the bond; that is true. But that any adult human being capable of reading the newspapers in 1930 and 1931 should ever have really believed that any of the Powers took that pledge seriously or with any intent to abide by it is not credible even if we know it to be so. The Powers bound themselves not to resort to war; and from the day that they signed the pledge every one of them, the United States of America included, steadfastly refused to reduce by one unit the instruments and weapons that can be used only in war. And hundreds of thousands of men and women in America, men and women of education, of position and with opportunities to observe their world, deduced from those two pieces of synchronous and contiguous evidence that the Kellogg Pact had become the law of nations and that war was really proscribed. So when Japan did use force to accomplish its aims in Manchuria they first were shocked, then something deep within them was wounded, then they were morally outraged and cried for vengeance on the outlaw. This is not an episode out of a satire by Dean Swift. It can be read in newspaper headlines.

As a matter of fact whatever may be said of Japan (and that its recent acts are anti-social and inimical to the hope of an ordered, civilized world is self-evident) it can also be said, first, that Japan read its world aright and, second, that it can be credited at least with intellectual honesty. It assumed that the proclamations of a new dispensation were only a concession to a certain post-war sentiment in the West and were not to be permitted to interfere with any nation's method of pursuing the ends its controlling groups deemed essential. It assumed that no nation would be restrained from using all the physical force it commanded whenever the necessity arose and the occasion was propitious. What was wrong in that reasoning? What nation had abandoned any ambition or policy it was strong enough to maintain? What nation had reduced the strength necessary to maintain ambitions or policies? Consider France and Italy in Eastern Europe, England in the Near East and India, the United States in the Caribbean. Consider the haggling of British and American naval experts on the higher mathematics of parity. So the Japanese ceased pretending. The Japanese ruling classes had long cherished ambitions to dominate Eastern Asia and never had receded from the determination to retain possession of South Manchuria at any cost. When, therefore, the challenge of Chinese nationalism threatened their retention of South Manchuria, they acted in the way that international precedent had shown to be most effective. And because the preoccupation of the rest of the world with its private nationalistic feuds and its economic paralysis offered a propitious occasion, they proceeded to realize their larger ambitions. They took all of Manchuria and assumed a kind of informal protectorate over North China. They ignored the existence of the Kellogg Pact and flouted

the League because, on the evidence of acts rather than phrases, it was plain to them that no other Power would have been restrained by the Pact or the League in an equally vital situation.

What did these events teach those who presumably cared about peace? Not that Japan was only more brutally frank than the others. Not that the law of power politics still prevailed. Not that so long as nations pursued aims which were in conflict with other nations and could be realized only by force, force would be used, notwithstanding verbal professions of lofty purpose. Not that what was happening in the Far East was a result of old international rivalries, just one more incident in a century-old imperialistic struggle for economic expansion, a struggle which could not be eliminated by euphemistic declarations or by conferences. Not at all. The friends of peace saw the world as a melodrama, with good contending against evil, and Japan the villain of the piece. If, therefore, Japan could be thwarted, virtue would prevail and the piece have a happy ending. The sanctity of the Pact would be vindicated and peace would be enthroned. So they cried vengeance on Japan.

Had they had their way, America would now be at war in the Pacific. They did not want war, of course; they only wanted severance of diplomatic relations, embargoes, boycotts, and other measures which could have had no other result than war. Fortunately they did not have their way. Mr. Stimson may have been indiscreet. Events have proved that the Stimson Doctrine was a commitment that could be made good only by war, and happily we have not attempted to make it good. Indeed, the Japanese have not only ignored the Stimson Doctrine and taken full possession of Manchuria but have gone farther than the prohibitions laid on them by the

Doctrine. Compared with the advocates of peace, however, Mr. Stimson was caution itself. As a result the climax in the East was at least postponed, which was some gain. But a pall of disillusionment settled over the workers for peace. They are saddened, but not with the sadness in which wisdom ripens. It does not include humiliation at allowing themselves to be gulled by words. They are still ready to go off on another crusade for some other treaty equally high-minded with words. It is the old American law of action: to cure a deeplying social ill, look for a villain and pass a law.

III

The third cornerstone of the international peace structure was disarmament. What need be said of that now in 1934? I take it that everybody admits that there will be no disarmament. But that is not new. All that has changed is that the pretense is being formally abandoned. Never since 1919 has there been any chance of disarmament. Never since then has there been, on the part of those who make decisions in the important countries, any intention, willingness, or desire to disarm. And nobody in Europe with any knowledge of public affairs has ever had the remotest expectation of disarmament. At the most some may have had faint hopes. Nor is the only obstacle to disarmament to be found in the international armament rings which are now being "exposed." There is danger, in fact, that these exposures may lead us as usual to fasten our attention on the villains, scourge them and then discover that something more was involved than personal villainy. Armament rings and armament races may be one of the causes of war, but they are only a supplementary and secondary cause. Competitive armament operates as a war cause only

after it has itself emerged as an effect of an antecedent cause. There are other reasons for refusal to disarm, the principal one being that all the Powers have policies, ambitions, and interests which conflict with similar policies, ambitions, and interests of other Powers and which they wish to be in a position to sustain if and when necessary.

Disarmament has been an American mirage, and all the talk about it here has been adolescent prattle, without the charm of youth's freshness. A year ago I sat at a meeting in New York attended by academic and professional men and women and heard a speech by one of the best-known academic paladins of peace, a man of high place in the educational hierarchy and of oracular repute in organizations for "studying international relations." He was expounding a plan for world peace, one of many evolved by himself on paper. This concerned moral disarmament, which was as necessary as military disarmament. What constituted moral disarmament? First, compulsory study of the provisions of the League Covenant, Kellogg Pact, World Court regulations, and other peace instruments would be introduced into the schools in all countries. Second, all civil-service examinations for important posts would have to include questions on the same instruments. Thus we should come by moral disarmament for all peoples. His exposition over, he turned to exhortation; for there was need for haste. To be effective, the plan for moral disarmament would have to be ready to be attached as a rider to the treaty for military and naval disarmament which was to be consummated at the international conference to be held two months later. And he was speaking one month after Hitler and the National Socialists had come to power in Germany! With all Europe tense and the question in men's minds whether there would be a pre-

ventive war immediately or whether war could be postponed for a while, a man of responsible position appeals to others of the intellectually upper class to make haste with agitation lest the provision for moral disarmament be omitted when armies and navies were abolished in two months. Not one person in that room giggles. Nor do any arise to ask how he arrives at his interpretation of contemporary events in Europe. By inquiry I learned later that nearly all of them saw nothing amiss in his reasoning. Nowhere else in the world could that incident have occurred. In any European meeting on the same social level there would have been a spontaneous guffaw. If not, the reason would have been the natural assumption that the speaker was being ironical. The incident was indeed ironical, but the irony lay in the fact that the speech was in deadly earnest and was received in deadly earnest.

It is the irony that has underlain the whole effort for peace, and the incident is the epitome of the whole postwar farce. I do not mean that the advocates of peace are insincere. They are sincere. That is what is so sad. For their cause is the highest in the world. Man could have no higher earthly goal than that of emancipating himself from the curse of war. If ever there was a cause worth enlisting the best faculties and most vital energies of the race, it is that of abolishing war. Never was its appeal so urgent as now. In 1913 hollow exhortation and diletant trifling could have been understandable; we did not know then. We live among war's ruins now, and more is threatened. It is not a moral issue now; it is a matter of survival. And it is just those who are aware of the need and sensitive to the evil that inhabit a world of myth and mirage, a land of Bluebird fantasy, seeing only what they want, believing whatever

they hear if it is pleasant and euphemistic, and taking their wishes for thoughts.

Those who profit by war or do not mind war or prefer it to losing what must be lost if there is to be peace—they beguile themselves with no fancies and feed on no illusions. They know what they want and move relentlessly to secure it. Perhaps what they want is suicidal for them too in the end, but that is beside the point. The militarist, the foreign-concession hunter, the trading corporation seeking a market, and the diplomat maneuvering for territory for his country's honor and his friends' profit know their goal, appraise the obstacles correctly, and use means calculated to attain their end. It is only from the larger social point of view that they are stupid. From the view of their own interests they are intelligent. At least they have an even chance to get what they want, and from success they derive high satisfactions—wealth, power, pomp, and pride. The war system may be destructive of the whole, but not of all its parts. At any rate, if they are defeated by an enemy seeking the same objects they have at least had their fling.

Those who oppose war have not been defeated. They have not fought yet. They have been self-immobilized, self-emasculated. They have not even recognized the enemy. They thought that peace could be secured by appeals to idealism and maintained by devices of organization, as if war resulted only from lack of right thinking. So they worked zealously for "international co-operation," whatever that may mean. As if nations would refuse to co-operate if they were allowed to state their terms. Japan would co-operate with the League and America to-morrow if it were permitted to take over China. Germany would have buried the feud with France long ago if it could proceed to organize Mitteleuropa. What



makes war is that there are irreconcilable conflicts of interest which offer no basis of co-operation. There is only one baby, and not even a Solomon to order it cut in half. That the causes of war may have something to do with nationalism and national aggrandizement for economic expansion, and that economic expansion may have something to do with conditions imposed by the results of the industrial system, and that the urge to economic expansion may be the only alternative to internal economic collapse—all this is ignored as if it were not. Naturally, for to face such considerations is to acknowledge that no specific will be a quick cure-all, which is less satisfying than to institute co-operation by legislative enactment. There is emotional glow only in wooing the progress that comes with a bound and by invocation. What matter that progress never has come that way in human history?

The causes of war cannot be wished away by exhortation or annulled by legal proclamation; neither, however, are they innate in the universe like death and climate and the tide. They are controllable if sufficient effort of the right kind be taken and if the price be paid. There can be no peace except at a price, and the price is the surrender of those objects and advantages which can be obtained only by war. Not only the malevolent benefit from those advantages. To surrender imperialistic perquisites, including foreign markets, penalizes all alike. The struggle for markets, among the other stakes of imperialism, which is a solemn word for international economic competition, is not the fruit of iniquity. It is a necessity arising out of the present social and economic organization. But the present organization is neither divinely ordained nor eternal. It is the result of choices, conscious or unconscious. To ask our governments, composed of men who

are themselves parts of the organization and its beneficiaries, to act as Galahads under these circumstances is both absurd and unfair: absurd, because it is certain that they will not be Galahads, and unfair, because it is not certain that we really want them to be. It is not certain that we are willing, even the most vociferously idealistic of us, either to accept the retrogression in standard of living which would be entailed or to make the drastic and painful social changes which are the only alternative.

This is far from saying, however, that war is ineradicable. It can be eradicated, but only if those who devote themselves to the task recognize its dimensions and measure up to them. They must be relentlessly clear-sighted, tough-minded, hard-bitten, worldly wise, incredulous, jaundiced in their skepticism of words unsupported by deed, and deaf to mellifluous rhetoric and the glib grandiloquence of easy idealism. Why should those qualities be restricted to those who accept what is because they do well by it? Manifestly they are, but why must they be? Why cannot those with high aspirations be also intelligent? Because they have not been, the war system is as strongly entrenched as it ever was.

IV

I have said that the two overshadowing problems for modern man were war and the economic system. I have discussed them separately not because they are unrelated but because they are usually separated in our thinking, which in itself reflects the unreality of our thinking. It is no longer possible to draw a line of demarcation between political and economic. For university curriculums and intellectual liberals there may be such a boundary, but even government officials no longer recognize one. Cabinets decide how

many yards of muslin shall be imported and how many pounds of butter exported.

War and the economic system are interrelated too in that the effort to prevent destruction has been equally futile in both and for the same reason: there has been no effort. The argument that has been made with reference to war can be repeated with regard to the economic dilemma. As the Kellogg Pact was in 1930, so was the New Deal in 1933. As the Kellogg Pact is in 1934, so will the New Deal be in 1937: both writ in water. Just as in 1919 it was apparent that war was fatal to society and that only heroic measures could save us, so in 1933 it was apparent that we were beset by something more than a periodic depression, that a deep-seated organic disease was working a slow paralysis through the economic body. All the forces released by the introduction of power machinery were drawing to a point. The strains could no longer be escaped in outlets for continuing expansion. Unhappily there are only five continents. The social organization of an agrarian eighteenth century and the economic organization proper to mass production, world markets, international finance, and concentration of credit could no longer co-exist. The pressure was disruptive. Huge stores of produce piled up to rot and millions of men on the streets were the outward signs.

The results were easily grasped, if not the causes, and the word reconstruction came easily off the lips as, remember, it did in 1919. The New Deal was proclaimed as the translation of reconstruction and the N.R.A. as the translation of the New Deal. The nation was swept by revivalistic fervor. No peace-time act in American history had been similarly acclaimed, particularly by the intelligentsia. Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity was moving, his

declaration of principles was convincing, and his appeals were winning. They deserved the response they received. Characteristically, however, we concentrated our attention and our loyalty on the admittedly fine generalities, and only the churlish pointed out the hiatus between the generalities and the concrete provisions for carrying them out. It was ungracious to read the National Industrial Recovery Act critically.

We appear now to be somewhat disillusioned. But what was there in that act that touched any of the fundamental factors in the economic situation, that affected the causes which had brought about the depression? What was there to reconcile the contradictions at the heart of the system—high productivity and lack of purchasing power to absorb the product? In his messages and radio broadcasts Mr. Roosevelt talked eloquently about the imperative need for distribution of wealth on a new principle to obviate concentration at the top. But what was there in any of the acts of his administration to bring that about? Minimum wages at rates which would have been considered shocking in the New Era, although they existed then, and which did not prevent the depression? Working hours shortened by a negligible fraction relative to the increase in productive efficiency? Collective bargaining, subsequently nullified, which was an established institution in nearly all civilized countries and had not prevented the depression? Self-rule for industry, which furthered the tendency to monopoly which had accelerated the evolution to a crisis? What was there in the New Deal as revealed in act that had not been ordinary practice in advanced European countries for anywhere from ten to thirty years? Yet this was hailed as "the American way," as our demonstration to the world how to thread a

course to prosperity and fulfillment between the Scylla of dictatorship and the Charybdis of collapse. Had the N.R.A. constituted only a beginning, the first of a series of steps in the New Deal, the mildness of its provisions would have been unobjectionable. But it became an end in itself. By virtue of frequent repetition of his general purposes, Mr. Roosevelt, through a familiar process of psychological transference, took the declaration for the accomplishment. So likewise did the celebrants of the dawn, though the months wore on and General Johnson shadow-boxed, the velvet hand in the iron glove, *fortiter in modo, suaviter in re*. Industry was told that a new dispensation had come and it must submit to control; but industry did what it liked, as it always had. We had voiced ideals and passed a law embodying them. That was enough.

At this date I assume that it is generally conceded that the N.R.A. was a flourish in a void and that the net result is to free big business of such few trammels as we had managed to keep on it before. I assume that it is conceded that the New Deal is neither new nor a deal, and that a Rip Van Winkle who had fallen asleep in 1932 and awakens in 1937 will not be aware that there has been a New Deal. In essentials nothing has been changed in our economic system and nothing has been interposed to arrest or deflect the course of evolution which the system was taking before 1929. Surely no one to-day can talk about "the American revolution," not even corporation directors with their tongues in their cheeks. We are as we were. The point to which economic forces were drawing will grow sharper. Unless there is interposed some factor now invisible, we shall go on to fascist dictatorship or social revolution or economic catastrophe, or the first or second as the result of the third, with

perhaps a few years' respite of deceptive recovery.

This is not to say, however, that either fascism or revolution was inevitable in the nature of the universe. It may be that there is no escape and that the momentum was already too strong to be checked. Perhaps it is impossible to bring about fundamental changes in a society by an orderly process, with transitions made at the easiest points and most favorable times. But that has not been proved. The experimental method of which we heard so much has not failed. There has been no experiment. There have been too few to demand experiment as the alternative to extremes. Just those classes that by instinct and tradition are opposed to extremes and know the dangers have been self-immobilized. The intellectuals and liberals not only are aware of the waste and cruelty of violent revolutions and the bestiality and terrorism of reactionary dictatorships but have the largest stake in the preservation of freedom of expression and opinion. Had they not been taken in by New Deals, which are the equivalent in economics of the direct primary in politics, had they been conscious of the distinction between declaration and consummation, they might have arrayed the force of opinion so as to compel the Administration to take itself at its word and put principle into practice. Unless they do so, no other class can. The plutocracy and its camp followers will fight for vested interests, of course; in this country the working class is helpless and the ordinary middle class is sodden. But they did not do so, or even make the attempt. They were fobbed off with exhortations as usual.

As a result, at the present status, the future goes by default to dictatorship by the plutocracy under a modulated form of fascism or revolution by upheaval of the proletariat. In this coun-

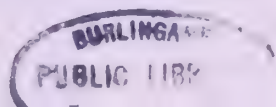
try such a statement of alternatives is artificial. There can only be a concealed fascism. If so, it will be by default, not by defeat. Fate has been neutral. It is we who have surrendered voluntarily. With everything at stake that we of the intellectuals prize, we have not even attempted to preserve it. We have been feeble and vocal and left decision to those who want to keep what they have and know how to do so. They are neither feeble nor vocal. They may be stupid from the social point of view, but not from the point of view of their own interest or what they have reason to believe is their own interest. The intellectuals and liberals have been stupid from both points of view. Their intelligence and effectiveness have been in inverse ratio to the loftiness of their purposes—in the social question just as in international relations.

Why that must be so is, to me at least, a riddle. Perhaps the key may be our cult of superficiality. From the grade schools to the Saturday luncheon meetings of upper middle-class associations we go by the principle that there is a royal road to learning and that information is wisdom. We assume that to know a little bit about many things is knowledge, and that the more "interests" one has the broader one is. We go to fortnightly Saturday luncheons, one about Hitler and another about Manchuria and another about Chaco and another about Freud, and at the end of the season we have a confused idea that Mr. Hitler's conception of the libido is an evolution from Confucianism. We know something about more subjects than any other people in the world, and we know just enough about them to believe everything we hear and to form ill-founded opinions. We come by our philosophies easily and adopt our principles on the run. Maybe the reason liberals underestimate the obstacles they would subdue

is that they are liberals only because they underestimate the obstacles. They have never really understood the ideas implicit in liberalism.

This may be the key to the riddle, and perhaps the key is, rather, the callow philosophy of progress by which we live. There was a time when American optimism was only depressing; now it is also debilitating. Interestingly enough, the Americans are the only optimistic people in the world. The other nations, whether of Europe or the Orient, have not much hope of achieving mastery over destiny or surmounting the obstacles which nature puts to man. They are resigned. But they manage to have a good time by the way. They are hopeless but gay. They enjoy life, taking it as it is and always must be. We are sure that there is nothing in the scheme of things that will not yield to our assault, and we are more oppressed by life than those who have surrendered to it. We do not have a good time. The Viennese taxi chauffeur, who will never have a new suit and knows there is no use in anything, or the Chinese peasant, who never has quite enough to eat and knows that he may be swept away by flood to-morrow, laughs easily and enjoys the little things of the moment. Whoever has lived much abroad has noticed on returning that there is less laughter on the streets of an American city than anywhere else in the world. Other nations are pessimistic but happy. We are the most optimistic people in the world and the unhappiest.

Our optimism has always been hollow and artificial. It is founded on the specious belief in our conquest of nature because we occupied an undeveloped and fabulously rich continent simultaneously with the discoveries of science which made it possible for us to extract those riches easily. We have only developed resources, not con-



quered nature. The universe is still impregnable even if we have an automobile assembly line and can thrust back Lake Michigan to make a park for a century of progress exposition. We humored ourselves with the belief that we were immune to the woes that beset the rest of mankind. We are not. It is plain now that we have inherited all the age-old ills of man—war, poverty, stratification of classes, even the subjective maladjustments and unhappinesses that send us flocking to study groups in psychology. Even what was once called “un-American” in sexual relations—the “decadence” of Europe—is American too. Endowed with natural advantages such as no other nation has been given, we have managed our collective life no more successfully than any other nation. Except in material comforts there was no reason to expect that we should or could. The curse of Adam lies on us too. We have been the spoiled children of nature, not its favorite sons.

Now since 1919 and, more particularly since 1929, we can have no more illusions. It is time to put away childish things and cease from callow prattle. It is time to face the world maturely. Then we may be able to deal successfully with the harsh problems that face the next generation or two.

Those who would work for a better order will conceive the task as something more than formulating fine phrases as an escape from harsh choices. If they would rid mankind of the curse of war they will abandon all evangelicalism and take account of the causes of war. They will recognize the primary cause to be sovereign nationalism, not as an abstract concept but as an agent of competitive economic expansion. And they will recognize economic expansion not as impulse or dereliction from high moral principle but as a condition of survival for an industrialized capitalistic system

of which private profit is the highest law and the motive power. To secure peace then is not a matter of converting diplomats and admirals. It is a question of giving up national economic expansion and accepting the retrogression that entails as a result of lower profits, unemployment, higher taxes, and a reduction in standard of living, or else of fundamentally recasting the economic system which was founded on continuous expansion and cannot function without it. Neither alternative is easy or pleasant. The second would be a surgical operation, with all the consequent loss of vitality and subsequent pain. These are the alternatives, however, unless we are to fight for markets, investments, and stores of natural resources. Agreeable or not, between them we must choose, and “co-operation,” “understanding,” and other vacuous nouns are vain.

Those who desire a higher social system not only as an insurance against war but for its own sake will likewise abandon recourse to appeals on ethical grounds. If they discern in the anarchy of laissez-faire the causes for the economic debacle they cease thinking in terms of a vague “planning,” which leaves everything as it was before, and accept the necessity of applying the compulsions of social control in the full sense of the word, control as affecting property and profits. They will recognize that we cannot have the advantages of social control and retain the liberties of individual autonomy—liberties which in fact were doomed with the introduction of the first power machine. The price of collective control may be a violent wrench of our deepest instincts, but there is no alternative if we would escape the wastes and cruelties of the present system. Our only choice then is one of method—how control shall come and by whom imposed. For the middle ground, that

of graduated steps taken at a predetermined pace and without the accompaniment of force, it may already be too late. The abdication of the liberals may have left the field to dictatorship, either Red or White. If so, there is left to us only to determine which of those we find less repellent. If not too late, then we can still escape dictator-

ships and violence only if liberalism as philosophy and method can have a rebirth with some virility. Then liberalism must be something more than well-meaning adolescence, and it must no longer be just to define a liberal as one who allows himself the luxury of appearing to deliberate before relapsing safely into the ranks of the mighty.

THE LONELY

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

HOW is it with those thousands that before me
 Have sowed and harvested and laid them down?
 What of my fathers, and their sons that bore me—
 Where are they now; where is the stately town
 That stood serene among the poplar spires?
 The poplars, here and there, are waiting still,
 Their green leaves golden in the sun's last fires;
 And still the crumbling headstones on the hill
 Mark out a man whose unforgotten name
 Lives on in history's drab, recounted tales
 Of valiant wars; but it is not the same—
 Even the marble wearies, and it fails.

Strange that these poplars should outlast the hands
 That set them in the earth and raised them tall;
 And strange the youngest living tree that stands
 Has seen a dwelling loosen, sag, and fall.
 Gone are the dwellings; only lingers now
 A scattered hearth sunk halfway into earth;
 Gone are the hands that labored, and the brow
 Once furrowed, and the womb that ached with birth.

Remembering this, I watch the low sun creep
 Over the poplar leaves, and on the stones
 Lay leafy shadows where unmindful sleep
 My fathers' sturdy, long-dissevered bones . . .
 Remembering this, and being sick with fear
 For all forgotten bodies long laid by,
 I cry: O God! Be mindful of us here—
 And mindful of the lonely where they lie.



LIFE IN THE NINETIES

HOME AND PARENTS

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE revival of the so-called "nineties" in America began in our twenties and was a burlesque show. Like the other famous exposures of that age of discontented realism, it was a dance of skeletons dragged out of a hundred closets. Not all were grisly, indeed mauve and pink were the favorite colors; yet in every satiric scene the authors of this burlesque introduced a suggestion of the absurd, a note of the contemptuous, which were sure sooner or later to arouse protest. For the two American decades which ran with a high degree of internal consistency from the mid-eighties of the nineteenth to the mid-tens of the twentieth centuries and are commonly referred to as the period of the nineties were not, as some of our contemporaries seem to believe, lived in order to supply material to moderns for plays, movies, biographies, and histories of an America whose manifest destiny was to make an interesting mess of her own noble experiment.

I have read, I believe, all the books, seen all the plays, and most of the movies that deal with this period, which must have been remarkable to be so talked about three decades later, and I have no quarrel with the satirists except when they exaggerate, and no criticism of the more serious books except that they rely too much on facts and too little upon interpreta-

tion. What I challenge are the omissions. It is not American life in the nineties that we have been getting, but the excesses, fopperies, sentiments, humors, conventions, decadences, and diseases of American life in the nineties. As history, the tendencies of a period may be more significant than the period, for we who come after and write and read history are the offspring of such tendencies; but no era lives on its tendencies although it has to live with them. And, therefore, while memories of that age which has been called "naughty" and "predatory" and also "innocent" and "Victorian" are still alive, it seems right to describe with what penetration, what sincerity, and what sympathy are at command, a culture that was certainly self-consistent, strongly characterized if not distinguished, and above all confident.

My first and dearest purpose in this attempt is to recapture some vital aspects of an era by faithfully describing one of its minor points of crystallization; but my second purpose is to challenge forthrightly the men and women of my own age who have been accepting against the evidence of their own memories the merely historical and usually sarcastic accounts of a period certainly as human and almost as complex as our thirties; and to challenge also a younger generation which, knowing nothing of the

nineties except an assortment of perfectly true but often very misleading facts, has been taking this so-called and sometimes rightly called age of pose, sham, and hypocrisy as a point of departure for escape, disillusion, cynicism, and all way stations.

I have chosen to seek this tract in time and space through memory rather than through documents: in other words, to exclude from the present article and from that which will follow it everything that I did not myself know or feel at the time. This article then is an account of the home as an institution and of the relation between parents and children as I myself, an obscure but not insensitive observer of my environment, experienced them in the small city of Wilmington some thirty-odd years ago.

"God bless our home," which I can just remember in worsted tapestry, framed in jigsaw walnut, and hung on a spare-room wall, never meant "God make our home a happy one." The blessing was asked upon virtues which were often more conducive to moral conduct and material success than to happiness. And, indeed, it was not a superior quality of happiness that distinguished the pre-Ford, pre-radio, pre-boarding-school home from our perches between migrations. Those who read their social history in fiction will remember how many nineteenth-century novels deal with unhappy homes—tyrannical or stuffy homes, homes that were prisons or asylums for the suppressed and inhibited. Toward the end of the century parents, like Jehovah as the churches preached him, began to soften. Homes were happier then, I believe, than in the previous generation; for the gradual democratizing of life had worked itself indoors and was subtly changing the atmosphere of both sitting room and kitchen. There was

more give and take between parents and children, more liberty, and more cheerfulness.

It was confidence, however, not happiness, that made the great difference between then and now, a confidence that reached down below comfort or pleasure into stability itself. My cousins, who tiptoed round the chair of an old-fashioned, self-willed father, never knew from day to day what his authority might require of them. Their manners and their careers were both whipped into them. Yet they had this same confidence, and would be sure as I, with a memory of a happy and easy-going home, that something solid and valuable has been lost by our children.

In our town, and, I think, in the American nineties generally, home was the most impressive experience in life. Our most sensitive and our most relaxed hours were spent in it. We left home or its immediate environment chiefly to work, and neither radio nor phonograph brought the outer world into its precincts. Time moved more slowly there, as it always does when there is a familiar routine with a deep background of memory. Evening seemed spacious then, with hour upon hour in which innumerable intimate details of picture, carpet, wall paper, or well-known pointing shadow were printed upon consciousness. When bicycles came in and flocks of young people wheeled through twilight streets past and past again the porches where the elders were sitting, it was the first breakaway from home, a warning of the new age, but at that time more like a flight of May flies round and round their hatching places.

The home came first in our consciousness and thus in our culture, clubs, civic life, business, schools, society being secondary, and success

there, except in money making, a work of supererogatory virtue. The woman who could not make a home, like the man who could not support one, was condemned, and not tacitly. Not size, nor luxury, nor cheerfulness, nor hospitality made a home. The ideal was subtler. It must be a house where the family wished to live even when they disliked one another; it must take on a kind of corporate life and become a suitable environment for its diverse inhabitants. Hence a common tragedy in our town, often noted, though seldom traced to its causes, was the slow crushing of a family by its home. The sprawling house such as they built in the early eighties grew and grew until parents, aunts, grandparents, children all had their districts and retiring places in its wings and storeys. Though the family might quarrel and nag, the home held them all, protecting them against the outside world and one another. Deaths came, children migrated, taxes went up, repairs became numerous, yet still the shrinking remnant of the family held on from use and wont, or deep affection, until in a final scene of depleted capital or broken health the hollow shell of the home collapsed on a ruined estate and fiercely quarreling heirs.

So often tragedy at the end, the home of the nineties was quite as often idyllic, if not ideal, in its best years. It had a quality which we have lost. We complain to-day of the routine of mechanical processes; yet routine in itself is very persuasive to the spirit and has attributes of both a tonic and a drug. There was a rhythm in the pre-automobile home that is entirely broken now, and whose loss is perhaps the exactest index of the decline of confidence in our environment. Life seems to be sustained by rhythm, upset by its

changes, weakened by its loss. An apartment house with a car at the door, though comfort summarized, has no rhythm, except for a broken, excited syncopation or the spondaic movement of boredom.

Our houses moved with felt rhythms, not set, nor identical, yet so sensible that what one felt first in a strange home was the tempo of life there. We were away for brief intervals only, at home long enough to be harmonized, and even the heads of families, whose working hours were incredible in their length, seemed never to lose their conditioning by the home. If business and the home lived by different ethical standards, as was commonly said, it may be because the worker was a different man outside the rhythm of the house. And women lived almost exclusively within.

It was this familiar movement, this routine with a certainty of repetition, that inspired a confidence in a patterned universe missing to-day. The European peasant got it from the cycles of the soil, and this also made him a different creature from the artifacts of industrialism. There was a slur upon boarders in our town and upon the strays who lived in hotel suites or the transients who moved from rent to rent. They were not quite like us, even though sometimes more cheerful; they had no home. We could have said, with equal truth, that they lacked something of confidence in tomorrow and in circumstance which, in spite of the common incidence of misfortune or disaster, we held with a tenacity not easily explained by religion or philosophy.

II

Most of the well-to-do people of our city in the late eighties and the nineties still lived in squarish houses of red

or painted brick, heavily corniced with wood at the top, or mansarded, with porches at front and back, and painted iron fences between the lawns and the brick sidewalks with their rows of buttonwoods or Norway maples. There were a few old houses of lovelier lines, and many bizarrities of Italian, Greek, Queen Anne, and Egyptian inspiration, or of bastard Gothic pointed with gray slate. All, except the very oldest, had spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, hung with chandeliers recently converted to electricity, trimmed with dark, polished walnut which spiralled down giant stairways, and were upholstered wherever possible. Golden oak in the very latest houses relieved the gloom by substituting the frivolous for the dignified.

It is possible to describe what that generation would have called, say about 1890, an ideal home. The hall was broad and deep, a waiting place hung with steel prints and furnished with benches, stiff chairs, and a hat-rack. It was Main Street, meant for traffic. On the right the parlor, on the left the sitting room. The parlor was for decorum. It was the largest room in the house, and the least used, with the most massive tables, the biggest pictures, and the showiest chairs. Mirrors at each end gave it an illusion of still greater spaciousness, and between them the piano which, when used for practicing, admitted the only disorder allowed in that room. On the center table were the more pretentious gift books, for show, not reading. Indeed, there is a whole literature of gift books, all illustrated and bound in stamped leather, the only reason for whose existence was the parlor table. They came in and went out with it, and many a childish knuckle has been rapped for opening them with smutty fingers. It was a sign of change in the times when in thousands of homes parlors were

made over into "living rooms." The date, which was the late nineties, is more significant than many better remembered.

Across the hall was the sitting room, smaller, cosier, with easier chairs, bookcases, a tall brass lamp, a gas stove in the corner (fireplaces had not yet come back except as tiled ornaments for the hall, where of course no one ever used them), and an air of comfort and usability. Here the family sat and friends were entertained (company went into the parlor). Here were the magazines, the books to be read, the cat, the dog, and the children studying after supper. This was the heart of the home.

The dining room, again, was formal, family portraits on the wall, a china cupboard out of which glinted what never was used even on the grandest occasion. Morning sun in the dining room was one of the specifications, as important as the sideboard and the serving table. The pantry was built up in tiers of shelves and closets to the high ceilings, on and in which were kept that incredible clutter of household china and glass which every family seemed to accumulate. There was a drawer labelled "cake," another "bread," and a lead-lined sink with cockroach poison on the edges. The kitchen sprawled—coal stoves, laundry tubs, tables for baskets, tables for rolling dough, hooks and closets for a forest of tinware, and so on out into the shed with its tables and bins and closets. And in the cellar more bins, more shelves, a cold room, and a bricked-in furnace as big as a funeral vault.

The main stairs followed a curving serpent of black walnut to a long upstairs hall off which opened vast bedrooms. The bathroom was here (often the only one) with doors in at least two directions, accessible to all. The parents' room would be an up-

stairs sitting room also, with a desk somewhere spilling with small change and account books, and at the farther end a vast walnut bed whose back rose to the ceiling, a cliff of polished veneer topped by a meaningless escutcheon. Other monumental pieces of black walnut flanked it at either side, and at the foot was a crib for the smallest child, or a green plush sofa for naps.

Across the hall would be the spare rooms, usually "blue" and "red," as in the White House, very bleak and usually shrouded in sheets. On their walls the outmoded pictures collected: "Old Swedes Church," by Robert C., "Scene on the Brandywine," "Pauline" on glass. Guests in those days usually went home at night.

The stair banister to the third floor was scratched by children's slidings. This was where freedom began. There was the boy's room and the girl's room, indistinguishable in furnishings (cast-offs mostly) but differing in the kind of disorder, and an alcove at the end of the hall for doll houses, and mineral or birds' eggs collections. On the other side of the hall—last relic of the self-contained age of our grandparents—a "lumber room," with its bench, tools, oddments for repairs and plumbing, the rest of the floor space carrying a *massif* of family trunks piled up on one another in buttes and mesas. Last of all, a cubicle where the visiting seamstress slept and some drawers for her scanty clothes. (She came of the *good* "plain people," and kept up her tiny remnant of gentry by gifts of big red apples to the children.) Here freedom ended, since the next door led to the servants' quarters (white only, the black slept outside) and no one, not even a parent, was supposed to trespass there except on monthly inspections of the sanitation.

Such was the house, which lived by a rhythm in which all these familiar backgrounds had their part. Morning was early, in the winter dark and cold, with faint gurglings from the radiators and faint breaths of warmth from the registers, too late for comfortable dressing. Earlier, in bed, one heard the slender rattle of chains on the heavy storm door, the distant whisk-whisk as Isaac, the waiter, swept the front porch—or, if it were an old-fashioned Quaker house, the soft slopslush of wet cloths over the marble steps which had to be polished each morning. The faint joyous barks of the dog released, the first street cars banging down the hill, then, through the open window, sunlight pale on the faraway river, then bright on the carpet, the double gong ringing stridently, seven struck high and clear on the old clock far below—and a rush downstairs for breakfast.

A meal that, no snack. No fruit until strawberries, cantaloupes, or peaches were ripe, then in vast platters—but oatmeal and milk that was still foamy from the milkman's crook-necked cans, hot rolls or beaten biscuit, chops or scrapple or sausages with hashed potatoes, eggs as a side dish, waffles three times a week. A Quaker blessing first, heads down but no word spoken. A full meal to all, then a scurry of children for coats and hats, the buggy at the door for father, hard-tired bicycles bumping down the pavement, green bags of schoolbooks swung against the trees.

Quiet in the home when the mother left with her basket to join the housewives of all the first families shopping down the long row of wagon tilts backed against the curb of the street market, spilling with greens and vegetables, ducks, chickens, and bunches of wild flowers. When she had gone the child left behind heard the faint moaning spirituals of Isaac in the pan-

try polishing the silver, "O Lo-ad, O my Lo-ad," more distant and fainter the creak of the cook's laughter. The house was a personality, inscrutable, like God. It was the other half of ego, without which the ego was only a sense of existence; it was external reality familiarly incarnate. It was something so embracing yet so intimate that a word could name it only by indirection and overtones. It was home.

III

And while the slow synthetic beat of the house pulsed in a tempo so well-known that the senses responded subconsciously, knowing the hours of the day or night, the dawn hours being different appreciably from those near midnight or in the sleepiest afternoon, many subsidiary rhythms joined or separated their quicker or slower motions. In the yard at afternoon the children had their moments of idle wandering or dreamy meditation, or sudden impulses to frenzied play or hours of quiet industry in the sand pile or on the bending branches of the cherry trees. Sounds from within sank to the squeak of a cleaning cloth or the polite laugh of a guest in the parlor, then rose, crescendo, until by supper at six the whole house was again alive with activity. As night deepened the tempo gently slackened. Children's feet dragged upward to bed, the street noises sank to quiet, murmurs above stairs drowsed down until the clocks rang the hour through a silent house, and the head of the household, bolting the shutters, chaining the storm door, locking the front door, side door, back door, climbed the stairs, and set the silver basket on its shelf with the revolver and the watchman's rattle, a ritual act (since burglaries were most rare) to the inviolability of the home.

I once rose at dawn and tiptoeing out into the silent street, saw those familiar houses relaxed and off their guard. There was no human life about, no dogs even were stirring; it was still dusky but clear. The slant light from the brightening east shone on the brick façades and overhanging cornices as upon faces glinting with windows like eyes. And each one of those houses became the individual it was, an organism, hunched and humorous, or with open arms and serene forehead, a personality which recalled the family it sheltered and yet seemed to have its own life, dominating theirs. I was seeing, with that irrational and fleeting clairvoyance peculiar to youth, an environment incarnate in contorted brick and mortar, feeling in those crouching house people a grudging security offered to inmates who shaped their spirits accordingly. And in that moment the insipid smile of the judge's mansard across the way, the reticent severity of the doctor's wooden mansion behind its trees, the brutal simplicity of the brick cube that housed the ironmaster and his brother, the coquettish insincerity of the minister's turrets of *fin de siècle*, and the toothy grin of the talkative widow's cornice seemed more real than the sleeping inmates, so real that they mocked those that they sheltered, and were indeed grotesque symbols of the power of Things protecting and coercing the impressionable spirit of Life. Then the sun rose and, looking up at our own house, bland, familiar, welcoming, surcharged with secret comforts, I shrugged away philosophy.

That feeling of a daily rhythm, in which each hour had its characteristic part, in a house where change came slowly and which was always home, nourished, if it did not create, the expectancy of our generation that the norm of life was repetition and, there-

fore, security. Our house, with the tall two-hundred-year-old clock ticking at its heart, sank into the subconsciousness and became a sense of stability and permanence. It was a proof of a friendly universe, to which memory could always return. When a home was closed on our street, its shutters flapping, its blinds pulled awry to show empty floors and bare walls, we pitied the family that had lost their external self. The homeless, like the landless men of the Middle Ages, seemed to have no country.

The family made the home, yet the home, when it was made, had its own laws. Thus while the relaxing of family ties in the present era has had its powerful effect upon the home, the auto, the radio, commuting, boarding school, and apartment life have struck direct at the laws which made the laws of the home and on through to the family. It is the latter cause which seems more fundamental. Confidence is a habit which must be acquired young and from an environment that is constant and rhythmically continuous. The kaleidoscopic patterns of life to-day are more exciting and probably liberate the intelligence when there is an intelligence to be liberated; but the pattern they make is seldom realized by youth which turns and twists and darts in an environment which to its seeing never once makes a whole. Home life in the nineties could be very sweet, and often profoundly dull, and sometimes an oppressive weight of routine incapable; security was often bought at a ruinous price; yet what conditioned reflexes it set up! The peace movement of the early nineteen hundreds, naïvely confident amidst a world in arms, was an attempt to make that world our home, our American home. Nor was heaven exempt from the home-making activities of the Ameri-

can family. We sang lustily in church

There we shall rest,
There we shall rest,
In Our Father's House.
In Our Father's House.

The Age of Confidence got the habit of security in its homes.

IV

Parenthood in our town was a limited monarchy. After the child was too old to spank, physical punishment of any kind was not countenanced, and even locking in a room and such strong-arm methods were not approved by the community. A boy who was regularly strapped by his father, or a girl shut in her bedroom on bread and water, was rather expected to run away or be protected by the relatives, and this was a code so well understood that such scandals seldom occurred among good families. Sadistic fathers and hysterical mothers deferred to neighborhood opinion and chose other means of self-expression at the expense of their young. It was a kindly, easy-going community almost free from the rigid prides and mean penny-pinching which had made so many parents cruel in the past.

Yet authority maintained itself. If it were possible to explain the secret bond of deference which made children defer to their parents in the nineties, the psychological change which has come over the country since could be more accurately described. It was certainly not respect for the opinion of the elders. If change in external circumstance is more rapid now, there was then a greater difference between the ideas and convictions of fathers and sons and mothers and daughters than in this age. I know that this statement is against all current belief but I am

sure that it is true. We did not respect our parents' opinions unless they happened to be ours; we did not share some of their most important convictions, especially as to manners and religion—and yet we deferred to them as persons.

There was a tacit agreement that parental opinion had the right of way. If you differed, it was by mental reservation; so that the calm of family relations might be broken by anger or obstinacy, but seldom by impudence or youthful dogmatism. There was less honesty and more unity in family life. There was more affection between parents and children, and much less companionship. Democracy had after all touched the home only superficially, which, a monarchy in form, in spirit was a republic with the elders in office.

Does this seem a slight difference from the democratic homes of to-day where all try so hard to be pals? It was a monumental difference. Statisticians have yet to reckon the nerve strain in American life which comes from precocious attempts at maturity and painful struggles to retard middle age. Fathers and mothers to-day have to be big brothers and big sisters, while sixteen-year-old children are humored in their attempts to make knowledge prevail without experience behind it. The worst service done to youth by the revolution in thought of the early nineteen hundreds and the disillusion of the War was the necessity put upon them to disagree with everything said by their elders! We in the nineties might doubt parental infallibility but we felt no sacred duty to assert our unbeliefs. Parental opinions were assumed to be based upon experience and, therefore, to be treated like axioms in geometry until we had a chance to test them. The middle-aged

got credit for their years, and did not have to pretend sympathy with ideas they knew were wrong; the young could take shelter in their youth, and were not asked to prove what it was well known they believed. There was less argument and more useful information passed about the home.

Convictions were different. The youth of the nineties who had been reading Darwin or Herbert Spencer knew that his Methodist father was wrong in his conception of Creation, violently wrong, yet respected, by habit, his judgment in more immediate matters. The fabric of life in which he lived had been made by his elders, and he liked it. The pattern he expected to change when his time came, but he had no desire to tear the weave apart because a few threads had rotted.

All this, however, is much too analytical for a true picture. One analyzes equals but not superiors, so long as they are superiors. And if our parents were felt to be our superiors in the age of confidence it was not for their opinions, or even their judgment, but because they unhesitatingly accepted the responsibility for the family, and we knew it. I do not mean that they were less selfish than parents to-day, and certainly they were far more dogmatic. Yet that curious atmosphere of home, compacted of rigidities and confidences, was their chief care, and we knew that also. Self-expression for youth is supposed to have brought about the great change in family life which came with the new generation. It was a cause, but an equally potential one was self-expression for parents, who determined to stay young, live their own lives, while the boys and girls were sent off to camps and schools. Fathers and mothers in the earlier time put fatherhood and motherhood first. To fail in that,

letting the children run wild, or be sent off to convenient institutions, or to spend the family income on display while the home and the children's education suffered, set all the gossips talking. When children came, young men and women gave up the right to be young and assumed the responsibility for a home with no reservations, physical or mental. They did it well or badly but with no more protest than a tadpole makes in becoming a frog. Or if they did protest no one listened to them. And the children felt this—it would be too much to say that they knew it.

How many brilliant personalities became housewives or mere bread winners in the process cannot be reckoned. I think myself that the law of compensation operated, and if society suffered the family gained. Middle age came earlier and the thirties were a difficult time, but parenthood, being taken seriously, became a rich experience.

Elizabeth Allen's "make me a child again, just for to-night," would never have been written so poignantly in the nineteen thirties. For all our sophistication, we keep the boy and girl alive in us so much longer to-day that we do not have to yearn backward into the past. We insist on staying young, insist on coddling our egos, long after the age when our parents had given up youth as incompatible with running a family. Why do we try so hard to make companions of our children if not to get them to share our responsibility for their upbringing? We tell them all we know, hoping that they will learn to stand on their own feet quickly, so that our slackening race for self-expression may not be further handicapped by too much concern for them. We call our sons "pals" for much the same subconscious reason that led England to make her colonies semi-independent.

She wanted to be helped as well as to help, she wanted to attend to her own business, and so do we.

Hence parents in those earlier days were expected to be strict because they were responsible for the morals of youth. They were expected to be severe because they had earned the right to authority. They were expected to grant favors slowly because a spoiled child was charged to their account. They were supposed to be kind even when they seemed the opposite, because the home had been their willing creation. We knew all this and knew also from our own impulsive desires that the father and mother denied themselves every day, if not every hour, something for the sake of the family. If we did not know, it was not for the lack of telling—also every day and hour! Nor were the blunt reminders of the parents ever without some show of truth. It is tempting to trace back to these services rendered the slushy sentiments of the cycle of mother and "mammy" songs that certainly began to be popular in this age. I would not go as far as that, yet I am certain that the increasing vogue of sentimental memories of home and mother in recent years is due to a consciousness that something has unaccountably changed in the relations of parents and children, and that what was once realism is now only romance.

But respect this parental responsibility did breed in us, and that willing deference even to a bad parent which seems almost incredible to modern youth. It was quite different from the religious awe which a Clarissa Harlowe felt for her parents. That was superstition, perpetuating the memory of the Roman right to treat children as property. Our deference was freer because it did not imply subservience in opinion, yet it was genuine since it recognized tacitly

that the parents, in another sense, had deferred to us.

V

Parents of all kinds there were in our town, even among the limited circles that I knew. Parents that even to-day would be called modern, who shrugged off the family while they went their own way, yet then, far from being called modern, with a certain admiration for their independence, the gossips compared them with the Negroes who, though affectionate by nature, never let a child stand in the way of their kind of self-expression. Parents selfish and self-centered, in whose presence all free conversation ceased, and even the neighbors' children kept their eyes on the tablecloth. Sadistic parents, mean parents, jealous parents, and also parents so easy-going and so humorous that the family lived in a gale of laughter and took punishments like spring showers. Yet in neither the comfortable nor the uncomfortable households did I ever hear impudence lightly phrased or revolt openly expressed. We children knew well enough which kind of a parent we preferred, but most were playing the game, most had given up the privileges of youth, taken on the responsibilities of a home, and deserved either affection or obedience or both. We respected a self-denial which was none the less real for being a convention.

And here the formula of *laissez-faire* breaks down. That principle by which our society so generally lived seems to have lagged in family relationships. We have it in the nineteen thirties, fully, freely, irresponsibly applied. If there ever was a pure *laissez-faire* organism it is the typical American family to-day. But the age of confidence very definitely had no confidence in such go-as-you-must-or-please arrangements as ours.

Their family code was a hold-over, like the code of a gentleman, from the doctrine of an earlier generation. It was no longer rigid, no longer sanctioned by religion. "Honor thy father and thy mother" were only words out of a book, whereas "Give honor where honor is due," which was our paraphrase, squared with observation and common sense. The parents sacrificed their youth for us. We respected them for that even when (say, after age sixteen) their idea of life and what to do with it began to seem almost ludicrously wrong.

It was Bernard Shaw, I believe, who first cracked the complacent shell of this confidence in parents. His dangerous fascination for the more intellectual youth of the early nineteen hundreds was not due to his wit, or to his mild Fabianism, which, to us individualist Americans, living in a pretty successful economic structure, meant next to nothing. His seductive power came first, in America, from his insidious attacks upon the institution of parenthood and the family in such plays as "Man and Superman" and "Candida." For of course the self-denial and the sacrifice of our parents were not pure, nor the respect they exacted and received all deserved. Closely studied, there were few families in which the children's deference was not exploited. Sometimes it was the vanity of a mother that required flattery, sometimes suppressed sadism given an escape, sometimes an unhappy marriage revenged upon its helpless fruits, sometimes the incurable egoism that insists upon honor at home if it cannot be procured abroad.

I suppose that as we entered the age of psychology these things had to be understood; and that some of them were true in most of our families is unquestionable. But Shaw, who never knew family life, and never until his sixties seems to have felt an

emotion, was a tricky teacher. Like so many pseudo-scientific literary men, he was more interested in sensation than in fact, and more able to shock than to advise. The abnormal interested him more than the typical, and our credulous intellects, misled by his emphasis, saw with such shocking clarity the sham in the family as we had known it that we were quite blinded to the realities which had been much the larger part of our experience. Just because parents, under inspection, proved to be very human, we began in that decade to distrust the confidence which had made our childhood secure. Because under the strong impulsion of the new twentieth century we clamored to break through with our little egos all the inhibitions of which we had suddenly become aware, we began to lose respect for an older generation that had been so strangely content to give up self-expression for the sake of a family, and even to suspect them of pathological motives. And thus on the flowing tide of the new realism, the family which had been bound together (so I think) by deference as much as by economics, began to loosen its bonds, lose its close relationships between deference and responsibility, and to float out toward freedom and away from confidence.

What the end result will be who can tell? There is between children and parents now an equality in knowledge, if not in experience and in the zest for living, which should certainly be some compensation for confidences lost. Nevertheless, the home as we knew it in the nineties is gone. One more of those stabilities which in early youth arm the child against the inevitable maladjustments and disillusionments of later life is no longer stable. Nervousness begins earlier, goes farther. That quiet area of memory where the mind lived in a

geography that, however monotonous, was fixed, known, believed in, has shrunk to the little island of babyhood. Psychiatrists' offices are crowded with boys and girls in their teens. It begins to be evident that when the authoritarian home went out of fashion not the children so much as the parents were emancipated. They have got back their youth, while youth has aged prematurely.

When both parents and children began to seek self-expression, children grew ruder and parents more irritable. Since both in their different ways desired the same thing, they crossed wills oftener and more openly. Instead of spanking there was argument. In emotional understanding of each other the generations came closer together. This may seem a paradox in a present when the younger generation has got itself talked about as never before, yet it is the simple truth. We are shocked by the youngsters because they do crudely what we in our new desire for self-expression would do more subtly if we could escape from the inhibitions of our past. We are distressed by their rowdy frankness and their disregard of convention and precedent because we see only too clearly where self-expression would lead us if we were entirely free of responsibility. In wish, we are often too much like our children to control, or even to influence them. If the town I write of is now only a memory, it is partly because children who have become parents still try to keep their youth.

VI

The breach between generations is not wide now; it was very wide I think in the days which I am recording. The peace of the home in the age of confidence has hidden this important fact. Our town had two societies,

the old and the young, a difference which ran true all the way from the darkies to us, and was most marked at the top. Deference concealed this chasm, and the reticence of the young in the presence of their elders clouded it over; but will anyone now in his forties and fifties, after searching memory, deny the fact?

A youth of twenty in, let us say, 1898, was already part of a new world of ideas of which his parents, except in our most advanced households, had only the vaguest perception. Our town was not behind greater cities in its admiration for the results of applied science visible on every street and in every mill; yet the older people were not aware in any penetrating way of causes. The new belief that for every phenomenon there was a physical explanation and for every problem a scientific solution, had not really touched their minds. They wondered at science as the raw masses do to-day, but did not think about it, except of what it did. The children were already different. Directly and indirectly they had been educated in this faith, which was not yet called by us materialism, until its basic ideas were as familiar emotionally to them as Bible stories to their elders. Middle-aged reading of this and that in newspapers or magazines never goes as deep as childhood teaching. Our parents had been shaken out of their religious and moral dogmatisms by the scientific thinking of the mid-century without any real convictions resulting. The new ideas were not instinctive with them; they lay like a light snow on their faiths and prejudices, melting at the first emotional warmth. Men like my grandfather, who, reading geology with excitement, revised his opinions at seventy, were rare.

We children thought crudely, but thanks to the routine of our educa-

tion in which science was the novelty, we thought materialistically. And if that had not been enough to sever us intellectually from our parents, the realistic mood of the early nineteen hundreds, with its ironical attack upon the complacent conventions and the sentiment of the romantic *fin de siècle*, caught us just as we passed out of adolescence. I can think of no intelligent family in our town where parents and children saw the same world or talked the same language when ideas were in question. The immigrants and their Americanized children were hardly farther apart.

If we guessed what had happened we certainly never stressed it, indeed seldom talked about it. Our minds went one way, the parents' another, but kept within calling distance. Those terrible family quarrels when religious dogmatism was undergoing its first attacks from science, such as one reads of in Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*, were so violent because there was no liberty to disagree. We headed away from stormy waters probably because no one was so sure of absolute truth as the orthodox had been in 1850, or the scientists became by 1920. If there was to be a row over ideas let it be outside the home. We let sleeping dogs lie and so did the parents. Theology and morals (in the abstract) were not discussed in the family though each side guessed what the other thought.

And these peaceful homes, where there was more care to spare feelings than to air unpleasant truths, were possible only because children were deferential and parents liberal. Perhaps they were possible only because the intellectual differences were so great. Protestants struggle to convert Catholics and vice versa, when both will leave the Jews to themselves. And yet there was one resemblance between the generations

that must have helped also. Both sides were confident of progress. The parents, like us, expected the new world to be different and better, and of this new world, we young ones were the visible beginning.

Family conversation was, therefore, if more harmonious, certainly less honest than to-day. And yet I believe that the state of the home then was very good for character. That it made better characters I do not say, yet certainly it bred tolerance, self-respect, and respect for honest opinions not shared. The explosions in the homes of the Democrats and the down-state folk were emotional not intellectual, leaving no more after effects than a thunder shower, nor did they result in bitterness. We Quakers had to learn to do our thinking while keeping the peace. I shall not be surprised if the psychologists of 1950 discover that the growing intolerance of the nineteen thirties was due to an abbreviated experience of family life, since the family is a microcosm of a world where different faiths have to try to live together. Nor does an easy companionship between the generations such as we see to-day and which has such inestimable advantages of another kind, prepare the youth to endure contradiction. The modern child lives in a family just long enough to acquire a clan's suspicion of outsiders.

In my own family, a devout Episcopalian father, a Quaker grandfather, a harshly Presbyterian grandmother, and youngsters educated in scientific materialism, all sat down to eat together. If there were acrid comments, they were upon housekeeping and table manners, not religion; yet I could charge no one with insincerity

or of lightly held beliefs. We simply had too much respect or deference for one another as personalities belonging to the home, to fling taunts or reproaches. And if my grandmother did occasionally brandish hell or a wrathful Jehovah, the other adults quite obviously felt her to be in bad taste. We lived our family life on the surface, reserving religion for our privacy, but at least it was kept a family life, something so confident that storms and disorder were discouraged before they could enter, and that surely furthered psychological health.

Neither argument nor analysis can quite reach to the heart of the family relationship. The parents of that generation came no closer to their children's minds as both aged together. The alterations of the nineteen hundreds were so rapid that the minds formed in the seventies dropped farther and farther behind the youths now pointing toward middle age. One would have expected that as our parents became old there would have been a divergence which went beyond opinion into sympathy and interest. Emphatically that did not happen. The parents and children of the nineties have kept closer together in the family bond than the next two generations. There is a piquancy in a relationship of affection and deference between opposites. The child's doings are continuously novel; the parents' opinions increasingly acquire the interest of history. The homes I knew in the nineties are too many of them disrupted by death and moving, yet where the members remain the spirit remains. There was a bond more indissoluble than the search for self-expression.



MISS CLISBEE'S HEROIC LOVER

A STORY

BY L. M. HUSSEY

MISS CLISBEE looked up into her employer's face and prepared herself for a session of sex. It might last an hour; it might go on without a stay for five or six hours; its duration would depend on how much gin Bossom had drunk during the night.

To gauge his hangover by his face was difficult. Miss Clisbee loathed the face but not the man; of him she merely disapproved. He suffered from the mediocrity of most men; he was poor in spirit.

Out of lips that looked mummified came the first sentence.

"He kissed her."

Miss Clisbee made pothooks in her notebook.

"How's that for a beginning, Miss Clisbee?" Bossom demanded. "You see how the old Sex King goes at it? No fumbling. You turn on the heat right away and you keep the blower going. Oh, God! do I feel awful, Miss Clisbee! Oh, God! what a trade! Do you know what I want, Miss Clisbee? Do you know what every writer ought to have?"

Miss Clisbee understood that for a few moments she was to be audience, not stenographer. She spoke in her audience voice.

"What's that, Mr. Bossom?"

"A patron, by God! There never was such a thing as a real literary patron. You take some stinking moneybags and give him the idea that he'd

like to help literature. He meets me, and he says, 'Well, well, Mr. Bossom, so you're an author! You write a lot of tripe, I see.'

"Excuse me, Mr. Goldbucks, I know it's tripe, but I've my living to make. You see what I really want to do is finish my novel. Honest work. . . . I've no time or spirit left for honest work. I—"

Bossom's eyes, yellowish in the whites, glittered down upon Miss Clisbee. She was a tall woman and, although she was seated, the glittering, yellowish eyes were not far above the level of her own. This somber, explosive, thin little man looked like an oriental shopkeeper in the bitter moment of haggling over a customer. An Eastern air of mad fatality seemed all about him. The air and his manner and his looks contrived an illusion, for in his veins there was not a single drop of Eastern blood.

"Now what do you think Goldbucks ought to say?" he demanded of Miss Clisbee. She knew that he would supply his own answer. "I'll tell you what he ought to say, Miss Clisbee. No patron ever did say it, but I'll tell you what he ought to say. He ought to say, 'Bossom, you're a liar. You don't want to write the tripe you do write, and you don't want to write your novel, and you don't want to write anything else. There's one thing all writers loathe doing, and

that's writing. If there's ever any tiny excuse for not writing, a writer is sure to take it. Now, Bossom, I'm going to become your patron. I'm going to make you happy in spite of the fact that you're a writer. Every week from now on I'm sending you a check for one hundred dollars—on one, unbreakable condition. You're never to write another word! Understand! Not another word! God help you if I catch you bootlegging any words. There are too many words in this world. As a patron of the art of literature, I'm going to have less of them."

His eyes still glittered. As she knew she must, Miss Clisbee laughed a little. When she laughed her face grew rounder and was pretty.

"Now where were we? Oh, yes: He kissed her. You've got that? He kissed her. He kissed flower lips, well-remembered lips, that were all the more glamorous for their memories, lips like—oh, Lord God, what were they like, Miss Clisbee?"

"Spring blossoms," she suggested.

"Very good, Miss Clisbee. Very original. Put that down: spring blossoms. We haven't used that one since yesterday. Why don't you try some of this stuff on your own hook instead of working for me? You'd probably believe in it and be a howling success. How do I know you don't believe in it? Fact is, you've worked for me for three years, and I don't know anything at all about you. Used to think you were cut out to be an old maid. I'm not so sure. You're secretive. For all I know, right now you may have some poor blighter tumbling somersaults over you. Why not?"

Her misery was profound; it was heartbreaking. For a week she had wrapped it in her aloofness and made its presence as unguessable as her former warm hopes. And this terri-

ble little man with his clattering tongue suddenly made her misery desperate, unbearable, beyond hiding. Bossom, staring, wondered if too much gin had finally softened his brain. He saw three quick tears splash and spread on her notebook. He disbelieved in their reality, and yet there they were, real tears, sinking into the paper like ink into a blotter. Miss Clisbee was crying. Bossom had no idea what to do. He began to look for a glass of water but could find no glass. The place was always a shambles. He came upon a whisky bottle with some liquor still in the bottom of it, and this he tilted over his lips and took a long drink.

When he looked at Miss Clisbee, she was patting her eyes with a handkerchief. The lids were a little red; otherwise she had recovered her usual face and manner.

"You must forgive me," she said.

"Better tell me about it."

"No, I won't tell you about it. Why should I?"

"Do you good."

She looked at him thoughtfully. He was poor in spirit like most men, but now and then he could be kind. Was it possible that he had any imagination?

"Maybe it would," she said quietly.

She told him as much as she thought a sex king might understand.

She explained nothing of her notions about men, although these made her adventure significant. She said that a month before she had gone alone to a Stadium concert. It was a warm evening; she wore a print dress covered with yellow flowers on blue stems sprouting blue leaves.

When you looked at her you found her contradictory; that is, she seemed one thing or another according to your mood. A man in a party mood,

ready for night clubs, taxicabs, and noise, would pass his eye over tall Miss Clisbee, find her spinsterish, and turn his glance elsewhere.

A man whose mood expressed less elementary needs would look at her twice and examine her. Her body was a little angular, but there was a kind of sleek vitality in her movements. The twisting line of a band of light-brown hair, falling downward from a part at the side of her head, crossing her high forehead and hiding all but the lobe of an ear, was graceful. It was, all in all, a graceful face, a graceful head, gracefully held on a longish neck. Given the proper mood, you might look at that face many times without growing bored with it. But it would never startle you, either by its ugliness or beauty.

Miss Clisbee took her place, watched the players, listened to the noise of tuning. The bull-fiddlers leaned over their viols and scraped out gruff growls. Clarinetists tooted cadenzas; on the violins the A-strings sounded; a harpist plucked arpeggios. The orchestra was about to play Schönberg's ugly tone-poem, "Pelléas et Mélisande," but Miss Clisbee was prepared for an emotional experience and would find the tone-poem, even the muted tubas, beautiful.

They played the tone-poem, and Miss Clisbee found it beautiful. Then a young man sitting beside her turned and said:

"I think that kind of music misses fire."

Her gray eyes summed him up in a swift estimate. Unknown men did not often speak to her, but sometimes they did, and when they did she usually ignored them. She believed she could quickly tell by the face of a man what a man was. And what she believed most men to be exasperated and chilled her. This man was small, swarthy, black-haired, dark-

eyed, sharp-featured, and sincere. He looked a little ill or else a little feeble like a convalescent.

She said, "I liked it."

"What I have against it," he said, "is the subject. Debussy did very little with the same subject, and this Schönberg has done less."

"It seems to me," objected Miss Clisbee, "that a composer or any other artist can pick his own subject—whatever subject he pleases."

"Will you have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

"I'd like to explain to you what I mean. You know those white slugs that crawl out of the ground after a rain? They leave a little track of slime behind them. Kids pour salt over them, and they melt. Now you take—oh, well, you take a tiger. You wouldn't say that a slug is as successful a creation as a tiger. God experimented with both of them, did as well as he could with a slug, but he had a poor subject. If he was to do it all over again, he'd probably leave out working on slugs. A tiger is heroic. You've got to have an heroic conception or your music misses fire. These Maeterlinck characters aren't heroic; they're just a distressed crowd out of a psychopathic ward. Composers ought to have sense enough to let them alone. Maybe you see what I mean."

It was strange he used the word "heroic." That was one of Miss Clisbee's words.

"Well, you make me think," she said. "I like your idea."

"Yes, I believe it's a good idea. Do you come up here often?"

"Pretty often, yes, when it's not too hot."

"Will you tell me your name? Mine's Lounsbury, Sidney Lounsbury."

"Agnes Clisbee."

"I think I've heard of you."

"No, you haven't either. There's nothing on earth you could have heard about me. I'm a stenographer. I don't work in an office, but I'm a stenographer. I take dictation from an author."

"Oh, from an author, eh? Does he pay you your salary? Most authors I know never have a red cent. I make out better than those writing fellows. I do ornamental iron work and some wood carving. Big iron gates and that sort of thing. Like to look at some of my stuff? I do it very well; it's interesting. This concert will be over by half-past ten. You come along with me to my studio, and I'll show you. What do you say, Miss Clisbee?"

"I—"

She stopped. The brass choirs of the orchestra played the opening theme of the prologue to "Pagliacci." The woodwinds replied. A soloist was to sing. It was light and pleasant music, but Miss Clisbee was not listening.

How naturally she and the animated little Sidney Lounsbury had met and talked! Their meeting was like a fated thing; that was it, she thought—like a fated thing. They met and talked and were intimate at once, because the event had been meant for them. You were not superstitious if you believed that certain meetings were meant for you. You had to believe that something was meant for you or there would be no hope in your heart to urge on its beating. Your heart would stop, for, obviously enough, most meetings were without meaning.

It was a bit outrageous that he had asked her to come at once and look at his work. No, it was not outrageous; it was natural. It was natural if there was meaning in their meeting. She would not go. Yes, she would go. . . .

Bossom grinned, and his yellow eyes glittered maliciously. Miss Clisbee decided that it would be unfair to consider him an evil man, for he could be kind. But he had low instincts and very little imagination. His trouble was this: he was poverty-stricken, poverty-stricken in spirit.

"Well, well, Miss Clisbee!" he interrupted her. "A while ago I told you that I knew nothing about you. You're secretive. Now I'd never have guessed that you'd go to a concert and get yourself picked up by a blacksmith. And then trot off the same evening to the blacksmith's shop. Very compromising, my dear lady, very compromising! It's the sort of thing I write about, only a little more fantastic. Then I suppose he insulted you."

"No, it's not at all the sort of thing you write about," said Miss Clisbee quietly.

She stood in the studio and looked at a grille that he was making for a banker who was building a chapel in his house. She was reminded of older days; this was beautiful handicraft. She told her new friend that it was beautiful. She was very glad that she had come with him to the studio.

"Yes," he said, "it's good work; it's very good work. Nowadays I don't get a chance to do as much of it as I'd like to. I have to fool round with other things."

"Why do you have to fool round with other things?"

"I have to live. The fellows don't have as much money as they used to have. They're not buying. It was better before the War—and right after."

Something grew a little rigid in Miss Clisbee's spirit.

"I should think you'd do the work you want to do," she said.

"Don't you ever smoke? Can't I

give you a drink? Hmm—yes, you might think that, Miss Clisbee . . . Agnes. . . . I'm going to call you Agnes. I used to think I'd always do exactly what I wanted to do. But they knock the spirit out of you. I mean people, things that happen to you. I tried it too far, and they jammed me in prison."

Her face relaxed into bewilderment, and Lounsbery laughed.

"Oh, it wasn't over my work, although the same principle applies. It was about going to war. I objected. I said 'no.' They put me in Leavenworth. It wasn't funny. We won't talk about it."

What remained of chill in Miss Clisbee's emotions and what remained of bewilderment were replaced by a glow that amounted almost to exultation. Oh, surely, that meeting in the Stadium was intended, was fated! For here, at last, was a man able to do the brave and difficult thing rather than the easy and evasive thing. In the war days it had been easier, for example, to take up arms than to refuse uniform and rifle. Men were roosters; they loved to strut; they were forever puffing out their chests in heroic attitudes. Their weakness for mock heroics—that was part of their poverty of spirit. So the passionately romantic Miss Clisbee, who had a nature able to deny itself love when love fell short of passionate romance, said to her friend:

"We *won't* talk about it. But you see, we don't need to because I understand. That was brave of you, you must let me say that much. They called the ones who went to war 'heroes.' They had to go to war. You can't pass a law to make heroes."

Lounsbery's black eyes were very alive. And his cheeks were flushed. He really, thought Miss Clisbee, looked ill, looked feverish. In the prison what had they done to this

brave man? Oh, she had read of horrors, degrading cruelties. Others with the courage like his own to be there had died there. He had come out alive, but she could see plainly that he was very ill.

She wanted to cherish him, she wanted to heal him, she wanted to give him her own vitality. Never in her life had Miss Clisbee smiled with provocation at a man or, passing on the street, given any man an inviting glance. She was incapable of these trifling acts, so naturally performed by thousands of other women, because she was too serious for trifling.

There was very little humor in her. Courage and humor are seldom joined. She had courage. Courage is foolhardy. It might have occurred to Miss Clisbee that she was possibly unattractive to Sidney Lounsbery—that is, unattractive in her face and body. Being foolhardy, she had no room in her head for such a thought. She was unable to flirt with a man, but she was able to take one in her arms. She turned to Sidney and put her arms round him. Taller than he, she had to stoop a trifle to kiss him.

"You were too quick for me," he said. "I'm ashamed."

"I was too quick for you?"

"Yes, you were. I wanted to kiss you myself. But I was a little afraid of you."

A little afraid of her—that made no sense; it sounded comic. However, she was too serious to do more than smile. And her emotions had suddenly fatigued her; she sank down on the cushions of an armchair. Vaguely she noticed that the arms felt gritty against her fingers and palms. He lived in disorder; he needed little things done for him; he couldn't properly care for himself.

Now he leaned on the chair arm and stroked her hair.

"I think you're very lovely," he said.

"You're wrong, Sidney."

"Yes, you're a lovely woman."

"Do you think so? I'm not lovely. But I suppose you're really going to think so, Sidney. We're going to be in love with each other."

"We are."

She told some of this to Bossom because he had seen tears drop on her notebook. You couldn't keep all that misery inside of yourself. Telling about it eased the stress of it.

Tears had dropped down on her notebook, for after knowing him a month, she had quarrelled with Sidney Lounsbery. She accused him of deceiving her. The accusation did not contain the usual, vulgar reference; Miss Clisbee was not talking of another woman.

She was talking of a deception much less obvious, yet obvious enough.

That first night in his studio she made a decision to do something for his comfort. Sidney submitted to what she did because he cared enough for this unusual woman to be tolerant. She made him abominably uncomfortable, while he kept his complaints to himself. She cleaned up his quarters; she put things away. It may be curious, but a disorderly man likes disorder. Miss Clisbee was woman enough never to understand anything of that. What she did for her lover was probably pretty exasperating.

And she pestered him about his health. He was forever catching cold, so Miss Clisbee set about, as she put it, to build him up. Eggs were beaten into milk; he found this a slippery, loathsome mixture, but out of his fondness for Miss Clisbee he summoned the fortitude to swallow it. His general diet was surveyed and regulated. Here, however, he was spared the worst, for Miss Clisbee was too sensible in practical concerns to

go in for fads; there was no distressing nonsense about starches, proteins, vitamins, and calories.

It was irritating to be regulated, put in order, yet it was also amazing and wonderful. Lounsbery understood that Miss Clisbee loved him deeply, yes, ecstatically. The power of her love lifted her spirit to a plane of sustained exaltation. So what he saw was not one woman but two women. There was the exalted woman and there was the practical woman. Somehow these two quite different creatures were wonderfully, amazingly, compatible.

Getting order into Lounsbery's exterior life was no trifling task. She tackled the gross problems first. They had known each other a month before she had come to such a fine detail as arranging a jumbled kitchen midden of letters, documents, and odd papers.

Bossom was always drunk over the week-end, so Miss Clisbee ordinarily had Monday free. It was on a Monday afternoon that she discovered the photograph.

Lounsbery was not in the studio. Alone there, Miss Clisbee stared at a snapshot of her lover, who wore the olive-drab uniform of an infantry private in the United States Army. Then he had lied to her!

Her cheeks went white. For she was as shocked by the sight of Lounsbery in that uniform as she might have been by the sight of Lounsbery in the arms of another woman. You center your love upon some outstanding quality you have found or it may be imagined, in your lover; and then all the qualities of your love cluster about that symbol. It becomes the pole, the nucleus, of love. The discovery of your lover in the arms of another woman destroys a symbol of fidelity. Miss Clisbee's discovery of her lover in a uniform destroyed a

symbol of heroism. And unhappily for Miss Clisbee, love and the lover had necessarily to be heroic.

Weakened by emotion as on the first night in that place, she sank into the armchair. The wood of the arms was smooth, polished, under her fingers and palms. In the hall she heard Lounsbery's step and she turned her white face to the door.

He came in and said:

"What is it?"

"This," she said.

Lounsbery glanced at the snapshot. For a moment his black eyes were lusterless with bewilderment. Then suddenly he felt that he understood.

"Oh!" he cried. "I see. I understand. It's not what you think, darling. You think I lied to you, don't you, darling? No, I didn't lie to you. It's just this, darling: I never told you the whole story. Sooner or later you'd have heard it. It's not something I like very much to talk about."

"Better tell me now."

"Yes, I'll tell you now, of course. You see, I refused to be drafted; remember, I told you that, darling? They jammed me into Leavenworth. I was stubborn, I thought I could do as I pleased, I actually thought I could beat them. But it wasn't possible to beat them. One man, one man alone, can't beat a whole nation. I won't tell you what they did to me. You can imagine; you read about those things. If you're humiliated enough and tormented enough, I don't care what your spirit is to begin with, they'll break it. You wake up some morning and you find you don't have any spirit. It's gone. You say to yourself, 'I don't care.' You don't care; you'd as lief do one thing as another. They came round and said, 'Well, how about it now?' I was past caring. I said, 'Yes.' They put me in a uniform, and I was sent East to Camp Dix. That was in New Jersey.

I was sick all the time I was there. I never got to France."

He went over to her chair and he took up her two hands. They were limp; they had the form of hands but no substance.

"You see now, darling? You understand?"

No, Miss Clisbee did not understand. The central quality of her lover, the pole round which all the qualities of her love clustered, had vanished. Sidney Lounsbery, standing before her, holding her limp hands, was just another man poor in spirit. At the moment she was unable to discern in him another quality that might polarize her love. She felt herself as bereft as if he had suddenly been stricken dead. She said very little and in a few moments she left the studio.

Bossom told her plainly that she was a fool. He said:

"You've got to learn this, my dear lady: you can't be in love with a stuffed shirt. Now I know that what I first thought about you is true: you're cut out to be an old maid. Old maids are always looking round for a stuffed shirt. That's why they never find a man. If they could be in love with a man, they'd take him for whatever he happened to be. I think we better get on with the dictation. Or, no, damn it, I can't work to-day. I don't suppose you can either. Put on your hat and get out of here."

Miss Clisbee went home. As she came into her apartment she heard the telephone ringing. It was not the first time during this terrible week that Sidney had called her. This time he said:

"Surely, Agnes, there was *something* real in what you felt for me!"

And Miss Clisbee gasped. The same words can be meaningless at one

moment and magical at another, and just at this moment Sidney Lounsbery had uttered magic. His words entered into her spirit like torches; they lighted her understanding. Oh, it was true, there *was* something real in what she felt for him! The hero was gone; no longer was there a symbol to focus her love. Her emotions were disordered, spread about, but they remained; her love remained.

"I love you," she told him, "and I'm coming to you."

She went to him and found him ill in his bed.

The next day she telephoned to Bossom and told him it was impossible for her to come to work, perhaps for several days.

Bossom saw nothing of Miss Clisbee for a week. When at last she appeared he left unspoken all that he had been saving up to tell her, for her expression closed his lips. At once he understood that she had experienced some astounding adventure. What it might have been escaped him. She looked as if she had suffered intolerably yet had been somehow exalted by her suffering.

She took up her notebook, and they went to work. They worked until the middle of the afternoon.

"That's all," said Bossom, closing a sentence. "And thank God! What a foul trade! You can go now, Miss Clisbee."

Adjusting her hat, she stood at the mirror.

Bossom stared at her and said:

"You don't mean to tell me you've had another crazy quarrel? If you have, forget it. You settled one quarrel; you can settle another."

"This can't be settled. It's over."

"Don't be a fool, Miss Clisbee."

"I'm not a fool. I tell you this can't be settled. Do you know why? I'll tell you why. He's dead."

Bossom could find nothing to say. It was Miss Clisbee who spoke.

"Pneumonia," she said.

And after a pause she began to speak as if she were reciting, as if she had memorized the words. There was a kind of stagestruck agitation in her voice.

"You see," she explained, "he was once a soldier. He was sick and never got to France. I know all about him; he was a brave man. If he'd been able to get to France, they'd have found out he was a brave man. I know what he would have done; he was gallant. When he died I bought a flag."

She stopped.

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Clisbee."

"Just that. I bought a flag. It was the biggest flag I could buy, and I wrapped him in it with my own hands."

So she had recovered her necessary hero! She had imagined a fresh focus for her love. It sounded silly to Bossom. He wanted to laugh. She had no humor, she was a fool. No, damn it, he didn't want to laugh. It was silly, but it was something else. Now when she wrapped that flag round the little blighter she probably stood up, looked away, and then saw her hero marching. By Heaven! there was a story in that! She saw her hero marching . . . if he was not a brave man, she, at least, was a brave woman . . . she had brave dreams. . . . There was a story in that. Some day, if someone would let him write something serious, he'd write it.



RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

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A FEW scientific men have been outspoken either for or against religion, but until recently there existed no available knowledge concerning the attitude of the great majority of them toward religion, and opinions were disconcertingly contradictory. Curiosity as to the beliefs of scientific men is justified, for they enjoy great influence in the modern world, even in matters religious.

The purpose of this paper is to set forth statistical information gathered in 1933 regarding the attitude of the American men of science toward the two central beliefs of the Christian religion: a God influenced by worship, and immortality.

The significance of these statistics is greatly increased by the tabulation of the results according to the different branches of science and by the separation of the more from the less distinguished men. How that separation was made will be said in the proper place. Moreover, a comparison will be made, group by group, of the statistics secured in 1933 with similar statistics gathered in 1914. To this will be added the outcome of a less extensive investigation referring to the same beliefs among college students.

I am well aware that statistics may not claim immunity from scrutiny. The reader will want to know what reliance he is to place on the figures about to be offered him, and whether

they are valid, as I claim, for *all* the American men of science. I must, therefore, give a brief description of the way in which the statistics were gathered.

It would not have done to inquire simply: "Do you believe in God?" That would not have been a sufficient designation of the object of the inquiry, for there are different conceptions of God. There is, for instance, that of Robert A. Millikan, Nobel Prize winner for 1923. Science, says he, shows us a "universe that knows no caprice, a universe that can be counted upon; in a word, a God who works through law. . . . The God of science is the Spirit of rational order and of orderly development." That is substantially what the great philosopher of the 17th century, Spinoza, had said: "By the help of God I mean the fixed and unchanging order of nature." One should, of course, be careful not to confuse the "Spirit of rational order" with the God who demands worship and answers the supplicant. The God of Millikan and of Spinoza cannot be influenced by supplication, adoration, etc.; he is not the God of our Churches. Strange to say, the old philosopher was persecuted for atheism, while the modern scientist is acclaimed as a defender of religion!

I submitted to the American scientists for acceptance or rejection the following three statements: "(A) I be-

lieve in a God to whom one may pray in the expectation of receiving an answer. By 'answer' I mean more than the natural, subjective, psychological effect of prayer. (B) I do not believe in a God as defined above. (C) I have no definite belief regarding this question."

I chose to define God as given above because that is the God worshipped in every branch of the Christian religion. In the absence of belief in a God who hears and sympathizes with man, and who, under certain conditions, answers his prayers, traditional worship could not go on. It appeared to me, therefore, of the greatest interest to secure definite information regarding the prevalence of that belief among scientists and students.

Many of the disbelievers in the God defined were annoyed that I had not provided a way for them to say in what other God they placed their faith. They feared that a negative answer to statement (A) would class them among the materialists—to them a very obnoxious company. For, although these disbelievers reject the God of the religions, they are at one with most contemporary philosophers in placing a spiritual Power at the root of the Universe. A distinguished chemist wrote, for instance, in a note added to his answers: "I cannot subscribe to statement (A), but I, nevertheless, believe in a God. To classify me as one who does not believe in a God as here defined would be misleading to anyone who has not carefully noted how you define God." Very well, let us not call this man an atheist; let us speak more discriminately, and say only that he does not believe in the kind of God worshipped in the religions. Praising God, supplicating him for the good things one may want, returning thanks for his assistance, seem to this man a futile behavior, because, as many of my correspondents said, "God is not

moved to action by my desires or my feelings; he acts according to his laws." For one who holds that conception of God, a conception widely prevalent among scientific men, the way to secure one's desires is to discover the laws of the Universe (psychical, biological, and physical) and then to conform one's behavior to them.

I wish I might say how many of the disbelievers in the God of the Churches are, nevertheless, anti-materialists. Unfortunately, in order to make the task of my correspondents easy, I had to restrain my curiosity.

Regarding immortality three statements, corresponding to those referring to God, were presented. The first read: "I believe in continuation of the person after death in another world." Thus both belief in the survival of the self with a body of some sort, and survival of the self without a body, are included in the affirmation of that statement. Whereas, what is sometimes called "social immortality," *i.e.* the continuation of the influence of a person after death upon persons still living, is not.

Dr. Cattell's *American Men of Science* provided me with the needed list of scientists. The latest edition (1933) includes about 23,000 names, which means that every person who had the slightest claim to it found a place in that directory. But sending a questionnaire to so many people would have been too arduous an undertaking. Neither was it necessary. According to the experimental findings of statisticians, the answers of even one-tenth of a group, when it includes several hundred individuals, yield results very like those which would be obtained if every individual in the group had answered—this, providing no vitiating selection in the choice of the tenth has taken place. Polling a sufficiently large proportion of the group, while avoiding the "sampling" error, was then the first

condition to be realized in order to get valid statistics.

Because of the widely different size of the classes into which I divided them, or for other practical reasons, the proportion of scientists to whom the questionnaire was sent was not the same in every class. It was least in the two largest, designated here as "physicists" and "biologists." In the first I included all the scientists concerned with inanimate matter—physicists proper, chemists, geologists, astronomers, engineers, etc.; in the second, all those concerned with living matter—biologists proper, physiologists, bacteriologists, botanists, horticulturists, etc. One tenth of these two very large classes received the questionnaire. As to the teachers of sociology and of psychology, and those engaged in research in these two fields, about half of them received it.* In order to avoid the sampling error, those to be included in the inquiry were chosen in every instance by a rule of chance.

A second condition for trustworthy statistics had to be fulfilled: answers had to be obtained from a sufficiently large proportion of those who got the questionnaire. I succeeded in securing, in each class, answers from at least 75 per cent. Among the sociologists and the psychologists the proportion rose to 83 per cent; and, among the 50 "more distinguished" representatives of the latter class, it reached 90 per cent.

Had those who received and did not answer the questionnaire answered it, the figures would not have been

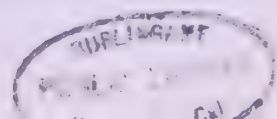
* The term "sociologist" is used so widely and loosely that I found it advisable to consider only the teachers in colleges and universities, and those occupied in sociological research. About half of these were marked off, according to a rule of chance, in the last published membership list of the American Sociological Society (1931), making altogether 157 names to whom the questionnaire was sent.

A similar procedure was followed for the psychologists. From the last Year Book (1933) of the American Psychological Association, 114 names were singled out from among the active members who teach psychology or are engaged in research. To these were added, in a way to be explained later, 50 names to make up the group of the greater psychologists.

changed in any important degree, because the delinquents were not numerous enough and, more especially, because there is no reason to suppose that they were not distributed in about the same way as those who answered. A few of them were absent or ill and could not answer. As to the others, they did not take the trouble to do so because they thought (mistakenly, as it proved) that nothing could come out of the inquiry; or, that it were better if people did not know what scientists believe; or, more commonly, they were too busy or too indifferent.

Several returned the questionnaire with remarks intended to justify their refusal to answer: "Most of those who believe in God will answer an inquiry like this. Most of those who do not believe in God will put it in the waste basket. How are you to draw any conclusion?" It turned out, however, that over half of all the scientific men who answered are disbelievers and, in certain classes, a much larger proportion. Another wrote: "I am refraining from complying with your request because I believe that real harm is done in announcing to the world the opinions of scientists relative to religious matters."

Several refused to answer because, as I had occasion to remark before, by limiting their answers to the statements offered them, they could say only what they did not believe and not what they did believe: "Forgive me if I return your inquiry unanswered. It is not because of indifference, but only because I could not, in answering any of the questions, give any fair expression of my own attitude toward God and immortality." This person and a few others did not answer because they wanted to be asked other questions! It is worth noticing that the instances of refusal to answer, in which a reason was given, came obviously from disbelievers in the God defined.



We come at last to the results of the inquiry. Let it be recalled that the term "physicist" denotes all the scientists concerned with inanimate matter and the term "biologist" all those concerned with living matter. In the following table, as in all the others, the figures are percentages of the total number of those who answered.*

THE BELIEF IN GOD

	<i>Believers</i>	<i>Disbelievers</i>	<i>Doubters</i>
Physicists	38	47	16
Biologists	27	60	13
Sociologists	24	67	9
Psychologists	10	79	12

If class distinctions are disregarded and all the scientists put together, one gets 30 per cent of believers in a God moved to action by the traditional Christian worship: supplication, thanksgiving, songs of praise, etc.; 56 per cent of disbelievers; and 14 per cent of doubters.

The order in which the four classes of scientists place themselves with regard to the proportion of believers should by no means be disregarded. The scientists concerned with inanimate matter come first with the largest percentage (38 per cent), and those concerned with the mind come last (10 per cent); the biologists and the sociologists occupy intermediary positions. Does a knowledge of animal and plant life make belief in an interventionist God difficult, while psychological learning makes it almost impossible? These figures provide food for serious reflection, but before commenting upon their significance, let us consider the statistics on immortality.

II

Probably all the uncivilized believe in continuation after death; it is for them a fact as firmly established as the

reality of the objects about them. But it would be a mistake to think that they desire it; their own survival leaves them indifferent. Not so, however, the survival of those who have preceded them in the Other Life; their doings and intentions are a source of much anxiety to those who have remained behind.

Among the civilized the situation is different: many who desire immortality cannot persuade themselves of its truth; and some who do not want it hold it to be inescapable. Desires and belief do not always pull in harness!

The history of immortality shows that it is extraordinarily difficult to understand how a being can exist in a satisfactory way without a body of some sort. The uncivilized did not think it possible, and so they did their utmost to prevent the body from falling to pieces at death. They embalmed it and, when they could, protected it with massive, indestructible monuments. The early Christians were not better able than the old Egyptians to understand the continuation of life without a body; its resurrection was set down in the creeds as an article of faith, and present-day theologians continue to struggle with the problem.

Many Fundamentalists accept the view of Tertullian, a Church Father of the second century, who held that the celestial body has the form and appearance of the earthly one. Asked of what use the teeth could be in heaven since the Blessed did not eat, he replied that they served to illumine an eternal smile.

As to the Modernists, they continue, on the whole, in verbal agreement with the creeds. They hold, however, that the celestial body is something utterly different from the earthly one. But how different? Here they get into a bad muddle. "We believe for certain in the resurrection of the body," said the English Bishop Gore. "This does

* The total of the believers, disbelievers, and doubters in any group should be 100; but as I counted as one the halves and the fractions over the half and dropped the other fractions, the sum may be 101 or 99.

not mean that the particles of our former bodies, which have decayed, will be collected again; but it means that we in our same selves shall be re-clothed in a spiritual body." Unfortunately, the two words "spiritual body" and "body" flatly contradict each other: what is spirit is not body, and what is body is not spirit. Nevertheless, that unintelligible expression, "spiritual body," gives satisfaction to a great many.

Another English theologian, Canon B. H. Streeter, struggling with the same difficulty, throws out this venturesome suggestion: "We may suppose that during our life on earth we are, although we know it not, building up an unseen celestial body, which is a sort of counterpart of our earthly body. Or, again, we may hold that the death of this body is the very act of birth of a new body." Dr. S. D. McConnell, the American Episcopal divine, looks to the wisdom of the East for help. He speaks of an "astral" body. That is a body "material to be sure, but compacted of a kind of matter which behaves quite differently from that which our sense perceptions deal with." Others prefer to "astral" the term "ethereal," for it is a term upon which science has conferred a high degree of respectability.

The difficulty involved in the survival of a soul able to enjoy an active existence without some sort of material body is so great, and the contradiction involved in the expression "spiritual body" is so undeniable, that modernists like Professor William Adams Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, prefer to stop with the bare affirmation of the survival of the *personality*; thus they get over an insurmountable difficulty by ignoring it. It remains that for these theologians, as the Reverend Dr. Fosdick has remarked, an instrument seems necessary for the "effective execution of our social purposes in the Other Life."

The would-be believer in immortal-

ity is beset by another enormous difficulty: not any kind of existence is desirable. Life in heaven could not be mere contemplation, for life means activity; eternal immobility would not be life. And such an occupation as twanging harps at the feet of the Lord during all eternity would be an unbearable pastime—if not immediately, then after the first few hundred years. What might be a worthwhile occupation for heavenly souls? Dr. Fosdick, without specifying farther, speaks of the "execution of our social purposes in the Other Life." To what social purposes might efforts be directed in order to make life eternally endurable?

The impossibility of conceiving a kind of celestial life which could last forever and be satisfactory has compelled the keenest among the religious leaders to say, in effect, that the best we can do here, as with the question of the soul's body, is to refuse to think about it. They agree with Dr. van Dusen: "Concerning the nature of life after death we know practically nothing save one thing—and we want to know only one thing—that it is good." There are, of course, others in high positions who want to know, and think they know, much more. Bishop Manning, of New York, for instance, knows nearly as many details concerning the other life as the uncivilized who picture the ghosts as very much like the individuals on earth. Says the Bishop: "When I enter there (heaven) I shall be myself. This personality, these tempers and tastes, this character that I am forming here will be mine there. I shall be seen as myself, and I shall be judged by what I am, I shall know my dear ones in the other life. I shall see and be seen, I shall speak and be spoken to." (Easter Sermon, 1931.)

The motives for believing in immortality must indeed be compelling if, despite the well-nigh insuperable difficulties offered by the destruction of the

body at death and by the impossibility of conceiving a satisfactory life after death, men in very large numbers believe in its reality. Outside of a general aversion for extinction, the most powerful of these motives are doubtless the cravings for the vindication of justice and for the continuation of love—two things to which supreme value is attached.

In a general way the scientific men who believe in the God of the religions believe also in immortality; the two beliefs usually go together. The proportion of believers is nearly equal: 33 per cent for immortality and 30 per cent for God. But there is a much smaller number of downright disbelievers in immortality: 41 per cent against 56 per cent. This difference is compensated by a markedly larger number of doubters in immortality, so that when disbelievers are added to doubters one gets almost identical figures for immortality and for God: 67 per cent against 70 per cent. Apparently the problem of life after death leaves scientific men more often perplexed than the problem of a God in social communication with man.

The several classes of scientists remain in the same order in the table on immortality as in the one referring to God: the physicists head the list with the largest proportion of believers (41 per cent) and the psychologists close it with the smallest (9 per cent).

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

	Believers	Disbelievers	Disbelievers and Doubters
Physicists	41	32	60
Biologists	29	44	71
Sociologists	25	48	75
Psychologists ...	9	70	91
All together	33	41	67

III

It had occurred to me that it might be worth while to find out what differences there are in matters of religious

belief between scientists of different degrees of eminence. It would, of course, have been impossible for me to make the separation. Even had I been competent, it would have been inadvisable: I might have been suspected of prejudice in the choices I should have made. Fortunately, a certain proportion of the names listed in *American Men of Science* are starred; they are the names of the more distinguished men. How Dr. Cattell made the selection may be found in that book. I might say, however, that it was, in each science, the joint work of a dozen prominent men in that science.*

THE BELIEF IN GOD

	Believers	Disbelievers	Disbelievers and Doubters
Lesser Physicists ...	43	43	58
Greater Physicists ..	17	60	83
Lesser Biologists ...	31	56	69
Greater Biologists ..	12	76	88
Lesser Sociologists .	30	60	70
Greater Sociologists	20	70	80
Greatest Sociologists	5	95	95
Lesser Psychologists	13	74	87
Greater Psychologists	2	87	98
All Lesser Scientists	35	51	65
All Greater Scientists	13	71	87

In every one of the four classes the more eminent men provide a much smaller percentage of believers. That this is not an accident is made evident by the statistics on immortality and by the investigation of 1914.

Why this unflinching difference in every branch of science between the more and the less eminent men? Why this wholesale rejection of immortality and of the God of the religions by the most distinguished scientific men? Be-

* The group of the Greater Physicists numbered 215 persons, and that of the Greater Biologists 171.

It has already been said in a footnote that the membership list of the American Sociologist Society was used, instead of Dr. Cattell's directory, to make a list of 157 sociologists. With the help of four distinguished sociologists, 49 persons were selected out of that list to constitute two groups, one of the Greater and one of the Greatest Sociologists. Forty out of these 49 eminent sociologists answered the questionnaire.

The group of the Greater Psychologists was made up of the 50 starred names added since 1906 to the psychologists already starred in the edition of *American Men of Science* of that date.

fore venturing an answer, let us complete the presentation of the facts at hand. There remains for us to consider the statistics gathered in 1914 and to compare them with those just presented.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

	Be- lievers	Dis- believers	Disbeliev- ers and Doubters
Lesser Physicists	46	29	55
Greater Physicists	20	43	80
Lesser Biologists	32	40	68
Greater Biologists	15	62	86
Lesser Sociologists	31	40	69
Greater Sociologists ...	10	60	90
Greatest Sociologists ..	10	70	90
Lesser Psychologists ...	12	65	88
Greater Psychologists ..	2	79	98
All the Lesser Scientists	37	36	62
All the Greater Scientists	15	56	85

Many have found pleasure in affirming that since the War there has been an increase of religious belief. One may, probably, understand "religious belief" in such a way as to make that statement true. But if one has in mind the two cardinal beliefs with which we are concerned, the data I have gathered tell another tale.

The investigation made in 1914 was carried out in the same way as that of 1933. The edition of 1906 of *American Men of Science* (then the most recent one) was used, and the statements submitted to the scientists were identical in both investigations. A number of names appear, of course, in both the editions of 1906 and 1933. What we are comparing is, therefore, not two altogether different sets of men, but the scientific men living in 1914 with those living in 1933.

It is the first time that such a comparison is possible. For many years past the civilized world has been in possession of exact information regarding the variations of population, of wealth, of industrial production, etc.; and has, therefore, been able to guide its policies and activities in the light of that knowledge. But regarding

changes of religious belief and, for that matter, of any kind of conviction, we have had until now only opinions, often conflicting and, in any case, worthless when exact knowledge was wanted.

Now for the first time we are in possession of a solid, if limited, basis of information regarding the modifications in religious convictions which have taken place in large and influential bodies of men. The importance of that knowledge will not be denied by those who realize that the course of human events not only determines beliefs, but is also determined by them.

In the inquiry of 1914 the believers amounted to 42 per cent, against 30 per cent in 1933; the disbelievers to 42 per cent, against 56 per cent; and the doubters to 17 per cent, against 14 per cent. A marked increase in unbelief during the last two decades is thus recorded. That increase does not appear only in an average of all the scientists; it appears also in each of the different classes, and in the more as well as in the less distinguished groups, with the single exception of the Lesser Sociologists, where the figures are almost the same.

THE BELIEVERS IN GOD

	Lesser Scientists		Greater Scientists	
	1914	1933	1914	1933
Physicists ..	50	43	34	17
Biologists ..	39	31	17	12
Sociologists	29	30	19	13
Psychologists	32	13	13	12

Corresponding differences appear in the statistics for immortality:

THE BELIEVERS IN IMMORTALITY

	Lesser Scientists		Greater Scientists	
	1914	1933	1914	1933
Physicists ..	57	46	40	20
Biologists ..	45	32	25	15
Sociologists	52	31	27	10
Psychologists	27	12	9	2

In every group, without exception, the figures for 1933 are considerably smaller than those for 1914. It should be noted also that, both with regard to God and immortality, the order in

which the four classes arrange themselves with regard to the proportion of believers is the same in the two investigations.

IV

If it may be said that the foregoing statistics represent adequately the prevalence of the belief in the God of the religions and in personal immortality among *all* the men of science, the same claim may not be made for the statistics of students; for my investigation, in so far as reportable here, was limited to two colleges. One of them, College A, is of high rank and moderate size. Its students come from families divided in their affiliation between all the important Protestant denominations, and its spirit is probably as religious as that of the average American college. College B is, as to religion, much less nearly representative; it is definitely radical in its leanings.

In 1933, 93 per cent of the students of College A and almost as large a proportion of those of College B answered the questions on God. In College A, there were 31 per cent of believers in God, 60 per cent of disbelievers, and 10 per cent of doubters. In College B, the corresponding proportions were 11 per cent, 74 per cent and 15 per cent.

A decrease in the number of believers takes place in both colleges as the students pass from the freshman to the senior class. In the radical College B, believers have almost disappeared by the time the students have reached the senior class:

THE BELIEVERS IN GOD, 1933

	<i>College A</i>	<i>College B</i>
Freshmen	34	20
Sophomores	37	14
Juniors	30	6
Seniors	20	5
All together	31	11

I am unfortunately unable to give an account of an earlier, more extensive investigation of the belief in God among students. I can say, however,

that the proportion of believers in an interventionist God was considerably larger in College A in 1914 than in 1933.

Confirmation of my findings referring to students comes from Professor Floyd Allport and Dr. Daniel Katz. In 1926 they carried out a comprehensive statistical investigation of the attitudes and beliefs of the students of Syracuse University. It bears upon personal ideals, sex relations, moral standards, church attendance, religious beliefs, etc. Unfortunately, they did not take up immortality; but the manner in which they formulated the questions regarding God makes possible a comparison of their statistics on this point with my own. I know of no other investigation where that is the case.

When they entered college, 39 per cent of the students of the College of Liberal Arts of Syracuse University (the college numbers about 1,500 students) believed in a God "to be supplicated through worship and prayer," and only 21 per cent when the inquiry was carried out in May, 1926. The time already spent in college by the students when they expressed their convictions had varied, therefore, from nearly one year to nearly four years.

The decrease of belief indicated by my own statistics is less marked, partly probably because a larger proportion of the students arrived at Syracuse University with orthodox beliefs.

Of the students who entered the College of Liberal Arts believing in a God to be worshipped and prayed to, 47 per cent changed to another belief during their college career. Regarding these changes, the authors point out that it is not the atheist group which benefited most, but the groups of believers in a spiritual Being not influenced by prayer.

In 1914 and again in 1933 I secured expressions of conviction on immor-

tality from over 95 per cent of all the students of College A. As to College B, no inquiry was carried out in 1914, but over 90 per cent registered their convictions in 1933. The percentages obtained are as follows:

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY, COLLEGE A

	<i>Believers</i>				<i>Disbelievers and Doubters</i>			
	1914	1933	1914	1933	1914	1933	1914	1933
Freshmen	80	42	15	33	20	58		
Sophomores	76	50	19	30	24	50		
Juniors	60	37	32	37	40	63		
Seniors	70	27	24	47	30	73		
All classes together	39			37		61		

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY, COLLEGE B, 1933

	<i>Believers</i>		<i>Disbelievers and Doubters</i>	
	1914	1933	1914	1933
Freshmen	29	44	72	
Sophomores	20	44	80	
Juniors	14	63	86	
Seniors	5	68	95	
All classes together	18	55	83	

In College B the believers constitute a surprisingly small part of the student body, and their number decreases rapidly as the college years pass. But, as I have already remarked, that institution is not typical of the average American college.

If these statistics, referring either to one or to two colleges only, indicate what is taking place among students in general, it would appear that: (1) The students, in considerable numbers, lose their beliefs as they pass from the freshman to the senior year. (2) During the last twenty years a marked decline in belief has taken place, a decline similar to the one revealed by the statistics of scientists. The first of these diminutions measures changes undergone by individual students during the four years spent in college; the second testifies to the change in beliefs which has taken place during the last two decades in the social circles from which the students come. (3) Both in 1914 and in 1933, the number of believers in God is smaller than that in immortality; this, it will be remembered, was also the case among the scientists.

How far religious beliefs are matters of tradition may be gathered from the fact that in the older investigation (the only one in which this was inquired into) 51 per cent of the believing freshmen admitted that they had never assigned any reason for their belief in immortality. That is not very surprising. One may, however, be astonished at the discovery that three years later, in the senior year, the proportion of naïve believers had been reduced only to 40 per cent. One cannot fairly accuse these mature senior students of being too critical of religious beliefs imbibed in their infancy.

V

The statistics presented in the preceding pages have revealed that the larger proportions of believers are found in the following categories of persons: (1) the scientists who know least about living matter, society, and the mind; (2) the less eminent men in every branch of science; (3) the scientists and the students of twenty years ago; (4) the students in the lower college classes.

What do these facts signify and how are they to be explained? It has been urged in certain quarters that pride is the curse of ambitious men of great mental power, that it blinds them to religious truths visible to the lowly. How could that be true *in general* of men whose task is the discovery and teaching of the truth regarding the universe and man?

That unnatural explanation would, in any case, not account for the decrease in belief when 1914 is compared with 1933, nor for the order in which the four classes of scientists arrange themselves with regard both to belief in God and immortality. In order to account for the constant position of the physicists at the top and of the psychologists at the bottom, with the bi-

ologists and the sociologists between, one must invoke, it seems, the different kinds of knowledge possessed by the several classes. A physicist may think it useless to pray for divine action on physical nature, for he knows that law rules in that sphere. But, because of his comparative ignorance of biological and mental law, he is, in those spheres, more ready to believe in divine action in response to human supplication. The moral life in particular may seem to him outside or beyond the determinism apparent in the physical world, whereas the psychologist has learned that character, no more than the weather, is controlled by fiat, either human or divine.

It will appear to most, I think, that superior knowledge, understanding, and experience constitute a much more likely explanation of the association of disbelief with scientific eminence and with progress in a collegiate career than a blinding pride waxing together with mental ability.

In my opinion, however, there should be added to knowledge and experience another cause of disbelief. Sir Francis Galton, a pioneer in the exact study of traits of personality, wrote in his *English Men of Genius*: "The first of the qualities of especial service to scientific men is independence of character." The discoverer of the new is not likely to be the man enslaved by generally accepted conceptions. To make oneself free from the old, whenever knowledge shows it to be false, requires independence of mind. Other things being equal, the more complete the mental freedom the better the chance of rising in the world of science. Therefore, it is, as Galton found, that men eminent in the intellectual realm are not only men of great intelligence but also of great independence of character.

Now, to set aside the authority of sacred institutions, to break with tradi-

tions hallowed by centuries of veneration and cherished by many to whom one is bound by ties of affection, is not easy to do. Even though knowledge should seem to demand it, a break may not be achieved without a considerable measure of independence. Thus that trait, helpful in attaining eminence in scientific pursuits, is also helpful in freeing oneself from generally accepted religious beliefs when new knowledge condemns them.

A few words may be said in closing on a question probably in the mind of the reader: what will become of the churches if the movement away from the God worshipped in them continues? During the last century the gains in the understanding of matter and of man, and in the diffusion of that knowledge, have increased in something like geometrical progression. If knowledge is, as it seems, a cause of the decline of the traditional beliefs, that decline will presumably continue as long as the increase in knowledge. As to independence of character, it will, of course, continue to exert its influence and, under the liberating action of education, will be increasingly effective.

Unless a reversal of the movement revealed by the statistics—and I do not know on what ground that may be expected—should take place, the churches will continue to lose their already diminished influence and suffer the penalty due to institutions which remain unaltered in a changing world.

In order to be again a vitalizing and controlling power in society, the religions will have to organize themselves about ultimate conceptions that are not in contradiction with the best insight of the time. They will have to replace their specific method of seeking the welfare of humanity by appeal to, and reliance upon divine Beings, by methods free from a discredited supernaturalism.



HOLIDAYING IN THE HIGH ANDES

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

ONE Sunday in July we were gathered at the dinner table in the staff house of a tin mine high up in the Bolivian Andes. The talk ran on our annual vacation, which was already overdue.

"Too bad you won't have time for anything more exciting than the regular trip to the Coast," said the Doctor.

"We're not going to the Coast," my husband announced. "We're going to ride down to the low country—the Yungas."

"What do you want to go there for?" asked the Doctor. "I bet it's Alicia's idea. Pity America was discovered before she had a shot at it."

"I've always wanted to go to the Yungas—I want to see the *balsas* that carry you down to the Amazon and the savages that build them. I want to see bananas and pineapples and *chirimoyas* growing—I particularly want to see a tangerine tree." I defended myself with spirit.

As a matter of fact, ever since my arrival in Bolivia three years earlier I had been obsessed by the urge to visit the Hot Country that lay below our camp. One of my chief delights had been to lean from the rear window of my tent house and watch the slow surge of life up the River Trail—that age-old trail which since the beginning of time has linked the tropical Yungas with the bleak high pampa. When the wind blew icy from the Andean peaks, when heaving banks of cloud mist obscured

the sun, when the thin air bit like a whiplash, I saw romance and mystery in these caravans from a less harsh world. They plodded by—bands of *comerciantes*, driving before them stunted horses with resigned ducks and quarrelsome chickens tied on their backs and baskets of oranges and figs and grapes swinging from their flanks, haughty llamas laden with bulging sacks of coffee and bales of coca, burros so hidden under tins of alcohol that only their plodding little feet and stubborn gray faces showed.

"Well, you won't like it when you get there," the Doctor insisted. "There are no places where you can stop at night, and there's lots of malaria."

"Those savages that make the *balsas*," contributed the Mine Superintendent gloomily, "may shoot at you from behind a tree with poisoned arrows. They're bad eggs."

"Maybe we'll find some good eggs as well." The general pessimism began to annoy me. "You usually can if you take the trouble to look."

"Señoral!" Young Jorge Rodríguez who was being taught idiomatic English by the mine boys, leaned forward eagerly. "In the Yungas you will find eggs of elegance and distinction. It is my home and I know. I shall announce your visit to my kinsmen, and you will see."

So early on a morning less than a week later, when the winter sun shone in a smooth, blue-silk sky and the crisp air was drenched with the smell of

growing mint damp with dew, we sallied forth, headed for this debatable land. My husband, riding big sorrel Diamante, led the way. I followed on my little Flor de Quime. Capitaz, the huge *carga* mule, nuzzled close to my back, and El Correo, with Lucio, the fat muleteer, seated well out on his hindquarters, brought up the rear. Back of us the forbidding, snow-crested wall of the Quimza Cruz Range towered; far below us, through the twisted valley, alluring glimpses of green meadowland beckoned.

Downward we rode, always downward. The sun grew hotter, the air lost its brittle crispness, and the shadow of an occasional tree fell across the naked trail. In a scant hour we had dropped to ten thousand feet, and were trotting along the cobbled street of our nearest pueblo. Grouped about the door of the inn were Don Julio, the landlord, and his wife, Doña María, the *Cura*, the *Corregidor*, and the usual crowd of hangers-on. Word of our adventure had evidently reached Rosario.

We would dismount and refresh ourselves?

With compliments and many thanks, we would not—we had a long journey before us.

Thereupon a little man with a big hat leaped on an impatient black horse that was standing near the hitching post and with a wave of his hat presented himself. He was Don Carlos Rodríguez, *compadre* to our good friend Jorge Rodríguez; and he would conduct us on the first leg of our expedition. He wound up his speech with a quizzical glance at me.

"*La Señora*," he said, "*está muy guapa*."

"*Si, sí*," vouched the spectators enthusiastically, "*La Señora está muy guapa*."

We shook hands all round; the Doña María pinned a bunch of musk roses

on the lapel of my jacket, and patted my back encouragingly.

"*Viva, viva, buen viaje*," roared the crowd.

Lucio, beaming with pride, cracked his *chicote*, and we dashed at a clattering gallop across the cobbled plaza, over a flimsy plank bridge, and into the open trail.

Our adventure had begun.

II

Slowly I opened my eyes. I was lying on my cot (in the outer fringes of civilization one is liable to draw almost any kind of bed or any kind of bed-fellow; so we had brought along folding cots) in what appeared to be a corn loft. Bars of golden sunshine were dancing over the broken board walls and over stacks of dried cobs. Through the door I could see my husband leaning on the rail of a small balcony on which the loft opened. Shutting my eyes, I fished about for my bearings, and bit by bit found myself. We had left camp the day before, we had passed through Rosario, we had ridden for hours and hours and hours down between narrow fields of alfalfa and through long, chilly gorges where the river ran swift and the gnarled trees were festooned with pendulous oriole nests. And finally, well after dark, we had entered the patio of Don Carlos's *finca*. Dimly I remembered eating something, stumbling up to the corn loft, and dropping down on my cot.

Satisfied as to my whereabouts, I proceeded to stretch, but I got no farther than a tentative wriggle of my toes. From the top of my head to the soles of my feet I was one large ache. I hailed my husband.

"Hello," I called, "I think I'll be all right if I lie perfectly still and don't even breathe hard."

He strolled into the loft and looked me over.

"Pretty stiff? That was a whale of a ride yesterday, but you'll be all right after you've moved about a bit. Remember your friends guaranteed you as *guapa*; so don't let them down."

Feeling far from *guapa*—that delightful omnibus word which may signify anything from courageous to ostentatious—I struggled into my breeches and boots and joined my husband on the balcony.

Together we leaned on the rail. The descent of five thousand feet which we had made the day before had brought us into a changed world. The sun shone with tropical heat, the air was thick and soft, and the stillness—the immense, immutable stillness—closed us in like the dome of a bell glass. Far away behind us the white heads of the distant mountains cut the fragile blue of the skyline, but below us—almost under our feet—were new plowed fields and lush meadows and groves of trees. After the tingling sharpness of altitude air, after the constant boom of the river as it hurried by our camp wall, I felt numb and hushed, as though my ears were stuffed with cotton and my bones had turned to jelly.

Don Carlos broke the spell. Suddenly he popped from a door in the lower gallery, and looking up, spied us.

"*Buenos días, Señores,*" he called cheerily. "*Está bien, Señora?*"

I waved my hand and performed a sportive and excruciatingly painful curvet to demonstrate my perfect well-being.

"*Bueno,*" he answered. "Then we must eat."

The dining room, lighted by narrow slits in the thick adobe wall, was dim and clammy. A bench built round the wall, some chairs with rawhide seats, and a long deal table were the only furnishings. An antique Indian woman, her hair swinging to her waist in two matted plaits, hovered aimlessly

about the table, on which was a bowl of whole corn kernels boiled to the bursting point, a bottle of coffee essence, and some discs of native bread. Before sitting down, our host unlocked a small corner cupboard and produced a dish of sugar. Then with a gesture of splendid hospitality, he begged to know precisely what the Señor and his Señora would care to have for breakfast. The Señor, always tactful, assured Don Carlos that he desired nothing save a cup of his famous coffee; but his Señora, in a burst of sheer madness and in defiance of her Señor's frowns and surreptitious nudges, intimated that an egg might go well.

If I had called for peacocks' tongues, the consternation would not have been greater. Don Carlos and the aged Indian entered into a heated conversation in Quichua, which grew more and more furious until at last the antique burst into a flood of tears and scuttled from the room.

"Idiot!" snorted Don Carlos indignantly. "She says there are no eggs. She has doubtless eaten them—she and her worthless brood. *Discúlpeme, Señora, por favor, discúlpeme.*"

I felt thoroughly crushed, but apparently the incident meant nothing to the principals. Don Carlos chatted pleasantly as he arranged cups and poured into each a little of the thick, black coffee essence, made from beans grown on his own plantation. The old woman, still smeared with tears but smiling, returned, holding by her handy *pollera* a kettle of boiling water from which she filled the cups. A barefoot child toddled in from the kitchen with a jug of goat's milk, and the meal was under way.

Breakfast over, as we rested on the lower gallery and sunned ourselves deliciously, Don Carlos made an announcement. It was, he said, unseemly for Gringos of our distinction

to go wandering about the countryside unaccompanied, so he had sent for his nephew, Santiago, to act as cicerone. Santiago would arrive sometime during the day, and we could set out next morning. Despite a mild surge of virtuous justification—hadn't I predicted good eggs in this strange country?—my heart sank. Here we were, all set for adventures, and with this Santiago person chaperoning us, our expedition appeared about as thrilling as a promenade in the park. But then we didn't yet know Santiago.

All that warm, still day we loafed about the *finca*, which, as we knew, was not Don Carlos's home, but merely one of his many farms; for the Rodríguez clan owned practically the entire countryside—hectare upon hectare of land given over to the cultivation of corn and sugar cane and coffee and coca. Most of the younger generation had fared forth into the great world, although they always came back to the land of their fathers; but Don Carlos and his contemporaries seldom left their mountain-girded valley even for a trip to La Paz. It is curious how much these elders of the interior, who never read anything, never go anywhere, and seldom meet strangers, find to talk about—an exemplification of a theory I have long held, which is that reading too much blunts original thought, that seeing too much dulls imagination, and that extreme gregariousness spells certain death to the individual.

For hours we sat on the gallery. The old woman brought her dishpan from the kitchen and, squatting close by, washed the breakfast things and dried them vaguely on her skirt. The mules moved sleepily round the patio, which was also corral, licking now and then at a chunk of gray salt that lay on the ground. Lucio, a dish of boiled corn beside him, lounged with his back against a pepper tree, twang-

ing idly on a *chiranga*. And Don Carlos talked and talked.

After the inevitable inquiries into our health and a report on his own had been attended to, he begged our impressions of the country and particularly of the climate; and when I assured him that both reminded me of California, he was tremendously gratified. He had heard of California, although only as the jewel case of Hollywood, which to the average South American appears to be the equivalent of a Moslem's idea of Paradise. Next to health, I might say, California proved the great conversational open sesame of the entire trip.

This preliminary canter executed, Don Carlos settled down to his real stride. No subject was too large or too small, too delicate or too intimate for his consideration. He told us of the economic conditions in the valley, he spoke of revolutions, he mentioned Indian uprisings. He asked my husband if his teeth were artificial, and he asked me how many children I had, how many I had lost, why my family was so small, and how soon I expected to increase it. He discoursed on the dangers from which the dauntless Santiago would shield us—the *vinchucas*, or giant roaches, which dropped from ceilings on sleepers and sucked their blood, the *murcielagos* or vampire bats, the wild pigs, the panthers, and the vagrant bands of monkeys.

Just as the sun had set and the steaming work horses were crowding into the corral, a great clatter and commotion arose.

"Without doubt this is Santiago," remarked Don Carlos and stood up as the patio gate swung open and a crazy little piebald horse plunged up to the gallery steps. From the horse's back sprang a dynamic young man with flashing eyes and a mane of rampant black hair. He grasped Don Carlos to his bosom in a hasty and perfunctory

embrace, pumped my husband's hand vigorously, and bowed to me. Then, fixing us with a fiery eye, he unleashed in perfect English a flow of conversation that put his chatty uncle to the blush.

He was Santiago Rodríguez, and it would be his privilege to conduct us through the country of his ancestors. We were surprised at his English? He had been educated in North America, in Kansas, to be precise. We observed his physique? He blew out his chest and flexed a forearm. He was a militant prohibitionist and a vegetarian—a disciple of the great Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Michigan. He believed in bran—he leaped to his saddle bags and produced an enormous box—and he intended to make the entire journey on bran and kindred foods.

Don Carlos listened to the tirade, his head cocked on one side like an intelligent bird, a slow, tolerant smile illuminating his face; and when it had been translated into Spanish for his benefit, the smile widened.

"We are having *picante* for dinner," he said gently—"Picante of chicken with *chuña*, very hot with *ají*. Also *empanadas*, and Don Roberto has presented me with beer, which is cooling in the stream."

Santiago's face paled, but he flung back his long hair and answered in a firm, loud voice,

"I shall have corn flakes covered with bran, and pure water. The Señora will no doubt prefer that too. No, Señora?"

Possibly a good egg, this Santiago, but assuredly addled.

III

Eight o'clock next morning found us trotting down the trail bound for the *finca* of Don Jaime, brother of Don Carlos. My body still ached as though it had been pounded, but I had man-

aged to spring into my saddle with such airy grace as to win from Don Carlos unstinted praise.

"*Es verdad*," he said, "*la Señora está muy guapa*."

And now we were coming into real tropical country. Trees were everywhere—feathery pepper trees, orange trees that flung out gusts of heady sweetness, *chirimoya* trees laden with heart-shaped, dark-green fruit, banana trees with dusty, wind-tattered fronds. Our home-garden flowers grew wild here—zinnias, lilies, nasturtiums, scarlet sage, and begonias. Blue and green and yellow butterflies hovered in swarms around each mud hole and as we passed rose in fluttering clouds around us.

The roadside huts were no longer adobe, but bamboo with roofs of thatch. The people, too, were different—paler, more languorous, less friendly. Without greeting they drifted by in the wake of *carga* animals bound up the eastern slope of the Andes, over a pass more than sixteen thousand feet high, and across the pampa to market in Oruro or the small towns on the way.

Along we rode, up shadeless hills, down into cool valleys that smelled of rotting things and magnolias, through slumbrous little pueblos; but always following the river. Mule-back riding can be terribly monotonous, and we might have been bored if it had not been for Santiago.

Santiago was having a simply wonderful time. He reminded me of a light-minded pup. Sometimes he was ahead of us, sometimes he was behind, sometimes he was more or less tangled up in our midst. Once he appeared with his rampant black hair dripping and announced in a voice that he tried to make casual that he had had a swim in the river; on several occasions he walked up steep hills to demonstrate the staying powers of bran; and at odd moments he lectured us on the evils of

alcohol. Whenever we passed a *finca* of any importance we had to turn in to meet the owners—always relatives. A lady wearing pantaloons and riding astride was too much of a museum piece to be allowed to pass unnoticed through a country where nice señoras, if they venture on a horse at all, do so decorously perched on a side saddle with their legs swathed in draperies.

These relatives of Santiago's were distinctly good eggs. They welcomed us with enthusiasm, treated us to tepid wine and little stale cakes, and encouraged us to praise their country. At one place the Patriarch of the family was produced in so startling a manner as to deserve mention. We had been ushered into a small, stifling room in which sat a bevy of aunts. As the ladies seemed content merely to gaze on us, the conversation was on the point of death when the door was thrown open and a barefoot Indian with a sheepskin in his hand rushed in. He tossed the skin on the floor and darted back. I gazed hopefully at the door, and nearly collapsed with excitement when on the threshold appeared four ragged Indians bearing on their shoulders a sort of float on which sat an enormously fat old gentleman draped in a bright red poncho. With convulsive snorts and terrifying lurches the bearers brought up before the sheepskin and, kneeling like so many camels, gently lowered the float until it rested on the skin. The Patriarch was a jolly old thing. After telling us about his high blood pressure, which necessitated the letting of something like a liter of blood every few days, he begged our impressions of the region and the climate; and when I mentioned Hollywood he got so purple with pleasure that I thought he was going to have a stroke on the spot. He besought us to remain with him for a week—for a month if we would—and when we politely declined and finally mounted our

mules, he had his unfortunate bearers carry him down the path to the main trail to wish us *buen viaje*.

What with the social amenities of the trail, darkness had fallen before we arrived at the *finca* of Don Jaime Rodríguez. Don Jaime himself, a little man in a black suit, collarless but sporting a chaste gilt stud in the neckband of his shirt, greeted us and led us into a big dining room lighted by a flickering kerosene lamp, at the same time giving Lucio directions as to where to set up our cots. Apparently everyone knew about our traveling arrangements, and no one at any time tried to induce us to sleep other than in our own beds. Bolivian hosts have tact as well as kindness.

With the coming of night the air had grown brisk and chilly; for despite all our descending we were still a good six thousand feet above sea level; and we were quite ready for the steaming *picante* that awaited us. I was in no condition to sit down—twelve hours' riding is apt to mar one's delight in sitting; but after I had managed to lower myself to the wooden bench that encircled the table, I ate ravenously, though with tears running down my cheeks, for the red hot stew was seasoned for native palates; and at intervals I had to cool my nearly blistered tongue with beer. Suddenly I was interrupted by a strangled groan. It came from Santiago, who with nostrils quivering and eyes humid with desire, sat gnawing away at some dark brown shavings. I knew how a Bolivian feels about his *picante*, and my heart melted—the boy was so young, so childishly dramatic.

"Santiago," I said, "you should eat some *picante*."

"Señora," he replied haughtily, "I am a vegetarian and a total abstainer . . ."

"Oh, I wouldn't tempt you to drink beer, but I don't believe a very little

picante would hurt you. We've had a long ride, and you must keep up your strength. For my sake, Santiago."

"Only for your sake, Señora," he bleated, and almost threw himself into the platter of *picante*.

Leaving the gentlemen to an apparently endless conversation, I called for Lucio and had him conduct me to our quarters. I was sitting on the side of my cot when my husband came up for the night.

"How do you like the boudoir?" I asked.

"Swell!" He looked round appreciatively. Our cots had been set up in an absolutely bare sort of stall arrangement, entirely open on the front and separated from the next stall only by a low partition. Lucio, however, had done his best by us. He had covered the floor with papers, had put a soap box between the cots, and on it had placed my husband's mine lamp and his book.

"A little public—don't you think?" I lifted a sheet of paper off the floor and pointed. Through a wide crack we had an uninterrupted view of the home life of an Indian family below. In a big, frowsy bed three sleeping children sprawled. On a sheepskin thrown on the dark earth floor a screaming baby lay, tossing its skinny arms and legs in what to my practiced eye was evidently a transport of colic. Over a stove constructed of pieces of tin sheeting and rocks a woman knelt, listlessly stirring some stinking mess, while the man of the establishment squatted in a corner tootling away on a reed flute.

"A bit noisy, but you'll get used to it." He popped into his cot, adjusted the lamp, and prepared to read. "I wish you hadn't sicked Santiago on that *picante*. He'd finished four of our bottles of beer when I came up, and there wasn't even a discoloration left on the platter."

"He's keeping up his strength," I answered. "I'm going to sleep."

I didn't though. Just as I shut my eyes and arranged my weary bones in an approximately comfortable position, Don Jaime came to bed in the next stall. With a good deal of noise he made some very personal arrangements for the night, flung himself on a groaning bed and, before you could snap your fingers, burst into the most classic performance of snoring that I had ever heard. It was positively Wagnerian. It included whistles, groans, shouts, snorts, coos, and teeth gritting.

"Do you think we'll get used to that?" I inquired of my placid partner.

"It may deaden the crying of that brat below," he answered. "Don't interrupt me again. I'm trying to read my Spengler."

In the teeth of the snores, the flute music, and the crying, I eventually dropped off, only to be wakened by frightful screams. I lifted the paper and peered down.

"The man below is killing his woman." I prodded my husband, who was sleeping like a child, with Spengler open on his bosom.

"Go to sleep. You're the most restless woman I ever knew," he answered drowsily.

"But listen." A blood-curdling shriek split the lively rondel that Don Jaime was executing.

Reluctantly he leaned over the edge of his cot and inspected the scene below.

"It's just a regular Indian row. It doesn't mean a thing. He'll beat her and she'll scream, and then they'll go to bed as though nothing had happened. There, he's knocked her out. No, she's up and giving him a swat with a chunk of wood. That seems to have settled him. Yes, he's taking off his shoes. That means he's going to bed and the show's over. Do try to get to sleep."

I did try, and after what seemed hours and hours the queer medley of noises blended into a single blurred stream that lulled me into a dreamless sleep.

"Hello." I was awakened by my husband's greeting. I sat up and stretched, and although nothing could convince me that I had slept a wink, I felt rested and exultantly well. The sun shone hotly through the open door of our stall and the air reeked with the sharp, ammoniac smell of horses. Lucio stood on the outside gallery, a bucket of water in his hand.

"Lucio's been telling me about your Flor de Quime. The vampire bats bit her last night, and he thinks we had better stay over a day or two. My private opinion is that he likes the place—he's getting fatter by the minute."

"I don't mind; it's nice here. Where shall I dress?"

"Where do you suppose? This is our room—isn't it?"

"It seems a little open."

"Don't be virginal. Hurry into your clothes and come down to breakfast."

For two heavenly days we remained as guests of Don Jaime. Our stall, I discovered, was part of a rambling group of buildings that surrounded an oblong patio, which was also corral. At the back was a garden—an exquisite garden shaded by paw-paw trees, carpeted with violets, and overflowing with scarlet camellias, frail pink crepe myrtle, enormous fuchsia and heliotrope bushes, and tangled masses of honeysuckle. The long, rolling slopes from the house to the river were planted in coffee—lustrous green bushes more than six feet tall and heavy with satiny red berries. Out in the more open land close to the river were the cane fields, and nearby was a shed proudly spoken of as the *Fábrica de Alcohol*.

One of the most interesting exhibits

of the *finca* was a wheezy, weather-beaten Ford. Its chauffeur was a wild-eyed Indian who cherished such a passion for his charge that he slept on the back seat and ate his meals sitting on the front seat with one arm draped possessively across the wheel. When I first saw the thing I was stunned; for I knew that the nearest approach to an automobile road was close to a hundred miles away.

"How did you get it here?" I asked our host.

"It was transported in pieces on the backs of my Indians, Señora," he answered without batting an eye. "*Muy elegante—no?*"

As a mark of esteem, I was treated to several rides in this vehicle. The only possible course was the twisty bit of road between the house and the *fábrica*, but what with the entirely original technic of the chauffeur, the erratic character of the roadbed, and the almost human depravity of the machine, even this scant half mile was fraught with such hair-raising possibilities that I finally had to tell Don Jaime that my physician had forbidden automobiling on account of my heart. He was very reasonable about it, and said that at times he had thought the machine had hastened the death of his last wife.

I got quite fond of Don Jaime. He was a very active man and less talkative than his brother, but in the evenings, as we sat over our *picante* and beer, he would deliver himself of really excellent and quite illuminating thoughts; and I was distressed when Santiago advised me that his uncle was a villain.

"*Si, Señora,*" he whispered darkly—he had enticed me into the garden and we stood in the shadow of the camellia bushes—"he is a wicked man—a very wicked man."

And he told me the story. Don Jaime, it seemed, had been married three times, always to young and

lovely señoritas, and now, at the mature age of sixty-five, he was arranging a match for himself with a beautiful girl whose father had been so indiscreet as to get into a financial tangle with him. Santiago was distraught. That very morning he had ridden to the nearby pueblo where the victim lived, had talked with her, and had discovered that she was prostrated over the matter.

"She is magnificent, Señora! So lovely, so elegant, so . . ." He hesitated and added almost regretfully, "so pure."

"You'd better leave her alone, Santiago," I said brutally. "I don't believe you'd be much help to the girl and you're bound to get into a mess with your uncle."

He smote his brow, groaned, and vanished into the dusk; and next morning, when we were ready to start, he wasn't in sight. Don Jaime, however, offered to see us on our way a bit.

It was a heavenly morning. Here in the *Ceja de la Montaña*, or Eyebrow of the Mountains, as the region between the upper limits of tree line and the true jungle is called, heavy banks of cloud mist rise from the valley at night, and the crisp, washed morning air gives no hint of the heat that mid-day will bring. By rising at dawn and throwing every atom of our being into the job of getting started, we performed what amounted to a Bolivian miracle—that is, we actually filed out of the patio before seven o'clock.

"We will go through the forest," said Don Jaime, who was in the lead. "The way is rough, but it is reported that the *Señora está muy guapa. No es verdad?*"

"*Sí, Señor,*" I answered modestly. The rest had taken the ache out of my joints, and I could trot along between the dewy coffee bushes not only without pain but with real pleasure.

As we came to the edge of cultivated

ground, we were joined by a dozen or so Indians armed with machetes—small men with long, wild hair, bare feet, and precious little clothing.

"In the *bosque* it is necessary to clear a trail," explained Don Jaime.

Into the forest we advanced, the Indians skirmishing ahead and hacking away swinging lianas and young trees and bushes. The going was slow, and at times we had to dismount and lead our mules; but I didn't mind—everything was so dim and cool and mysterious. The sun, piercing the gray-green roof, fell in dancing bubbles of light on the gray-green ground, gilded the trunks of the trees, and turned the swaying festoons of Spanish moss to fine lace. Pale orchids clung to the tree branches. A flock of parrots rose screaming before the Indians' machetes and circled, splashes of living green, against the fragment of steel-blue sky that showed through a break in the dense leafage.

A rustling and curious grunting noises sounded among the bushes. The Indians stood poised, their wads of coca bulging out their cheeks, their eyes gleaming.

"Wild pigs," said Don Jaime. "*Vamonos.*"

We came to a bluff that dropped dizzily to the river. Its slope was glazed with dried twigs and leaves.

"*Está bien, Señora?*" asked Don Jaime.

"*Bien, gracias,*" I answered with my heart in my mouth.

We dismounted. Lucio had the unruly Capitaz to manage as well as El Correo, and I wasn't going to ruin my reputation by calling for help. With an effort at nonchalance, I wrapped Flor de Quime's bridle around my arm, set my teeth, and started down. I made it, largely on my seat, with the Flor uncomfortably close behind me; and I gasped with relief when I reached level ground. But there was still the river

to ford. I looked at it and I looked at my husband.

"It's all right," he said. "Keep the Flor's head turned upstream, and follow me. Don't watch the water; it'll make you dizzy."

Don Jaime was trying to force his animal into the icy stream that raced by in a whirling, foam-capped torrent; but the mule was nervous and refused to advance. Don Jaime jabbed his spurs into its flanks, the frightened animal wheeled and caracoled on the narrow strand, and the other mules, catching its panic, tried to stampede up the bluff behind us. It was very exciting. Don Jaime roared, my husband roared, Lucio roared, the Indians, watching us from their safe position above, cheered encouragingly, and I did a little whooping myself. At last Don Jaime jockeyed his mount into the water.

"Follow me," he yelled. "Follow close behind me."

With a last struggle Diamante stepped in and Flor de Quime straggled after. Stumbling, slipping, occasionally riding with the swift stream, we worked our way across, and suddenly we were standing in the cool shade of a banana grove, with nothing to remind us of our late peril save the howls of Lucio, who was still trying to break the will of that devil incarnate, Capitaz.

Here in the shady aisles of the banana trees, Don Jaime bade us farewell and urged us to rest at his *finca* on our return, although—there was a hint of playful roguery in his snapping black eyes—he himself might be in Rosario at the time.

We climbed the steep ascent from the river bed and found a fine open trail running down the valley. We were in coca country now (coca from which comes cocaine, not to be confused with cacao from which comes cocoa). Trotting along under the

gathering violence of the mounting sun, we passed miles of hillside fields planted with the low, grayish coca bushes, all neatly terraced and well cultivated. The mid-winter harvest was over, but here and there women and children wandered up and down between the rows, plucking the leaves, one by one, and carefully placing them in their shawls.

Suddenly round a turn in the trail rocketed the missing Santiago, and came to a sliding halt beside us. He offered profuse apologies for his absence, and announced that his cousin, Don Juan Rodríguez, craved our company at his *finca*, *Buen Retiro*, which lay directly ahead of us. He himself had a slight mission up the road, but would join us later. He wiped the sweat from his brow, took some vegetable matter from his pocket and gnawed at it absently, then drew his piebald horse close to the Flor de Quime and fixed me with a glassy eye.

"He plans to take her up to Rosario for the August fiesta and marry her then," he whispered. "*Jesucristo*, *Señora*, he is sixty-five and she not yet fifteen!"

He wheeled his animal and vanished like an arrow shot from a bow. We watched him in silence, but as Lucio prodded the reluctant Capitaz into action, he smiled a fat, knowing smile.

"*Loco*," he said briefly, and tapped his forehead.

IV

Don Juan Rodríguez had lived two years in Chicago. He told us so when we met him on the shady road that led into the *Finca Buen Retiro*. He was a very intelligent, efficient person, with decided views on morals and manners and a fixed determination to be "up to date." Having been away from Chicago for some years, however, he had unconsciously fallen a little out of step with the times, and still thought it the

thing to agonize over "Suffragettes," to doubt the virtue of bobbed-haired women, to jest about hobble skirts, and to exclaim "skidoo."

The *finca*, whose main crops were coffee and coca, was unusually neat, and the garden round the house was especially delightful. Flowers grew in a tangled riot, and great orange trees, loaded with dusky fruit and fragrant, waxy blossoms, shaded the paths and the house. But the house itself was an anachronism, a monstrosity. From the front it resembled one of the more repulsive manifestations of the California bungalow, except that it was a full two stories high; and from the rear, an evil dream of a Swiss chalet. Obviously, however, it was the apple of Don Juan's eye, for when we had dismounted, he insisted on leading us round it and showing us its points.

"It is absolutely North American, with every modern convenience," he announced. "The kitchen is here"—he indicated the chalet. "My apartments and the guest room are there." He waved his hand elegantly towards the bungalow, which rose above the lower story without apparent means of entrance save for several ladders placed against the long French windows. The ornate front door, a good ten feet off the ground, had a mournful, forgotten look. Don Juan explained the situation. "I have had some trouble making my carpenters understand about inside staircases—they are, as you know, not used in these parts—and for the present we manage with ladders; but in time that will be righted. *Pasen no más.*"

Mounting a ladder, we entered the house. It was very comfortable—a long dining room, a little room which Don Juan spoke of as his "den," a couple of bedrooms, and a big airy apartment with sliding doors on either side—the guest chamber. Although there were already four beds in the

room, Lucio had brought our cots up the ladder and, with the help of several servants, was setting them in place.

"You will sleep here," said Don Juan, and continued to exhibit the beauties of his home. Every stick of the furniture had been made by local cabinet-makers from local wood. The designs were simple, almost futurist, and the fine cedar had been grained and finished until it was lustrous as brown satin. Don Juan was less proud of this remarkable furniture, however, than of a shattered pianola, which, like the Ford, had been carried on the backs of Indians all the way from the automobile road.

"You see," he sighed happily, "everything is up to date."

At the words sudden hope blossomed in my always optimistic heart. Since leaving camp we had encountered nothing in the way of toilet or bathing facilities, and Don Juan's boasts of modernity stirred my imagination. I slipped away to our bedroom, where I found a girl making up the cots. On the ladder outside the open door quite a crowd of men and women clung, watching with eager interest the arrangements of these queer, mad Gringos who brought their beds on a visit.

"*Dónde está el excusado?*" I asked the girl.

She didn't understand Spanish, but an alert youth on the ladder volunteered an answer.

"*No hay,*" he said, and waved vaguely to the great out of doors.

"*El baño?*"

"*No hay,*" he repeated brightly.

I opened my saddle bags, took out a box of talcum powder and a bottle of eau de cologne and, to the huge interest of the people on the ladder, performed a not too satisfactory toilet.

A considerable crowd assembled for dinner. Don Juan said that I was the first Señora from *Norte América* to travel through the district and, as his

neighbors were naturally anxious to see the rare species, he had invited some choice souls to dine with us. Most of the visitors were relatives, and one, an itinerant doctor, was a house guest. I was the only woman present. Don Juan explained that he was unmarried, and at the same time presented to me, entirely without embarrassment, a pinched, knotty child called Willie.

"My son," he said, placing an arm round the little chap's thin shoulders. "My natural son, of course, but a very good boy."

The dinner was elaborate and well served, considering that all the food had to be brought up a ladder from the kitchen below. Don Juan called my attention to the rows of bottles, jars, and cans that filled the center of the table.

"Everything North American!" He picked up a can of tomatoes, gazed admiringly at the label, and returned it to its place.

After dinner Don Juan unlocked the pianola and, seating himself before it, dashed off selections from several operas, to the delight of his friends. Then, removing the mechanical adjustment and vamping an accompaniment, he rendered a series of songs he had learned in Chicago, among them "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" and "You Made Me What I Am To-day." The applause was thunderous. I, however, had reached the stage of drowsiness when the floor at intervals seemed suddenly to drop from under me; so, thanking the artist and explaining that the long ride had wearied me, I began shaking hands and bidding the company good-night.

"One moment, Señora." Don Juan rose, signalled a servant to take a couple of candles, and, with an expansive gesture of invitation, led the way to our room. To my dismay, the guests also rose and fell in behind me.

"You will find everything comfortable and up-to-date," said our host as we filed into the dim, barnlike room, heavy with the stagnant sweetness of orange blossoms. He austere-ly motioned to a couple of his younger relatives, who, with a unanimity suggestive of rehearsal, dived under our cots and triumphantly retrieved two large white agate chambers, which they held aloft.

"Two," continued Don Juan with modest pride, "one for the Señor and one for the Señora. If you should care to wash, you will find water and soap here—scented soap." He pointed to a small table on which stood a tin basin, a pitcher of water, and a cake of the ostentatiously pink soap, manufactured in Jersey City, I believe, which has found its way into even the more remote corners of Bolivia. "Don Roberto and his Señora will, of course, sleep in their own beds; the Doctor will sleep here."

I gasped as I looked at the bed in the corner to which Don Juan was pointing—I wasn't used to receiving gentlemen as sleeping companions on such short acquaintance. The Doctor, however, was bowing most courteously, evidently acknowledging me as a roommate; so there seemed nothing left but to return his bow. Again we shook hands all round, wished one another good dreams and good night; and the company, including the Doctor, filed out.

"Do you mean to say that man is going to sleep in here with us?" I asked my husband, who was very kindly unlacing my boots.

"Sure he's going to sleep with us. When I'm out prospecting, whole families sleep with me. Don't be fussy. Hurry up and blow out the candle. I don't feel up to Spengler tonight."

Before I had quite got to sleep the Doctor came in. Very thoughtfully

he abstained from lighting a candle, but he made his arrangements for the night with great vigor and an utter lack of reserve; and about five seconds after striking his bed broke into a galloping crescendo of snores that made Don Jaime's late performance seem absolutely childish. I was too sleepy to be kept awake by mere snoring though, and when I again opened my eyes the sun was shining full in my face. The Doctor's bed was empty, but my husband was still slumbering peacefully. Through the branches of the orange trees I could see patches of jewel-blue sky; a whispering breeze tossed little clouds of waxy petals across the room; and from somewhere came the tantalizing smell of frying bacon.

I slid off my cot, got into my riding breeks, and was sitting on the floor lacing my boots when the door opened—no one ever knocks at a door in Bolivia—and Don Juan, several of his relatives, the Doctor, and a servant bearing a bottle and glasses appeared on the threshold. I prodded my husband into wakefulness, felicitations were exchanged, and Don Juan sprung a surprise.

"I have brought your whiskey," he said in a tone of studied casualness. "Ladies of North America," he explained to his comrades, "always drink whiskey before breakfast."

I looked at the whiskey, I looked at the eager, expectant faces of the visitors, and I looked at Don Juan himself—calm, complacent, proud. For years he had probably been describing the before-breakfast whiskeys of the ladies of North America, and so creating for himself a reputation as a traveled man-about-town. Who was I to belittle him in the eyes of his neighbors?

"Assuredly the ladies of North America take whiskey before breakfast," I said, "and such has always been my custom. At the present time,

however, I am on a regimen which forbids whiskey at any time—more's the pity."

Everyone was satisfied. Don Juan drank my portion of whiskey, as well as his own, the Doctor asked some distressingly personal questions about my condition; and after I had pulled on my riding shirt and washed my face and teeth, we adjourned for breakfast.

"Bacon," announced Don Juan with hushed triumph. "In Chicago everyone eats bacon for breakfast every morning."

I really hated to leave Buen Retiro. I grew accustomed to the Doctor as a roommate, I made friends with Willie, and after he had put us through our paces, Don Juan proved to be the kindest of hosts. He allowed me to play on the pianola, he brought us juicy, golden pineapples, he took us through the coca fields and to the sheds where the leaves were being packed into tight, hard bales for transportation; and he gave us valuable hints as to where we might find places to stop in the country below.

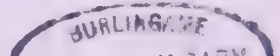
Don Juan also spoke at length on his cousin Santiago, whom he seemed to hold in somewhat low esteem.

"Pay no attention to him," he implored. "He is what in Chicago we would call a big bum. He shows you a box of breakfast food, and on the side he eats a whole sheep. He says he drinks no alcohol, and when he is around you must keep your *pisco* bottles under lock and key. Yes, he is a big bum."

This doubt as to Santiago's entire sincerity was confirmed by a note which was handed to us by an Indian boy the morning we left Buen Retiro. It said:

Respected Señor y Señora:

Ten thousand pardons, but I cannot accompany you farther on your journey. This very morning I am fleeing with the



Señorita to Rosario, where, if I can obtain the consent of my parents, we shall be married during the Fiesta.

Santiago

I might mention that when next I ran into Santiago, which was several years later, he was still a bachelor.

V

It was just before noon the next day that we heard the slow boom of water ahead. The *Cura* who was then accompanying us pulled up his horse and raised his hand.

"The end of the quest," he said. "That is the La Paz River, and at the point where it joins the Miguilla here the *balsas* start for the Amazon."

We rode a short distance, rounded a bend of the trail, and quite suddenly were facing a wide, tawny stream that slipped past us like a single smooth, unbroken wave. We stared at it with silent respect.

"And now the savages," I cried.

The *Cura* had dismounted and was poking about among the trees in a comparatively open space to the right of the trail.

"They've gone—but only just gone. Come and see, Señora."

I slid from the Flor de Quime and joined him. Between some stones banked against a shoulder of rock a fire still smoldered. On the ground lay a sticky mass of fermented bananas covered with wasps and bees. And almost under my foot was a broken arrow and a bunch of feathers. I picked up the feathers and showed them to my husband.

"Look," I said, "this is all we've seen of the bad eggs. And think of the eggs of elegance and distinction we've met."

"What did you say?" asked the *Cura*.

"I said," I answered, lapsing into Spanish, "that we have met many good people on our trip."

"My daughter," he replied piously, "the world is full of good people—if you but seek them."





WHO BELONGS IN PRISON?

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN AND VEE TERRYS PERLMAN

THE congenital inability of Americans to perceive the difference between vice and crime is responsible for putting into jails and penitentiaries in this country each year thousands of men and women who do not belong there.

Were it true that putting these people in prison did the slightest good either to them in so far as their reformation is concerned, or to the community in so far as its protection is concerned, there might be some excuse. After all, the regeneration of human beings and the protection of the community cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. The fact is, however, that not only does the throwing of these people into penitentiaries or jails do them no good, but in many cases it works an actual damage to their already more or less battered characters, making them a little more helpless and a little more hopeless than they were before. At the same time the community gets little real protection from their incarceration and is put to the additional expense of detecting, convicting, and transporting them to prison again and again.

Let us first clear up the difference between vice and crime. Technically, it is true that whatever the law says is a crime is a crime. For instance, if the law decrees that a man who has narcotics in his possession is thus committing a crime he can be sent to prison if the penalty for that offense so provides. But the mere fact of the law's arbitrarily saying so does not make the man a

criminal in what is or should be the ordinary meaning of the term. Likewise, if a woman engages in prostitution she may become a criminal in the eyes of the law, although in the light of common sense she may be far from being one.

Similarly, members of other groups who are victims of certain appetites or habits may be jailed, but that does not make them criminals nor prove that jail is the place to which they should go. They are merely addicted to vices. They do not offend against other persons or against property, which offenses, speaking generally, constitute the great body of actual crimes.

To reach an understanding of who belongs in prison, we must eliminate first the enormous number of men and women who do not belong there. There are the chronic alcoholics. Thousands of them are sent to jails and prisons in the United States every year. They usually get sentences ranging from five to sixty days. During this time, of course, they live at the expense of the community and, with few exceptions, do little work, simply because if they go to jail not one per cent of the jails in the United States have any work for them to do. If they go to a local penitentiary or workhouse, in the majority of cases by the time they are completely sobered and restored to a physical condition in which they *can* work their time is up and they are sent out to repeat the process over and over again.

Those who have dealt with chronic alcoholics, particularly doctors and prison men and others who have intimate contact with them, agree almost unanimously that chronic inebriety is a disease which needs long and careful treatment if it is to be cured. One would not say that it *cannot* be cured, but experience has proved that even where repeated and conscientious efforts have been made, the greater majority of such cases remain uncured.

One must see those drunks as they pour into jails all over the United States in order to get some idea of how hopeless it is to expect to solve this problem by prison sentences. These prisoners are generally too stupefied with cheap liquor to be more than even remotely aware of their surroundings. For the most part they are filthy, very often vermin-ridden, lazy beyond description, indifferent and generally shiftless. Many have physical, mental, or emotional defects which tend to make them inebriates in order to escape from the pressure of life which they have not the character or stamina to face; they are no more responsible for these defects than they are for the color of their eyes or hair.

Can you not build character? You can where there is some foundation. But where the foundation has entirely crumbled or where it did not exist in the first place, it is no more possible, save in a few scattered instances, to cure chronic alcoholism than it is to cure feeble-mindedness.

But these facts—and facts they are—have apparently left but little impression on the minds of our legislators, judges, and police officials. They still seem to feel, after years of repeated failures with men and women of this type, that chronic alcoholism is some sort of a crime indulged in more or less deliberately, and that repeated jail sentences will act in some mysterious way as a deterrent.

Nor is there even the excuse that by sending these unfortunates to jail we are “protecting society.” Most of these chronic alcoholics are entirely harmless so far as inflicting any real damage on the community is concerned. Occasionally they commit petty thefts to obtain money with which to buy liquor. But this they seldom do, as it takes initiative, energy, and a certain amount of courage to steal. It is much easier to beg, and many of them lack the “drive” to do even this.

The question arises: What can be done to reform or cure chronic alcoholics? And the answer, based on experience, arises to meet it: practically nothing except in a few rare cases. Medicine has yet to find a way. What may come later, of course, no one knows. What we need to do, therefore, is to face this fact frankly and courageously.

The sane way, it seems to us, in which to handle a drunk, chronic or otherwise, is to sober him up and then let him alone. Ordinary decency and humanity demand that we do this for two reasons. First, because the average man who becomes intoxicated in public makes a nuisance of himself, and, second, because while in that befuddled condition he may be injured by being run over or in some other way. There is no more reason for sending an alcoholic to prison than there is for sending a person who happens to be sick from any other cause.

This may be accomplished by having portions of hospitals set apart for this purpose. When a policeman finds a man—or woman—intoxicated in public it should be his duty to take him or see that he is taken home, or if he has no home, to the hospital, and that is all; after which it will be the duty of the hospital officials to see that the man gets proper treatment. When he is sober he should be discharged. If he

goes out and gets drunk again it is unfortunate, but it is exactly what he does on leaving jail, after the community has been put to the expense of maintaining him for a period of days or weeks.

One can hear the objection that while the man is in jail he is at least not becoming intoxicated. This might have some weight were it not for the fact that whether or not he goes to jail depends on whether or not he has sufficient money to pay a fine. Almost invariably these men are given alternative sentences, say of ten dollars' fine or thirty days in jail, or something similar. If the alcoholic happens to have the money with which to pay the fine or has a friend who will pay it for him he does not go to jail but is released immediately and departs to get drunk all over again if he wants to. So in order to be consistent, one would have to hold that all drunks should be given jail sentences and that there be no fine alternative. The lack of fifty cents may spell the difference between a thirty-day sentence and immediate release. The chronic alcoholic, generally speaking, is not a criminal and is not a menace to the community; but on the contrary is a harmless, inoffensive weakling who is the victim of a vice, the curbing of which is beyond his control. Why not recognize him for what he is; recognize his infirmity, sober him up for his own protection, and then let him go, instead of sending him to jail under the stupid ineffectual procedure which taxes the community to the limit, wastes the time of its officials, and effects no reform on the alcoholic himself?

II

Closely allied with the problem of the chronic alcoholic is that of the chronic vagrant. Indeed, one very often shades into the other, as the vagrant is frequently an alcoholic. But

there are thousands of the non-alcoholic type scattered over the country who do no particular harm either to themselves or to anyone else, but who are repeatedly arrested and jailed for a few days or weeks. At intervals there are drives or raids by the police in public parks and other places of the kind, and those who are apparently vagrants or bums are arrested, tried and jailed. At the end of their terms they are released, promptly go back to their old life, are arrested again, released again, and so on any number of times until they, like the alcoholics, simply fade out of the picture. It should be understood, of course, that the term vagrant does not apply to the unemployed, to that great floating population which starvation and insecurity have driven to the road. Theirs is another story altogether.

The vagrant problem, however, is complicated by the fact that they are usually panhandlers, men who solicit alms on the street. The great majority of these vagrant panhandlers do no real harm at all and they, like the alcoholics, should be left alone. There are some who, for their own protection, belong in some kind of a custodial institution, but the others do not deserve jail any more than well-dressed dead-beats who beg and "borrow" money from their friends and relatives.

As in the case of alcoholics, one must see these vagrants as they drift into the jails to realize that the problem cannot be handled intelligently by confining them in a penal institution over and over again. Many of them are too old to work even if they wanted to. Each year, for instance, in the New York County Penitentiary on Welfare Island several hundreds are received who are too old or incapacitated to do anything even if they had the inclination, and who must be segregated in a separate building known to the prison officers as the old men's home, although it is in

reality a part of the prison, subject to the same discipline and general administration. Large numbers of others are mentally unbalanced or emotionally unstable. They are not able to fight for jobs. They cannot apply themselves. They lack the ability to stick to anything. It is obvious that sending them to jail time and time again is not going to remedy mental or emotional defects nor is it going to make old and incapacitated men young and vigorous. They adopt the only means they know to obtain a livelihood, by begging or, when this fails, by frequenting the bread line. It is only those who are so mentally, emotionally, or physically unstable that they are a *real* menace to themselves or to the general public who should be sent to a custodial institution—not a jail—not to punish them, but merely through that sense of ordinary decency and humanity which every well-regulated community should have.

The police could be of great help if they would use more judgment in making arrests. Indiscriminate raids seldom accomplish anything. Arresting persons indiscriminately and throwing them into jail is an easy way to get rid of them temporarily, but unfortunately it does not solve anything. It has become the great American game. Police departments, prosecutors, and the public generally have given passive if not active sanction to this custom, which has steadily grown in the past two or three decades until it is generally accepted as a matter of course as the proper procedure by these officials and the public.

It is true that probation laws save from prison many of those who did formerly go there; but it is too generally regarded as a matter of course that merely because a man has no visible means of support jail is the place for him. But here again, as in the case of alcoholics, he is usually given the alter-

native of paying a fine, and if he happens to have the money, *whether he has panhandled it or not*, he is again turned loose on the streets, notwithstanding the fact that he is still the same "menace," theoretically at least, that he was before.

This brings us into the realm of the court. A criminal court, contrary to the prevailing American idea, is not, or at least should not be, merely a place where the criminal law is administered. A criminal court should be a center for the study of the physical, mental, and emotional characteristics of the prisoner. There should be attached to all criminal courts—and this includes those which hear only misdemeanor cases—competent psychiatrists, psychologists, neurologists, physicians, and social workers; and no disposition should be made of any prisoner until these officials have thoroughly studied and investigated the prisoner and his background. Putting a judicial robe on a lawyer or a politician does not make him omniscient. This seems obvious but it is difficult, if not impossible, to make legislators and those who hold the purse strings understand it.

The argument is often advanced that vagrants should be sent to jail as a matter of public health because many of them are infected, particularly with venereal disease. But there is no reason why these people should have medical attention forced on them more than any other group. Public clinics and hospitals, not prison ones, should be available for their *voluntary* use, while their compulsory quarantine in the case of contagious disease should, as with everyone else, continue to operate. But in the case of venereal disease it seems foolish to arrest, try, and convict these persons in order to force hospitalization on them; for the number arrested is so small when compared with the total number of such

infected people in any community that it is a wasted and expensive effort. In any event, there is no excuse for continuing our present stupid, wasteful, and ineffectual method of dealing with vagrants. A few years' trial would show whether society is any worse off for stopping the petty persecution of these unfortunates. If it should be found that panhandling increases, some sound and well-considered action to stop all unnecessary or unlicensed begging should be taken. But the fact that certain men and women are poor or shiftless or unable to provide themselves with food and shelter is no reason for the rest of us to think this gives us a right to direct what they shall do with themselves, to take their liberty away from them or to interfere with their existence. Theirs is a social, not a criminal problem.

III

For years prostitutes, particularly those who have solicited on the streets, have been thrown into jails and prisons in America. Yet, like the chronic alcoholic, they do not belong in a penal institution. Almost without exception those people who are open-minded and who have had much experience with the prostitute will agree that jailing her has no effect whatever in turning her from her trade. The Women's Prison Association of New York City, which has dealt with women prostitutes for almost ninety years, in its eighty-eighth annual report published in 1932 states the case clearly and concisely in the following words:

In our experience punishment does not change the woman's point of view. The prison term is only an interruption in her life. Her problems and her temptations afterward are just what they would have been without that punishment.

To sum the matter up briefly: Prosti-

tution is a social and not a legal problem. It should be eliminated entirely from the criminal code. The term social problem here of course comprehends opportunity, employment, and adjustment to society as it happens to be constituted at the moment. But more than these it comprehends health. For the problem of the prostitute, aside from the economic, is largely a problem of health. Only those who are brought into official relationship with the prostitute—the police, the court, and the prison officials—have any idea of the enormous prevalence of venereal disease among them. Of those who reach the prisons as many as sixty to even eighty or eighty-five per cent have either gonorrhea or syphilis, and in some cases both. When it is realized that one woman can infect hundreds of men, the great danger inherent in this problem becomes apparent.

But any attempt to tackle a venereal disease problem through the arrest of a small percentage of the entire number of prostitutes is hopeless. The spread of venereal disease is a matter of deep importance to the community. No effort should be left unmade to accomplish its abatement. Instead of clutching at a few prostitutes here and there, now and then, and leaving the sources of their infection untouched, as well as a tremendous number of cases existing in the community, we must formulate a program for really eliminating this infection. This is now possible because the sanitube, invented by a naval physician, has proven efficacious in the prevention of syphilis and gonorrhea. Rigorous tests have been made by the Army and the Navy and its value proved; yet it is safe to say that not one man out of a hundred or possibly out of a thousand who constantly exposes himself to venereal disease has ever heard of it. It is along this line that efforts should be made to eliminate

venereal disease, not only among prostitutes, vagrants, alcoholics, and other such unfortunate groups, but also among the general population where there are thousands of cases to the hundreds among these special groups. There should be a concentrated, thorough, and incessant campaign on the part of the federal government, the various States, and social and civic groups interested in such matters to impress upon all men the necessity of protecting themselves and the community from these infections by the habitual use of these specifics after they have exposed themselves to disease. Prophylactics should be available without charge to those who are unable to purchase them.

There is only one answer to the problem of curing those already infected and that is the setting aside of different hospitals or clinics where not only prostitutes, but all others, both men and women, may go to receive free treatment for venereal disease. There should, of course, be attached to the clinic a place where those who wish may remain until they are cured or at least until their disease has passed the infectious stage. But if a prostitute does not voluntarily want to go to a hospital it is no more the function of the Police Department to arrest her or to throw her in jail than it is the function of the Police Department to arrest or throw into jail other people who have infectious diseases, but who are not sufficiently interested in themselves to obtain treatment. Countries which have tried the voluntary free-treatment plan have been astounded at the tremendous number of women who have come for treatment. But if they do not want to come it does not seem to us to be within the province of the police to make them.

Almost invariably the woman's partner in this so-called "crime" is not prosecuted. Women are accosted on

the streets and openly solicited by men yet there is no so-called "vice squad" to apprehend them save where a man becomes so abusive and insulting as to create disorder. While these men do not do this soliciting as a "business," the fact remains that they indulge in it just as steadily and persistently as the women, and if they are diseased they will spread it with just as little regard for others as does the prostitute.

IV

Then there are the groups of men held in prisons because they have neither the power nor the will to support their families. These non-support cases are distinct from alimony cases in which the pair have been legally separated, and they are known in some communities as "wife cases." Non-support cases in various places in the United States are included in the criminal code. This may also be true of alimony cases, but in other places the non-payment of alimony is classed as a civil offense and those charged with non-payment of alimony are confined in civil jails. We shall not here attempt to deal with alimony cases but only those in which the man is convicted of failure to support his wife and children.

Many thousands of this class are sent to jail in the United States every year. In New York City those people who fail to support their families are known technically as disorderly persons and are convicted of that charge. Cases sent to Welfare Island increased from 631 in 1926 to 1,018 in 1932.

It is true that in a certain percentage of non-support cases the man deliberately and wilfully neglects to support his wife and children, although able to do so. The present system for sending the man to jail in such instances is totally inadequate to deal with the problem. In the vast majority of such

confinements the prisoner has little if any work to do at all. He is sheltered and fed while his wife and children, neglected as before, must look to the aid of some charity organization. The result is often a jeering letter from the man to his wife. Sometimes she visits the prison to beg the warden to give her husband hard work in order that he may at least be punished. What should be done is to provide productive labor in all such cases, with all or at least a great part of the prisoner's earnings going to his dependents. In this way a man who contracted obligations and then paid no attention to them would be given the choice of either using his earnings on the outside to take care of his wife and children or using his earnings on the inside with its attendant loss of liberty for the same purpose.

Outside of this percentage, the remainder of defendants in non-support cases do not belong in prison at all. They divide into several different groups. First, there is the man who, although ordinarily a hard worker and a conscientious provider for his family, is entirely unable to obtain work even though he tries every means available. This type of case, of course, has increased during the depression. Surely, one would think, no judge supposedly in his right senses would send a working man to prison because of the unemployment situation. Yet the records show that many of them do in many instances. Obviously, it is society which commits a crime against the man in these cases, and not the man who commits a crime against society. What a mad situation in which men are let out of jobs through no fault of their own and are then branded as criminals and imprisoned for having no employment! Is it necessary to point out that neither the prisoner's nor his family's misfortunes are cured by this process, and that in addition the family are

forever stigmatized by the fact that the husband and father has served a term in prison? In addition, he has been exposed to intimate contact with real criminals of degraded and vicious character, and in a number of cases puts the knowledge thus gained to use on coming out of prison.

Second, there is the type of man who, because of his physical condition or mental or emotional make-up is incapable of holding a job for any length of time. Out of fifty non-support cases taken at random in one jail not long ago, it was found that twenty could scarcely be expected to become steady and productive workers. Of these one was plainly psychopathic and was committed to an institution for such cases before the time of his release. Five were chronic alcoholics, one was almost totally blind and subnormal mentally. One was very peculiar and was considered a mental case by his relatives; one had recurrent ulcers of the stomach and abdominal adhesions; seven were very low grade mentally; two were in a weakened condition due to venereal disease; one was just recovering from a broken shoulder, and one was altogether incapacitated by a broken vertebra received in a fall.

Third, there is the type of man who, although steady and able to work, is prevented from doing so by some emotional disturbance on the part of his wife. Such women have been known to make scenes at their husband's place of employment, causing the husband to lose a succession of jobs and eventually they have had him arrested for non-support. There are also women who support themselves and live apart from their husbands, yet have their husbands sent to jail for not contributing to their upkeep although the maintenance of children is not involved. Occasionally a woman will have her husband jailed for non-support because she either finds him un-

faithful or suspects him of being so and wishes to put him out of contact with other women. Interference by relatives, selfishness on the part of wife or husband, or the natural strain and irritation due to poverty and unemployment are other causes for non-support jail sentences. *Social service agencies, the very factors which ought to effect reconciliations and adjustments, are in many cases the guilty parties in sending a man to prison for non-support, although his failure to obtain work is in no way his fault.* Many wives say that they have had their husbands committed only because the organization which was aiding them insisted on this as the price of that aid. This aid too is often withdrawn on a man's release.

It is obvious that in every case where the man cannot support his family there is a social problem only, and one that can only be made worse by commitment to prison. Once committed, the man usually becomes embittered against his wife and family, and efforts at reconciliation are very difficult. This bitterness increases with the length of his stay. Often wives seek to have their husbands let out when they have been incarcerated a few days, a week, and so on. Where they succeed reconciliations are often effected. But if this can be done after imprisonment, why not before?

V

There is another group which often forms a considerable percentage of the prison and jail population. These are the homosexuals. This does not apply to men arrested for other offenses who *happen* to be homosexuals, but those who are arrested primarily or at least indirectly because they *are* homosexuals.

The majority of male homosexuals of the type sent to prison are merely male prostitutes. Those arrested can

be divided generally into three classes. First, those who are typical male prostitutes, that is, who take money for their favors or cohabit or live at different times with persons of their own sex. Second, those who contribute to the delinquency of a minor. Third, those who practice homosexuality in public places, such as comfort stations and the like, and who are arrested for indecent exposure.

As to the first group, there seems to be no more reason why male prostitutes should be sent to jail than female ones. The futility of sending the latter to a penal institution applies with equal force to the former. Studies which have been made of this group show that the great majority of them give a history of inverted sexuality from boyhood. Dr. Harry M. Shulman, who has given a considerable amount of time to ascertaining the history and background of homosexuals, expresses the opinion that "the possibility of cure for this group through medical means is questionable; that they will be effectively deterred by imprisonment is hardly to be expected."

The sending of these unfortunates to a penal institution is undoubtedly a product of the days when any sexual aberration was considered shameful—a willful and vicious substitution of inversion for normal sex gratification. Enlightened medical men as well as psychiatrists, psychologists, and others interested in human behavior now realize that in the great majority of cases homosexuality is as natural for those so afflicted as heterosexuality is for others. In some foreign countries homosexuals are protected by law and are entitled to the protection of the law in the living of their social and sex lives just exactly as others are who happen to have been born normal sexually. In other words, they are accepted as citizens so long as they do not contravene other laws.

Those in opposition to this point of view contend that the solicitation by homosexuals of their own sex on the streets constitutes disorderly conduct and should be punished. We see no more reason why they should be arrested for soliciting than prostitutes of the other sex. If they are not prostitutes in the accepted sense, but are merely desirous of satisfying their desires, there is certainly no valid reason for prosecuting them.

As to the second group, those who contribute to the delinquency of a minor, it must be remembered that the primary reason for this delinquency is an inherent sexual inversion. The fact that the partner of the homosexual happens to be a minor is merely incidental. This, of course, does not help the minor, and the danger of inducing in him the tendency toward sexual inversion or perversion is fully realized. At the same time the homosexual is committing the offense not because he is a willful criminal but because nature has given him a sex slant away from the normal. The fact remains, however, that the members of this group are a potential menace, and if they cannot be cured of their antisocial sex tendencies they should be removed from society. They belong in an institution, *but not in a jail*. The only sane way in which to handle this group is to have suitable institutions, where through the aid of medicine, psychiatry, and psychoanalysis efforts may be made to bring them back to a normal expression of the sex instinct. If this is impossible there is nothing else to do but to confine them for life. We are speaking now only of those homosexuals who habitually contribute to the delinquency of minors, not of those composing the much larger group who obtain sex gratification from adults. The latter class harms no one and does not belong in any kind of an institution. They are responding to the in-

stincts of nature, and there is no more reason for them to be in jail for doing so than there is for putting into such institutions men who happen to be red-headed or women who happen to have gray eyes.

Nor should sight be lost of the fact that while these inverts are in the penitentiary they have, in many instances, an opportunity for corrupting others to all practical purposes equal to that which they have on the outside. While the best managed institutions in the country make an effort to keep this class of inmates segregated from the others, there are many other institutions which do not. Even where they do make such an effort it is often difficult owing to lack of space or segregation facilities to keep this group entirely separated. In the other institutions, of course, where no such effort is made they have all the opportunity in the world to corrupt others, many of them young men who are only two or three years past the age of puberty. Indeed, it is questionable if they do not have an even more fertile field in prison than they have out, because their prospective victims are in a more susceptible state owing to the fact that they have no means for normal sex gratification. Any prison man of experience can give numerous instances in which prisoners who were not inverts or perverts have become so during their confinement in a penal institution. In institutions where two men are confined in a cell—and they are numerous throughout the country—whenever a young or boyish prisoner comes to the institution the warden will receive letters from various inmates claiming to be a relative of the new arrival and asking to be celled with him.

And the presence of homosexuals in the population of a prison carries with it another problem than the possible corruption into homosexuals of those

previously untainted. That is, the disturbance to discipline which results. The presence of this group has exactly the same effect on many of the prisoners of the more depraved type as the presence of a woman would have in a men's prison. These prisoners carry on flirtations with homosexuals and court them exactly as they would a woman. They will fight over their favors exactly as men fight over a woman, and it is not at all unusual to have two prisoners, quarreling over a homosexual, try to injure or kill each other with knives or other deadly weapons just exactly as they will fight through jealousy where a woman is concerned. So that the presence of these homosexuals (we are speaking now of the female or passive type, of course) is a threat to the discipline of the institution.

The third group, which practices homosexuality in public places such as comfort stations and the like, constitutes a very small percentage of the homosexuals who find their way into the jails. Indeed, it is doubtful if they are one per cent of the total. And when they are arrested it is not because they have deliberately exposed themselves as exhibitionists who are heterosexual do on the streets, but merely because they happen to have been discovered by an official. In other words, they are not the class of people who obtain sex gratification by merely exposing themselves. They cannot be said to do any great amount of harm or to have seriously impaired anyone's morals, as the places in which they have been discovered exposing themselves are invariably those frequented by their own sex. It is doubtful if anything at all is gained by prosecuting them. If, however, a community thinks a prosecution essential, undoubtedly the same purpose would be served by fining instead of imprisoning them. If they cannot pay the total

fine they should be permitted to pay it in installments.

Closely allied with the prosecution of homosexuals is that of transvestists. Transvestism, which is also called "cross dressing," deals with those who masquerade as the opposite sex; that is, men who dress as women and women who dress as men. In many communities this is contrary to law, and those who indulge in this cross dressing are arrested and very often sent to jail. Dr. Harry L. Benjamin, of New York City, a noted expert in sexual matters, has this to say on the subject:

"The problem of these people (transvestists) is that they are continuously unhappy if they wear the dress of their own sex. Men, *although normal in every other respect*, have the intense desire to dress in female attire; and transvestitic women likewise have the insuppressible wish to dress as men. Sometimes these people are homosexuals at the same time, *but this is by no means the rule.*" (The italics are ours.)

Here again we have persons of both sexes prosecuted because they are following the urgings of an instinct. When this question is discussed with the police, they contend that if men are permitted to dress as women and women as men it will increase the difficulty of detecting criminals. This is true, but the Berlin police have solved this problem quite easily by issuing a card to transvestists, simply stating that the bearer is known to the Department as a person dressing in the attire of the opposite sex and that his or her record is clear. They do not try, as we do, to change natural inclinations and what might be called "private vices."

VI

Hundreds of people are sent to jail in this country every year for using narcotics, because they happen to be

the victims of a bad habit. If jail did them or the community the slightest good there might be some excuse for putting them there; but no one is harmed by the man or woman taking dope, nor is the addict himself benefited by his stay in prison. On the contrary some of his companions there may be very much harmed by learning to alleviate the monotony of their lives with narcotics. A large percentage of the inmates of any prison are very young men. They are brought into contact with addicts at a time when, owing to the depression incidental to their confinement, they are most susceptible to anything which will lighten their spirits even temporarily.

Neither the stigma placed upon the addict by imprisonment nor the expense born by the public in supporting and treating him for his addiction is at all justified by the "cure" supposedly effected. Addicts imprisoned for this failing alone are not cured by any method used in prison. In practically every case they return to narcotics immediately or within a very short time after leaving. Even those addicts who go to a magistrate and have themselves committed to prison in order to "take the cure" because in most localities hospitals will not receive them, are neither cured nor desire to be. They form a considerable percentage of the total number of addicts in some prisons, and their aim in almost every case is to reduce the amount of drug they need to take daily in order to get the same reaction while cutting down the expense. Dr. Perry Lichtenstein, who possibly has handled more drug addicts than any man in the country, says that while cures *can* be made, they are very infrequent and take two years of supervision by the doctor over the patient. In the same way it is possible for criminals who are incidentally addicts and are serving long terms to become cured. Even these, in the majority of in-

stances, ultimately revert to drugs. And while in our opinion existing legislation regarding narcotics needs to be drastically revised in other respects also, so that *known* addicts can get narcotics from legitimate sources without the necessity of supporting a vicious bootlegging traffic, certainly there can be no two opinions, once the facts are known, about our insane and utterly useless incarceration of users.

In addition to vagrants, alcoholics, prostitutes, and homosexuals, whose offenses are frequently listed under the charge of "disorderly conduct," a large percentage of the inmates of our jails are booked on the same charge for various other and often very trivial offenses, such as fighting, spitting on the sidewalk, putting a slug instead of a coin into a vending machine, petty gambling, and numerous other misdemeanors which vary somewhat in different parts of the country and are too numerous to detail here. There is, it seems to us, a much more effective and economic way of dealing with this army of offenders than throwing them helter-skelter into prison for extremely short periods.

Usually a very large number—often more than fifty per cent of the inmates of jails—are there for some form of disorderly conduct or similar small offense, and a large portion of these have sentences ranging from one to ten days. Leaving out the groups already considered, can anyone with even an elementary knowledge of human nature, whether he be official or layman, seriously contend that these petty law-breakers are cured or others of the same calibre deterred by four or five days in jail? Then see how they come back for more. In a certain community which received nineteen thousand prisoners into its penal institutions in one year, over fifty per cent of these had served two or more terms for

minor misdemeanors in that community alone.

452	had served	5 terms
324	" "	6 "
257	" "	7 "
183	" "	8 "
130	" "	9 "
102	" "	10 "
78	" "	11 "
58	" "	12 "
43	" "	13 "
34	" "	14 "
32	" "	15 "
33	" "	16 "
22	" "	17 "
18	" "	18 "
17	" "	19 "
17	" "	20 "
8	" "	21 "
14	" "	22 "
12	" "	23 "
7	" "	24 "
6	" "	25 "
3	" "	29 "

Two had served 30, 31, 33, and 34 terms, and so on up to 54 terms for one man, while one of the gentler sex served 62, one 64, and one 65 terms, possibly proving once again that woman is the equal of man in any sphere of endeavor.

It must be remembered that the greater majority of these convicted who were sentenced for ten days or less were given the option of imprisonment or fine. Any argument that these petty offenders must be sent to jail in order to render the community a safer place in which to live falls to the ground for the simple reason that if one has enough money to pay his fine he does not go, while another guilty of an exactly similar offense but who is somewhat less prosperous does.

Aside from its futility, the sending of these people to jail imposes an extraordinary burden upon prison officials, all of whom, almost without exception, have very onerous tasks; and this, mind you, without any commensurate advantage to the community through making the prisoner a more law-abiding citizen, increasing the safety of the

community or deterring others. What are we to do with the petty cases which we now send to jail for brief sentences of a few days? Here is a plan:

First: Arrests should not be made in any case where policemen can avoid making them and still maintain peace and uphold the law. Without going deeply into the matter here, it should be known that an incredible number of arrests are made each year for offenses which are so trifling that no penalty is imposed, or on charges to support which there is no evidence. The public, of course, shoulders the expense, and must also bear with the many *serious* crimes, the committers of which somehow often get lost in the rush of trivia which overwhelms our police, prosecuting departments and courts.

Second: Of the remainder, no one should be sentenced to jail for ten days or less.

Third: Punishment for these trivial offenses should be one of the following according to the judgment of the magistrate:

A. Reprimand from the bench.

B. By making the defendant report daily for a specified period to the officer in charge of the police station nearest his home, or the place of his arrest. This will be an inconvenience to him, particularly if he is working and has to report at night, during his free time, and will be just as effective in all probability as sending him to jail. It will also save the community the cost of his maintenance.

C. By fine. This should be imposed, however, only in those cases where the defendant has sufficient money on his person to pay it, or has a steady source of income. If he has a source of income and not sufficient on his person to pay it, he should be permitted to pay it in installments, even very small installments of as little as fifty cents or a dollar if necessary.

D. By sentencing the defendant, particularly the one who has a job during the day, to spend his nights from about 7.30 P.M. to 6 A.M. for a period of at least thirty nights, in jail. This will save his job if he has one, take away his free time which every

man prizes the most, save the community the cost of his food, and render unnecessary his transportation in a prison van. This sentence can also be given those who, although able, deliberately refuse to pay their fine, and those who fail to report to the police station as instructed.

Undoubtedly these means of dealing with the petty offender will be ineffective in some cases. Some defendants will fail to report to the police station or jail as directed. (It is believed that most of them will not fail, as we now give summons for traffic violations and the vast majority of these offenders appear in court at the time specified.) But suppose some of them do not report. Suppose the very worst does happen and a few of these petty offenders escape punishment entirely. The answer is, what of it? Certainly it is not entirely unknown in our day for those guilty of offenses far more serious than disorderly conduct or its equivalent to go unpunished. When the former class of criminals escapes punishment serious harm is done because of the publicity given to the failure of justice. No such situation exists in the case of petty offenders.

Let us hasten to add that the system which we have here outlined for dealing with disorderly conduct cases other than those specifically discussed previously in this article, while we believe it to be a far better one than the routine, perfunctory, and very often cruel makeshift it is designed to replace, does not solve the repeated petty offender problem. But, if we can accomplish as much by keeping people out of jail as by putting them in, we have accomplished more than as much. We have kept from many of the better class of them what would be a real stigma in sending them to jail, preserved their means of livelihood on which often entire families are dependent, and have in addition in the case of all of them saved the

community the cost of their upkeep.

Thus, to arrive at who belongs in prison, we must first eliminate the large groups of those who patently do *not* belong there. Instead of gathering in hordes of people subject to personal vices or guilty at most of trifling errors, the attention, interest, time, and emphasis of all peace officers, as well as the money of the community, should be placed where they really belong: on the successful capture and prosecution of *real* felons—racketeers, kidnappers, thieves, burglars, crooked bankers, stock-investment swindlers, and other criminals of this type. They are the ones who belong in prison. They are the ones on whom federal, State, and municipal governments through their police and detective departments should concentrate; not on the hundreds of thousands of “small fry” comprising the classes discussed in this article. It is not necessary to remove the latter from society as it is the former. They do no real damage and throwing them into jail accomplishes nothing, despite our fatuous belief that if we continue it long enough some mysterious change for the better will take place in their characters. So far as our so-called sciences of human behavior have progressed, there is no remedy for these conditions. We ought to face this fact, to get rid of the idea that there must be some kind of cure for every evil. We ought to realize that, unfortunate though it may be, some of the world's greatest problems are unsolvable. The sooner we do this, the sooner we shall be on our way. As it is, in the face of real demands, time and money is being spent where it accomplishes nothing. The almost complete failure of existing methods used in combating *real* crime in this country certainly indicates that it is high time for us to completely revise our police, prosecution, court, and prison methods.



NOTES ON AN AMERICAN VISIT

ON THE TRACK OF CHARLES LAMB

BY E. V. LUCAS

HAVING been so fortunate as to be entrusted with the control of the first complete edition of the letters of Charles Lamb, I found it necessary to visit America, since for many years whenever one of these so desired documents has come into an English sale-room, the dollar has proved to be, in massed formation, mightier than the pound.

How many letters are extant I cannot precisely say; certainly three hundred more than have ever got into a single publication, and of these most are in a country that Lamb never saw and hardly mentions: the early letters to Coleridge and practically all the letters to Manning, for instance, being at Pasadena, the letters to the Wordsworths at Austin, Texas. Very well then, across the Atlantic I must follow them.

New York seen from the harbor in the morning of a clear sunny day is perhaps the most exciting spectacle in the world. And every year it becomes more so as the magical towers lengthen and multiply. When I was here last, in 1925, the Woolworth Building was the Colossus; but where is the Woolworth Building to-day? I could not find the poor little thing, so fascinated was I by the gleaming majesty of the Empire State, with its sure, strong, four-square thrust into the sky. During most of the ship's wait at Staten

Island I stood in a sheltered angle of the deck, gazing at all this incredible loveliness with misty eyes and murmuring, "Poor O. Henry! Poor O. Henry!"

Although later, in the city itself, I was to be disenchanted by a close view of some of the newer structures, nothing can impair the effect of the assembled group of towers and spires, whether graceful or merely insolent, as you get it from an approaching vessel. So happily are they arranged that one can believe that, with an eye to this particular harmony, a miracle occurred and the rival architects agreed upon heights and positions. The symmetry or incidence is, however, soon lost, and as one advances up the Hudson the giants begin to separate and wander and much of the glamour goes.

I found that, near at hand, the worst of the offenders is the Rockefeller Center mammoth. From the east side of Fifth Avenue, seen end-on between the French and English Houses, it is possible. But any broadside view is an outrage, and I marvel at the lenience of whatever municipal authority has the plans of such additions to the city in its charge.

I did not ascend to the top either of this or the Empire State building, choosing rather the Cities Service Sixty Wall Tower, for the three reasons that it is nearer the meeting place of the waters, that the Rockefeller Center is

out of range, and that from it the soaring grandeur of the Empire State can be realized. No one who does not yet appreciate the extraordinary advantages of New York as a seaport should fail to be wafted to the luxurious lookout of the Sixty Wall Tower, a thousand feet above the Manhattan ant hill, where, should the scene beneath him pall, he can enjoy a comfortable chair, the morning's columnists, and even female society.

It was necessary to be in New York only for a very short while to be aware that it is a finer, gayer, greater city than ever. Under the surface may have been anxiety and fear (how could a visiting foreigner in a hurry, with a mission of his own, discern?) but outwardly was no sign of anything but eagerness and prosperity. I was told of a cab strike; but never were so many cabs at my disposal, good roomy cabs too, some with radio affixed ("Ride to Music"), and all, unlike ours, taking luggage without extra charge; and all driven with skill and fury by men of every color and nationality. But why, for identification purposes, photographs of the faces of these drivers should be displayed, when one sees nothing but the backs of their heads and their ears, I cannot understand.

New York, as I say, at once struck me as more of a capital than ever, more confident, more splendid, more care-free; nor did my subsequent impressions alter; which, if I am a true observer and not the victim of a universal conspiracy, is further proof that the Americans are a brave resilient race. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we shall be broke again" may have been the silent slogan of the day; but I doubt it, not only because nothing is silent in America, but because the mystic letters N.R.A. were on every wall, with, no matter how vague, a promise rather of hope than dismay. And there was a more trust-

worthy guide to the prevalent feeling even than this assured animation; and that was a single monosyllable which one heard on every side. If an Englishman is asked how he is, he describes his malady, but an American replies "Fine." "Fine" seemed to me to be the national adjective; and when that is the case there is not much call for sympathy. Envy, rather.

The anti-prohibitionist might possibly go so far as to attribute some of the post-depression cheerfulness to the influence of John Barleycorn; but I, personally, saw few signs either that the supply of alcohol had increased since 1925 (when there was, at any rate for the British guest, plenty) or that any considerable number of people were taking advantage of the repeal or even had heard about it. The hotels and bars of New York were, it is true, at the green hour crowded and vivacious; I saw more than one advertisement of schools for bartenders, and vintners were opening shops in every street; but I doubt if the juice of the grape, domestic or imported, will ever be much in evidence. In fact had Christ been an American, His first miracle, I am convinced, would have been to turn wine into iced water.

One amusing manifestation of the repeal occurred on the train from Chicago to Boston, where in the club car I noticed three men looking intently and raptly at their watches, while the tall black attendant stood by in a like condition of suspense. We were running, it seemed, out of a dry State into a wet one, and the time for opening the bar was ecstatically imminent. I also came suddenly, in the neighborhood of Hollywood, on a roadhouse called frankly "The Hangover."

Fifth Avenue's shops may not have been receiving their due of custom, although to the eye of the stranger they were as inciting and distinguished as ever; but with each visit to this thor-

oughfare I noticed an additional dejection in its churches. St. Patrick's holds its own, but those others, as Mammon builds higher and higher, seem more and more to shrink.

II

My first duty to the readers of Charles Lamb being to ascertain how his correspondence was distributed, I lost no time in seeking the co-operation of the middlemen through whom most of the purchases had been made: the dealers in rare books and autographs; and I may say at once that nothing could exceed their benevolence. Dr. Rosenbach, sitting like an Eastern god in his shrine, with bland and benignant brow on which neither time nor experience has traced a line, gave me not only a list of his Lamb customers but photostats of the many letters that he has added to that private collection of his own which is not for sale. Mr. Gabriel Wells, for the moment withdrawing his thoughts from transcendental problems, was similarly kind, adding, by way of makeweight, a copy of his latest solution of the mystery of the infinite, *The Riddle of Being*, which, no matter how strong one's intellectual teeth need to be, is an ornament to any gentleman's library. I am putting the two heads of the profession first; but in courtesy all were equal, Mr. E. D. North, Mr. Thomas Madigan, Mr. Walter F. Hill of Chicago, Mr. Byrne Hackett, and the late Alwin Scheuer, who died suddenly a few days after I returned to England; while Mr. Ralph A. Beals, a white-hot Lamb enthusiast and expert, gave me the run of his note-books and Mr. Arthur Swann of the American Art Association prepared an invaluable list of all the successful bidders for Lamb items at the evening sales for the last twenty years. An odd custom this, of holding sales after dinner; and

I should guess a very shrewd one. There are dinners after which one would bid for anything.

The American collector seems to throw a wider net than the English. There are, of course, specialists, such as Mr. Adam, concentrating on Johnson, and Mr. Elkins, on Goldsmith, but the greater number are omnivorous. And the number is very large, as may be deduced by the list of old book dealers in New York alone, every one of whom seems to have unique and precious wares. Personally I am without the collecting complex: I prefer the latest edition to the first; but none the less I can feel the authentic thrill when the MSS. of the great are placed in my hands. And most of them seem to have crossed the Atlantic. Some day, should the pendulum of wealth ever swing our way again, they may return to England; but that is exceedingly improbable, and meanwhile I hope I shall not be thought to grudge the New World its property. Anything but. Indeed, in so far as Lamb is concerned, I rejoice, for otherwise I should not have had my five weeks' campaign, the farthest point of the expedition being Pasadena, to the Huntington Library, now the property, and in perpetuity, of the State of California.

It would occupy several numbers of this magazine to record the possessions accumulated by the late Henry Huntington, a railway king with practically unlimited resources and an acquisitiveness so embrasive that everything seems to have tempted him. The result, of course, is that there are, in the vaults where the autographs are preserved, strange bedfellows; but the finest things of all are beyond appraisal, and probably no bibliographical work can ever be compiled again without reference to this institution.

Mr. Huntington (whose private personal hobby was landscape painting) bought pictures too, and one of the

relaxations of the student at Pasadena is to stray into the gallery and fall in love with some of Sir Joshua's most adorable ladies; to stand in awe before his Mrs. Siddons or delight in the juvenile charm of his great rival's "Blue Boy." Another is to sit under the trees of this California paradise, at ninety in the shade in early March, and watch and listen to unfamiliar birds. I can think of no such paradisaical center of research; but it is certainly a long way off.

A complete list of the American collections of Lamb's letters it is not in my power to give, for even if I had a copy of every letter, I might not know where it is located. But I can name a few. At the Huntington Library there are some two hundred and thirty. At the Morgan Library in New York, the ruling spirit, Miss Belle Greene, placed at my disposal the MS. of the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," a large album of correspondence, a reading glass, and a cigar vastly superior to any I had myself been able to buy, and left me alone in a steel room in company with several million dollars' worth of temptation. Mr. Owen D. Young's treasures were at the moment in cold storage, but he and I spent an hour or two over his Lamb index cards, with intervals in which his fine animated features lighted up as he recalled the conditions under which this and that *trouvaille* came to be his, the Lamb item to which he is most devoted being the copy of *Elia* presented by its author to Fanny Kelly, four years after she had declined to marry him. Mr. Young may have more valuable things than these—indeed he has a copy of Poe's *Tamerlane* which is worth its weight in radium—but from the affection with which he spoke of them, I feel sure that the Lamb section of his library is nearest his heart.

In Boston, after I had done my work at the Harvard Library (where the

MS. of "Grace Before Meat" is) Mr. Frank B. Bemis took me to his luxurious New England home—and, like his courtly self, rather Old England too—on the edge of the creek at Beverly Farms, and laid before me first edition after first edition and letter after letter with, since business must be relieved by pleasure, occasional glimpses at his other darlings, such trifles as the MS. of Keats; "Lamia" among them. Mr. W. T. H. Howe, in his home among Kentucky hills and valleys, where he varies his duties as an educational publisher by farming, dog breeding, and other rural pursuits, gave me the run of an amazingly diversified assortment of unique things, including some of my own particular fancy; seated me in a chair from the parsonage at Haworth, and allowed me to take down a book from the identical shelves that hung by Dickens's bed at Gad's Hill. Finally, among individual collectors to whom almost everything is of interest, let me mention Mr. Oliver Barrett of Chicago, who, when he is not toiling for justice for his clients, is accumulating literary and historical possessions of amazing variety. It was in Chicago too, among the papers of the late J. A. Spoor, that I found a new and charming letter written by Charles Lamb and his youthful ward, Emma Isola, in conjunction.

Mr. A. E. Newton, Philadelphia's Great Cham (who owns the MS. of "Dream Children"), I did not this time see, but he had already sent me, in London, copies of what letters he has.

It does not follow that, although Lamb's relics are so prized by American collectors, American readers are interested in him. At any rate the young. I found no one under twenty-five who had advanced beyond "Roast Pig," and few had got so far; while one of the interviewers who met the *Berengaria* had worked on his brief so lightly, and was plunged into such per-

plexity by my mention of the Temple, that I had to take the pen myself. "Thank you, Mr. Lamb," he said, as I handed him the result. A more mature inquirer, later in the trip, completely baffled me by asking if all the contents of the forthcoming book would be "business letters."

III

If in America the mind of Lamb is chiefly the property of the middle-aged and elderly, the reason is not so much that that organ is decaying as that "America for the Americans" seems now to be feverishly the rule in literature. Wealthy fathers will, after dining well, continue to compete with one another for the possession of the *Tales from Shakespeare* in original boards, or presentation copies of *Elia*, but their children will be reading the latest human document from the Mississippi Valley, the demand of the day being for intensely indigenous revelations. What chance then has one who, bewilderingly accused of indecency in his sonnet "The Gipsy's Malison" in 1828, "damned" the age and vowed he would write "for antiquity"? Had he truly been guilty of the charge, he might be a best-seller; for there has come into American novels a frankness of statement that makes one gasp and also makes one curious as to the future. A judge having, after a period of rural isolation spent in pondering the niceties of the problem, decided that Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses* is not unfit for common consumption, there will be difficulty in drawing the line; and the new tendency to raw bluntness is I think to be watched with some concern. Not that knowledge of the facts of life is harmful; I do not mean anything so foolish as that; but reticence is a part of good taste, and good taste should be an ideal in all civilization. There is no need to bring a

charge of hypocrisy or false-modesty against the many preceding generations who did not believe that the sleeve was the place on which to wear the genital organs.

Novels, no matter how frank, are, however, read by one person at a time and alone. Far more serious is, I think, the tendency of the American stage to licentious merriment; for there is something really disquieting when a thousand people of all ages laugh together over matters that belong to privacy. I saw a successful play called "Sailor, Beware" which for two hours and a half underlined, emphasized, and elaborated a situation which in England we have done with when we repeat the saying that "Jack has a wife in every port." In this farce the surrender of one of Jack's potential wives is postponed long enough to be made the subject of wagers; and scene after scene illustrates the progress of the struggle, with such crossing of t's and dotting of i's as make the sensitive wince. Lamb's plea for lenience for the coarseness of the Restoration plays, on the ground that the world depicted by Congreve and Wycherley was as imaginary as fairyland, does not apply here, for the modern American drama is realistic before anything, and the dialogue reproduces all the looseness of the talk of the day.

I was surprised not only by the nature of this dialogue but by the feeling that America was going backward; so many of the jests recalling those that schoolboys write on walls or, at any rate, the spirit in which that writing is done. There is much to be said for a healthy pride and interest in the phenomena of adolescence; but there is much to be said also for the sanity of steady progress towards maturity. America may be young, but she is not as young as all that, and in the days of Whitman and Emerson and Mark Twain, who were by no means unin-

structed in life but knew when to keep a secret, she was older. "But," she may plead, or boast, "this is our Renaissance. We are being born again; we are discovering everything for ourselves and discouraging European competition. We are writing our own books and our own plays and our own songs. Have you any quarrel with that?" "None," I should reply, "so long as you don't forget beauty. It was in beauty that the Italian Renaissance had its being."

Beauty, however, is there, even if much of it has been imported; many new examples having been given to the country, by rich collectors, since my last visit in 1925. I found at the Metropolitan Museum in New York not only two new Vermeers but all the glories of the Havemeyer bequest, with its Degas and Corots, its Manets and Monets (I adjure you to hasten to see Monet's "Poplars" again and his "Green Wave") and Goya's "City on a Rock" and El Greco's "Toledo"; and in the same storied building I found the exquisite vestiges of Egyptian civilization from a time when America was nothing but forests and swamps, excavated by the late Lord Carnarvon and presented by Mr. Harkness. How any man during his lifetime can bring himself to part from such treasure I have not imagination enough to understand; but Mr. Harkness has done it, and if I lived in New York I should make an effort to see them every day.

I must mention also two bequests which since 1925 have enriched Cincinnati. One of these is the Taft family mansion, an oasis of comeliness and placidity in the midst of the noisy city, where I found one of the most sweet and lucid Constables ever painted, to say nothing of the Hals portraits, and the Raeburn portraits, and Made-moiselle Gouin by Ingres, with her quiet composure, and Sargent's R.L.S. The other Cincinnati enrichment is due

to the late Mrs. Brewer, who endowed the Art Gallery with a whole roomful of astounding masterpieces: such as that glorious portrait of John, Count of Nassau, by Van Dyck, and the little girl extending her left hand by Rembrandt, and one of Tintoretto's noblest Doges, with his palace seen through the window, and Mrs. Thicknesse by Gainsborough, and the Countess of Quinto by Goya, and the three Elphinstone children by Raeburn, and Cherubini, the composer, by Ingres, while in the adjoining vestibule is that unearthly example of El Greco, also Mrs. Emery's gift: the crucifixion staged at Toledo.

Speaking of Cincinnati, one of the oddest things I saw in America was there. On a visit to the new and splendid offices of the chief local paper I was shown the quarters set apart for the young and lusty distributors: their gymnasium, their reading room, their shower baths, and so forth; and here on a wall I found a list of names calculated to stir their ambition. Under the heading "These Men Were Newsboys" I was astounded to find Edison, President Hoover, Al Smith, William Wrigley, President Harding, Charles M. Schwab, Jack Dempsey, Irving Berlin, and Henry Ford. Is it possible that the selling of newspapers can bear such fruit? I cleaned my glasses and read the list again, but no, Charles Lamb was not there.

Mention of Mr. Ford reminds me that someone should warn that autocrat that his work is only half done. It is not enough to make a car; he should provide for the car's complete disintegration and disappearance when its life is over. Nothing in America struck me as more strange—and one sees many examples of it from the train windows between New York and Los Angeles—than the dumps of automobiles eviscerated and left to rust. Not to rot, for they are made of

sterner stuff than that; but to rust. What becomes of old cars in England I have never inquired; but they must have their cemeteries somewhere. Even in France, where untidiness is a virtue, I have seen nothing like these American refuse heaps. Perhaps, when they tire of literary and dramatic exhibitionism, the leaders of the Renaissance will turn their attention to them?

The excellence of the acting of "Sailor, Beware," by making it so natural made it the more embarrassing. And American acting again struck me as reaching a very high level. John Hare at his easiest never gave a subtler performance than George M. Cohan in Eugene O'Neill's comedy of family life "Ah! Wilderness"; and I can think of no young actor capable of more alert virtuosity than Clifford Webb in the audacious revue "As Thousands Cheer," where the affairs of the moment were touched off with an intelligence and ruthlessness far beyond

anything that you will find either in Paris or London.

Finding in every play the same phonetic fidelity to the speech of the country at large, I wondered if a little heightening and molding of it might not be a good thing. Not to a point of staginess, but, since we are imitative creatures, for the good of the language. Because in America the art of conversation has been allowed to fall to a low level. A kind of mental laziness, or even slovenliness, is apparent wherever people talk—and they talk everywhere. Not even the French seem to me to enjoy talking as much as Americans do; but the French are fortunate in having a syntax that imposes form and style upon those who speak. All Americans, young and old, seem to me now to talk alike, without care or any interest whatever in exact expression. "Hell" is in every mouth. Will not someone arise to remind them of the fun, to say the least of it, of choosing the right word?



THE "LOGIC" OF HISTORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

IN THE bible of the currently most militant religion it is written: "Our theoretical conclusions are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented or discovered by this or that would-be universal reformer. They merely express, in general terms, actual relations springing from a historical movement going on under our very eyes." In other words, we are not offering you man-made doctrines which might be erroneous, but absolute truth. How it was revealed to the prophets is not stated—a somewhat illogical omission, since there is no evident reason why Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels should have been less fallible than other would-be universal reformers; but with that exception the Communist Manifesto, in its interpretation of the present and the future by the logic of the past, is a document of the same type as the Book of Deuteronomy or St. Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost. Every religion in the day of its vigor boasts that its doctrines are also scientific truth, revealing to the faithful the predetermined destiny of mankind.

The tendency is peculiarly strong to-day. During the late War ecclesiastics predicted that humanity, chastened by tribulation, would turn back to religion; and they were right. They were mistaken only in confusing religion with Christianity. The religions to which men turned to find stability in a shattered world were non-theistic—Communism, Fascism, Nationalism;

consequently their interpretations of history are set forth not as revelation but as scientific inductions. Especially the Marxians claim that their religion is not a religion, but a science, and the only science; a good talking-point in an age which likes to believe that it thinks scientifically (and is in fact a good deal farther from so thinking than the abused Victorians). "The highest task of humanity," wrote Lenin, "is to comprehend the objective logic of the economic evolution, with the purpose of adapting the social consciousness to it."

This is a precept which any scientist would approve: find out the facts and then behave accordingly. But when Lenin became boss of Russia, people had to comprehend the logic of economic evolution the way he comprehended it and adapt their social consciousness to his interpretation, not their own; otherwise they were shot. It is a curious sort of science which announces, upon reaching a certain point, that its conclusions are final and unalterable; and enforces their acceptance with machine guns.

For those who can swallow it, however, the Marxian interpretation of history (or any other which is accepted by faith, as beyond revision) is a powerful stimulant. The actual trend of human progress has been discovered by dispassionate investigation; and those who perceive it may hasten by their efforts the working out of the predestined Plan. When the Christians, says

Gibbon, became convinced that Constantine was God's choice for the imperial throne, "their warm and active loyalty exhausted in his favor every resource of human industry." Logically it might be supposed that Omnipotence was in no need of human aid; but psychologically it does not work out that way. Churches such as the Hardshell Baptists, who held that if God chose to save the world He would do so without the feeble assistance of contributors to foreign missions, dwindle and die; while creeds that hold, in substance if not in explicit theory, that God helps those who help themselves have a better chance of inheriting the future. The Reverend Professor Reinhold Niebuhr, in his recent *Reflections on the End of an Era*, observes that interpretations of history, if taken seriously, "tend to verify themselves because they direct the course of history to an imagined inevitable goal. . . . The moral imagination finds exactly that meaning in the facts which will make the impossible seem possible."

Even when the impossible must be recognized as impossible by the scientific eye, the moral imagination can find a way out. This teleological interpretation of history was invented by Jewish thinkers of what is known as the Deuteronomic school. They too would have called it objective science, if such a concept had existed in their day; they thought they knew why Israel had fallen and Judah had been chastened, and what measures had to be taken to prevent anything of the sort from happening again. Their formula proved inadequate; King Josiah got right with God, but Pharaoh Necho of Egypt hired some Greeks to fight for him, and that was the end of Josiah. Did this disturb the prophets? Not at all. With admirable fidelity to their convictions and indifference to the evidence, they amended their

theory so that it would somehow cover everything if you did not look too closely, and made it stick with the Chosen Remnant who became orthodox Judaism.

The greatest of later Jewish prophets, St. Paul and Karl Marx, broke away from orthodoxy to found religions of their own; but their followers emulate the Exilic writers in explaining away the facts rather than give up the interpretation. On the eve of the triumph of Christianity, Lactantius ("much more perspicuous and positive," Gibbon comments, "than becomes a discreet prophet") set forth this attractive picture: "If the Only God were worshipped there would be no dissensions and wars; no treacheries, frauds, or plunderings; no adultery and prostitution. . . . There would be no need of so many and such diverse laws for ruling men, no need of jails, or armed guards, or the fear of punishment; for to man's perfect innocence the single law of God would be sufficient." Unfortunately it did not work out that way; but the truly faithful were unshaken by the persistence of vice and crime, or even by the unprecedented misfortunes that presently befell the Empire. Augustine, supplemented by Orosius, set himself to explain it all away; and whatever you think of the *City of God* as an interpretation of history or as a moral and intellectual influence on subsequent generations, it is certainly one of the most magnificent efforts of the human spirit to transcend an intolerable emotional situation. And it worked, not only for Augustine but for other people; Augustine's structure became part of the foundation of the medieval Church, and Orosius's interpretation of history was still a force in politics when Orosius had been dead twelve hundred years.

The heathen were less hardy. With the rise of Roman power there grew up

that interpretation of history which found its noblest expression in the sixth book of the *Æneid*; the gods had destined Rome to rule the nations. That faith survived till Rome was tottering; even in the fifth century there were stubborn pagans who insisted that the disasters of the Empire were a punishment of apostasy. But the masses refused to follow them in this not illogical view. Why? Because they lacked faith in the major classical deities—faith of the sort that animated the Christians to insist, in the midst of catastrophe, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. The god whose followers could ignore the evidence was the god who got the converts.

So to-day. In modern times there has grown up a tendency to look for a logic in history on purely secular grounds. The building up in the physical sciences of a body of ordered knowledge, however incomplete, the discovery of laws valid for the evidence now available, encouraged the hope that the same thing might be done with history. But recent events suggest that more can be done in this direction with faith than with science. It is now the fashion to abuse the bourgeois liberals, optimistic and rationalistic, who believed that the prophet Darwin had discovered a principle which explained history as well as biology. The tendency of evolution was upward; every day in every way we were growing better and better, even if not so rapidly as could be wished.

Anybody can throw mud at those outmoded pagans now, and most of them meekly accept the chastisement. What was their crime? They rested their faith on the evidence, and the preponderance of evidence at present available is against them. So they beat the breast in abased contrition; and more and more of them fly for refuge to one or another of the modern

creeds whose devotees are never disturbed by anything so trivial as evidence which might suggest that they are wrong.

II

All very good if you call it faith; but if you call it science it must submit to the test of science. Can it withstand the force of negative instances? I know of no interpretation of history that can.

This is not an attempt to prove that there is no logic in history, whether of the Marxian type or any other. Marx analyzing economic data was a very different person from Marx letting off the apocalyptic hallelujahs of the Communist Manifesto and the finale of the first volume of *Capital*; and the creed of economic determinism, as classically stated in the preface to the *Critique of Political Economy* ("the mode of production of material life determines the *general* character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life") is much more modest and plausible than its embellishments by later commentators, some of whom have been as perspicuous, positive, and indiscreet as Gibbon found Lactantius.

Even so, I do not think the evidence at present available is sufficient to support the Marxian interpretation, or any other which presents itself, explicitly or implicitly, as science. There may be a logic in history or there may not; but at present, except in local and minor instances, such a logic can be discerned only by the eye of faith. Granted that the analysis of historical motivation is often impossibly difficult. Sometimes the evidence is lacking, or (worse) some vital and unsuspected piece of evidence. There is always a deviation due to the position of the observer—as a man in a moving airplane, of whose direction and speed he was as uncertain as we are of the direction and speed of our

times, would have trouble in judging the direction and speed of another moving airplane. Moreover, historical events are both effects and causes; and without going so far as some of the physicists who have lately doubted causality or have said that the cause may be subsequent to the effect, it is often impossible to untangle the complex.

All of this is no reason for not trying to figure it out as well as we can. I am only an amateur historian and I do not think that even the ablest professional really knows much about the direction and power of what are called "historical forces"—social, economic, or spiritual. But whatever those forces amount to, the record will show that at certain critical moments they have been interfered with, and with decisive effect, by something to which at present we can give no better name than Chance. Chance and what is perhaps a subdivision of Chance—Personality.

As factors in history these are certainly no new discoveries. Even Marx conceded that "the acceleration and retardation of the general process of development depend to a considerable degree on accidents, among which figure the character of the persons at the head of the movement." This is an admission which some of his followers, even those in the apostolic succession, might well take to heart. The Communist revolution was supposed to occur first in Germany, or England; why, in fact, did it occur in Russia? Stalin's explanation (*Foundations of Leninism*, pp. 83–86—English translation, naturally) seems to me very weak. The most logical reason is one which he omits altogether—that the severe repressive measures of Imperial Russia drove more and more of the abler radicals into the extreme revolutionary party and compelled that party to submit to a rigorous and salutary self-discipline if it was to hold together at

all. Beyond that there was one completely illogical reason, by any present concept of logic: the leaders of that party at the critical moment happened to be a couple of men named Lenin and Trotsky.

There was also, while we are in those geographical regions, a man named Genghis Khan. Where does he fit into the logic of history? Marx might say that such a character and such a career were the logical consequences of the nomadic mode of production. But there had been none like it in nomad history before him; and with all respect to Tamerlane, there has been none quite like it since. Where is the logic in the fact that the backwash of men displaced by his conquests, using the military technic learned from his armies, uprooted the apparently fairly stable residuary conquests of the Crusaders? Where, for that matter, is the logic in the turning aside of his armies when they had the much admired civilization of thirteenth-century Europe at their mercy? Possibly they found the wooded and hilly landscape of much of Central Europe uncongenial to the nomadic mode of production; but it was the usual custom of the Mongols to let their local subjects do the producing, while they lived on the product, like members of the Tammany organization. And certainly the effects of the Mongol conquest on the social, political, and spiritual processes of the life of Asia and of Eastern Europe were more considerable for several centuries than those of the mode of production.

About the end of the eighteenth century there was beginning in England a decisive change in the mode of production. That influenced the social, political, and spiritual processes of subsequent generations, up to and including our own; but along with it went the influence of a simultaneous event known as the French Revolution, and

of the occurrences that grew out of it. One of these occurrences was a man named Napoleon Bonaparte, whose consequences have by no means passed away. It is true enough that Napoleon was a product of his age; if he had been born fifty years earlier he could hardly have risen to be any more than a general of artillery in the "temperate and indecisive conflicts" of the eighteenth century. But from 1799, certainly from 1804, the age was largely a product of Napoleon. How did Napoleon get to the top? The times were ripe for the coup d'état of the 18th Brumaire; if you like, it was compelled by the logic of history. But how did it happen that General Bonaparte made it, and no one else? General Masséna might have made it, but he had no political ambition; General Moreau might have made it, but he was hesitant and politically inept. As for General Bonaparte, the 18th Brumaire was notoriously the weak point of his career; as Curzio Malaparte puts it, the only difference between the Napoleon of that day and the bungling failure Boulanger was Lucien Bonaparte. Is it logical that Napoleon, at the one moment when he faltered, should have had a brilliant brother who was in a position to pull him through—a brother who soon became disinclined to help him further?

Subsequent European history would have been very different if a less restless man, a comparative mediocrity, had made that coup d'état instead of General Bonaparte—American history too, for without the renewed war with England France might have chosen to fight for Louisiana rather than sell it. Subsequent history, both European and American, would for that matter have been very different if Napoleon had paid serious attention to Robert Fulton and his far from impracticable submarine. Leo Tolstoy defaced the greatest novel ever written with a long-

winded argument designed to prove that Napoleon was nothing—the inconsiderable tool of vast impersonal forces. But if Napoleon, during the critical hours of the battle of Borodino, had not been incapacitated by indigestion (or *petit-mal* epilepsy, whichever it was), Borodino might have been a victory as decisive as Jena; and the Russian popular uprising of which Tolstoy was justifiably proud might not have given Napoleon much trouble if there had been no Russian army left to serve as its spearhead. A logic which rationalizes the diet of kings would have to be very rigorous indeed.

III

An implicit teleological interpretation of history was a commonplace of American patriotism in our early decades; we were God's chosen people, appointed to exemplify the superior merit of republican democracy to all the nations of the earth. But we might never have got started but for the indolence of Sir William Howe, who could always win a battle but lacked the energy to finish a war; but for the fact that Lord George Germain, in his hurry to get off to the country for the week-end, would not stop to send the letter that would have ordered Howe to join Burgoyne; but for Charles Lee, who with the worst of intentions saved his adopted country by persuading Howe to go to the Chesapeake instead; but for Colonel Skene, who for personal reasons induced Burgoyne to take the long hard route through the woods instead of the easy one by Lake George, and thus gave Schuyler time to organize the defense. Nor for that matter if Benedict Arnold had not been the kind of man who insisted on getting into a fight, even when he had been ordered to stay out of it; or if Washington had not been Washington. Such a chain of contingencies,

every one of them essential, might with some plausibility be called the providence of God; it can hardly be called the logic of history.

Our exemplification of the merits of republican democracy would not have been very effective if this nation had blown up in mid-career; which it might have done but for a man named Abraham Lincoln—a man not naturally very ambitious, who qualified as presidential timber largely because his wife was not only ambitious but shrewish, so that he went out and got a reputation in preference to staying at home; and who got the presidential nomination largely because six years earlier Horace Greeley had quarreled with Thurlow Weed over so trivial a matter as the Lieutenant-Governorship of New York. But for Greeley's vanity and Mary Todd's temper this nation might easily have split in two.

After Lincoln's day the country took a very different turn; its mode of production was changing, and social, political, and spiritual life changed with it. Much of that would doubtless have occurred under any President; but much of what happened almost certainly would not have happened if Booth had missed Lincoln. Lincoln if he had lived would have pursued the policies that Andrew Johnson pursued in vain. No one can surely say that he would not have failed too if he had tried to oppose the rising tide of passion and interest that turned the South over to carpetbaggers and the North to speculators. But there were differences between Lincoln and Johnson—immensely important differences. In the first place, there was Lincoln's tremendous prestige at the end of the war; Radical Republican newspapers would hardly have dared to lie about him as shamelessly as they lied about Johnson. Also, Lincoln was one of the ablest politicians who ever sat in the White House; his outstanding dis-

tingtion in an age of violent passions was that he never lost his temper (as Johnson did, to his heavy cost) and never let his vision of what was desirable interfere with his coolly realistic estimate of what was possible.

And one thing more—the whole emotional background would have been different if Lincoln had lived. No one can read the newspapers of April, 1865, without being struck with the fact that the universally dominant emotion was simply a feeling of immense relief. There was at first apparent no hatred, no bitterness; a long agonizing ordeal was over, and men on both sides seemed to feel like survivors of a great natural cataclysm who must now forget their old differences and get together to repair the damage. For a few days it appeared that the whole country was ready to proceed to reconstruction with malice toward none, with charity for all.

In some degree, no doubt, that appearance was illusory. Thaddeus Stevens would have been Thaddeus Stevens, and human nature would have been human nature, whether Lincoln lived or died; after men had got used to peace they might have backslid from their momentary virtue. But no slow and normal retrogression could have been anything like the sudden explosive release of suspicion and vindictiveness and hatred that came with the news that Lincoln had been assassinated. Lincoln living could never have had to face the insuperable difficulties that were created by the mere fact of Lincoln dead.

One other instance from domestic history. There is one Marxian doctrine—emotionally, if not logically, the cardinal doctrine of them all—which seems to me quite sound: that capitalism is doomed to ultimate destruction by its inherent self-contradictions. What those contradictions are was amply demonstrated between 1928

and 1933 (and may soon be demonstrated again, if the people who insist that reform must not impede recovery are allowed to get the upper hand). Revolution, says Lenin—meaning thorough revolution, the "proletarian" revolution—is impossible unless there is a crisis which makes not only the "exploited" but the "exploiters" feel that they can no longer go on in the old way. The United States was dangerously near that situation, in emotion if not in underlying fact, in the early summer of 1932. That there was no revolutionary party competent to take advantage of the confusion may have been a logical consequence of American social development. But it is hard to see anything but pure chance in the fact that we touched bottom in a presidential year, when we could change our leadership in the familiar non-revolutionary way; or that the secondary banking crisis, less profound but more acute, came to a head on the very day when the new President took command. No one can say how much trouble we may have been saved by a mere accident of chronology.

Capitalism may ultimately choke to death on its own contradictions; but there is now going on in this country a desperate effort to iron out some of those contradictions, to repair the machine and make it workable. It is possible, though I think improbable, that this effort may attain a real and durable success; which, if it happens, will disprove the Marxian reasoning. But what would it prove affirmatively about the logic of history? If capitalism is saved in America (however it may have to be modified in the process) it will be because there was a President at a certain time, who was nominated because he was a Protestant named Roosevelt, and elected because he was not an incumbent named Hoover. Not a hundred people of the twenty-two million who voted for him could

have had any clear idea of what he was and what he was going to do. And after he was elected he lived to take office only because a man who wanted to kill him was a bad shot and hit some other people instead. Providence, if you like; but certainly not logic.

IV

All this may sound like the long discredited "great-man theory" of history, which, says Professor Shotwell, explains nothing. But in the record of every science there are observations of fact which explained nothing at the time, but served the useful purpose of discrediting mistaken explanations previously prevalent. I do not cite these familiar instances in support of the great-man theory, or any other; only to suggest that Chance plays so large a part that we cannot yet formulate any theory at all that even roughly fits the facts.

In no field of history has the search for logical explanation been so diligent as in the study of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. This is the only known instance of the decay of a more or less universal civilization, which might serve as something of an object lesson to our own; accordingly it has been very thoroughly studied, and the attempt to explain it has exercised some of the ablest historians who ever wrote. Almost any preacher or politician can tell you why Rome fell, but the men who know most about it are not so ready with glib explanations. Even they must admit at critical moments the decisive interposition of Chance.

The first question is why Rome did not "fall" much earlier. In the first century B.C. the civilized Mediterranean world seemed to be disintegrating; but the decline was postponed for two hundred years, the fall for two hundred and fifty years more. Why?

The strength of the centripetal and constructive forces in society? Those forces existed, had always existed; but in the fourth decade before the birth of Christ they were organized and led to victory by a man named Augustus. And who, in the beginning, was Augustus? Only the heir of a famous name; a boy, untried and unknown. The legions of Cæsar turned to him, rather than to the mature and brilliant Antony, because he was Cæsar's heir and nearest legitimate kinsman; nobody could guess, then, that this young stranger was to become one of the shrewdest politicians and ablest organizers of all time.

After two centuries the structure built by Augustus began to decay; or rather the processes of decay, present in Rome as in every society, became stronger than the processes of construction. There was a slow social and economic deterioration, most thoroughly analyzed by Rostovtzeff (who would be the last to claim that his analysis is final), and a growing intellectual and spiritual lassitude, a loss of nerve, which no one has yet adequately explained. Rostovtzeff thinks that perhaps the chief trouble was the "economic backwardness" of the Empire; which might seem to support the doctrine that everything is conditioned by the mode of production. There was a costly administration, a costly army, and a costly leisure class; and much too much of the national income was spent on useless overhead, the embellishment of hundreds of cities. A primitive system of production could not stand the burden and began to crack.

But why was Rome economically backward? There had been a promising beginning of capitalism in the Greek states that succeeded Alexander; it withered chiefly because of the incessant wars, whose motivation was personal and political, not economic. When Rome had stabilized the Mediter-

anean world, capitalism of a primitive type took hold again; its development was halted partly by the tendency above mentioned to put too much money into temples, theaters, and baths (which sprang from many causes, few of which had any economic aspect); but chiefly by the Roman civil wars, again personal and political in motivation.

Ancient capitalism might have got somewhere if it had used machinery. The later Greeks invented machines, including a steam engine; but they treated them as scientific toys, or at best as weapons in siege warfare. Why? No one can say, except that such was the tendency of the Greek mind. If capitalism never took hold in antiquity it would seem to be due to a reversal of the Marxian formula; the mode of production was determined by social, political, and spiritual processes. Marx might call this a mere retardation; but a retardation of two thousand years is no small item in the short span of history.

The obvious and proximate cause of Roman decay, as all historians have recognized, was the disastrous civil wars between ambitious generals; which were due to a structural weakness that made the Emperor, in theory an elected magistrate, in fact the creature of the army. This might be called part of the logic of Roman development; Augustus could not have arranged things any other way. Nevertheless, for a century and a quarter after 69 A.D. there were no serious civil wars; and in the latter part of that period Europe was more prosperous and better governed than it was to be again for seventeen hundred years, more peaceful than it has ever been since. Emperor after emperor, in those days, was picked out by his predecessor as the best man to carry on the job—chosen, and adopted as a son for greater moral effect. The first

emperors of the series happened to be childless; but the fourth of them deliberately passed over his own sons to designate as his successor Marcus Aurelius, who seemed better fitted.

The principle of adoption, supported by all the educated classes, seemed established, and with it the internal stability of the Empire. But the wise and virtuous Marcus broke the precedent and passed on his power to his son Commodus, either a lunatic or (among other things) a monumental incompetent. In thirteen years Commodus managed to wreck the constructive work of a century, and left a chaos—political, financial, and moral—in which the Empire became again, and remained forever after, the prize of the strongest. Even Rostovtzeff, neither ignorant of nor indifferent to the impersonal forces at work, thinks that another pair of strong emperors (such as the adoptive principle had given) might have kept Rome peaceful and fairly prosperous for some scores of years more, with incalculable consequences for the future of civilization.

There followed a century of disintegration, after which some sort of order was re-established. The new structure built by Diocletian and Constantine was a grotesque caricature of the Empire of Augustus—barbarous, tawdry, and very uncomfortable except for the small class of rich racketeers. Still it was the most imposing state west of China; it fought constantly against one civilized enemy and many barbarians and held them at bay. Then, a century after Diocletian, the western half of it began to collapse. Why? And why not the eastern half too? Bury, the best authority on this period, points out that decline and fall are two very different matters; the impersonal forces assigned as causes for the one have little to do with the other. In the "fall" of Rome, he thinks, there

was no logic at all; it was "the consequence of a series of contingent events."

The irruption of the Huns and the consequent displacement of the barbarian population of Europe might be fitted into a logic of world history, but not of Roman history. Rome gave asylum to the Visigoths, flying from the Huns; and it may be part of the logic of the later Empire that Roman officials who dealt with the Visigoths were grafters like some of our nineteenth-century Indian agents, and like them provoked an outbreak. The Roman army met the Visigoths at Adrianople; and if it had won there, as it had often won before, there would never have been any fall of Rome. But the Romans lost at Adrianople—because the Emperor Valens was too impatient to wait for reinforcements, and because he was misled by his scouts.

The Emperor Theodosius got the Visigoths back on the reservation, and so long as he lived they stayed there. But he died in middle age and left his empire to two sons (each ruling a half) who were little better than imbeciles. Honorius, the more imbecilic, reigning in Italy, entrusted the government to a German named Stilicho, who for personal reasons neglected opportunities to crush the Visigoths when they took the war path again; and eventually they sacked Rome. So Bury, whose judgment of Stilicho is perhaps harsher than most, but who certainly cannot be accused of not knowing what he is talking about. "It may be said," he observes, "that a German penetration of Western Europe must ultimately have come about. But even if that were certain, it might have happened in another way, at a later time, more gradually, and with less violence." And accordingly with far different consequences.

Meanwhile the eastern half of the

Empire somehow managed to pull through. It is usual to explain this as due to the greater prosperity of the East, its older and more deeply rooted culture. But the Eastern provinces immediately exposed to the barbarians were poorer and less cultured than Italy and Gaul. About the year 400 a German general dominated Constantinople as other German generals later dominated Rome; yet he was overthrown and killed. Why? The record is obscure; but his fall seems to have been chiefly due to a mere accident which left half his army within and half outside of the walls at a critical moment. The rest of the story is too long to be recited here; but it looks as if Constantinople survived when Rome fell simply because it "got the breaks."

The conversion of Constantine, and the consequent Christianization of the Empire, was an event of enormous importance. Leaving aside the much debated question of whether it did more good than harm to the Church and to the world, let us look for the logic in it. It is the commonest view that Constantine turned Christian from policy; he saw that the Church, though weak in numbers, was strong in spirit, the only institution headed upward in a world where everything else was slipping down. But Christianity was weakest in the provinces where Constantine, before he became Emperor, was strongest; his conversion won him friends but also made him enemies; as an act of policy its wisdom is seriously debatable. Accordingly, Church historians and some of the bitterest enemies of the Church have agreed in regarding it as a real conversion—that is, something which happened in the mind of Constantine for reasons not related to logic. Even Gibbon, who goes at length into the political advantages and cannot swallow the attendant miracles, will not

deny the sincerity of the conversion. Modern psychologists might not question even Constantine's vision of the cross in the sky, seen at a moment of great emotional tension by a soldier who lived in a time of ignorance and superstition.

V

The factor most often overlooked by historical logicians is that of the cumulative consequences; if one great event had happened otherwise, the major outlines of all that followed would have been different. Otherwise, or at another time; the consequences are dependent on the date. The war of 1914 had perhaps been made inevitable by the logic of impersonal forces; but it was not inevitable in 1914. Nobody then wanted a war on that scale; it was the result of the interaction of the mental processes of many men—their emotions, their failures of insight. That war almost happened in 1905, in 1909, in 1911, in 1913; its consequences had it begun in any of those years would have been incalculably different, as they would have been if it had been deferred to 1917 or later. By the end of 1916 the two European alliances had fought each other to a standstill; the War was decided by the intervention of America, which might have intervened, but did not, in 1915. Radicals have a dogmatic explanation of all this; but I think any one who examines the evidence will conclude that the reason America did not fight in 1915 (when we might have lost, and the consequences even of victory would have been enormously different) and did fight in 1917 was simply the state of mind of Woodrow Wilson, a state of mind in which logic played a minor part.

There are other factors that fit no logical scheme. In the sixteenth century great forces—economic, political,

psychological—were at work to break up the medieval world. But the actual results of those forces, the directions in which they were channeled, depended on circumstances whose necessity does not appear. The late Dr. Charles MacLaurin, in his historical essays entitled *Post Mortem*, suggests that England might never have left the Church if the syphilis of Henry VIII had not incapacitated Katharine of Aragon for bearing living children after Mary; and that the triumph of particularism and semi-triumph of Protestantism in Germany was made possible by the gluttony, and consequent arterio-sclerosis, of Charles V.

No philosophy of history has room for sexual attraction. Yet its primary and obvious effects have sometimes been important; Roman history would have been different if Cæsar, and after him Antony, had not fallen in love with Cleopatra. Far more weighty are the secondary effects—the doings of men and women born from specific unions, who could have been born from no other unions. Letizia Ramolino, a remarkable woman, had eight children—four who were nonentities, three (I include Pauline) who were distinctly superior, and one transcendent genius. What sort of children would she have borne if the traits of her stock had been blended with some other germ plasm than that of Carlo Buonaparte? Whether she picked him out or had him picked for her I do not know, but the destiny of the nineteenth century hung on the choice. If Philip of Macedon, in his younger days, had married any one but the enigmatic barbarian Olympias, he might have been succeeded by a son like himself, who would have consolidated an indestructible kingdom west of the Taurus; instead of a superman who overran the world and then drank himself to death, leaving behind him a Hellenized Orient and the seeds of an

Orientalized and Christianized Occident. The marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn looked at one time like a horrible mistake; yet from it sprang Elizabeth, and modern England.

But no logical interpretation, you protest, could rationalize such factors as these? Exactly; and it is on such factors as these that the actual course of history depends, however the trend may be directed by impersonal forces. In the present state of human knowledge such matters as the marriage of Letizia Ramolino and the appetite of Charles V can be woven into a logical scheme only on the assumption that everything—personal and impersonal, internal and external—is causally related to everything else; that every psychological impulse, as well as every event, is predestined; that nothing that ever happened or ever will happen could have happened otherwise. This may be true; any logician could make out a good argument for it. But as a working hypothesis human nature has never been able, and probably never will be able, to accept it; even Moslems usually act as if what they did or omitted would make a difference. Pure fatalism is not only not a logic of history; it makes a logic of history impossible. Everything happens because it happens, and that is all.

There is no apparent reason why some day a passably adequate philosophy of history may not be evolved; but that day is remote. "We do not know natural necessity in the phenomena of the weather," wrote Lenin, "and to that extent we are slaves of the weather. Nevertheless, without knowledge of this necessity" (*i.e.* without knowledge of its laws, of what it is) "we know that it exists." True; as we are aware of some sort of law, though we can discern it very dimly, in the run of the cards, the sequence of numbers that turn up on the roulette wheel. We know rather more about the laws

of the weather than we did when Lenin wrote the foregoing, twenty-five years ago; we shall learn more about the weather and about human behavior too. Some day we may understand the laws of sexual attraction as a branch of electro-chemistry; we may know why a man eats himself out of an empire. But till we understand the laws of such matters and the probably more complex laws of their interrelation no philosophy of history can be called scientific.

Human behavior, individual and collective, is a more perplexing study than the weather; and its students are more likely to be deflected by emotion, by the impulse to find evidence in support of a faith already held. Mytholo-

gies of history, as Niebuhr observes, are pragmatically useful; they encourage the devout. But once adopted they become dogmas, which no man may safely deny. It would be dangerous to question the Hitlerite interpretation of history in Berlin, the Marxian interpretation in Moscow; it may soon be physically, as it is now socially, dangerous to question the Catholic interpretation in Dublin or Vienna. However, there is this to be said for the people who explain history in terms of the miraculous interpositions of divine Providence—they do not try to harmonize their scheme with the laws of logic; they do not think they give it additional authority by calling it a science.





THE COUNTRY SUIT

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

"GOOD HEAVENS," Zoe said aloud, "why do we do these things?" For ten minutes, although he had not stirred, she had known from his breathing that Steve was awake. Turning in her own section of the studio couch, she slipped her forearm beneath her cheek, drew up her knees, and regarded the back of Steve's head in the adjacent section contentedly. In turning, by straining her eyeballs upward, she had glimpsed the face of the alarm clock, ticking harshly on the table with the groceries. The white northern light edged the fully drawn blind in the one window, glittered starlike in the chinks and came through, yellowing the blind and shadowing the narrow hall-like apartment. The window behind the blind was open, and Zoe felt the cool damp April air on her naked arms. Her husband flounced completely over and slowly, lazily, smiled at her.

"What things?" he mocked, grinning with knowledge. The frames of their two sections were in the bed between them. Through his tousled hair he looked half his age, which was twenty-four.

"It's disgracefully late," Zoe said. "It's after twelve thirty. Get up, Stevie, and let some light in."

"You must permit me the luxury of disobedience this bright Sunday morning."

"I don't permit you the luxury of

disobedience any morning. And don't yawn in my face. You look like the mandrill at the zoo. I never saw such a big mouth."

"Pray God you never see bigger," Steve said, forcing his jaws into an even greater yawn, "close up."

"Now do get up and no nonsense."

"I'm tired."

"If you aren't the laziest, most impudent little devil."

"Smart too," Steve grinned. "What's the rush to-day anyway, sweetie pie?"

"I want to get up and wear my new suit." Zoe deliberately used her special artfully childish voice and laughed at her own intonation. "I can't wait to wear it into the office to-morrow," she added.

Steve hooted. "Office," he said disdainfully. "Office. Never mind about the office. This suit is something else again. And never mind about to-morrow. Where can we go to-day? Where's a place we can go to-day, Zoe, and show off the wife of Mr. Stephen Denham in her new suit to the world at large? That's what I want to do. Where shall we go?"

"How should I know, silly?"

"There must be a place where you can go to make an effect, even on Sunday. You must know, Zoe. A woman should know."

"There's church."

"I don't mean church."

"It's too late for a church," Zoe said.

"Besides, you don't show off a suit like this. This is a tailored suit."

"What kind of clothes do you show off?"

"Evening gowns."

"Do you want an evening gown, sweetie pie?"

"No," Zoe said with alarm. "Don't you think of it. You had no business getting me this. It's an extravagance."

"We've been married five months. It was high time."

"Humph. What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. When I walked by Tatham's Wednesday and saw it in the window—chic, petite, irresistible—I had to buy it. It reminded me of you immediately. It must have been the form. I'm sure it was the form. It was built exactly as you are." Zoe covered her face with her hand in affected modesty. "Hey, wake up," Steve said. "I'm referring to your well-known figure. The form was built exactly as you are, rather trim and generally flat, with that saucy little lift, front and rear, just where it matters."

"A lot you know about it."

"And the moment I saw this beautiful headless plasterwork figure, I thought to myself—Zoe—the spitting image of Zoe. Then when I saw Tatham's advertisement in Friday morning's paper devoted to this identical suit, lauding and praising it as 'The Classic Country Suit,' with words like 'exclusive' and 'dear England,' that settled it. I could no longer resist. Particularly as it was mostly your money. We had to buy it."

"We didn't have to buy it. And we shouldn't have either. It went against my better judgment. Imagine people like us buying clothes at Tatham's. Sixty dollars. It's ridiculous."

"What's ridiculous?"

"I'm worried about it too."

"Why?"

"It's so extreme. I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"Where can I wear it? There's a right and a wrong to all these things. If it's a country suit, and that's what it's called, how can I wear it to the office?"

"Wear it anywhere."

"A lot you know about it."

"Nonsense. The suit is all right. I know what I'm talking about, Zoe. The real people come to a department store. Don't look superior, because I know what I'm talking about. I see them every day. I see just as many well dressed people in the drapery section as you can see anywhere else in this city. I know what I'm talking about, and the suit is the real thing. I like it. It's what they call classic *tailleur*. Anyway—listen, let me tell you something. Once when I was young another kid told me about his girl. He told his girl he didn't like the color of her stockings and she went straight home and changed them."

Zoe laughed.

"It made quite an impression on me."

"Darling," Zoe said, "I wouldn't change my stockings for any man alive. It's too foolish."

Steve looked at her, and his neck against the white pajama collar flushed. "You don't get the point," he said.

"What point?"

"If you seem like a knockout to me what more do you want?"

"Nothing," Zoe said. "Nothing." She reached her hand toward him. "Don't be mad at me, darling. You know, don't you?"

"I'm not mad," Steve asserted, ignoring her hand, and sitting up with his face turned from her. "You surprise me sometimes, that's all."

He got into his blue slippers and went into the bathroom. Zoe, her arm still under her cheek, watched him go. He did not look back. He needs breakfast, she thought. The room was disordered. Their clothes were flung

together in the overstuffed armchair. By the head of the couch on the floor was an ashtray with two cigarette stubs and beside it a heap of orange peel. Zoe slipped into Steve's half of the couch. It was still warm. She lay for a moment in his warmth. Near the alarm clock, ticking harshly on the table, were the breakfast groceries in paper sacks as Steve had dropped them the preceding evening when they came in. It had been nine o'clock then and Saturday. Zoe sighed and sat up shivering.

The suit was of brown herringbone. It had a single-breasted short jacket with pockets and mannish lapels and a straight fitted skirt. After breakfast Zoe dressed carefully. She put on a white piqué blouse with the suit and walked up and down the room, buttoning and unbuttoning the jacket. She got out her last summer's brown straw sailor and tied Steve's green and yellow plaid muffler, ascot fashion, around her neck, tucking the ends inside the jacket. She stroked the tweed along her thighs and bit her upper lip reflectively. Steve lifted down the mirror from the wall over the bow-front dresser and held it for her.

"You're a knockout."

"The skirt and jacket seem to be even," Zoe admitted. "Lower it a little."

"It looks on you just as I knew it would when I first saw it in the window. You're a knockout, Zoe. I marvel you're not jumping up and down with delight. I warn you that's what I expect."

"I am, Stevie—inside. There, you can raise it. I can't see it across the back. Does it hike up at the neck? I guess not. How is it across the fanny? Has it got that slack look these English things always have on slender women?"

"Not a bit. You fill it out perfectly."

"What do you mean? You mean—"

"Nothing of the kind," Steve said.

"I was exaggerating. You're perfect."

"But isn't it—isn't it—"

"No. Absolutely not. Anyone can tell as far as they can see you that you're a woman, very female, all wool and a yard wide."

"Never mind that crack about a yard wide," Zoe said. "I feel horribly man-nish."

"You look horribly smart."

"It's so extreme." She stood with her feet apart, her fingers thrust into the slanted hip pockets of her skirt, and in the mirror she practiced with arms and shoulders the attitudes between raffish and akimbo.

"I can't make up my mind," she said, throwing herself into the overstuffed chair. She studied the skirt while she crossed and recrossed her knees several times. "I don't believe this is a real country suit—the kind that English women wear with brogans, tramping round in rain and fog through the countryside. It's too well tailored. It pinches in at the waist. It's more of a tailored business suit."

"That's right," Steve said. "It's really very conservative in a radically well-dressed way. You'll see. It will never go out of fashion. That's the way you should always dress, Zoe. These inexpensive things you get are all styled to beat the band. They look superannuated in about two months and you have to throw them away. Now if you—"

"Oh, hush," Zoe said. "Are you off on that again? I'm glad to throw them away in two months. I'm tired of them by then. I can't afford good clothes. We shouldn't have done this. When I think. Sixty dollars. It's too extravagant."

"You aren't really pleased with it, are you, Zoe?"

"Yes, I am."

"It was made for you. Don't be disappointed. I wish you'd believe me. You're stunning. I'm going to have to

dress up before I can even tag along." He hung the mirror again on the wall. "And I'm flat up against it for dash if you're going to wear my plaid muffler."

"I am," Zoe stated, "and let's hear no more about that. You can buy another muffler, but don't get a plaid one. We'd look funny together."

"And that shall never be."

"Are you sure I look all right?"

"Positive. You look like a girl straight out of a limousine."

"But I'm not out of a limousine. Oh, dear, I can't be sure. I've never had anything so extreme."

"Stop worrying. This suit will loosen folks' teeth with envy. You're a knockout. I'll stand on my head if that will make it any more emphatic."

"All right," Zoe said. "Let's see what happens to me in the street. If anybody laughs at it I'll die."

"They won't," Steve said. "It says class just as though the dollar signs were loomed in the goods."

"I suppose so," Zoe said.

They got off the subway at Times Square and walked the two long blocks across town to Fifth Avenue. At the corner they turned northward up the avenue. Shadows from the office buildings darkened the street. The clock in front of the Guaranty Trust Company said twenty minutes to three. It was a gray afternoon. The avenue, its contours perceptible through the thin Sunday traffic, dipped and then surmounted a slight rise at 50th Street. The buildings were deserted; along the street level in many of the shop fronts the curtains had been drawn. In those others, in the open windows and the gray light, the lamé, the satin, the rhinestones, and the marcasite did not glitter; all was cold and expensive. Green buses, their upper decks half filled, careered by, discharging carbon monoxide.

"He noticed," Steve said.

"Humph," Zoe said. "I can't be bothered."

"But he certainly did. I don't know whether it was you or the suit, but he certainly gave you a tumble."

"Don't bother about the men," Zoe said. "What do they know about it? Look at the women."

"Men have better taste than women."

"Yes, yes, of course, darling. You have marvelous taste. But let's not argue. Just watch."

"I'd be fighting mad the way men look at you if I didn't know you were crazy about me."

"Stop fishing, Stevie. I'm not going to say a word to you until I make up my mind about this suit."

"Come on. Just one crumb."

"Not a smidgen. Just watch now and don't talk."

"That one looked you over, all right," Steve said. "Did you see her eyes? They started with your hat and went right down to your shoes and back up and down and back and halfway down again. And then she turned round and looked back at you."

"Yes, and caught you looking at her over your shoulder. Now please don't do that again. Don't look back. Especially at a woman like that. I don't care a rap about her opinion. Her coat was at least four years old. Didn't you notice? Monkey fur. Didn't it look silly?"

"It always reminds me of a bear claw necklace the way it spreads out around the neck."

"Yes, that's right," Zoe said, pressing his arm. "I never did like it much. I must get myself a pair of shoes though. These aren't right. I ought to have some brown oxfords, short vamps you know, with grosgrain ties to do in a nice bow. You know the kind. It's a trifle early for this hat too. Look. You see that couple over there in front of the jeweler's window? Don't stare.

I have an idea. Just saunter along and do exactly as I say. When I go up to the window, you follow behind me, be sure and stay a little behind, and while I'm looking in the window, you keep your eye on the woman. Understand?"

"She noticed you," Steve said. "She looked you over but I couldn't tell. The glasses hid her eyes and she had a face like a stone wall anyway. Not a trace of expression. She was old too, fifty if she was a day, and her complexion looked like raw fishmeat. She'd had her face lifted, did you notice? And an odd thing happened. The man was standing there, between you and her, and a little behind both of you, and I'm sure I saw his fingers move. I just had a sense of motion out of the corner of my eye. His arm hung down very near you and his fingers curled up a little, a very little, in his glove."

"You mustn't talk about people that way," Zoe said. "It isn't nice to notice those things. The reason I took you over there was because they both looked as though they'd know good clothes when they saw them. She was wearing a mink coat that cost two thousand if it cost a penny. There was that iron burglar thing over the window but I could see a little in the reflection. I think she was impressed."

"I know she was."

"I feel better."

"I don't like that woman. Why is it that old hulks like her always have—"

"Shush," Zoe said. "It isn't nice to talk that way. I don't want her mink coat. What do we care? Look. Over there. The couple in front of the window. Isn't it sweet the way she's hanging onto him? That's the way we are."

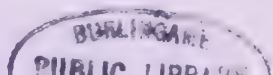
"Yes," Steve said, "just look. She's hanging onto him, all right, but look at her, fidgeting on one foot, just itch-

ing for that awful pink negligee with the marabou feathers, while he stands there like a poor sap, saying 'Yes, honey, when our ship comes in,' or some other tripe."

"Now, now," Zoe said.

They walked arm in arm. The avenue was not crowded and they sauntered, part of the straggling northward-going column, watching the countermoving successions of faces. The passers-by stared at one another, breathed in the air of the avenue, and stopped before the theatrically set shop windows with the sober manners of people getting through an idle afternoon. An old flower woman held out refrigerator-freshened violets from a pasteboard box with the suppliancy of a beggar. Pushing boys, walking four abreast, crowded by on the way to Central Park. In the bleak light the windshields and nickel plating on the traffic competing in the avenue glistened dully. Zoe and Steve looked in each of Tatham's windows; Steve pointed out the gilded flèche on the Sherry-Netherland and remarked the absence of fashionable promenaders; Zoe complained about the life of stockings and the off-the-face trend in hats, when suddenly, near St. Thomas' Church, sharply Zoe squeezed Steve's arm. Approaching them from the opposite direction came a tall young woman in a similar suit. The suit was gray. She was alone and walked heavily on her heels, leading a black toy pomeranian by a black leash. She wore a black felt slouch hat with an aluminum buckle and around her shoulders, slung magnificently, two deep-pelted silver fox furs. She stopped just before they passed, ostensibly to allow the dog on his brisk soldierly legs to catch up, and stared at Zoe.

"Not quite the same," Zoe said. "I like brown better. Her tweed was too salt and peppery looking and her hips are so large the skirt had to be shaped.



Custom tailored probably. But such furs."

"Never mind, Zoe. At least you're an honest woman."

"Humph. Isn't that a man's idea of consolation though?"

"But didn't you notice? The suits are really the same." He spoke triumphantly. "Yours is the real thing, Zoe. Didn't you notice? Doesn't she convince you?"

"Yes, a little," Zoe admitted. "I guess maybe you're right, all right."

"Really satisfied?"

"Yes."

"Hurray," Steve whispered boisterously. "Hurray. Listen, Zoe. Can I do the bells? I want to do the bells."

"You cannot," Zoe said firmly. "You keep your feet right on the ground and march along now."

The next morning Zoe passed the switchboard, walked down the office corridor, turned right, and deliberately entered the stenographic room of Standard Credit, Inc., seven minutes late. Eleven girls behind typewriter tables, in their various ways with forms, carbons, lipsticks, letters, handkerchiefs, statements, and mirrors, were preparing to begin a day's work.

"Good morning, everybody," Zoe said, turning her back while she placed her hat on the locker shelf and smoothed at her hair. There were greetings and a rising storm.

"Zoe Denham, you've got on a new suit." Zoe recognized Marjorie Fink's voice and turned round.

"Oh, isn't it smart? . . . Isn't it darling? . . . I've never seen anything like it. . . . Isn't it cute? . . . Where did you get it? . . . Swank, I'll say. . . . Turn round . . . turn round. . . . Absolutely darling. . . . What you must have paid for it. . . . It fits like a dream. . . . You lucky thing. . . . Unbutton it. . . . Let's see. . . . Look how beautifully it's finished. . . . See

this hem. . . . Hand-whipped. . . . Button it all the way down. . . . Just feel it. . . . It's marvelous material. . . . Both buttons now. . . . I can't get over the way it fits. . . . Isn't it English, though? . . . Tell us where you found it. . . . It's her type, isn't it, girls? . . . You look positively striking in it. . . . It's too darling for words. . . . Oh, Zoe. . . ."

"Tatham's," Zoe said.

By the time Mr. Albee rang Zoe was glad to get away. But she could hardly wait for lunch. She met Marjorie Fink by prearrangement and they rode together in the elevator in a bursting silence. No sooner had they pushed through the revolving door into the street than Zoe exclaimed:

"What did they say? Tell me quick."

"They all liked it," Marge said. "They really did."

"I thought so." Zoe breathed relievedly. "Tell me everything."

Over their sandwiches and coffee Marge told everything, and in order.

"Kitty thought you ought to try wearing pastel-colored blouses with it—pale blue or chartreuse, she said—and Wahnetah agreed with her. She said that with such conservative style, anything frivolous, a jabot, a ruche, frills, you know, would look just right. She said it was such a chance to look adorably feminine."

"What did Nosey have to say?"

"Wouldn't you just know? She said no one could go wrong at Tatham's. It was getting bargains that took taste."

"Isn't that her?"

"Isn't it though?"

"It's about time we opened the window again. We haven't given Nosey a good draft for a long time, have we?"

"No," Marge said, "but don't mind her. What do you think? I haven't told you the most exciting thing yet."

"What is it?"

"What do you think Miss Hawkins said?"

"What?" Zoe fell back with mouth astounded. Her paper napkin floated under the table. "Did Hawkins notice it?"

"She certainly did. Kitty said—you know they're thick right now—that Hawkins told her that she thought if you had half of Bella Orton's salary as a secretary to do it on, you'd outdress her easily."

"Did Hawkins say that? No. Really, Marge?"

"She certainly did. Now that is something, Zoe."

"Don't I know it?" Zoe said. "Don't I know it? Imagine. Did Kitty tell the other girls?"

"Everyone was there but Paula."

"Oh, Marge. I can't tell you. It's wonderful."

"It certainly is."

"I'll never get over this. I never will. And I'll tell you a secret, Marge. You mustn't breathe it, but when I walked into that office this morning I was shaking in my shoes. I was, honestly. I didn't pick this suit out, you know. Steve did. He saw it in Tatham's window and he made me go there and buy it. He went with me. I didn't want to. I wouldn't ever have thought of getting it myself. I never wore anything like it before. And I tell you, I was scared. I was scared stiff. I knew it was a wonderful suit, but I didn't know whether I could carry it off. If anybody had wise-cracked about it this morning, I think I'd have torn their eyes out. You don't know how I felt."

"You didn't show it."

"If I couldn't put this suit across—I don't know what mightn't have happened. You don't know Steve, Marge. You've met him, but you don't know him. You never knew anyone like him. He expects so much it scares me. He expects me to wear everything, do

everything, know everything. There are times I want to tell him I can't, I can't, but I don't dare. He's—he's—you don't know—"

"All right," Marge conceded. "All right. We're all of us entitled to be goofy over one of them once."

"I think I'll call him up and tell him."

"Now?"

"Of course not," Zoe said. "Don't be silly. Why waste nickels? Standard Credit's telephones are good enough for me. But I'm going to. And what a load off my mind."

By three o'clock Mr. Albee had gone out, and she telephoned from his room.

"Steve, oh, Steve, how are you, darling? Are you free? No customers? . . . I couldn't wait to tell you. Are you all right? . . . What do you think happened? The office is just crazy about my suit. They really are. I never had such a success. And what do you think, darling? Something more wonderful still. . . . Miss Hawkins told Kitty Fay that I was the best dressed girl in the office. Think of that. Aren't you proud? . . . Really, you know, it's all you. I can't thank you enough, Steve, for getting me the suit. . . . I'm so happy. I can't thank you enough. Be home as soon as you can. I want to eat you up. You're so wonderful. Oh, Stevie . . ."

Steve listened, answering very little. This was the response he had anticipated, the response for which he had waited, a response overflowing, jubilant, reckless of praise, but for him Zoe's enthusiasm came late. He recognized in his wife's voice the delight that yesterday he had longed for and he recognized it with cold slow deepening chill. Putting the telephone back on the bundle desk, he walked to his section, his salesbook under his arm, swallowing down his hurt. Grimly he ordered himself to be more

sensible. After all, it was only natural that the excited impression which the suit had made in the office should please Zoe. And Miss Hawkins—he was being petty if Miss Hawkins' approval of his wife's clothes made any difference to him. As though he could be jealous of Miss Hawkins. He had never even met the woman—somebody or other's secretary. His feeling was jealousy, he told himself, petty jealousy, and he ought to give it no atten-

tion. He had no right to be disappointed in Zoe. It was not her fault. It was all very natural, and he was being unreasonable. He admitted he was being unreasonable and yet at the same time, if she loved me, he thought . . . if she truly loved me . . . if I were everything to her . . . if I were the very center of her life . . . Something within him, unreasoning and strong, was smarting like thawing frost-bitten flesh.





THE WEST: A PLUNDERED PROVINCE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Westerner remains a bewildering creature to the rest of the nation. Socially he has never blended with the energetic barbarian that for many decades symbolized the Middlewesterner to the appalled East. Politically, also, he has remained distinct from the Middlewesterner, to whom our cartoonists give a more genial grin, a better filled-out frame, and a neater suit of overalls. To cartoonists, the Middlewesterner is the Dirt Farmer and he lives in the Corn Belt and, except occasionally, he is admitted to be a person of some consequence. On the contrary, it is established that the Westerner is gaunt, ragged, and wild-eyed; also he is a mendicant and rapacious. Under one arm he clasps a concrete dam or a bundle labelled Government-Built Hard Roads. Other labels dangling from his pocket announce that he has grabbed a lot of pork. They allude to Reclamation Projects, Forest Reserves, Experiment Stations, Grazing Acts, the Desert Land Act, Crop Surveys, Home Loan Banks, and similar privileges. Sometimes, with a quaint candor, they mention Land Grant Railroads, and nearly always a caption informs the reader how much Massachusetts paid in federal taxes and how many miles of concrete in Idaho were laid by the sum. The mendicant's mouth is open: you are to understand that he is bawling for more Privilege and Paternalism. This is his routine appearance when the cartoonists are merely amused, are even willing to tip

him a dam or two for the sake of quiet as you would give a child a nickel to go play somewhere else. When, however, the spectacle of human greed dismays the artist the Westerner ceases to be a mere beggar. Gaunt and wild-eyed still, he now rides a whirlwind or rushes over a cliff, invariably dragging the Republic with him, and the lightning round his head is labelled Socialism, Bolshevik Daydreams, or National Bankruptcy. Instead of being merely a national pensioner, he is now a national danger.

This is the symbolism of the Westerner in our metropolitan press—the national wild man, the thunder-bringer, disciple of madness, begetter of economic heresy, immoral nincompoop deluded by maniac visions, forever clamoring, forever threatening the nation's treasury, forever scuttling the ship of state. And yet there is a queer thing: a mere change of clothes gives him a different meaning on quite as large a scale. Put a big hat on his head, cover the ragged overalls with hair pants, and let high heels show beneath them, knot a bandana round his neck—and you have immediately one of the few romantic symbols in American life. He has ceased to be a radical nincompoop and is now a free man living greatly, a rider into the sunset, enrapturer of women in dim theaters, solace of routine-weary men who seek relief in woodpulp, a figure of glamour in the reverie of adolescents, the only American who has an art and a litera-

ture devoted wholly to his celebration. One perceives a certain incompatibility between these avatars.

The land he inhabits has a further symbolism. The West is the loveliest and most enduring of our myths, the only one that has been universally accepted. In that mythology it has worn many faces. It has meant escape, relief, freedom, sanctuary. It has meant opportunity, the new start, the saving chance. It has meant oblivion. It has meant manifest destiny, the heroic wayfaring, the birth and fulfillment of a race. It has, if you like, meant what the fourth house of the sky has meant in poetry and all religions—it has meant Death. But whatever else it has meant, it has always meant strangeness. That meaning may serve to reconcile the incompatibles.

Much energy has been spent in an effort to determine where the West begins. The definitions of poetry and the luncheon clubs are unsatisfactory: vagueness should not be invoked when a precise answer is possible. The West begins where the average annual rainfall drops below twenty inches. When you reach the line which marks that drop—for convenience the one hundredth meridian—you have reached the West. And it is a strange country.

The first part of its strangeness is that it was the last frontier to fall. The American migration leaped across it and in part returned to it from beyond, Californians and Oregonians invading it eastward from their region of plentiful rain. It lingered on invincible after all other frontiers had disappeared, into a time when pioneering was only a memory already shimmering with the rainbow of the never-never. The pioneers' grandchildren were now citizens of orderly manufacturing towns, and when they read of to-day's happenings over the hill they had to think of them as belonging to grandfather's romance. It must clearly

be a strange country where the legendary saga of redskins and first-fruits was going on.

It was strange too in that the westward-making Americans, when they came to their last frontier, found that what they had learned on the way there would do them little good. They were the world's great frontiersmen. The whole continent had been frontier, and in subduing it they had learned an exquisite craftsmanship, an exquisite technic, round which much of the national culture had formed. Yet four-fifths of their travel had lain among trees, and the forests had conditioned their craftsmanship. Was not the first chapter in the heroic legend called *The Cabin in the Clearing*? The roadways through the wilderness were forest-fed streams down which produce could be floated to market and up which the pioneers could make their way by canoe. It was a hard labor, but the very core of American significance was that its results were certain. A man made a clearing with his axe, raised his cabin, fenced his fields, and grew old in security. During the last fifth of the westward journey craftsmanship had had to be somewhat modified, for the Americans had reached the prairies. Yet the problems here differed in degree rather than in kind, for the rivers were still navigable, there was wood for fuel and for the cabin and the fences, and the pioneers could count on even greater security, since this was the richest land in the world. But when they reached the West a craftsmanship refined through more than two centuries, and now felt to be a hereditary way of life, was simply useless.

There could be no cabin in the clearing, for there were no trees to clear and no logs to shape into walls: the pioneer's axe, his greatest tool, was as ineffective as its prototype of the smooth-flint age. The rivers ran contrariwise, most of them ran too shallowly to float

a barge or even a canoe, ran brackish water, and in summer sometimes did not run at all. The redskins of the forest had been cruel, pestiferous, and obstinate, but they had never been a match for the Americans. Whereas the mounted Indians of the plains for many years exercised a boisterous superiority over their invaders, easily dominating them because of superior equipment and superior adaptation to the land's necessities. Even the fauna gave the pioneer problems his legendary technic was not adequate to solve. Bear and venison were not to be butchered in the dooryard but had to be followed over the horizon and perhaps could not be met with at all, and the buffalo, the West's beef, had had no precedent in the forests. Not only the fauna was unfamiliar—the tightfisted land would not grow most of the crops which the pioneers had grown to the eastward, would grow little dependably, and nothing at all except under methods radically different from anything the East had known.

It was a strange land, and all its strangeness came from the simple arithmetic of its rainfall. A grudging land—it gave reluctant crops only. A treacherous land—its thin rain might fail without reason or warning, and then there were no crops at all and the pioneer, who had been ignorant of drouths, promptly starved. An inventive land—besides drouth it had other unprepared-for plagues: armies of locusts and beetles, rusts and fungi never encountered in the forests, parasites that destroyed grains and cattle which had been habituated to an Eastern climate. A poisoned land—it was variously salted with strange earths which must be leached away before seeds could germinate. And in the end as in the beginning, a dry land—so that all problems returned to the master problem of how to get enough water on land for which there could never

be water enough. In sum, conditions that made unavailing everything that the pioneers had learned, conditions that had to be mastered from scratch if the last frontier was to be subdued.

And, therefore, the final strangeness of the West: it was the place where the frontier culture broke down. The pioneer's tradition of brawn and courage, initiative, individualism, and self-help was unavailing here. He could not conquer this land until history caught up with him. He had, that is, to ally himself with the force which our sentimental critics are sure he wanted to escape from: the Industrial Revolution.

Professor Webb's fine book *The Great Plains* catches the era in the actual process which can only be alluded to here. The country had no rivers for the transportation of goods—so settlement had to await the railroads. It had, except for the alpine regions, no forests. The pioneer might cut sod or mold adobe bricks for a shanty, but he could not fence his claim until industrialism brought him barbed wire. The Plains Indians were better equipped than he for the cavalry campaigns that had to be the West's warfare—so the Industrial Revolution had to give him repeating rifles and repeating pistols, especially the latter. So far as the Winning of the West was a war of conquest, victory waited upon the Spencer, the Winchester, and especially the Colt. And always the first condition: to grow crops where there was not water enough. The Revolution's railroads had to bring westward the Revolution's contrivances for deep cultivation, bigger and tougher plows, new kinds of harrows and surfacers and drills, and its contrivances for large-scale operations, new harvesters and threshers, steam and then gasoline group-machines which quadrupled cultivating power and then quadrupled it again. Finally, the problem of the water itself. The axe-swinging indi-

vidualist had farmed his small claim with methods not much different from those of Cain's time. The Western pioneer could not farm at all until the Revolution gave him practicable windmills, artesian wells, and the machinery that made his dams possible. When he crossed the hundredth meridian, in order to be Cain at all he had first to become Tubal-Cain.

II

The West, then, was born of industrialism. When the age of machinery crossed the hundredth meridian the frontier, which had so long resisted conquest, promptly came under the plow. But industrialism has other products than machines. Drawn to his heritage partly by advertising, which is one of them, the pioneer found prepared and waiting there for him the worst of all, financial organization.

In one sense the California gold rush won the Civil War, and that has its importance for history; but a greater importance is that it developed a mechanism for the exploitation of the West. The inventive men who devised ways of preventing gold-washers from retaining any outrageous profit from their labors slipped eastward into the true West with a perfected system. From 1860 on the western mountains have poured into the national wealth an unending stream of gold and silver and copper, a stream which was one of the basic forces in the national expansion. It has not made the West wealthy. It has, to be brief, made the East wealthy. Very early the West memorized a moral: the wealth of a country belongs to the owners, and the owners are not the residents or even the stockholders but the manipulators. Gold, silver, copper, all the minerals, oil—you need not look for their increase in the West, nor even among the generations of widows and orphans thoughtfully

attached to them by trust companies. The place to look for that increase is the trust companies, and the holding companies.

All this was demonstrated by the mines even before the Westerners arrived in force. The demonstration was repeated on a magnificent scale by the railroads, which added refinements in their ability to loot the Westerner directly as real-estate agencies and common carriers. Meanwhile the government, the press, the whole nation were expediting the rush of settlement. It was *Zeitgeist*, by God! The continent had to be occupied—a bare spot on the map was an affront to the eagle's children. The folk migration, now in its last phase, was speeded up. Manifest destiny received the valuable assistance of high-pressure publicity. Congress, even less aware than the rail-splitters that this was a strange country, helped out by passing, over fifty years, a series of imbecile laws which, even if no other forces had been working to that end, would have insured the West's bankruptcy. To inconceivably stupid government was added the activity of the promoter, who in the West had his last and greatest flowering as a statesman. Able to invade the last wilderness after fifty years of frustration, the migrating folk settled on the West like locusts. And they found finance—the finance of the East—waiting for them.

The catch phrase is "a debtor section." This was not, let me repeat, a problem of shouldering an axe and walking into the forest. The country had to be developed with the tools of the Industrial Revolution, and these cost money. The fencing, the wells, the canals and dams, the windmills, the gang plows, the cultivators, the tractors had to be paid for. The pioneers have been a debtor class all through history, and the Westerners as debtors differed only in having to pay more. What distinguished them from the rail-splitters

was the fact that history had got ahead of them. They had to pay for the development of the country because the financiers were there first, whereas on the earlier frontiers that development had paid for itself.

Costs are not always apparent on the surface. The financing of an expertly wrecked and re-wrecked railroad may be like the salesman's overcoat—you don't see it on the expense account but it's there just the same. The railroads have been made symbolic; but in comparison with some of the other devices of exploitation, their watered capitalizations, rigged bankruptcies, short- and long-haul differentials, and simple policy of getting what they could seem socialminded and almost sweet. There were the water companies, the road companies, the land companies, the grain-storage companies. There were the mortgage companies. There were the banks. All of them learned from the mines and railroads, improving on instruction, and all of them looted the country in utter security, with the government itself guaranteeing them against retributive action by the despoiled. There was also the Deacon Perkins formula which, because it contains the basic principle, will suffice to describe the whole process.

When money was easy, Deacon Perkins got three per cent for it in his little back room bank at East Corner, Massachusetts. When money was tight, he raised the rate to three and a half or four per cent. So from a thousand East Corners, a thousand Deacon Perkinses sent a nephew West, trusting him just so far as it was impossible to find further legal safeguards. Then borrowing from his own bank at three or four per cent, the Deacon had Nephew Jim lend it in the West at twelve per cent. I say twelve per cent but it was more likely to be sixteen or eighteen per cent, and in the newest districts it went to two per cent a

month. If Nephew Jim wanted to kite the rate a little by charging his client a commission for getting the loan, that was his own affair and had nothing to do with the system, which was concerned solely with the spread in interest rates, East and West. A good many Deacon Perkinses got rich on the system. A good many of them also got into the real estate business but, with both government and tradition sending the come-ons West in a steady stream, it was an easy business to get out of with another profit. The point, however, is that this system, a little complicated by the law of corporations, was precisely that of the manipulators. They were Eastern corporations and they financed themselves at two per cent in order to charge twenty per cent interest against the West, over and beyond the profits of trade, finance, monopoly, combination, and the normal increase of development. They had learned how to make the country pay. Their system was automatic and self-adjusting, an excellent system—for the East.

Besides taking over the country, then, the East added direct usury. The customary justification has mentioned empire-building—this tax was merely the fee which the strong men, the leaders, assessed for opening up the country. The explanation sounds sufficiently like that of other empire-builders who got theirs without risk of loss to sound convincing, and it probably satisfies the principles of imperial expansion in the textbooks. It has not, however, had a wide popularity in the West. The Westerner has seen palaces rise on Fifth Avenue and the endowments of universities and foundations increase with a rapidity that establishes the social conscience of his despoilers. The water company that took a mortgage on his farm grew into a bank, joined a network of interlocked pilfering agencies, changed into a holding company, and

ended as an underwriter of railroad bonds and a depressant of farm prices in the interest of someone's foreign trade. In his whole country no one has ever been able to borrow money or make a shipment or set a price except at the discretion of a board of directors in the East, whose only interest was to sequester Western property as an accessory of another section's finance. He has contributed to those palaces and endowments just precisely what his predecessors in the pioneering system were enabled to keep for themselves. Meanwhile, the few alpine forests of the West were leveled, its minerals were mined and smelted, all its resources were drained off through the perfectly engineered gutters of a system designed to flow eastward. It may be empire-building. The Westerner may be excused if it has looked to him like simple plunder.

Meanwhile the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Times*, and similar organs of his despoilers have maintained their amusing howl about those federal taxes. Look how New York and Illinois, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania contribute fifty- or a hundred-fold to the national treasury, and look how their money is commandeered to build roads and maintain bureaus in the beggaring West. So long as this appears to be mere cynicism, the West enjoys the show, having had an experience that begets an enjoyment of cynicism. But sometimes the spokesmen seem really to believe what they are saying, seem really to be protesting against a form of confiscation, and then one hears above the sage the sound of prolonged and acid laughter.

III

So far as there is any theory in the politics of sectional warfare beyond the simple one of "them who can, gets," it is this: that the plundering of one sec-

tion for the benefit of another is justifiable if the prosperity of the second spills over enough to compensate the first for what it has been robbed of. The theory sanctioned the tariffs, trusts, and service charges that the dominant East used as implements of exploitation. Since, however, the West flouted theory by going and staying bankrupt, it has for fifty years been customary to supplement the theory, which may be described as the horse-feathers school of thought, with occasional backshish. The West has sometimes been tipped a fractional per cent of its annual tribute in the form of government works or social supervision. This backshish is what the Eastern press so regularly laments, and yet it is the time-honored way of dealing with agrarian unrest. Throughout history, governments have found it expedient to buy off the farmers when they grow troublesome in order to sell them out at a profit later on. East of the hundredth meridian the agrarians have satisfactorily responded to that method. It has failed in the rainless country because the manipulators took too large an equity to begin with—they set the empire-builder's fee too high. The West has never had enough to come back on. It is the one section of the country in which bankruptcy, both actuarial and absolute, has been the determining condition from the start.

Newspapers are practicing relativists. A proposal to widen the scope of the horse-feathers policy has always been statesmanship. If you are a creditor seeking by tariffs or mergers to expedite the plundering of the West you become ipso facto a person of patriotic vision. If, however, you try to slow up the rate of exploitation, you are just an anarchist pushing the Republic over the cliff in the name of Utopia. Fair enough, but at least it may be explained that the cartoonists are wrong about Utopia. The West exists only

by rigorous adaptation to a realistic climate. It has no vision of perfection and has been unable to sprout belief in planned economies. Millennial visions in America are native to areas of forty inches annual rainfall or above. Nevertheless, the accepted symbol is accurate: throughout its existence the West has produced much of the agitation known in the East as radical and has wholeheartedly supported all it did not produce. Most notably, schemes to debase the currency. Greenbackery, bimetallism, proposals for the cancellation of mortgages, for the reduction of usury, for even more direct methods with debt—all of them have either been born in the West or have had their apogee there. Nothing can exceed the horror of a banker who owns the mortgages or receives the usury or has participated in the mergers at which the reduction would be aimed. He knows that the Republic would be brought down by the collapse of its cornerstone, the sanctity of property; and in his way he is quite right. Only, the Westerner in his madness has experienced the fall of the Republic. It was property private to him that proved to lie outside the churchyard. The Republic crumbled fifty years ago, about the time a bank took over his first co-operative water-company, and his radicalism consists of inability to see wherein lies the heinousness of trying to get back some part of what was stolen from him at the muzzle of a gun.

The late flurry of doom, which agitated literary folk and frightened customers' men and young communists, anticipated a revolution so vague that one could make out little except that it would be bloody and soon. The prospect was stimulating but uncorrected by the historical approach. Agrarian revolutions in America, as I have pointed out, have always yielded to simple bribery, and our political revolutions have been hamstrung by the

more economical method of enlisting their leaders on the side of the virtuous. If American history shows anything, it makes clear that revolution by means of the class struggle is inconceivable. The one revolution that did come to actual warfare in America was a sectional revolution, and it is likely that any new one would take the same form. If the nation weakened sufficiently, conceivably it might split along the cleavage-lines of the sections. (Perhaps intrasectional revolution could then follow the classics. While the united soviets of the steel country marched out to liquidate the kulaks of Western Pennsylvania, we might find General Dawes' Minute Men arming themselves with castor oil to extirpate the LaFollettes, take over the co-operative creameries of the Green Bay region, and exile the last socialist councilman of Milwaukee.) The prospect of such fission would not appall the West. When empires crumble it is the provinces that go first, and the plundered province would slide into the sea with a definite exhilaration. Imagine repossessing the mines, the oil, the power-lines, the cattle-ranges and the wheatfields—imagine going into the first conference of independent sections prepared to bargain as proprietors, not as tenants or peons! The West could correct the interest-spread and realign the tariffs on a basis of realism. It could demand something more than the *pourboire* of a dam or some hard roads. Conceivably, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania would learn something from federated bargaining that they have omitted to infer from federal taxes.

This, however, is a virtual movement, an economic pipe dream kin to the editorials in liberal journals but unrelated to the actual pressures exerted by people who are carrying on economic struggles. The West has no hope of such a dissolution, being able

to estimate the strength of chains from their weight. It anticipates neither a breakup of the American economy nor any substantial readjustment of its part in that drainage system. It can fight the battle only on the terms laid down. If you can't win the campaign you try to win the individual engagement; if you can't reduce the salient you make a sortie against a limited portion of the front line. Reversal of the intersectional system is beyond hope, no return to the West of its equity in the nation is conceivable. In effect, no matter how the exterior alters, the East will go on producing protected goods for the West to buy in produce which the East's protection has depreciated. The West cannot modify the conditions but will continue to make sorties against the front line. The equity is not recoverable, but here and there the forced debt may be in part reduced. Cartoonists may as well dig in for a long winter; the West will remain radical. Necessarily, it will always be shoving the Republic over the same old cliff, bellowing one or another insanity. The actual form of insanity will change with chance and opportunism, but the force behind it will remain constant, a desire to rob the robbers of some fraction of their loot. That is part of the West's strangeness: it has always had an inexplicable hankering to get back its own.

Those of its spokesmen who resisted purchase have always been regarded as near relatives of the wild jackass. This too has an irony of its own, considering the politicians who have been the West's governors when they have not been simply the agents of its despoilers. With the greatest kindness, Congress has frequently taken time off to help the West develop institutions fitted to its conditions. Amiable thinkers, who had the traditions of the well-watered country to guide them, produced a series of inconceivable stupidi-

ties for the formation of the West—and had the power to convert stupidity into law. Hence another part of the West's strangeness: its lawlessness. Quoting Professor Webb: "No law has ever been made by the Federal government that is satisfactorily adapted to the arid region."

The West soon realistically phrased the Homestead Act under which the government invited occupation: Uncle Sam bets you a hundred and sixty acres that you'll starve in less than five years. It was a safe bet and all alterations made in the odds were just as safe. Two only of such alterations need be mentioned. Congress, perceiving a generation too late that the country could not be farmed but might be grazed, authorized patents fully one-tenth the size of the minimum that would permit grazing. But that was enlightened vision compared to another bounty—one of Pennsylvania's little gratuities to Wyoming—under whose terms the Westerner might occupy his land provided he would grow trees on it. God's forestry had not been that ambitious, but it was just lawlessness that withheld the West from complying. The Homestead Act itself provided for units of settlement that had made forests and prairies productive but just one-eighth the size required in the region of thin rain.

The Westerner had his choice. He could become a social producer by occupying and developing the country illegally, in flat defiance of the law, or he could become a social charge by obeying the law and pauperizing himself. He did both. Survival in the West has been won at the price of actual or constructive illegality; beyond the hundredth meridian, the basic social institutions have always been beyond the law of the land, which catches up with them slowly and only in part. And of course, governmental stupidity co-operating with promotional skin

games, hundreds of thousands of Westerners have failed in their pioneering efforts. These bankrupts form the unlvely finale of the westward wayfaring, the squalor in which the folk movement ended. Brought West by *Zeitgeist* and advertising, they were asked to make the country produce what it could not produce and to do the job under regulations that doubled the grim humor of the farce. They are the West's paupers, victims of the East's advertising campaign for unearned increment; and both government and the East have forgotten them except as exasperating dependents who must be fed at someone's expense. Probably at the expense of the land-grant railroads or those federal taxpayers in Pennsylvania.

Government's prodigal stupidity abetted them throughout. They were brought to a country unfitted to produce the crops they were asked to grow—a country which, under the conditions Congress laid on them, could support them at best only two years in five and, one year in five, would wipe them out altogether. It was among these foreordained victims of a country which Congress could not understand that Pennsylvania's *pourboires* were expended. Here the dams and canals were built and the whole stupendous asininity of Reclamation enacted. God couldn't grow trees in this country but Congress would.

So now, after sprinkling those taxes on the alkali, Congress, we hear, proposes to buy back the land and let the alkali have its turn at reclamation. The dams and canals built, the generations bankrupted, the land is discovered to be what the maps label it, desert. It was, we are told, sub-marginal land all along. This discovery, in view of its history, is hardly of this world—belonging rather to the cosmic reaches. But let it go: the West is a strange country.

IV

Remember that this sub-marginal land, the sage and greasewood of the West's ultimate barrens, witnessed the end of a historic process. The rainless country was the last frontier, and in its poisoned areas, without dignity, the wayfaring Americans came to the end of their story. Reclamation is a shining image of something or other—aspersion, it may be, or futility. Confronted by the last acres of the tradition and finding them incapable of producing, the Americans wasted millions trying to enforce their will on the desert. The impulse and the glory of the migration died hard but, when the desert was conceded to be desert in spite of will-power, they died at last, in something between pathos and farce. So here ends ingloriously what began gloriously on the Atlantic littoral, below the falls line; and the last phase of the westward wayfaring has the appearance of a joke.

Yet, this having always been a country of paradox, there is something more than a joke. Before that ending the Westerner learned something. Implicit in the westward surge, both a product and a condition of it, was the sentiment that has been called, none too accurately, the American dream. It is a complex sentiment not too easily to be phrased. The plain evidence of the frontier movement, from the falls line on, indicated that there could be no limit but the sky to what the Americans might do. The sublimate of our entire experience was just this: here was a swamp and look! here is Chicago. Every decade of expansion, every new district that was opened, backed up the evidence till such an expectation was absolutely integral with the national progress. There was no limit but the sky: American ingenuity, American will power, American energy could be stopped by nothing whatever but

would go on forever building Chicagos. It was a dream that, in the nature of things, had to be wrecked on reality sometime, but in actual fact the West was the first point of impact. Just as the pioneer had to give up his axe and learn mechanics when he crossed the hundredth meridian, just as he had to abandon his traditional individualism, so he had to reconcile himself to the iron determinism he faced. In the arid country just so much is possible, and when that limit has been reached nothing more can be done. The West was industry's stepchild, but it set a boundary beyond which industrialism could not go. American ingenuity, will power, and energy were spectacular qualities but, against the fact of rainfall, they simply didn't count. The mountains and the high plains, which had seen the end of the frontier movement and had caused the collapse of the pioneer culture, thus also set the first full stop to the American dream. Of the Americans, it was the Westerners who first understood that there are other limits than the sky. To that extent they led the nation. It may be that to the same extent they will have a better adjustment to the days ahead.

There at least, and not in the symbolism that has attached to them, is to be looked for the national significance of the West. They learned adaptation: they built their institutions, illegally for the most part and against the will of their plunderers, in accordance with the necessities of a climate that rigorously defined the possible. It was the necessities of the mining codes that first gave the clue of collectivism, and these codes were the nucleus round which the commonwealths coalesced. The law of real estate in part and the law of water rights in entirety followed this lead;

the axe-swingers' individualism, in the desert, yielded to an effort much more co-operative. There was no other way in which the land could be occupied; this was determinism, and the Westerners accepted it, and not even their manipulators could do much against the plain drift of necessity. To the dismay of bondholders and cartoonists, the West is integrated collectively. It will stay that way while climate is climate. That also may be a portent for the nation whose dream has receded.

Looted, betrayed, sold out, the Westerner is a man whose history has been just a series of large-scale jokes. That comicality has helped to form the image which the dominant East has chosen to recognize. But it is not altogether a comic image. The wild-eyed figure of the cartoons attests to a certain Eastern uneasiness, and there is the strangeness of the chaps and sombrero. It is wise to end on that strangeness. For the romantic clothes are only occupational garments, a work suit, the sign of the Westerner's adaptation to the conditions of one of his trades. Their true symbolism is not romance but intelligent acceptance of the conditions. The American dream was ended, but cattle could be grazed in this country, and these were the best outfit for the job, so he put them on. So dressing himself, he became a romantic symbol to people who live in areas of greater rain, but do not be fooled. He is a tough, tenacious, overworked, and cynical person, with no more romance to him than the grease-wood and alkali in which he labors. He is the first American who has worked out a communal adaptation to his country, abandoning the hope that any crossroads might become Chicago. The long pull may show—history has precedents—that the dispossessed have the laugh on their conquerors.



THE AFTERMATH OF DIVORCE

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE had a great deal of happiness out of life, but I have also had a great deal of unhappiness. My main slice of unhappiness was due to the mistake I made in marrying at the age of twenty a man more than twenty years older than myself, who in his private relationships was for all practical purposes a lunatic. That I terminated by divorce when I was thirty. But I got another slice of unhappiness, from five to seven years later, by a consequence of divorce which hurt me largely because I had not been warned about it and because it was so illogical that I could not have expected it. This unhappiness was due to the temporary metamorphosis of my daughter Jeannette, who is a pretty, charming, gifted, and affectionate girl, into a "problem" adolescent, harsh, hostile, disagreeable, unattractive, and incapable of getting on terms with life.

I might have thought that this was because she was innately bad stuff or that I was an incompetent mother had I not been a woman with a large circle of acquaintances, and able to compare my life with a number of other similar ones. Constance Green has been separated from her husband for about eight years. Her three children, Paula, Angela, and Bill, are from nineteen to fifteen now. They are all dreamy, irritable children, hard to educate, and never tired of criticizing and disobeying their mother. She has only to suggest something for

them to resist it, even if she had intended to give them a treat. She is getting worn out keeping her temper. Yet there is no case whatsoever against her as a mother, and the children are full of good qualities.

Irene Davis is coming into haven after a difficult time, during which her two daughters have been the most tiresome little minxes imaginable. She is the first wife of an actor who has had several wives since, and she has been in sole charge of her children from the time they were ten and eight. When they got to adolescence they took a violent dislike to her and made it their sole occupation to do everything she disliked. They refused to go on with their schooling after an absurdly young age; they took silly jobs in fiddling Society businesses, Russian princesses' beauty parlors and so on; they made themselves up to look like sinister figures on Broadway; they took their drinking more seriously than is advisable for any but retired sea captains and, above all, they never said a civil word to their mother. They have come back to her now, but it is late, and in the meantime they have done themselves and her a whole lot of harm.

Alice Martin is past her bad time too, I think. She was vulnerable in lots of ways, and as her one treasure, her little girl Clemence, grew older she found this out. Alice is full of good qualities. She is generous and loyal and loving and a tenacious upholder of her own standards, but she is an aging

Society beauty; she is not intellectual, she cares too much for bridge and gossip, and she is something of a snob. All this her daughter has been telling her to her face, and preferably in other people's presence, for the last two years. The child has also run away from her twice, and had to be searched for by the police. It has been quite hard on Alice and it will be hard on Clemence; for quite a lot of people have taken a dislike to her that threatens to last.

This does not simply go to show that women do not know how to bring up children unless they have a man to help them, or that in certain classes the home conditions are such as to produce neuroses in children. I have had an account in a country bank for some years and I know the manager very well. He lives as simple and unsophisticated a life as possible. His home is devastated by the daughter he had by his first wife, who ran away with another man when her baby was six months old. She is a pretty girl of fifteen who has no thought but how to torment her father and stepmother and their children. A man's care and simplicity of living have had no power to correct the evil effects of a split marriage. And this holds good, I think, in America as well as in England. I know at least two children, one a son who lives with his mother, one a girl whose time is divided between father and mother, who have become pests in their adolescence.

It seems to me that one can lay it down almost as a rule that parents who have separated from an unsatisfactory partner can expect to have a far rougher passage during the adolescence of children than parents who have not separated. Their children are going to be moodier, more maladjusted, and certainly more given to causeless hostility toward them. This is not a logical world, nor a particularly kind one, and I believe that this is the

case much more with parents who had to separate because of the grave misconduct of their partners than with parents who part for frivolous reasons. Novels are full of the sufferings of the children whose fathers and mothers have parted because they wanted a change of love-making, and who spend six months with their father and his new wife and six months with their mother and her new husband; but my experience of adults who have had such upbringing is that they usually get through with nothing worse than a tendency to shallow bohemianism and a lack of depth. The real damage hits parents whose marriages were really intolerable, who had to leave their husbands and wives just as one has to run out of a house that is on fire.

II

The mechanism is quite simple. Each of these children hankers after the parent he or she has lost. My daughter Jeannette adored her father; she still adores him, though not so urgently. Every ill in her life has come to her through him, but she is completely blind to it. She was nine when I got my divorce. She has seen her father badtempered to me and the servants and herself. She has heard him volubly expressive of what an inconvenience it was to have a child. "Good God! why did we ever bring that brat into the world?" he would say in front of her if it were nurse's day out and I had to look after her and could not go with him to a party or a play. She might have noticed that her father never took her out or did anything for her except at my request. But all that was apparently wiped out by the recollection of the charming bedtime stories her father occasionally told her. It was enough for her to form a theory that he was a dazzling, superior being, and that I, who

had done everything for her, was nice enough, but a sort of natural drudge, who belonged to an inferior order.

I was able after my divorce to give my child what seems to me a marvelous time. My husband's peculiarities had always destroyed any possibility of an orderly home, and, though he had a comfortable income, he had always given me as little money as possible. Now we had a pleasant home with servants that stayed. Now I was able to get on with my profession and make money, so we had beautiful holidays in exciting places. All this Jeannette enjoyed, and she was often a gay and affectionate companion. But all the time she was hungry for her father. If anybody spoke of her father in her presence she glowed like a woman who hears the name of the man she loves. I was able sometimes to arrange that my husband should come and take her out for the day, because he always wanted to see me, and I used this as a lever to force him to see her. Later on my husband bought a house in the country and shared it with a relative; he had made a lot of money since our divorce, and it was a luxurious house. Occasionally he used to ask her down for a few days during the holidays. I was never under any illusion that she would not have spent the whole holidays there if she had been invited; and she always came back pert and rude and discontented with the relative simplicity of my apartment. It was taken for granted that I was a drab nonentity compared with her father's friends; and while his work as a business man was glorious in her eyes, my work as a black-and-white illustrator and textile designer, though the world thinks well of it, was always mentioned with amused contempt.

Now this has been a grave matter involving far more serious considerations than my vanity. First of all, it was not good for my daughter to be

obsessed by her father because, to put it with an archaic simplicity, he is a bad man. I am sorry to speak with old-fashioned positiveness; but really sometimes black is black and white is white. Even after the calming lapse of eleven years, and now that I am entrenched in a second and gloriously happy marriage, I cannot see him as other than insanely cruel. It was dangerous for my daughter to become emotionally dependent on such a character; it was dangerous for her to model herself on such a person. He was always disorganizing her emotional life by failing to keep an appointment, by forgetting all about her for months, by unexpectedly descending on her; she copied his indiscipline, his unpunctuality, and his waywardness as if they were model characteristics.

Second, it seriously affected Jeannette's education. This brooding over an absent and adored father, this sense that somehow or other she was being tricked out of the companionship of the person she loved best in the world, made her a typical "problem child," sulky in the eyes of her teachers, withdrawn from her companions, and slow in the uptake. For a girl so clever as Jeannette, as she was before this crisis and after it, her school career has been amazingly poor. She could not learn simply because she was always sunk in reverie, telling herself stories about her father or brooding on her grievances. She was hard to guide; for any suggestion that I made about her career she automatically resisted, and when my advice to her and her father's came into conflict she simply fell into a state of coma. She wanted to take a certain degree, which I and her headmistress found could best be taken at a certain University. I never cared what she did so long as she was happy. But, out of sheer contradiction, on hearing that I was sending her up to this University, her father advised her to go to another.

The upshot of this was that, to the bitter hurt of her pride and to the prejudice of her future, she failed in the entrance examination to both Universities. She is now a medical student and is showing herself just as brilliant as I always said she was, but it took her a long time to find her road.

Third, it made her behave so badly to me that she strained my love and patience to the limit and alienated many of the people who would naturally be her friends. She was, as I have said, usually an ideal companion, but there was a long time when she was that only very occasionally, and there was even a time when she was not that at all. I must explain that we never had disputed about her father. I exercised the greatest care never to speak of him except in a friendly tone. I quite falsely told her that, though we had parted, I had no complaint against him. I never prevented her from seeing him but, on the contrary, insisted on him seeing her regularly. I never refused her permission to stay with him. Yet Jeannette was, for eighteen months, enraged with me as if I had torn her from her father and were constantly defaming him. She hardly ever spoke to me except in tones of angry resentment. She would come into my house and sit down among my friends with such an air of sullen anger and contempt for her surroundings that conversation languished, and they left as soon as they decently could. She developed her father's tricks of unpunctuality for meals and rudeness to servants, and stayed out until the most ridiculous hours. She began spending money so wildly that I had serious doubts as to whether my husband's eccentricity had not been heritable insanity; bills for the most foolish purchases poured in on me, and when I rebuked her I was answered insolently. This inexplicable behavior was only

varied by periods of intense reaction which were almost as trying. Then her affection for me would become dominant, and she would have hysterical attacks of weeping, during which she would reproach herself bitterly for her unkindness to me.

She had me pretty well down. I was getting on toward middle age; I had been worn out by my marriage; I had worked hard all my life to help keep her and myself. I was simply dazed by the time things came to a climax, and one day just before Christmas Jeannette packed her bag and went off to a villa her father had rented in Italy, leaving a letter to say that in future she intended to make her home with him and never to see me again. But, of course, her father failed her. At first he was pleased to get her; he felt that at last he had scored a victory over me, that he had revenged himself on me for leaving him. But that soon wore off. He is, as I have said, a very cruel man. The mere fact that Jeannette had committed her life to him and that she was entirely dependent on him was enough to make him resolve to drop her over the steepest cliff he could find. I do not to this day know exactly what happened. I believe an eccentric mistress of my husband took a leading part in whatever humiliation was inflicted on my daughter. Anyway, she came back to me with a nervous breakdown which lasted for a long time and seemed likely to be disastrous. It looked as if she would never be able to earn her living and make a career for herself; her brain seemed to have stopped functioning.

I do not know what I should have done if a friend who had had similar trouble with an adolescent daughter had not advised me to send her to a psychoanalyst in Berlin. I know it is the fashion to ridicule psychoanalysis these days, but it is the sober truth that this man was the only person among

all those we consulted who did my daughter any good, and that the good he did was very considerable. She came back after a year calm and steady, and freed from her obsession to a degree that enabled her to renew her early affection for me, to go on with her education, to form friendships. But the cure is not complete. She does not judge her father according to her experience of him; he still has a glamour for her that makes her insist on seeing him sometimes and trusting him with a part of her life. The link with the absent parent is too strong.

That is the story of what seems to me, after deliberation, the worst part of my life that I have yet lived. And if you asked the other parents with whom I have compared myself they would tell you much the same sort of story.

Jeannette is very friendly with Paula and Angela. She tells me that they are always speaking about their wonderful absent father who was so clever and charming and loving. Of course, Mother was so trying that he had to go away. She didn't understand him. It had been hard on them and their brother having to do without him. The Davis girls worshipped their father, played truant from boarding-school to go up to town and see him act in a new play, dreamed of him, covered their rooms with his photographs. It took a crude experience of his caddishness to cure them. Clemence Martin looks a nasty, sulky little horror when she is with her mother. I hardly recognized her when I met her, beautified with happiness, in her father's garden at Florence. There is only one person, a school-teacher, who is in the confidence of my bank manager's daughter. She has found that the child has made out of whole cloth a long legend about her sainted mother who was driven from home by her cruel father.

Now a great many people will say,

"All this shows what a dangerous institution we have in divorce, how right the churches and communities are that regard marriage as indissoluble." But that is sheer muddled thinking. Neither Constance Green nor my bank manager resorted to divorce. The bank manager indeed provoked his tragedy by abstaining from divorce; for if he had remarried while his child was still a baby she might easily have accepted her stepmother in the place of her real mother. It is the separation that does the mischief, not the legal recognition of it.

"Very well then," say these people, "do not separate." But life is not like fiction, in which unhappy marriages are always such refined affairs, where husbands and wives are so gently intolerable, where they differ on such ethereal issues. There are people who get divorces frivolously, but there are people who run out of their marriage as one runs out of a burning house because one is not safe there; and the people I am writing about belong to the latter category. I look back on my marriage and it seems to me that only a lunatic could have expected me to stay inside it. He did not drink; he was for the most part faithful. But the fun he had with the fourteen principal meals of the week! He was absent from some (particularly if he had invited guests), he was anything up to two hours late for some others, and he brought to the rest unannounced guests even up to the number of six.

But I can produce larger causes of dissension also. "I hate illness," he used to say with a gay laugh, as if he were confessing to some roguish but lovable characteristic. This was not strictly true. To his own illnesses he was a positive Lady of the Lamp. But it was true enough about mine, and this was unfortunate, as I had received an injury in childbirth which led to

constant ill-health. This, in conjunction with his failure to allow me an adequate sum for housekeeping out of his comfortable income and his insistence that I should make up the difference and pay for my personal expenses, was hard on me. I can remember one evening when all these characteristics blended into an extraordinary Witches' Sabbath.

I had an attack of pain and when the doctor came he took a serious view of it and ordered me to stay in bed for three or four days without setting foot to the ground. Hardly had he left the house when my husband dashed into the room, and with real tears of rage running down his cheeks, began throwing his things into a suitcase, declaring he was going to leave the house because it was a conspiracy and when was I going to do some work? Just then Jeannette, who was three, started crying. She was fretful because her sixth nurse had come that morning, and she was getting upset by the frequent changes. My husband paused to go in and have a row with the nurse, so that she left next morning accompanied by our eighth cook with whom he had also had words. But even then my husband did not go away; he stayed and effectively raised my temperature. However, he went a few days later, when I had to have a major operation. He went to South Africa on a trip, without saying good-by to me, and cutting off my household allowance. He told people he made friends with on the journey that his marriage was unhappy, though he adored me, because I suffered from melancholia.

There really are people like this; people who are mysteriously compelled to cause ruin and disorder round those they live with, even those they love. Perhaps specially those they love. I think everybody will admit that it was not my duty to go on living till death with my husband and that it was even

my duty not to bring Jeannette up in his house. During the last five years of marriage I was constantly leaving my husband, and being obliged to return to him simply because he followed me and created a scandal. So I had opportunities to judge before I got my divorce that, except for the deep psychological situation that only declared itself fully later, Jeannette was much better physically and mentally for the calm she enjoyed away from her father.

The other parents I have spoken of had their hands forced even as mine was. Roger Green, Constance's husband, was a lawyer with a comfortable family practice, who one day walked out of his office and disappeared for three years. He left his wife with three children under twelve, a three-servant home, and thirty pounds in the bank. He had embezzled his clients' money and lost it on financial speculation, in order to keep not a woman, but a man. Irene Davis left her husband because he had given her venereal disease. Alice Martin's husband left her because he had found a younger woman who was even wealthier. I do not see how my bank manager could have stopped his wife going to Australia if she wanted to go.

III

Now the kind of people who like to prove that anybody in a difficult situation got there through his own fault would say that I and the parents like me must have mishandled the problem of our children. We must have been prejudiced by our resentments against our erring partners into forgetting that, though they were bad for us, they might be good for our children. If we had given them free access to our children and let the natural affection between them develop, there would have been no friction.

But the trouble is that, with a single exception, not one of us ever thought of denying our erring partners such access. Constance has always let her children see their father whenever he wanted it; she has sent them away with him on holidays. The question never came up in Irene Davis's case. Her husband never expressed any desire to see his children. For years my husband never wanted to see Jeannette, and I then insisted on his doing so. When he did want to see her I always let him do so, and I always sent her off to him whenever she wanted to go. The one exception is Alice Martin, and while I think she behaves unwisely in the strict conditions she attaches to her daughter's visits to her father—the girl can only see him for a couple of hours at a time, and his second wife and her friends must not be present—I must admit she has a case. It is true that it has intensified the girl's morbid longing for her father; but Philip Martin has married again, a millionaire's young widow who was formerly a coccotte and who has a circle of hard-drinking and disreputable friends.

As for natural affection, there was not enough on the side of our erring partners to develop into the basis of any effective situation. That was why they erred. Our marriages broke down in these peculiarly unpleasant ways because our partners lacked the normal response to family relationships. Roger Green has moments of sentimental tenderness for his children, but he is essentially a fraud. Nothing goes deep with him, and everything is for an end. Irene Davis's husband always loathed the idea of being a father and actively dislikes his children. Philip Martin is proud of his daughter because she is growing up a beautiful girl, but I do not think that even now he would take the trouble to cross the road for her sake. And my husband behaves with Jeannette as he does with

all his intimates. To his chance acquaintances he is the most gracious and charming being imaginable; to his business associates he is a pest only tolerated for his great ability; he has no close friends; to those he loves he is an enemy. One really cannot make anything of this perversity. In Jeannette's childhood he was always demanding that I should send her away to be brought up by a foster-mother. He only began to seek her out during her adolescence when he was annoyed with me, first for my financial success, and second for my successful second marriage. But even during that time, when she had a serious illness and hung between life and death for three months, he never inquired about her and came to see her only once, and at my urgent request. And all her life he has spoken against her to other people as a difficult, tiresome, unattractive girl. He has even spread some unkind and damaging and totally untrue gossip about her. I know people are not like this in novels, but they sometimes are in real life.

I do not think we can be blamed for failing to make bricks with such a scanty supply of straw. There was nothing for us to work on; for the situation that preoccupied our children, the intense relationship which they feel such hunger to develop, has no existence in the real world. It is purely an affair of daydreams. They are not bound to a real absent parent, but to an imagined one, to whom they attach the real one's name. But they do not call these imagined parents into being out of sheer perversity. It is, I think, inevitable that they should do so in their special circumstances. Any parent who has to bring up a child has to force it to do things that run counter to its natural instincts. The mother has to make it keep clean, go to school, come in from play, respect other people's property, be polite, refrain from

making too much noise, go to bed. All day she keeps adding to the child's indictment against her, and all day long the child can tell itself that its other parent would never have imposed these cruel and absurd restrictions, and of course will decide that this parent loves it more than the other.

If in the evening a real father comes home, the child will quickly see that it has been telling itself a fairytale; he cares no more than the mother, and possibly less, for jammy fingers, or stolen pennies, or tin trumpets, or late hours for infants. The balance swings true, and the child's resistance to education into adult ways will be worn down by lack of support. But if in the evening the real father does not come in, then the imagined father receives a terrible intensification of his existence. He establishes himself in the child's mind as infinitely worthier of love than the mother and, what is probably ultimately of more importance, he strengthens the child in its resistance to education, so that it finds difficulty in adapting itself to adult life. And this imagined father is so firmly identified with the real father in the child's mind that it will insist on treating the real father as inexhaustibly tender and indulgent, even though this means dashing itself against a stone wall. There is certainly nothing that the mother can do by direct statement to curtail this phase. There is apparently nothing the father can do in this way either. There is a fair and kind streak in Philip Martin that makes him anxious to explain to his daughter that she thinks so much of him because she sees him only on high days and holidays, that they have none of the bread-and-butter of family life; but it has not relieved her from the intensity of her obsession. What determines the duration of the phase is, apparently, only the hardness of the wall and the hardness of the head: the pain that the child

gets from its attempt to treat a dream as if it were real and the ability it shows to learn a lesson from that pain.

I have written now of the father as the defaulting parent, only because that is the case with which I am most familiar. But where the father is the parent that has stood by his responsibility to the child, his burden is as heavy.

IV

I see very little hope of avoiding this tragic aftermath of divorce. As a practical way of dealing with its results I found psychoanalysis tided Jeannette over her crisis; but that is obviously not a remedy that is going to suit everybody. It is expensive, it takes time, and it is bound to be ineffective more often than not, since there must be many more bad analysts than good, as analysis taxes the capacity of the subtlest type of mind. As for dealing with the situation in a more general way, I own I see little hope.

I have wondered sometimes if we have not brought our troubles on ourselves by our too protective attitude to our children, by our determination not to acquaint them with the turmoil of adult life, but to be silent about our troubles. I think that all of us without exception have tried to refrain as far as was humanly possible from telling our children that the absent parents were at fault, and if any crisis forced us to make an explanation we made it as dispassionate as we could and limited it strictly to the exigencies of the moment. In my childhood I knew two families of children whose fathers had deserted their mothers: one family was at school with me, and the other was remotely related to me. Their mothers never attempted to conceal from them for one moment that their fathers were bad men who had injured their families. These children never that I saw suffered from

the slightest conscious hankering after their fathers and certainly had perfectly smooth passages through adolescence. One may ask oneself if the old-fashioned unrestrained way did not work better than our gentlemanly stoicism.

But I believe that the difference between the situation of our unhappy children and these happier ones has nothing whatsoever to do with their access to the truth. This obsession is a dream, and fact is irrelevant to it. I remember with what astonishment and relief I realized when we were in Switzerland, that Jeannette, who is usually shrewd and observant, was failing entirely to draw the only possible conclusion from her father's failure to visit her. It never once occurred to her that he was not coming to see her simply because he was not interested in her. How could a mind in that state of infatuated blindness be impressed by any story I told her? And I cannot credit that children of the past believed that they had bad fathers simply because their mothers told them so.

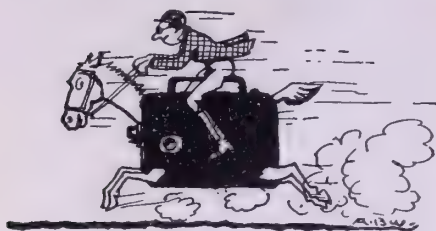
I think they believed it because their material conditions proved it to them. In the past men of substance did not leave their wives; that was done only by the unsatisfactory members of society, who were at odds with the community on financial as well as on sexual grounds, and the wives they left in need could earn only a pittance. The children of these two families I knew in the past suffered hardship as a result of their father's defection. They had to move into smaller houses, have plainer food, fewer clothes, shorter holidays. The whole conditions of their lives proved to them that their absent fathers had taken no care for them. One can treat one fact as irrelevant to the dream, but one cannot ignore all

facts when they join together to disprove it. But none of our children has suffered any material hardship through the failure of our marriages. Constance Green has supported her children by her work as a fashionable dressmaker, and has supported them well. Irene Davis and I have supplemented our husbands' allowances with our earnings, so that our children have lacked nothing. Alice Martin is a wealthy woman in her own right. The consequence is that our children have no real, material evidence of the withdrawal of their father's support, and they are able to spin dreams pretending that it has never been withdrawn. Well, what are we to do about that? We cannot wilfully throw away money that will provide our children with proper facilities for developing mind and body in order to keep them sound on this point.

There is no way of avoiding this problem. It is a malady of civilization, which is to say that it replaces other maladies rife in primitive conditions, which were probably even cruder and crueller. One must regard it with equanimity and rejoice that it is temporary, that if there is anything in the poor head which dashes itself against the stone wall it will presently refuse to go on inflicting such pain on itself. Then there is peace again and normal affection and happiness.

But it ought to be recognized that when a man or woman with young children who are growing up gets a divorce, the process does not end with the accomplishment of the legal form: he or she has yet to face an ordeal which may be as difficult and painful as anything in all the previous phases of marriage. Then, at least, people in that position would not be surprised and shocked as well as hurt.

The Lion's Mouth



SNAPSHOTS

BY JOHN AUGUST

WHEN I was a boy of twelve in the Rocky Mountains I had an Irish setter named Dan, who sometimes diverted himself by killing rattlesnakes. I am sorry that the reminiscence must depend on my unsupported word, but the point is that once it had the support of the camera, which, we are told, cannot lie. I had two photographs of Dan diverting himself. One showed a coiled snake with his neck in the S-curve that theorists call the basis of composition, and Dan tensed and provocative, just out of striking distance. I cannot now remember how I was able to change the film, but the other showed the next phase of the combat. The snake had struck, Dan had seized him just behind the head, and the mottled body was arched in two croquet-wicket loops just off the ground.

If I had those photographs now there would be less skepticism when I talk about Dan—and I should be a photographer. Societies for the study of wild life would elect me to membership and my prints would hang in salons. For, at twelve, I could not only produce striking interpretations of *Crotalus confluentus*, I could create landscapes

and genre pieces whose charm has soothed my memory through more than twenty years and almost redeems the thousands of humiliating prints I turn out to-day. I remember one which showed a forest fire on a mountainside with the smoke in cumulous whorls above the sheet of flame and in the middle distance one enormous pine falling slantwise across the area of massed emphasis. Then there was a foreshortened, angular study of the largest freight engine in the world, steam spurting from a dozen stopcocks and the driving wheels highlighted against the deep shadow of the trucks—it was the Power Age epitomized.

All these salon prints were produced with a small box camera which cost me two dollars, or eight lawns mown and raked, at the corner drug store. For four lawns more I bought complete equipment for a darkroom. To-day, when three dollars would not buy a sunshade for my smallest camera, I remember that outfit of the creative photographer with something of the abashed tenderness I feel for my first poems.

Destiny showed itself in that innocence at twelve years and then withdrew. Something happened to the two-dollar camera—I can't remember what—and I took no more pictures. Here a row of asterisks indicates the passage of time and it is now 1927. In the meanwhile, college, the army, a profession, marriage, rising blood pressure, the threat of baldness—maturity's trite catalogue—and no photography. It was a twitching eyelid that brought me back to the darkroom.

The twitching lid annoyed me and I went to see an old college roommate whose specialty is the eye. He made his perfunctory tests and waved their results aside. What I needed, he made clear, was not therapeutic ophthalmology but spiritual peace. I was a victim of modern life. The competitive stress of my profession was destroying me and there was only one way to be saved. Precisely as a magistrate orders a prisoner committed, he commanded me, on behalf of my eyelid, to acquire a hobby. I needed something to relax me, something to express me, something to love.

At every moment thousands like him, with the bland omniscience of almighty God, are prescribing marriage, suicide, bankruptcy, and social decay, and in the presence of this modern priest the layman does not protest or disobey. I at once accepted his verdict; there remained only to find a hobby. My friend laid aside his stole and became a propagandist; he had found fulfillment in wood carving and he suggested that I too might make bunches of grapes for newel posts or combine motifs from the priories to decorate some taproom of the pure vision. He described his monomania till at last he perceived my horror and then conceded that some victims of the age managed to acquire peace by other means — folk-dancing, for instance. The image of myself in trousers with bells on them cancelled that suggestion, and my friend, a little irritated, dismissed me with a repetition of his command—get a hobby, my boy; there is no other way to resist the stresses of the modern world.

My mind was a succession of uneasy visions. I had neither the means nor the impulse to collect anything, from postage stamps to tavern signs. Some kind of athletics, perhaps? All my tastes recoiled from them. Travel? There was again the bank account.

Water colors or modeling or music or carpentry or mosaics or masonry? The inhibition that forbade wood carving operated against them all. Cards? No mathematical sense and a belief that card players are enemies to the public health. Amateur theatricals? Not with my waistline.

I found myself at the window of an optical shop. It contained some two dozen cameras, and one of them was of the reflex species, the ungainly boxes with mirrors and folding hoods that, when I was twelve, had symbolized the unattainable and the fulfillment of desire. At that moment the infantile regression occurred. Once I had coveted a reflex, now I was commanded to gratify that wish, and I had a check-book in my pocket. I went into that store. When I came out again I had a reflex camera, and also an obsession. The ophthalmologist had done his job.

I think we need not summarize obsession's growth. Six months after I bought the reflex, it was clear that an apartment was a handicap to photography—and also, because the bathroom had become the darkroom, the factor of marital discord had begun to operate. We moved to a house, one which had a laundry in the basement where stationary washtubs could be converted to a nobler use. But, unpleasant reality confronting me with every batch of prints, I was driven back upon fantasy—I was remembering Dan and the forest fire and the locomotive. The ego explained my failure as a photographer by referring to the city's poverty in subjects. In a city the artist could find little to work with. Two and a half years after he had produced an obsession in me the ophthalmologist made me a country-dweller. It was quite distant country, which interfered with my profession; but there was a good deal of it, diversified through woods and fields and bogs and hills and lakes, and the house was big enough to make

angle-shots possible and to supply an almost adequate darkroom. The cost and the interference with my profession didn't matter: I had achieved an environment favorable to the artist.

Meanwhile the artist had also been educated. I had acquired a first-rate library—not a mere shelf of photographic treatises but practically all the modern ones available and a fine selection of historical items in case some problem should require research. What's more, I had mastered them. I had achieved the peculiar mixture of authority and frustration that characterizes the theorist of the arts. I had the jargon at my tongue's end and I was expert at the analytical approach. No problem of composition, exposure, development, printing, or after-treatment baffled me for a moment. I knew all the secrets. There was no effect of chiaroscuro or dodging or light-effect I could not—on paper—analyze, duplicate, and improve upon. All the resources of lights, films, plates, filters, papers, diffusers, chemicals, crayons, and brushwork were old stuff to me, and I could, in theory, utilize every possibility that was latent in them. I had mastered photography—in the library.

Nor had I denied the artist his tools. In the seven years since the original trauma occurred, the first reflex has had a good many successors, and there has never been a time when the artist's studio had less than four cameras, at an average cost of about one hundred and twenty-five dollars each. My profession, as distinct from my art, has probably benefited; for the artist's requirements in the way of enlargers, lenses, light-meters, plates, films, backgrounds, and the endless flow of gadgets have kept the professional man humping, which is doubtless good for him, though just how it relieves the stress of the modern world is a little opaque. I have been a set-up for every

photographic salesman in the metropolis. Does someone invent an electrical device for measuring the intensity of light or a figured screen that will produce futuristic designs on the background? He calls on me before he dreams of showing it to the trade, and to date has never gone away disappointed. I have remodelled the plumbing of my country home, in order to purify the water that washes my prints. I have knocked out the wall between two rooms in order to obtain new perspectives for portraits. I have amassed enough equipment to establish a professional studio plus a research laboratory, and I have spent my vacations at schools of photography whose tuition ought to appall even an ophthalmologist. I have endowed the artist with the magnificence of a Medici, yielding to his slightest whim with a generosity it is now time to call invincible. And to date, no pictures.

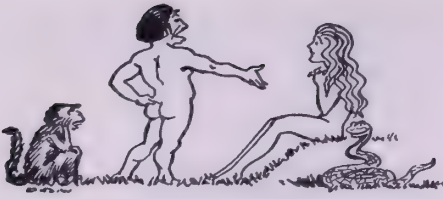
I shrink from estimating how many negatives I have made in seven years. Fifteen thousand would probably not be far wrong, and the prints I have made from them must reach far beyond a hundred thousand. They represent the end-products of an art expensively acquired and persistently practiced in the search for peace. And not one of them has yet been fit to show to a novice friend who got his camera as a premium with two packages of breakfast food and has his prints made at the drug store. Thousands of portraits, none of them quite bad enough to pass off as sophisticated caricature or the new art of character delineation, and never a one of them quite good enough to put on a Christmas card or pin up on that bare space in the rear hall, still less to frame and set on the bedroom mantel. Thousands of landscapes unfit even to be post cards, thousands of studies in pure design that a manufacturer of linoleum would sneer at. Friends have given up asking me

to photograph their children for Grandma's sake; it is better, they find, to rely on their own wholly uninstructed efforts with a borrowed Brownie. On the occasion when I photographed a friend's wrecked automobile he lost his case in court, and once when I needed pictures of my house for publication, I finally had to call in the boy from the drug store to make them. He is twelve years old and he used a two-dollar camera. He got results, and it is pleasant to remember that I did too at his age. But that was before I mastered photography and became an artist. Now, a graduate photographer and a victim of neurosis, I can only waste material and flee backward into the past when I could make pictures.

Do you know anyone who really likes to make vases at a potter's wheel or exhaust his heart muscles playing squash? Do you know anyone who developed a hobby on his own initiative, in response to his own desires and pleasures, or who practices one because it gives him any of the gold-plated joy the treatises describe? You do not. But your immediate circle is full of harassed amateurs, fighting off the pressure of the modern world by practicing superfluous vocations that wear them out. The five-day week of the business man, with Wednesday afternoons off, the twelve-hour week of the college professor, these threaten the modern mind with maladjustment and vocational fatigue, and so the executive and the professor simplify the complex environment by becoming artists and craftsmen—and the divorce rate and the suicide rate climb accordingly. Some family physician who makes brass candlesticks or some pediatrician who likes to play the ocarina tells them that modern life is smothering them in frustration and the only way out is to get some other expression for the libido. They get it and promptly ac-

quire the anxiety neurosis by trying to be adept at an undesired skill which, unprompted, they would never have tried to acquire. The business executive doesn't like to play the accordion—he only wants to be good at it once he has been forced to take it up as a vaccination against a hypothetical fatigue. I have no love of photography—I only want to take some good photographs. He never will and I never shall, and the exquisite refinement of the joke is that the oftener we fall short of the vision the more stubbornly and furiously we pursue it. The net effect of an American craze is increased dividends for the corporations that manufacture hobby material, an increasing annual production of bad art, and an intensification of the typical American expression of bewildered worry. I ought to know. No twelve-year-old is going to take better pictures than I can, not forever. I've got a hobby and, by God! I'm going to be good at it. I progress from two thousand negatives a year to three or four thousand, and the latest development in my specialty, the miniature camera, makes it possible to take twenty or thirty pictures where before you limited yourself to one or two. An annual output of ten thousand or more is clearly to be expected and, I believe on my white nights, they can't all be bad. But they will be. Good pictures are made by professionals, and the net effect of the amateur is the dividends aforesaid and his own shame. And that goes for everything from embroidery to the libido. The proper place for a hobby is a sanitarium for nervous and mental diseases. A sanitarium or the pages of an inspirational magazine.

But I got rid of that twitching in my eyelid. Some years later I met a portrait painter whose hobby was lens-grinding. He recommended a change in my spectacles and it worked.



TO AN IRREVERENT WIFE

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Before they had to take their leave
Of Eden, Adam lectured Eve
On everything in Heaven and Hell
And many things on Earth as well,
Like Morals, Faith, and Woman's Sphere,
While Eve inclined a willing ear;

She truly did! How can you doubt it
When Milton tells us all about it?

When Adam spoke of sun and star,
Eve marvelled, "My! how wise you are!"
When Adam named the creatures, "Oh!"
She murmured, "what a lot you know!"
When Adam gave with fluent ease
His views on snakes and apple trees
Still Eve adoringly attended;
Her trust and confidence were splendid.

She never contradicted him
About the ways of cherubim,
But bowed her head in meek accord.
She never yawned and acted bored
Or made untimely comments, such
As that "Some people talk too much!"
I fear you don't respect me, Madam,
As Mistress Eve respected Adam!



IN PRAISE OF LAZINESS

BY OSBERT SITWELL

THERE was a time when laziness, now proclaimed as a virtue, was condemned as a vice. "Satan," they used to tell us, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." But many people now realize only too well that, in order for this proverb to contain truth, the word "idle" should be rendered "rest-

less" or "busy"; because over-intense activity is often a form of nervous disease, a kind of mental St. Vitus's Dance. The idle man is usually a good-natured one; at worst, harmless; whereas the men who do the harm, the Napoleons and Lenins and Hitlers and rabid newspaper-peers, are obliged by their natures to be forever frantically striving. Poor creatures, they cannot rest until they are worn out. Pleasure has little meaning for them, and they are the victims of continual indigestion, mental not less than physical. Avoid, I should counsel you for your own good, the man who has no use for sleep and says so: it is the sign of him who wishes to be a superman, and who will, if you give him time, undoubtedly tell you that he glories in battle and that he considers that Effort is the Aim of Life. Beware, too, of old people who subsequently, in their obituary notices, are said to have "remained active until the end." They are usually difficult and deleterious.

Alas, however, effort in itself is of no avail, nor should it be necessarily awarded admiration. It requires often as much effort to lose a battle as to win it, because the stupid commander, aware of his inferiority, has to be even busier than the clever one, and tends to fussiness in detail. Cleverness no more consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains than does genius; they both consist rather in an infinite capacity for inducing others to take the pains for them; and the right ones at that! The generals and statesmen on both sides who were responsible for such endless disaster and loss of life during the War were, on the whole, a painstaking and unimaginative body, always busy, and indeed inclined to parade the fact. The Devil himself is evidently a busy lost soul, endlessly coming and going about his work.

The lazy man has seldom forged or murdered. All the grand embezzlers

and treasure-rootlers of the last decades, Jabez Balfour, Bottomley, Ivar Kreuger, Hatry, were all intensely busy men. And their activity indeed was a constant advertisement for them. Again, both religious communities and germs only begin to persecute when they are active.

Effort for Effort's Sake then as a doctrine is outworn; he who follows it might as well devote his life to dumb-bell exercises for all the good he does. And, in fact, almost the only effort which it is worth making continually—and that more for the sake of self-respect than because of any positive utility—is the effort to combat human stupidity. It can be done, though, quietly; very quietly. . . . A word in time—like “Why?”—saves nine; so that when people begin offering you such sentiments as “You see, *I* believe in . . .”—whatever it may be, Christian Science, A Big Army, or the Survival of the Fittest, always interject “Why?” For the belief which has so urgently and swiftly to be introduced into conversation is sure to be mystical rather than reasoned, the result of faith rather than of thinking. And faith should serve as the basis of a religion, but never of an opinion.

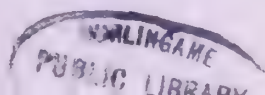
Consider the Epochs of Effort. The Victorian Era was the most consciously devoted to this curious ideal: the chief effort being in reality to sell something. But the singular fact emerges that Charles Darwin, of whom most of the Victorians intensely disapproved, yet, through the medium of his theory of “The Survival of the Fittest,” did much, however unconsciously, to give them support. He imparted to their often iniquitous proclivities an ethical foundation; because, for each rival merchant knocked into the workhouse, for each business assassinated, for every native murdered or enslaved in order that his land might be appropriated, the persons responsible for these

results could, when occasionally their consciences stung them, always comfort themselves with the reflection: “It can't be helped . . . Survival of the Fittest and all that. . . .”

The theory was applied to everything in the universe: the very laws of the universe were interpreted in terms of Effort and Will. And it is only in recent years that more probable but very opposite theories have won acceptance from science; such theories, for example, as the one which tells us that the earth, in the course which it pursues round the sun, and the moon, in the course which it pursues round the earth, are not following any dictates of Effort, but are, instead, merely following the Line of *Least Resistance*!

And who knows but that many of those who prate of Effort and of Doing are not in fact following the same course? It is more difficult for many of them to think than to act; while to think straight is more difficult still. The clamor, for instance, that has recently been raised by the same people in England for economy on one hand and ten thousand more airplanes on the other is a very good example of the difficulty which so many experience in thinking straight. . . . It is easier to demand than to think out the results of the policies you are demanding.

I should not, therefore, perhaps so much advocate laziness as strive to uphold the cause of mental activity against physical, and of honest mental activity against dishonest. Yet there is much to be said on behalf of laziness. Nearly every great invention has been the result of laziness, and in its turn has helped on the cause. Some child, working in a factory in Victorian times, found it tedious to turn a wheel; by the clever adjustment of a piece of string to another wheel he found it would continue to work of its own accord. This was a “labor-saving” in-



vention: in other words, it pandered to laziness and was the result of it. But also it saved the proprietor expense, and so we were spared all the talk, to which we should otherwise have been treated, of the beauty of labor and of the joy of work. This has always been the course of invention.

As for the benefits of physical activity, the idea of "regular physical exercise" is another result of the idea that to keep busy is necessarily an admirable thing in itself. And exercise, excessive physical exercise, kills more people a year in England to-day than do many diseases of which men stand in dread. It is, perhaps, itself a disease of the spirit. . . . Alas, if only those addicted to it would sit down for half

an hour with the same solemnity and devote this time to thinking results might be achieved which would astonish the world! As it is, they prefer to dissipate their energy in perspiration.

Where myself is concerned, even, I have never yet been able to attain to the pitch of laziness which is my object. Seven years spent in the Army made me, against my better judgment, to some extent an exercise addict; so that, my system craving it, I must always obtain an hour or two of sharp walking a day. I have tried to reduce it, but have failed. . . . On the other hand, the waste of time thus incurred reduces my capacity for work, and so, in a sense, constitutes laziness of a kind.





OUR PLANT AND ITS PROSPECTS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE are intimations in some mystical circles to the general effect that the Almighty intends presently to take over our terrestrial estate and administer it himself through a competent and highly accredited agent.

Very well; if so, so be it! One knows better about all such suggestions after the event than before. But one may wonder meanwhile what credit, if any, the human race as now operating will get for improvements put into this our earthly home. About those improvements—the tall towers, the radio, the roads, innumerable conveyances for convenience of the population including the criminal elements, the advertisements, the noises, the bridges, the schools, colleges, and churches—man cannot but be impressed with what has been done, even if he still must expect to be taxed to pay for it.

But will the Great Father be impressed in like manner, even though in a less degree? The opinion is offered very modestly that he will; that the human race in its immense mechanical activities is not mechanizing against the Divine Will but doing in the main what on the whole is suitable. The best advice that one gets about the life to come (which as we first reach it, seems really to be just the fourth dimension) represents it as very highly organized and admirably ordered for

the convenience and progress of its inhabitants. People who have gone there and have sent back what seem to be valid messages to those still here speak as a rule with great satisfaction of their new home and report that newcomers find it so natural that it is sometimes hard to persuade them that they have died.

Now the improvements here, no matter how much we admire them, are not unmodified blessings. The motor cars, for example, take life to a degree that is appalling; kidnapping, murder, and other crimes are hard to run down because persons who commit them light out in fast cars and disappear over the horizon. We have not grown up to these utilities. The business of driving motor cars is so largely in the hands of insufficiently experienced and responsible persons that the smashes come along with horrifying regularity. The mortgages on the tall towers are depressing. The electric advertising in some places offends by its untempered radiance, and so on, and so on; our earthly home glitters and is noisy, but still it is something to be able to think—to believe—that our vast mechanical development is not impious in itself but merely ahead, for the time, of our spiritual development which should control it. There are great powers possible to men in this life which they do not exercise because

they are not fit to receive them. These powers we have that belong to mechanics did not come until we were in some degree ready for them. If we think that the tribulations we are passing through are a necessary discipline to improve the spiritual nature of man and fit him for a better life on earth than he has ever had, that may encourage anyone who needs encouragement to go on living, do his best, and see what happens.

Leonardo made a flying machine that needed only a light engine such as we now have to fly. Friar Bacon made magnifying glasses but did not dare to publish them. Galileo knew the world went round the sun, but it conflicted with the theological beliefs of his time and he had to go slow about it. Servetus knew of the circulation of the blood, but Calvin burned him, and the news had to wait a century till Harvey could publish it without risking his neck. So to-day new light abounds, plenty of it, but does not get a polite reception because the minds of most men are not sufficiently advanced to receive it. Nevertheless, all through recorded history, particularly Bible history, there have been persons who could do marvels because they knew how. Contemporary science usually is doubtful that they did them, but, nevertheless, even contemporary science accumulates facts of knowledge and helps to pave the way to universal acceptance of the marvels they deny. So let's not close the schools—their knowledge is important; they make some mischief but they do some useful work in opening the minds of men. If they even make intelligent skeptics, that has a value, because skeptics think they think, and some of them do.

THE belief of the Easy Chair that the general sentiments above expressed are not out of sympathy with

the New Deal and the present Administration has been encouraged by a new book, *Statesmanship and Religion*, by Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Wallace thinks there is a spiritual side to statesmanship; that it is not a mere game in which every nation tries to beat the others but properly an effort to bring all the nations into a better case and to make civilization as we have it match its enormous material advancement with a spiritual advancement that is fit to handle it. The frontispiece of Mr. Wallace's little book is the reverse of the Seal of the United States which Franklin and Jefferson had a hand in designing and which represents on its reverse side a Pyramid with its top stone lifted off, the all-seeing eye below it and the mottoes: *Annuit Cœptis* (He has prospered our beginnings) and *Novus Ordo Seclorum* (A new order of the ages). Mr. Wallace thinks few people know about this remarkable reverse side of the great Seal, but news of it has been so industriously circulated by the promoters of the British-Israel persuasion that more people know than he thinks. However, he has been to the State Department and has seen the Seal and knows that the reverse is as he describes it.

Now this is a token in itself of the imagination of the Fathers and the large ideas they had about the future of the United States as a factor in the world's well-being. Mr. Wallace frankly looks to religion to rescue the world from its present difficulties by the induction of a new spirit of co-operation for mutual benefit among the nations of the world and the individuals who compose them. It is a fact easy to observe that the minds of men are changing from day to day and from month to month. When a huge abundance is possible, so great that it has upset all economics, and the prob-

lem is really distribution, it should be possible to solve this problem when the necessary spirit is available for the job.

Mr. Wallace thinks that if we do not lead the way to the solution of the great contemporary world problem the leadership will go to some other nation. So it will, and the only nation one notices that has facilities which might be equal to so great a job is Great Britain and her Commonwealths. As for these States, they seem inclined to minimize just now their international undertakings and responsibilities. They have provided to turn the Philippines loose at the end of ten years and a new treaty has been drawn with Cuba that eliminates the Platt amendment which authorized the United States to intervene there whenever self-government in that Island fell down. It is debatable what the significance of these two actions may be. In a way they may mean that our country is detaching itself from vulnerable territories that it may have greater power for self-defense and for participation in international concerns which it considers more vital.

Then there is the matter of the War debts, a great nuisance, which never should have happened. Walter Lippmann said the other day: "Governments should not owe one another"; and that seems a pretty sound assertion. Nations, however, like individuals, have to learn by experience, and experience in affairs of the size of the late World War is very costly. If we were going into a European war again maybe we should call our expenditures for other countries an investment and not a loan to be repaid. One reads that we might willingly have done so during the War if Britain and France had been willing to have us. But they preferred loans, and when everybody's blood cooled the loans looked very big. Some are much fitter

to be repaid than others; but after repeated adjustments and abatements they are still quite a mixed lot which promise to cost more to collect than to lose.

And they are not the only debts of that character. Farm mortgages are a good deal that way. When farmers go broke by the million, to seize their farms because of mortgages is not a particularly healing process. And all that gets us back to Secretary Wallace and his book and to the idea that the Sermon on the Mount may be timely doctrine for us.

IN OUR present world there are or have been large fortunes, people who had a lot of money and could do various things with it, some of them helpful, many of them wasteful. Will that experience continue in this world to come to which our attentions are now drawn by compelling arguments?

Oh, well, about the particulars of that world everything is guesswork, but the outlook is not for the moment favorable to the idea of very big fortunes in the years to come. They belong, one would say, to *laissez-faire* and the capitalist system. Some years ago most of the corporations discovered that co-operation was more profitable than excessive competition. Mr. Rockefeller taught co-operation; doubtless Mr. Carnegie taught it. Henry Ford got a wonderful start out of his own head and developed acquisitiveness. Under the new ideas of government regulation those big fortunes will not be so feasible. And there is another thing—they do not really pay the getters, they do not really make for happiness. In the large sizes they are of very doubtful benefit to descendants. A spiritual inheritance is more valuable than surplus dollars. Nevertheless, there will be people who have it in them to accumulate money, to whom money

sticks whether they will to have it or not, who are called to function as capitalists, and who often do it greatly to the public benefit. Money is power and that's all it is, power for good as well as evil. If nobody should have a surplus of it we should miss that power for good very much indeed.

Even more discussed and thought about is the condition of millions of people who have accumulated property and have either enough to live on without wage earning or enough to supplement very usefully what they may earn. Many of them work hard and steadily and very usefully but not for money, not for wages. What is going to happen to all these people who have by inheritance or acquisition or steady saving something to live on, or even some provision for rainy days? What will happen to their securities, will they be worth anything? What will happen to their dwellings, will they be taxed out of them?

All this is a good deal more important as affecting so many more people than the matter of the continuance of great fortunes. Current belief is that we are not in for any such violent upset as reduced to indigence the people of property in Russia, in Austria, and more or less in some other countries. For the moment the great problem is to take care of the unemployed, and to do that vast expenditures are undertaken and vast debts incurred. There isn't much objection. People who can't earn a living because of the vast changes that have come with the Great Tribulation have got in some way to be fed, housed and clothed till business conditions have improved. The great corporations are being chased pretty hard, but evidences that their property, their stocks and bonds, will collapse is not believed. They are higher now than they were two years ago, and expectation is that they will be higher still two years hence.

The civilization which was ours up to 1914 had its faults but it was not so bad; the dissatisfaction with it was far from universal—only a small minority thought very ill of it—and that civilization we expect to continue but, of course, with penetrating modifications and adjustments. People have got to go on living somehow. They cannot go back to living in trees; they have got to live in houses. Public sentiment favors hot and cold water and bath tubs, admires electric lights, approves of telephones, motor cars, roads. We expect to go on that way.

And yet if we have them all more and more, better food, better everything material, there will be truth as heretofore in the assertion that "man cannot live by bread alone." Our minds, it would seem, are destined to dwell more on spiritual things—more on religion, more on the invisible world and less on how much money we can make and get and what we shall buy with it.

Consider the life to come—no money there, mansions in the skies to be sure. Food a matter of indifference, and yet activity, progress, happiness for its inhabitants in proportion to their understanding and characters. If our world is going to be more like that one we shall not be the losers.

Very likely the lucky people in this world at present are those in their first decade, the children. Thousands of them now alive will live over into the 21st century. There are optimists who are quite confident that that century, constituting the seventh millennium from Adam, the sabbatical millennium that is, will be the golden age of all time, the Saturnian epoch of the Latin poets, the great Millennium.

Maybe so, and the going in that direction will be interesting all the way. Our grandchildren are probably in luck. The Victorian age was not bad, but the Saturnian age will beat it.



Harpers *Magazine*

WHOSE CHILD IS THE NRA?

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THAT which follows will serve as notes for the future historian who looks back upon this confused decade buried under a mass of labels and false names. We shall, if you please, not trouble ourselves with the virtues or vices of the NRA. We shall concern ourselves wholly with the somewhat befogged problem of its parentage. We shall, in short, follow the movements of all the gentlemen who were known to have been hanging about or frequenting the birthplace within the significant period preceding the par-turition.

There is a notion that NRA is the monster child of the Brain Trust. Whenever NRA bares its teeth and puts some little tailor in jail for pressing pants at a discount, the enemies of the Administration point their fingers in scorn and hatred at that flaming red rascal, Tugwell, who is supposed to have sovietized the good old U. S. A. through the NRA. Mr. Ogden Mills

denounces the Administration for its un-American conspiracy to "regiment" American business and life, and Mr. Mark Sullivan explains at least once a week that this is the prime objective of the Brain Trust, which plots remorselessly for the Russification of the land of the free.

Now, as a matter of simple fact, did the Brain Trust hatch out the NRA? Or did the American Federation of Labor do it or assist in doing it? Or can it be that it was the work of persons who have for years been contributors to the Republican campaign funds?

The NRA has been called the Charter of Labor. It has been called the Magna Charta of American business. It has been called some other things. But if it is really a charter of anything at all, perhaps we can settle the point by laying our finger upon the gentlemen who inspired and drew up the charter.

Important social events always get shrouded in a maze of contradictory yarns. The historian who tries to unravel, for instance (as I once attempted), the origin of the Sherman anti-trust law discovers that very little is extant in the way of records from the principal actors at the time of the event. I have, therefore, undertaken to speak, if not with all, at least with a large number of the persons who took part in the first stages of the formation of the NRA. What follows, therefore, is based upon a number of personal interviews and no little correspondence with many of the chief actors and many who sat about in the role of front-row observers.

II

The actual business of putting together the NRA began in March, 1933, after Roosevelt took office. But one must look far beyond the throb and pother of those feverish days to understand the swift succession of moves and the cast of characters behind them.

Regimentation of American life means forming society into regiments, subjecting it to orders, drill, commanders. Employers divided into numerous small units, employees unorganized, consumers acting as countless unattached persons—this is the picture of an unregulated society. Regimentation of business means, in the minds of those who use the term, forming business men into regiments, bringing business under regulation, controlling production, prices, trade practices, the rules of the game. For seventy years at least business men have been, in varying degrees, in favor of this. The government has been against it.

Later on the Chamber of Commerce of the United States raised the slogan of "Self-Rule in Industry." This was not a struggle to shift the control of industry from the government to in-

dustry itself. Industry wanted not freedom from regulation but the right to enjoy regulation. It clamored for the modification of the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts so that employers might unite to fabricate and enforce regimentation of industry through trade associations.

Now to be fair we must look at the business man for what he is. He is not an economist or social reformer, but just a city boy trying to get along. Getting along means profits. Profits, he imagines, mean prosperity. The continuous functioning of the industrial machine with employment for all depends on profitable business. He sees his enterprise threatened by a glut of goods which society cannot buy. He sees new inventions, ruthless and unscrupulous competition, rivals paying starvation wages, menace his solvency. He sees his business, everybody's business, made profitless by trade practices which are the fruit of desperation and dishonesty and greed. He thinks the face of commercial society could be changed by compelling men to be first honest and, second, sensible.

He wants trade associations, therefore, to be empowered and implemented:

First, to give the industry the benefits of scientific research;

Second, to bring to each competitor the fruits of economic research—the light which statistical data can give the intelligent enterpriser;

Third, to restrain over-production. Unsaleable surpluses lead to price-cutting, shut-downs, unemployment, and, at intervals, depressions. By limiting production, restraining capital extensions, assigning production quotas and territorial concessions, the curves in the business cycle can be smoothed away, every producer can be made safe and strong and—alas for the frailty of mathematics!—an industrial society

made up of solvent and prosperous units will be itself solvent and prosperous. That the whole is not equal to the sum of the parts, as has been suggested in these pages by Mr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, does not enter this business man's head.

Fourth, to check all unfair practices—false advertising, false labelling, trade-mark and style marauders, personnel raiding, quality pinching, bad credit practices, excessive service accessories and—worst of all—price cutting, and all the other desperate devices which mark the mad scramble for business. Surely these are evils. What objection can the healthy mind invent to oppose these worthy objectives? And there is but one way to deal with them—to permit trade associations to unite, to make rules governing the trade and to enforce these rules with proper penalties. To do this the business man asks us to modify the Sherman anti-trust law, which makes it a crime for business men to deal with these difficulties.

This, of course, is putting the matter in its best colors. There can be no objection to establishing ethical standards in trades to make business more civilized. But, unhappily, making rules of decent competition to protect the honest dealer and safeguard the customer and the worker is one thing; while making agreements to resist the worker and strip the customer through high prices in order to swell profits is quite another. And experience has shown that it is this, rather than the nobler ethical objectives stated above, which self-rule is designed to make possible.

One footnote should be added here. Raising prices in a society where the vast majority have not the means of buying at low prices, and limiting production in a population which falls so far short of possessing even the simple necessities of life, can scarcely be

termed socially constructive statesmanship. The heart of our problem lies in the inequalities of the system in distributing the fruits of its labor, and behind that lie the as yet unexplored mysteries of the profit system itself. Those who insist that the profit motive is still essential in a society like ours may yet admit that excessive profits make the smooth functioning of the system impossible; that, while great profits are permissible, our economic machine cannot run without capital debts, and that these capital debts in the end produce depressions with appalling inevitability; that control of our economic machine without controlling profits is utterly impossible; and that you cannot possibly control profits so long as you lodge control in the hands of the one class which is interested in keeping profits up—namely the enterpriser or employer.

I do not wish to argue these points but merely to state the other side of the question. However, there is one thing we may all concede here. It is that, whether the Chamber of Commerce is right or wrong, the objective it holds in view—self-rule in industry to control prices, production, and trade practices in order to safeguard solvency and profits—is not a revolutionary one and, by no stretch of the imagination can it be said to have originated in Moscow. What is more, the whole idea was fully developed before the members of the Brain Trust had reached swaddling clothes and before the phrase Brain Trust itself was coined.

In 1925 the Trade Relations Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was formed to stimulate interest in what were called trade-practice conferences under the auspices of the Federal Trade Commission. Trade associations adopted codes of practice (a term President Roosevelt in his latest book intimates

was invented under the NRA). Assistant Attorney-General William J. Donovan ruled that such codes might be submitted to the Trade Commission and the Department of Justice for scrutiny before adoption. If they were confined to eliminating objectionable trade practices they were approved. Price fixing and control of production were banned because illegal. Over forty such codes were adopted. When Mr. Hoover became President he promptly ended the practice because, while the codes themselves were innocent enough, the trustees or directors of the trade associations, under the shield of the code, sanctioned agreements about price and production and competition which were illegal and, as Mr. Hoover's attorney-general said, no government authority could possibly police these codes.

Then came the crash of 1929. Unemployment grew at an alarming rate. In February, 1931, the Chamber named a group called the Committee on Continuity of Business and Employment, with H. I. Harriman as chairman. In October, 1931, that committee made its report. After examining the causes of the depression the committee put forward a long-term program. That program it prefaced by the following statement:

A freedom of action which might have been justified in the relatively simple life of the last century cannot be tolerated today, because the unwise action of one individual may adversely affect the lives of thousands. We have left the period of extreme individualism and are living in a period in which national economy must be recognized as a controlling factor.

This was not Berle or Tugwell or Moley talking, but the Chamber of Commerce. It then proposed:

1. Control of production to balance consumption.

2. Modification of the Sherman anti-trust law to permit business units to enter agreements to control produc-

tion under government supervision and with full publicity.

3. A national economic council made up of leaders in all walks of society and the Department of Commerce, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce.

4. Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and unemployment exchanges.

5. Shorter hours in industry.

About the same time Mr. Gerard Swope announced his Swope Plan, which proposed the recognition of trade associations under a modification of the anti-trust laws, with power to outline trade practices, "stabilize" production, regulate prices, set up methods of accounting, and establish workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, disability, and old-age insurance and employee representation.

One other movement was on the fire. The Chamber named another group called the Committee on Work Periods in Industry, under the chairmanship of Mr. P. W. Litchfield, president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. It set to work in the summer of 1932 and in September made a preliminary report endorsing the Share-the-work movement. This had been launched by a committee under the auspices of the National Conference of Federal Reserve Business and Industrial Committees, and was headed, I believe, by Mr. Walter Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Private relief was running out. State and local funds were being exhausted. Higher income taxes loomed. The only other alternative was to shift the burden of relief to the backs of those workers who still held jobs, by getting them to share their work and pay with their unemployed brothers. Moreover, the committee concluded that employers should be permitted to unite to make agreements to shorten hours and adopt minimum wage scales to

protect workers as well as employers from the demoralizing effect of sweat-shop competitors. The notion that the shorter hours and minimum-wage agreements of the Codes were forced on business is a pure fiction. Business wanted the opportunity, by agreement, to force it on the unwilling ten per cent.

Thus, then, the matter stood at the end of 1932 as Hoover prepared to move out of the White House. The Chamber of Commerce and what is called Big Business had a program which included (1) modification of the Sherman anti-trust law; (2) self-rule by trade associations under codes of practice to regulate production, prices, and trade practices; (3) authority to shorten hours and establish minimum wages; (4) a long-term plan for setting up unemployment, disability, and old-age insurance.

And then came March, 1933, the end of the Hoover era and the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. We may now gather round the cradle of the NRA.

III

The beginnings of this adventure are to be found in that vast circular disorder, that frantic succession of collapses and confusions which accompanied Mr. Roosevelt into the White House. The banks were closed. The whole shattered structure of business came down. The President was busy chiefly with getting the banks open and money again in circulation. Washington was aflame with rumors of vast plans, bold proposals of every color from dark blue to flaming red. The Brain Trust was supposed to be established in power, riding the whirlwind and directing the storm. And when the NRA emerged it was this mysterious Brain Trust which was given credit for the job. As a matter

of fact the Brain Trust had nothing to do with it. The idea got its start, not in or near the White House at all, but in several separate groups, with several separate ideals, acting swiftly, frantically under the imperious dominion of crowding events.

We pause for definitions. By Brain Trust is meant a vague group of radical young professors who advised the President. They were supposed to have over-sized brain-pans equipped with excessive cerebral capacity; were experts in economics, government, and law, and, above all, symbolized a break with the Coolidgean and Hooverian past and its bookless, nescient business men. That they seldom saw one another after Roosevelt's inauguration and did not join in advocating any rounded program is well established; by Brain Trust we thus simply mean these scattered men and the general influence which they represented. By NRA we mean, not the New Deal, but only one part of it—that part which is now organized under the command of Brigadier General Hugh S. Johnson—the administrative agency which has brought into existence the Codes of Practice and the agreements for shorter hours and minimum wages, and which has up to now handled the labor relations of the President. Now we may resume our history.

It all began in a bill introduced by Senator Black of Alabama. That bill provided that employers operating in interstate commerce could not work their employees for more than thirty hours a week.

Senator Black's bill, without any presidential approval, passed the Senate with amazing swiftness, by a vote of 53 to 30 on April 8th, or just a little over a month after the session began. That surprising event set in motion many powerful currents.

About the same time Mr. Litchfield's Committee on Work Periods in Indus-

try had its report ready. It recommended (1) that Congress should authorize trade associations to enter agreements on minimum wages and maximum hours; (2) that all industry should adopt the share-the-work principles; (3) that the maximum forty-hour week should be adopted; (4) that the weekly quota of hours, within that limit, should be flexible.

When the Black bill passed it was held up by a vote to reconsider. Mr. H. I. Harriman, president of the Chamber of Commerce, went to Senator Black. He explained that they were not so far apart. They agreed on shortening hours. Black wanted thirty; the Chamber wanted forty. They differed on the means of attaining the objective. Black was for an inflexible statute. The Chamber wanted a grant of power to industry to deal with the problem. Harriman had a bill all prepared and asked Black to introduce it as a substitute for his own. Black refused. Harriman then went to other quarters.

Meanwhile another group had become active. Senator Robert Wagner, of New York, introduced a bill to remove the limitation on RFC loans to "self-liquidating projects" (Senate Bill 509). He favored large government loans for public works. In the latter half of March in the midst of all the confusion, former Congressman Meyer Jacobstein of Rochester, New York, called on Wagner to interest him in government guarantees for inventories and pay-rolls of business enterprises. At Wagner's suggestion, Jacobstein and Harold Moulton of the Brookings Institute explored the idea and made a report recommending government aid by means of credit to the lighter industries. The Senator put this proposal with his Senate Bill 509 and went to the President with it. The idea of organizing industry had not yet come up. The President, without agree-

ing, suggested that the Senator call a conference of those interested. This was done, and immediately the first group met in Wagner's office.

It included an odd assortment—Meyer Jacobstein; Virgil Jordan, then with the McGraw-Hill business papers; Congressman Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania; Harold Moulton; Fred I. Kent, vice-president of the Bankers Trust Company; David Podell, a New York lawyer; Simon Rifkind, Wagner's secretary; Colonel Rorty, Jett Lauck of the Railway Brotherhoods, and James Rand, president of the Remington Rand Company, the man who introduced Dr. Wirt to immortality.

This group was as full of plans as the capital itself. Kent wanted government guarantee of profits; Rorty urged his real estate premium auction plan; Moulton and Jacobstein were for credits to business; Wagner wanted public works; Podell was for modification of the anti-trust law and permission to trade associations to organize for self-rule. The group seemed pretty hopeless. But after a report on its discussions drawn by Harold Moulton, Jacobstein and Podell and Moulton were named to draw a tentative bill. This they did. The bill was printed but discarded. I have seen a copy of that bill, however, and it contains the germ of nearly everything save the licensing clause, which is in the final act.

It began with a provision for credits to industry. The second section provided large grants for public works. The third section recognized trade associations, permitted regulation of production, and rules for trade practices. The fourth section provided for agreements between employers in trade associations to shorten hours of labor. The fifth section outlawed price-cutting. The sixth provided for agreements between business groups. The bill went to the Labor Department for

scrutiny and came back with the clause guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining. It was in much the same language as in the final bill. With the emphasis put on public works and loans to industry, it was styled "A bill to create employment and purchasing power through industrial recovery." Kent and Rorty exploded because their proposals were ignored. Wagner was full of doubts about the whole draft. He decided to do nothing about this bill but to have further conferences.

All this time another group was at work. It began partly in the Agricultural and partly in the Commerce Department. Jerome Frank, general counsel for the Agricultural Department, and others like him were interested in national planning along the models proposed by George Soule, Stuart Chase, Charles Beard. They wanted to weave a pattern for our economic society, and include the regulation of profits and uneconomic corporate practices, minimum wages, and hours of labor. The Department of Commerce, under Mr. Daniel Roper, the most reactionary agency in the administration, squeezing in on every move to press its conservative business view, had also been busy on this subject. Mr. John Dickinson, lawyer, closely identified with Wall Street law interests, and the usual agent for these forays by the Commerce Department, had a collection of proposals which closely paralleled the Chamber of Commerce self-rule in industry plans. Dickinson and Frank somehow got together, and at the next meeting of the Wagner group were asked in. Thereafter the work of producing an acceptable bill was carried on by Dickinson, Podell, Jerome Frank, and Simon Rifkind. They worked every night, turning out half a dozen drafts in a week or two.

By this time Black had got his bill

passed again under the motion to reconsider and by a large vote. In the House a similar measure—the Connery bill—was reported favorably. It had a minimum-wage provision urged by Secretary Perkins. Connery insisted on a clause keeping out foreign goods manufactured under less favorable wage and labor conditions. Miss Perkins warned the committee the President could not approve the bill in its present form. But the bill was reported out favorably. House and Senate leaders warned that the President did not approve it. There is no doubt that the President did not want these bills passed. Yet one tremendously important fact stands out now. The question of protecting labor from starvation wages and long hours was now no longer a doubtful issue. The Senate had passed one bill. The House was ready to pass a more comprehensive one. The President could have had these bills altered in any way he wished. He could have had a thirty-hour, thirty-six-hour, or forty-hour week, a flexible work week, a minimum wage, or any other emergency safeguard he desired. Or he could have had a simple bill permitting industries to organize to limit work hours and fix minimum wages by agreement, as suggested by the Litchfield committee of the Chamber. It was not necessary at this point to invent any substitute to protect labor. What was wanted now was a substitute that would protect employers from these statutory limitations on work periods and wages. The next move was to save the employers. When, therefore, the NRA act was brought forward, it was to defeat the Black and Connery bills, to turn the subject over to employers and to give them, besides, something they had wanted for years but dared not now insist on—the modification of the anti-trust laws and the privilege of self-rule in industry.

IV

Just before this another figure had stepped upon the scene. To the office of Raymond Moley, then Assistant Secretary of State and closest man to the President, flowed an endless stream of plans for salvation. Among them demands for the regulation of industry held first place. Moley had asked James Warburg, a Wall Street banker, to look into the matter. Warburg did and made a report in the form of a suggested message to Congress. In it he made the President say in effect that the time had come for the regimentation of business. Warburg is now off the reservation. He is criticizing the Administration for regimenting business. Perhaps someone can dig up that document to confound him. At all events Warburg's report interested Moley. At the time General Hugh S. Johnson was wandering round Washington from conference to conference. Johnson had been employed by Bernard Baruch for a number of years in Wall Street studying industrial and market movements. He was called Baruch's "economic adviser." Baruch used to refer to him as "my man Johnson." Baruch opposed Roosevelt for the nomination, but after the latter's success, Baruch contributed Johnson to the campaign. Johnson soon found himself close to the candidate, who liked him. He spent much time on Roosevelt's campaign train, wrote several speeches for him, which were pretty good after the wild words were taken out of them. He was, I am told, useful, well-liked, and—strangest of all—self-effacing. Now he was in Washington with no particular commission. Moley, meeting him, suggested that he take a desk in Moley's office and prepare a report and plan on this business of organizing industry.

It was not a new subject to Johnson. He had talked about it during the cam-

paign. Indeed, when Baruch tendered Johnson to Roosevelt, through Moley and Tugwell, the subject was discussed then. That perhaps is why Moley selected him for the job. At all events, he accepted Moley's offer with breathless alacrity and proceeded to tear into the business with his usual ferocity. Early in May he had a bill. It covered a single sheet of paper. He threw it into the ring by presenting it to a member of Senator Wagner's group, who expressed astonishment at its brevity. It was an outright grant of power to the President to organize industry, to give to trade associations authority to regulate prices, production, trade practices, wages, and hours. It provided for suspending the Sherman anti-trust law. It contained the authority to the President to license industry. *But it had not a single word about collective bargaining for labor.*

A day or two later he joined the Wagner group and after that he began to take a more and more dominating part in drawing up the final bill. It is the simple truth that the liberals in that group became less and less influential and the business-minded persons, who were for self-rule in industry, took the lead. Jerome Frank, Simon Rifkind, John Dickinson, David Podell, and General Johnson, and later Donald Richberg continued to labor at the proposed bill, with Johnson and Dickinson gradually pushing the others out and finally Johnson taking over the job with Richberg. The credits-to-business clauses were taken out. The plan to organize industry through the trade associations was put first and the public-works section subordinated. The President never whole-heartedly assented to that section and he has ever since been the chief obstacle to a public-works program.

Johnson drew a second bill, longer than his first. It was like the first, but more detailed in its directions. He

kept in his licensing provisions and added another—a most amazing section which it is difficult to credit. I have, however, seen it, and this provision helps to place the General in his social and economic sympathies. He wanted on every kind of shop and store and factory a *sales tax of ten per cent.* Both these provisions were opposed by the group and were actually taken out. But the licensing provision mysteriously reappeared in the bill again after it left the hands of the group and came back from the President.

The labor section—which as you will recall had been interpolated by the Department of Labor—had a troubled career. It is interesting to note that the first draft provided for national and regional labor boards representing labor, employers, and public. This was stricken out.

Two serious perils, however, beset Section 7a. They came from the man who was supposed to be the friend of labor, Mr. Donald Richberg. The clause as originally prepared by the committee read:

No employee or no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to refrain from joining a labor union of his own choosing.

As recast by Richberg, it read:

No employee or no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment *to join any organization or refrain from joining a labor organization of his own choosing.*

The italicized clause turned up in the bill when it was introduced. Of course, it completely changed the meaning and actually guaranteed the open shop. Richberg excused the change as the fruit of unhappy composition. Later, in the Senate, at the end of Section 7a, the following provision was offered as an amendment:

Nothing in this title shall be construed to compel a change in the existing satisfactory relations between employees and

employers of any particular plant, firm or corporation, except that the employees of any particular plant, firm or corporation shall have the right to organize for collective bargaining with their employers as to wages, hours of labor and other conditions of employment.

Senators Wheeler, Wagner, LaFollette, Costigan, and Norris were promptly on their feet to resist it. Senator Clark explained that "Mr. Richberg not only accepted the amendment but thought it was very beneficial to the bill." This was a complete charter for the company union. But it was defeated. However, the defeat was unimportant. For General Johnson and Mr. Richberg later announced that the words "closed shop" and "open shop" were eliminated from the dictionary of the NRA. And having said this, Johnson warned the American Federation of Labor that the strike could not be tolerated.

One more incident. Senator Black, who had really started all the shooting with his thirty-hour bill, offered several amendments. They are unimportant now but what he said was important. He warned that the power of making laws, so far as control of industry was concerned, was being transferred from Congress to the trade associations, and that unless profits were controlled along with wages and hours, nothing would be accomplished save to see prices rise. He then voted against the bill.

If now we keep all this in mind it will be easy to understand all that has happened since NRA became a law. I am reliably informed that Mr. Harri-man told his directors that it was a complete victory for the Chamber. They got more than they hoped—modification of the anti-trust laws, self-rule in industry, defeat of the Black and Connery bills, the right to regulate hours and minimum wages transferred to the trade associations under NRA supervision instead of by statute.

In short, with the exception of the collective bargaining provision—which as we have seen was subsequently robbed of much of its original strength—the NRA plan represented almost entirely the influence and ideal of big business men. The share of the Brain Trust in its paternity was microscopic; the share of the Chamber of Commerce and other business interests was predominant.

V

There is little in the present outcry about government's regulating industry. The government has merely given up its long fight against the attempt of industry to regulate itself. It now says to industry: "Very well. You want to govern yourself. Go ahead. We will step aside. We will watch you while you are doing it and keep an eye on you later." That is all. As to the government eye that will be kept busy, General Johnson lost no time in announcing that he would expect the trades to police themselves.

If this is all true, then why is business now denouncing the NRA? That is a fair question. Big business is afraid of the labor sections about collective bargaining. They are harm-

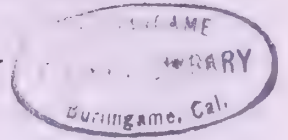
less now. But under a proper administration or under a strengthened law they might become dangerous. Business, therefore, wants to "save what is good in the NRA" and get rid of the rest. Of course we know what is good from the business point of view. That is the principle of self-rule—price fixing, control of production, and trade practices. In November the Industrial Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce, made up wholly of big business men, recommended that NRA be turned over to the Chamber of Commerce and that the government withdraw. Johnson gave a swift approval of that scheme. The President said he thought the time was not yet ripe for business to take it over. When will the time be ripe? In the middle of June the same group renewed the suggestion that the entire machinery of the NRA be turned over to business. There can be little doubt that, unless we get down to calling things by their right names and stop using high-flown euphemistic words to conceal very serious and questionable proceedings, and unless liberals maintain a more effective vigilance than they have in the past, this is precisely what will be done.



AWFUL HEAVY

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS



MRS. RALPH PIERCE called her son Johnny in from where he was playing baseball with Freddie Patterson, the McCall twins, and a few other boys on the vacant lot just back of the Pierce place, and told him to wash his neck and ears "good," to put on his clean "good" shirt and his "good" pants, and to shine his shoes.

"Aw, where we goin'?" Johnny asked, striking the ball in his mitt and frowning. "I'm pitchin', mama!"

"That's all right!" Mrs. Ralph Pierce said. "I'm going to stop in and see Auntie Opal Griggs, and then I'm going downtown, and then I'm going to the Congregational dinner, and you're going with me."

"Aw, mama!" Johnny said.

"Now, not a word," Mrs. Pierce said. "Get cleaned up while I sponge your coat. Whatever have you got on it, Johnny?"

It was a fine sunny afternoon in early March, and making calls on old women was certainly the last thing Johnny Pierce wanted to do. He wanted to go play ball. He was about to protest again when the thought of seeing Old Auntie Opal Griggs in bed struck him as interesting. He wondered if she wouldn't look even fatter in bed than she looked on her feet. She looked almost as fat behind as before, and her fat seemed to be softer than pillows.

He made for the door. "Johnny!"

his mother called, "where are you going?"

"No place," Johnny said. "I'm just going out to give Freddie my mitt. I'll be right back."

"Freddie!" he began to bawl when he came near the diamond. "Come over here. I got somethin' to tell you!"

"Listen," he said, in a very confidential tone when Freddie ran to meet him. "Where do you think I'm goin'?"

"Where?" Freddie asked, folding his arms and setting his feet wide apart.

Johnny poked him in the chest with a forefinger. "I," he said pompously, "am going, as soon as I get cleaned up, to see Old Mrs. Opal Fatty Griggs in bed!"

Several boys had come up and were standing near, breathing loudly from running.

"In bed?" Freddie said. "What's she in bed for? Is she sick?"

"Naw. Just a sprained ankle." He put out his hand, the mitt still on it, and slapped Freddie on the chest. "Don't you get it, fellow?" he said. "She's softer 'n putty. Lyin' down, I bet she'll be three feet high. Anyway, three feet! And I bet she's gainin' weight too!"

"Johnny!" Mrs. Pierce called from the back porch. "Get on in here!"

"It'll be a sight!" Johnny said, backing away from Freddie. "It'll be a cir-

cus! You can use my mitt, Freddie. Catch!"

It was some satisfaction to Johnny when he and his mother started down the street to see the ball game come to a halt and to know that all the boys were envying him.

"I should have been in to see Auntie Opal Griggs before this," Mrs. Pierce said, more to herself than to Johnny, as she walked briskly along. "I think everybody's been to see her but me. I guess her ankle was real bad."

"Mama, how much do you suppose she weighs?"

"Who, son?"

"Aw, Auntie Opal Griggs."

"Why, I haven't any idea, but plenty."

"Is it true she could go in a circus if she wanted to?"

"I don't know. She wouldn't think of such a thing."

"Well, what do you think she'd weigh?"

"I've no idea."

"Well, make a guess, can't you?"

"I've no idea. I don't think she's been weighed since—well, last time I remember hearing anybody say anything about her getting weighed was before I was married."

"Honest? Well, what did she weigh then?"

"Oh, I don't remember. But it was so much Nat McCall put it in the paper and she said she'd never be weighed again. She's one of the six fattest women in America, Nat McCall said in the write-up. She'll never get weighed again."

"Not ever?"

"I guess so. Be still. They might hear you."

Johnny picked blistered paint from the porch trellis while his mother rang the bell. Mrs. Pierce, her eyes on Auntie Opal Griggs' carpet-swathed rose bushes, smoothed first one of her kid gloves and then the other, and

raised her brows and fixed her mouth for a "How do you do?" when the door should be opened.

Adelaide Whitaker came to the door, let them in, and asked them to take off their things.

"Why, I didn't know you were here, Adelaide," Mrs. Ralph Pierce cried. "I knew Auntie Griggs had a bad sprain, but I didn't know she was bad enough to have you."

"Oh, I should say so," Adelaide said, putting her hands in the pockets of her uniform and making the stiff muslin crackle pleasantly. "The doctor took me off the Holloway case the day Auntie Griggs was hurt and brought me over here. Oh, I tell you, Mrs. Pierce, nobody but a registered nurse could take care of Auntie Griggs, helpless as she is. And there's plenty I can't do for her alone. Why, I couldn't begin to turn her or lift her by myself. I have to have help. Why, to turn her I have to call in Mrs. Gallagher and one of the Gallagher girls, and Mrs. Shell Thompson and Mrs. Sadie Leavitt and Mrs. Reaves. She's an awfully heavy woman, Mrs. Pierce."

"Oh, I'm sure," Mrs. Pierce said.

"Just about what do you think she weighs, Miss Whitaker?" Johnny put in.

"Hush," his mother said.

Miss Whitaker paid no attention to him. "I was hoping someone would come so I could feel free to leave her a little while and go in the kitchen and iron my caps, and my other uniform," she said. "I have them sprinkled down."

"I'm sure I can stay that long," Mrs. Pierce said.

"Come on," Miss Whitaker said, and led the way down a strip of grass carpet along the hall to the back of the house. "Her room's back here, just across from the kitchen," she explained, "to save her steps when she's up. She just

about lives in the kitchen, I guess, and you know she never goes out unless there's a church dinner. Oh, whatever you do," she cautioned in a whisper, "don't let out a word about the Congregational dinner. We've had to keep it from her, of course."

"Of course," Mrs. Pierce said.

"What for?" Johnny asked.

"Because she's always taken charge of the dinners. If she knew they were having one without her she'd go all to pieces."

"Would she?" Johnny asked.

"Be still," his mother said, and Adelaide opened the door for them into Mrs. Griggs' bedroom.

"I've brought you some visitors," Adelaide Whitaker said brightly. "They'll sit with you awhile."

"Well, if it isn't Mrs. Ralph Pierce!" a breathy voice came from the bed. "How are you, Mrs. Pierce? And you brought your boy. My, how he's grown!"

Mrs. Pierce went to the bed, and Johnny, from where he stood near the door, saw an arm like an elongated pink balloon rise slowly from the bed. The hand at the end of the arm was very small and dimpled like a baby's. Johnny was told to come close and shake the hand. Auntie Opal Griggs smiled up at him from among her chins.

The size of the hill she made lying on the bed was even greater than Johnny had hoped to see.

"Just how did you hurt your ankle?" Mrs. Pierce asked when she and Johnny were seated. "How did you ever come to hurt it?"

Auntie Opal Griggs turned her head gently from side to side on the pillow, raised the little hands droopingly, and let them fall.

"Oh, I hardly know," she said. "Just stepped down off the step, and somehow my ankle turned and let me down—just sorta give way under me

and let me down. I called out, and Mrs. Gallagher and Mr. Gallagher and the Gallagher girls come running over and someone called Mrs. Shell Thompson, and somehow they got me up—the ankle was paining me so—so as I could get my foot out in front of me, and then some of the other neighbors were there, and they all got me up and in. Just carried me really, and the doctor came and taped it up and then got Adelaide in to do for me. It was an awfully bad sprain, Mrs. Pierce. Want to see it? Just lift the covers there where the pillow is. You see I have to keep it on a pillow."

Mrs. Pierce lifted the covers as tenderly as though she were about to look on a newborn babe and exposed Auntie Griggs' calves, that made Johnny think of nothing so much as two pink butcher-shop pigs, and her two little doll-like feet. One of the feet was bound about with adhesive tape.

"Tchk, tchk, tchk," Mrs. Pierce pitied, her hands on her cheeks. She gently covered the little feet and the great legs.

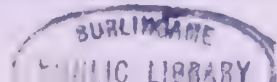
"Isn't that awful, Johnny?" Mrs. Pierce said to her son.

"Gee," Johnny said through his teeth.

"It isn't as bad at it might be," Auntie Opal Griggs said. "Now the real pain is over it's not so bad. And it isn't like I was needed awfully bad right now. I'll be up and around in a few weeks. I'll be up before the Mother and Daughter banquet."

Mrs. Pierce pursed her lips. "Of course you will," she said.

"I think how Grandpa Beckelheimer has to sit in his wheelchair all the time, and how poor Mrs. Ira Hensley had to be in that cast so long. They say Ira wore out four back scratchers, running 'em down her neck in under that cast, four Chinese back scratchers, to scratch her back for her where that cast made her back itch her, and her not able to



get at it. Ira's a good man and I'm glad Mary's spared to him and out of that cast now. Yes, I've got a lot to be thankful for. I'll be up before that banquet, and I might've broke my limb. That was such a fall! And I'm a real heavy woman."

Johnny leaned forward. "About how much do you think . . ." he began, but his mother laid a hand on his knee. He was surprised at the strength of her fingers.

There came a tap at the door and Mrs. Beulah DeLacey walked in, taking long knee-bent steps and holding her red pocketbook far out to one side and her glasses, on their black silk cord, far out on the other.

She shook her purple feathered head at Auntie Opal Griggs. "Why, you dear old thing!" she screamed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, to go fall like that and 'prain your ankle? How are you, anyway? I saw Adelaide out on the back steps, talking to Mrs. Gallagher, and so I just walked in."

"Hello, Beulah," Auntie Griggs puffed. "I'm mending. This is Mrs. Pierce and this is Mrs. Pierce's little boy Johnny."

Mrs. Beulah DeLacey laid her pocketbook on the bed and grasped Mrs. Pierce's hand in both her thin ones and screeched, "Oh, Mrs. *Ralph* Pierce. I have met both the other Mrs. Pierces but I hadn't had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. *Ralph* Pierce." Then, turning to Johnny, she cried, "I'm so glad!"

Mrs. DeLacey sat down on the bed and bobbed her feathers and tapped Auntie Griggs' near arm with her gloved finger tips. "I've been so ashamed not to have come before," she said, "but I've been so busy selling tickets for the dinner."

"Dinner!" Auntie Griggs puffed. "What dinner, Mrs. DeLacey?"

Mrs. DeLacey felt Mrs. Pierce's heel on her toe, and gave a hoarse gasp and put her hand over her mouth. "Oh,

what have I done!" she squealed. "I've gone and let the cat out of the bag! The ladies will kill me. Please, Mrs. Griggs, don't give me away. Don't tell anybody I told you!"

Auntie Griggs put out a hand on either side of her and grasped a handful of bedding. The mountain heaved under the bedclothes. "When is *this* dinner?" she asked, "and how big a dinner is it?"

"It's to-night," Mrs. DeLacey mourned loudly, "and I've sold one hundred and sixty-eight tickets—I and the high-school girls. We had a contest. Oh, I'm *always* putting my foot in it!"

Auntie Griggs was trying to boost herself up. "Where is Adelaide," she gasped. "Get me Adelaide in here."

"Johnny, run," Mrs. Pierce cried. "Run get Adelaide."

Johnny ran through the kitchen and out the back door and there, by the cistern pump, with Auntie Griggs' gray-green shawl over her shoulders, Adelaide Whitaker was talking to Auntie Griggs' Irish neighbor, Mrs. Gallagher.

"Come in, quick!" Johnny said. "She's told her about the church dinner! Mrs. DeLacey did!"

"The Saints help and keep us!" Mrs. Gallagher cried.

"And I left her just for a minute, and Mrs. Pierce right there!" Adelaide wailed. And shoulder to shoulder, she and Mrs. Gallagher ran in through the kitchen. The Gallagher girls had heard the shouting and came running after and were in before the Gallagher back door slammed to.

"Lift me up!" Mrs. Griggs demanded, the minute the four women got in the room. Then, "Shame on you, Adelaide Whitaker, for keepin' this from me! Shame on all of you."

"But, Auntie," Adelaide protested, "we knew you weren't fit to go, and we didn't want to bother you with it."

"Bother, your foot!" Auntie Griggs said when they had boosted her to a sitting position.

"Mrs. DeLacey, who's takin' charge of that dinner you sold one hundred and sixty-eight tickets for?"

Mrs. DeLacey batted her eyes and swallowed in her long throat. "Why, no one in particular, Mrs. Griggs," she said. "The ladies are just working together on it."

"Listen," Auntie Griggs said. "A church dinner ain't got that way. A church dinner is *run*. Who's *runnin'* this one? Who's *plannin'* and *buyin'* and *seein'* there's enough and that everything's done right? Who's *runnin'* this dinner?"

"I told you," Mrs. DeLacey said, "the women are working together. The women in our church do work together beautifully. No particular one is in charge."

The balloon arms were raised. "Adelaide! Bring me my clothes."

"Oh, I can't," Adelaide said. "I'm in charge of you, Mrs. Griggs, and I can't."

"Adelaide Whitaker," Auntie Griggs said, "do as you're told. There's no time to dawdle."

Mrs. Gallagher came close and took one of the little dimpled hands in hers, arresting their waving. "There, Lamb," she said. "You can't be goin' down there in the shape you're in. And I'd be a poor neighbor to let you."

"Now, Maggie, don't stand in my way," Auntie Griggs said. "You know what your religion is to you and you know what mine is to me, when there's a dinner to be seen to most of all. I've had the charge of, and see to, of every dinner the Congregationalists have put on in twenty years and I'll have the see to of this one. Do you want 'em to ruin a dinner or run out of food and the people not half fed yet? Johnny! Johnny Pierce! Come here, boy."

"I want you to do something for me.

I want you to run to Grandpa Beckelheimer's for me and ask the loan of his wheelchair this afternoon and evening. He can go to bed that long and it won't hurt him a lick. Run!"

Johnny ran all the way to Grandpa Beckelheimer's and was blowing so when he got there that he could hardly get his wind to tell Grandma Beckelheimer what it was he wanted. Then he had to wait while Grandma Beckelheimer made it clear to Grandpa Beckelheimer that it was his wheelchair that was wanted and that it was Auntie Opal Griggs who wanted it.

"Well, I guess so," he said at last. "I'll let her have it, but if she breaks it to smithereens she'll get me a new one, that's what."

Grandma Beckelheimer helped Johnny get the chair down off the porch, cautioning him to go slow with it.

"I'll wager anything, Opal'll smash it," she said. "She's *such* a fat woman."

"Around what do you think she'd weigh?" Johnny yelled in Grandma Beckelheimer's better ear.

"Oh, I'd never say," the old woman said, rolling her eyes. "More'n most families put together, I expect. You be careful, little boy."

Once out of sight of Grandpa and Grandma Beckelheimer's house, Johnny ran. The wheels squeaked and clattered alarmingly. By the time he got to Auntie Opal Griggs' place, eight other boys were running with him. Freddie Patterson was one of them, and Johnny chose him to go into the house with him and help wheel the chair down the hallway to Auntie Griggs' bedroom.

Adelaide and Mrs. Gallagher and Johnny's mother and the other women were having quite a time with Mrs. Griggs.

"Get me my clothes, Adelaide," she had said again the minute Johnny had been sent on his errand. She was firm, and Adelaide at last brought out a knit-

ted cotton vest as big as a small tent and a pair of umbrella drawers that would have made petticoats for all the Gallagher girls, and a knitted underskirt that Grandma Beckelheimer had knit for Opal the first three winters after Grandpa Beckelheimer took to his chair and wanted her sitting by him every minute, and a gray percale mother-hubbard dress. The ladies helped Auntie Griggs into her clothes. She was sitting on her bed, dressed all but her shoes, her black-stockinged feet dangling at the end of her very large legs, when Johnny and Freddie came in with the wheelchair.

Auntie Opal Griggs took one good look at the wheelchair and lay back on the bed. Adelaide lifted her bad leg up for her, and Mrs. Gallagher lifted the good one.

"It's too little," Auntie Griggs said. "Grandpa Beckelheimer's no bigger'n a locust, is he?"

"It's all right, you're tired," Mrs. Gallagher said. "We'll get your things off and get you back under the covers."

Auntie Griggs bent one of the great arms and put her hand to her forehead. "Be still, Maggie," she said. "Let me think."

The five women and the two boys stood silent, looking on while the woman on the bed thought.

"Well, I'd like to stay and do something," Mrs. DeLacey broke in, "but I have to get on down to the church. I know the ladies miss you, and I'll tell them that you tried to come. I'm awfully sorry you fell and hurt yourself."

"And I wish you'd fall and break your neck," Mrs. Gallagher said when Mrs. DeLacey had taken her feathers and her red pocketbook through the door.

"No, I wouldn't wish that on anybody," Auntie Griggs said.

"I've thought of it! Johnny," she said, and Johnny and Freddie Patter-

son stepped forward, their shoulders well back. "Will you do something for me? Well, run down to Atherton's Drug Store and tell Arch Atherton he's to send me up a pair of crutches, the strongest he's got in the shop.

"Adelaide, bring me my pocketbook outa the drawer. The left-hand drawer there. I said the *left*!"

Adelaide brought the pocketbook and Mrs. Griggs opened it and got out her billfold and counted out three one-dollar bills and then put one of them back in the fold. She laid the two bills in Johnny's hand. "There," she said. "They ain't likely to be more'n that. If they are, tell Arch to put the difference down for me. Run!"

Johnny and Freddie Patterson ran all the way, with Johnny a little ahead. "We want a pair of crutches," they puffed when they found Arch in the back room of the drug store, monkeying with a tiny pair of scales.

"They're for Auntie Opal Griggs," Freddie said. "She wants to go to the Congregationalists' church dinner."

Arch Atherton was fooling with the little pair of scales. "Get out!" he said. "I got only two pair of crutches and they wouldn't either one of them be strong enough for Mrs. Griggs."

"She's got to have 'em," Johnny said. "She sent us for 'em."

"One's a big pair and one's a little pair. They wouldn't fit her, either of them, and they'd never hold her up if she could use 'em."

Johnny squinted up at Arch Atherton. "Whatta you think she'll weigh, Doc?" he asked like a man.

"Oh, I don't know, kid," Arch said, pleased, as he always was, when anybody called him Doc. "I wouldn't have any idea. Tell you what you do. You run over to the hardware store and tell Stanley to come on over here and bring a saw. Maybe we can fix that bigger pair."

A minute later Stanley Hopper came

in with the boys at his heels. "Here's your saw, Arch," he said. "Bring out those crutches."

They had quite a time deciding how many inches to saw off the big pair of crutches. They all differed in their estimates as to just how tall Auntie Griggs was and how long a crutch she would need.

"You can't tell, an awful fat woman like that, just how tall she might be," Stanley Hopper said gravely. "You see she's got no proportion. All that flesh!"

"How much would you judge she weighs, Mr. Hopper?" Johnny asked.

"I wouldn't have any notion, son. I wouldn't know how to make an estimate. No, I just wouldn't know how to make an estimate." Stanley Hopper was trying his weight on the crutches, swinging both legs. "Do you think they'll ever hold her up, Arch?"

"No," said Arch. "No, I don't believe they will. She's an awful heavy woman, Stanley."

The two men looked at each other and shook their heads, their mouths drawn in tight lines. Stanley was still swinging on the crutches. "She sure is," he said. "She sure is, Arch. Awful heavy!"

"Tell you what you might do, Stanley," Arch Atherton said. "You might take 'em over to the store and wire a couple of iron rods to the lower part of 'em. You might do that. Think that might be a good idea?"

"Well, we can sure try it, Arch," Stanley Hopper said. "Comin' with me, boys?"

Johnny Pierce and Freddie Patterson went with Stanley Hopper to the hardware store and stood by while Stanley wired a couple of iron rods to the sawed-off crutches. When he had them fixed he gave one to each boy and said, "There you are, boys. See if they won't hold the old girl up. Better run."

They ran all the way back to Auntie Opal Griggs' place. There were the Yoder boys, and the McCall boys, and half the Bickel boys, and the little Fisher girl running with them by the time they got there. They all waited in the yard.

"Good!" Auntie Opal Griggs said when they came in the door. "Good! How much were they, boys?"

"He didn't say," Johnny Pierce said, and took the two dollars out of his pocket and gave them back to Auntie Griggs.

"Stanley Hopper fixed 'em," Freddie said. "Didn't charge a thing!"

"That was nice," Auntie Griggs said. "And thank you, boys. Mrs. Gallagher's sent for her brother's boy to bring around his truck, and if I can just walk out to it on these, and they can get me up in, I'll get there, and get that dinner yet. Help me up, will you, girls?"

Mrs. Ralph Pierce, Adelaide Whitaker, Mrs. Gallagher and her daughters, and Mrs. Shell Thompson, who had come in while Johnny and Freddie Patterson had gone for the crutches, lifted Auntie Opal up.

"I'd think you'd remember," Adelaide said, "what a time we had gettin' you to bed when you hurt your ankle, and stay where you are, Auntie."

"Oh, be still, child," Auntie Griggs said, not too unkindly. "Don't you think I know what I'm doin'?"

When she stood poised on one of her little dolly feet, Johnny Pierce put a crutch under her left arm, and Freddie Patterson put the crutch he held under her right. "Careful there, son!" Mrs. Ralph Pierce admonished.

"There! That's fine. Leave me stand on 'em," Auntie Opal Griggs said, and the women let go of her and stood close, their hands ready to catch her should she waver. Resting on her good foot, she set the crutches a little

ahead. "Now what? What do I do?" she asked helplessly.

"You hop," Johnny said.

"Ya, you just take a little hop," Freddie advised. "Hop!"

"I don't quite see how I'm goin' to do it," Auntie Griggs said.

"You just lift your good foot and set it down, up ahead," Freddie said.

"All right," said Auntie Griggs. "I'll try it!" and hopped.

There was a sound of splintering wood, and many arms went about Auntie Griggs. Among them they got her back on the bed.

"Thanks, girls," Auntie Griggs panted. "If you hadn't been there those things woulda let me right down! What do you suppose Arch meant by sendin' me up a couple of flimsy sticks like that? Mrs. Gallagher, ain't your boy, your nephew, I mean, come yet?"

"He's here," Mrs. Gallagher said. "He's backed right up to the back door. But you won't want him now, will you, Mrs. Griggs dear?"

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Gallagher," Auntie Griggs said. "You bring him on in. Adelaide, prop me up a little, will you?"

Bart O'Halloran came in, his boots making a great noise on the floor. "How do you do, Mrs. Griggs," he said. "Aunt Maggie says you wanted me."

"Bart," Auntie Opal Griggs said, "don't it say on your truck, 'We move anything?'"

"It sure does," Bart O'Halloran said, "and I ain't braggin'."

"It's true?"

"Well, I put the radiators in the schoolhouse and I brought the sheets of plate glass up from the freight house to Atherton's Drug Store."

"Bart, I need to go down to the Congregational Church, and I need to go right away. I shoulda been there hours ago. Can you get me there?"

"I think so," Bart O'Halloran said. "I'll sure do my best, Mrs. Griggs."

"You see," Auntie Griggs explained, "I've seen to the Congregational Church dinners since before you was born, boy, and I don't know what'll happen and me not down there. I'm needed. It's down to the kitchen in the church basement I want to go, Bartie."

"All right," Bart O'Halloran said, "I'll get you there. You just wait until I get my moving crew up here. I'll have to telephone and get me some help."

"The 'phone's in the kitchen," Auntie Griggs said.

Mrs. Gallagher had begun to weep aloud. "And Mrs. Griggs dear," she said, "the boy'll get you there just as quick and safe as if it was a Catholic dinner you was goin' to."

"I trust he will," Mrs. Griggs said. "Adelaide, if you'll fetch me my shawl and put on my shoe, I'll be ready."

Johnny Pierce and Freddie Patterson followed Bart into the kitchen and stood near while he rang and waited for Central to answer. Bart rested one knee on the great red plush sofa Auntie Opal had in her kitchen to sit on between spells of cooking. Johnny Pierce stood admiring Bart's heavy boot. To himself he counted the eyelets of the lacing. "What do you think, Mr. O'Halloran," he asked, "about what do you think Auntie Opal Griggs would weigh?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Bud," Bart O'Halloran said. "She's an awful big woman."

Central had got the freight house for him. "Hello, Charlie," he said. "Would you get Beef Woodruff and Ted Calhoun and Herb Sass and his dad to come on up here, to Mrs. Griggs', next door south of my Aunt Maggie's house? I don't know whether we'll need 'em or not, but bring the dolly and slings for movin' pianos. . . . O.K."

Bart rubbed his stubbled chin for a moment and then said, "You two kids grab hold of the end of this and see if

you can lift it. Fine! I'll take the head, and you kids carry that end, and we'll take it in the old lady's room. Pretty heavy, ain't it?"

It was all Johnny and Freddie could do to carry their end of the sofa. "Wheel!" they puffed together when they set it down beside Auntie Griggs' bed.

"Now, Aunt Maggie, if you and the ladies will just roll her off onto this," Bart said.

The ladies got Auntie Griggs onto the sofa. Adelaide put a pillow and a hot-water bottle under her sprained foot and another pillow under her head, and Mrs. Gallagher tucked a quilt round her.

When another truck and a car pulled up beside Bart's, and the crew knocked at the back door, Bart said, "Now, Mrs. Griggs, we'll have you there in a jiffy."

The men came on in and with Bart and Ted Calhoun at the head, Beef Woodruff and Herb Sass on the sides, and Herb's dad at the foot, they lifted the sofa with Auntie Opal Griggs on it and carried it out and slid it into Bart's truck. A crowd of neighbors and passers-by had gathered and stood about in the yard watching.

"I don't see why you don't take her in the car instead of in your truck," one of the smaller Gallagher girls said to her Uncle Bart.

"Then you don't see good," Bart said grinning.

Auntie Griggs heard the child and said gently, "They make the car doors so very little, Molly."

Bart was going to do the driving himself. Ted Calhoun and Beef Woodruff rode inside the truck to keep the sofa from sliding about. Adelaide Whitaker, who had not ceased to protest under her breath, and Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Shell Thompson rode inside too, to look after Auntie Opal Griggs. Mrs. Pierce did not see Johnny climb into the driver's seat beside Bart.

When the car and the other truck had driven out of the way, Bart backed his truck into the alley, turned carefully onto Plum Street, and drove slowly toward Main Street.

"Do you know what my mother said?" Johnny ventured, looking up into Bart's face. "She says that Auntie Opal Griggs won't get weighed—that she ain't been weighed since she don't know how long. Not since before mama was married."

"I guess that's right," Bart said.

"Well, wouldn't you kinda like to know what she weighs now?"

"Yes, I would," Bart said.

"Well, don't you wish there was some way we could find out?"

"I guess the only way'd be to weigh her."

"Well, how could you, if she won't get weighed?"

"Just go ahead and weigh her, I guess."

"Could you?"

"Sure."

"How?"

"You watch."

At the corner of Mulberry and Main, Bart turned the truck slowly toward the left and made toward the grain elevator.

"Not Mulberry, it's Cherry! The Congregational's on Cherry!" Shouts came from inside the truck. Bart paid no attention and kept right on the way he was started until he reached the elevator and stopped on the little platform beside the elevator office. He got down, went round to the back of the truck, and said, "I got to speak to Charlie Morse in here, Mrs. Griggs."

"That's all right, Bartie, I'll wait," Auntie Griggs said.

Bart went inside and spoke to one of the men, took an envelope and wrote some figures on it, and came back out and climbed up to his place at the wheel. He handed the envelope to Johnny. "Got a pencil?" he asked.

"There's what the load weighs, and there's the truck, empty. I weigh a hundred and ninety-seven. You can get Beef's and Ted's weight when we get down to the church."

"Thanks!" Johnny said. "Thanks a lot, Bart. I guess I can go on from there. Thanks a lot!" He put down Bart's weight with a pencil that shook more than the jolting of the truck warranted, and put the envelope in his pocket.

There was great commotion when Bart and Ted, Beef Woodruff and Herb Sass and his dad carried Auntie Opal Griggs on her red sofa down the stairs into the Congregational church basement. The Congregational women laid down their bread knives and ladles, their rolling pins and platters, and exclaimed with astonishment and delight. There was no one who could run a church dinner like Auntie Opal Griggs. They had all been blaming the leaders for daring to try to give one with her down on her back and not able to tell them what to do, and now they rejoiced at her almost miraculous arrival.

The men let her sofa down between the great range and the long kitchen table, and she began at once to take charge and to see to things.

"How many potatoes you got peeled, Mrs. Mason?" she asked. "Fine! That's a big plenty."

"What are you and Mrs. Lamborne making there, Mrs. Bright? Let me taste it."

Outside, with Ted's and Beef's weights added below Bart's on his envelope, Johnny was gathering his gang around him. He sat down on the top basement step and when he had quieted them all with a "Shut up, kids. I got something to tell you!" he said, "Well, I'm about to get something figured out that nobody's known since before any of you kids was born. Bart O'Halloran and me weighed Auntie Opal Griggs. We weighed her down to the elevator."

"No foolin'?" Freddie said. "What's she weigh, Johnny?"

"I got to do a little figurin' before I can tell you," Johnny said. "You kids can help. Twins, you can run down to the Shell Thompsons' and ask the kids what their mother weighs. Write it down. And Tommy Fisher, you can run down to the Whitakers' and ask the Whitaker girls what Adelaide weighs in her nursing clothes. Write it down when you get it. I know what my mother weighs and I got down what I weigh already. I'll add it all up, and then take it and what the truck weighs away from what the load weighed and I'll have it. I'll have what Auntie Griggs weighs, to the pound. Think, kids. Everybody says she's heavier than the fat woman that was here in the circus last summer and she ain't been weighed since before any of us standin' here was born."

Tommy Fisher was standing scratching her head and sniffing an empty perfume bottle she had picked up somewhere and carried about with her.

"Ya, and what about the sofa?" she piped. "What about that big old sofa?"

"That's right!" Johnny said.

"Ya," Freddy took up Tommy's suggestion as though he had thought of it himself. "How you goin' to know when you get through subtractin' how much you got left is Auntie Griggs and how much is sofa?"

"That's what we got to figure out, I guess," Johnny said.

"I know!" one of the twins said. "You got to get her off the sofa and take the sofa back down to the elevator and weigh it by itself."

"I'll go back down in the basement," Johnny said, "and take a look at her and see if I can think of something. You can think of something a lot better if you're lookin' at it."

"I can't," Tommy Fisher said. "I can think of something a lot better if I'm lookin' at something else. What

you got to do is get her up off'n that sofa."

"That's what I said," Johnny said. "You kids stay here, 'cept you that has to go get weights wrote down."

Johnny went downstairs and stood quietly in a corner well out of the way. Women were bringing bowls and spoonfuls of food to Auntie Griggs to sample and judge. Over in another corner Johnny saw a much used butcher-shop cutting block that had been Mr. Schafer's contribution when the Congregational church kitchen was furnished. It was a great round block of wood that stood on three very sturdy wooden legs.

Johnny went to Auntie Griggs and said, "How are you feelin', Mrs. Griggs?" She put out one of her little hands and gave his arm a pat. "I feel fine, Johnny," she said, "and I want to thank you for all you done to help me."

"That's all right," Johnny said, "but ain't you afraid, Mrs. Griggs, that somebody'll spill somethin' on you and scald you, here so close to the stove, and them passin' stuff back and forth over you like they are?"

"Oh, I hope not!" Auntie Griggs said. "There ain't room for the sofa anyplace else, Johnny."

"You just wait, Mrs. Griggs!" he said. "You just wait," and shot out the door and up the basement steps.

"Who of you kids live closest to here?" he demanded.

"I do," said Preachie Matson.

"Ya," one of the kids said, "he lives right here in the parsonage."

"Well, all right, Preachie," Johnny said. "You skin over home and get out with a good soft comfort and a mess of pillows."

Johnny waited, pacing up and down the church walk. When Preachie came with the bedding, he took it all, the comfort under one arm and the three pillows under the other, and carried

them down to the kitchen and arranged them on the chopping block in the kitchen corner.

Mrs. Bright noticed him and said, "Johnny Pierce, whatever are you doing?"

"I'm fixing a place for Auntie Griggs," he said.

And Auntie Griggs when she saw what he had done was highly pleased. "Well, did you ever hear of anything more thoughtful?" she said. "If you can get me up on that, I can set up and put my foot on the flour bin, and be clear outa the way." Any number of women volunteered to help move Auntie, and Johnny said, "And I'll take the sofa up outside so's it won't be in the way."

He ran up the steps and called for help. In three minutes Auntie Griggs was enthroned on the chopping block and the red plush sofa was outdoors in the grass beside the church walk.

"Now what we got to do," Johnny said, "is get her down to the elevator and weigh her, and there's just one way to do it and that's carry her. Freddie and me and the twins will take the big end and the rest of you kids, get hold anywheres you can, and boost. I think we'd better get it up on our shoulders."

Ten boys and Tommy Fisher offered their services, even fought to be allowed to help carry the sofa. With it boosted to their shoulders, they carried it a block.

"It's too heavy," Tommy insisted when they stopped for a breathing spell. "It's cuttin' my shoulder right off. What you oughta do is turn it over and have the soft part under for our shoulders."

"Ya, that's what I was just thinking," Freddie said.

They turned the sofa over and lifted it not just to their shoulders, but to their heads. Marching on down Cherry until they came to Main, they rested,

crossed, and went on down toward Plum.

When they stopped to rest in front of the hardware store, Stanley Hopper came out and asked them where they were bound, and Johnny explained.

"Well, you don't have to go on off down there with that thing," Stanley said. "I'd like to know what she weighs, myself. I got a scale in here'll weigh her. You just bring her on in."

The sofa was hoisted once more and carried into the hardware store and set down on the scales at the back of the shop.

"I bet we'll all have stiff necks for a week," Tommy said.

When Stanley had weighed the sofa, the boys and Tommy all sat down on it, crowding close to Johnny to watch him figure.

"Aw, don't go to all that bother," Stanley said. "You come on up to the office, Johnny, and add it on the adding machine."

The office was in a little pen at the front of the store. Johnny chose Freddie to come in and read the numbers for him, and Stanley Hopper showed Johnny how to operate the adding machine.

Carefully, Freddie read the numbers out and Johnny put them down. He read the weights of all the people who had been in the truck, beginning with Bart's, and Johnny worked the adding machine and got the numbers down. When he had put down the weight of the truck and the sofa he took the total

and subtracted it from the weight of the load.

In an awed and questioning whisper he read the difference. "That's it," he said; "Kids, that's what she weighs to a pound."

"My, she sure is heavy!" someone exclaimed.

"Oh, ya," Tommy Fisher said, her perfume bottle under her freckled nose, "she's a lot heavier'n that yet."

"She is not," Johnny protested. "Whatta you say that for?"

"'Cause she is," Tommy insisted.

"How d'you get that way?"

"Well, who'd you say got down off'n that load to tell 'm to weigh it?"

"Oh, that's right. Bart did," Johnny said.

"That's just what I was thinkin'," Freddie said. "Don't you see, Johnny? She weighs a whole hundred and ninety-seven pounds more'n we got figured she did."

Carefully, with Freddie breathing in his ear, Johnny added one hundred and ninety-seven pounds "by hand."

"Well, boys," Stanley Hopper said, "you got it. Yes, sir, you know what she weighs."

Johnny folded the piece of adding machine tape and put it in his shirt pocket. "Ya," he said, "I got it! Listen kids . . . Say! Where's the McCall twins?"

"Gone," Tommy Fisher said, sniffing whistlingly over her bottle, "gone atearin' to tell their dad so he can put it in the paper."



DARK YEARS

BY HOMER H. SHANNON

I SUSPECT that there are a good many persons like me who are irritated more than soothed by the flow of life, events, people about them; who are more or less violently in rebellion against something, a something they cannot or have never stopped long enough to define. It may be that this is a mere by-product of living in a great city, under modern conditions which tend to destroy all true leisure, all contact with the unsophisticated natural life.

We are told that the old values have broken down; that this is a transition period in religious, economic, and social values; or that it is a period even more serious. The family is threatened, the state is threatened, the individual in his primordial innocence and happiness is threatened, variously and appallingly.

That it is a transition period in many respects (for the moment neglecting the possibility that this is far too mild a characterization) seems indisputable. I feel it in my daily life again and again. The feeling arises out of innumerable irritations, major and minor, and the need for adjustment under circumstances that seem to admit of no possible adjustment—this in my various characters of husband, parent, employee, and others.

So I propose to attempt to discover for myself what it is I want. Then, that having been done, perhaps I can draw some conclusion as to the possibility of my realizing in my own life

what I want and the way to go about it. Obviously this question of what I want is a personal one; but we are all so made—at least that is a common supposition—that if I am able to clarify my own problem in a respectable degree, that clarification may be helpful or stimulating to others.

I know, *a priori*, or accept as such, certain conditions of my task. Above all, I must be honest with myself. I must do something original and creative if I am to raise up out of the depths of my own personality the elements of a program which will intimately meet the needs of that personality. No one else can do it for me and, so far as I know, there is little help to be obtained from the outside.

The creative effort called for is perhaps the most striking illustration of the fact that this is a transition period. More effort of that sort is needed today, I believe, than would have been needed for this particular task at almost any other time in the historical period. Theology, along old lines, is out so far as I am concerned. Philosophy seems no less bankrupt, if it is looked to to give comfort and aid to the harassed wanderer in the grotesquely artificial canyons of the galvanic modern city.

I am up against a blank wall in a sense far more real than I care to admit. I shall soon have reached the old age of thirty-five. I am not being humorous, not attempting to be. I am deadly serious, was never more seri-

ous in my life. True, thirty-five does not, even to me, seem a very old age. But thirty-five, joined to all the other things I must face and deal with, is something of a shock. For one thing, it has just occurred to me that on my thirty-fifth birthday it will have been fifteen years since my twentieth birthday, and there will be only fifteen years before I am fifty.

On my twentieth birthday I was on board a transport, coming back from France as a casual. I date my adult life from about then. Perhaps that is too early; but I don't believe it is for me. I began early to take life seriously, to think there was some serious purpose in my being on this particular planet. I wasn't able to define that serious purpose, but that in no sense qualified the seriousness with which I approached the business of living, as I reasoned about it. In the early formulation of my personal philosophy, in the university years that followed my return from France, I thought of self-development as an end. In the absence of a concept any more mystical, I said that, if there were any point in being a man rather than a horse, then it was to exercise those faculties, to cultivate those appetites and potentialities, that differentiated me from a horse. I was young then and said that imagination and intelligence should be expanded. There seemed some all-compelling imperative that they be. I felt deeply and passionately that my personal mission on this earth, in so far as it could be rationally apprehended, was to bring to the highest perfection possible those essentially human faculties which I thought man possessed as distinguished from the rest of the animal kingdom.

But it is not that twenty-year-old boy who concerns me. It is what I have done with the fifteen years since I was better acquainted with him—the mere

putting of that question beside the realization that, in a few more weeks, I shall have only fifteen years before I am fifty. And then, logically, there will remain only fifteen years until I am sixty-five—above or below ground.

What about that fifteen years? Can I find one slightest bit of good in them, aside from having been alive? Is there any real reason to suppose that I can do better with the next fifteen years? What has happened to me in that fifteen years, aside from having worked on a business magazine for the past seven; having married, come into possession of a radio, a distaste for moving pictures, a fondness for alcohol?

It might be said that having lived those fifteen years was enough, good or bad. But it is not. With all the emphasis I can muster I cry it is not. It is not! Particularly, and of most intense importance here, to think that I shall just live another fifteen years as those last have been lived is not enough—not half or a third or a tenth enough.

II

For seven years now I have been doing editorial work on a weekly business publication. In some measure the work has been interesting; but it has taken all the energy I possessed for creative or intellectual work, for living, with only a small leftover. And, lately, even that small leftover has been used for nothing that could be said to represent a true expression of myself or the urges that are in me. A very considerable part of what has been left over has been used in an almost frantic effort to get relief from myself, to anæsthetize that part of me that would rise up and destroy me in its revulsion against the stupidity of what I have done with that fifteen years.

I pause merely to affirm that I am writing what I feel, not some dramatized adumbration of what should be felt.

I do not like the way my life is cut out and I want to do something about it. But merely to do something about it would not be enough. In a sense, that is what has been filling my evenings, when I get drunk, or play with sex, or merely rub the snout of my gregariousness against the fur of the other animals about me.

And I see that a great many other sensitive, intelligent people of my own age are in much the same situation. And yet we do nothing about it. At least in a big city we do nothing about it, and seem quite unable to do anything about it. The galvanized activity of the city life and of business leaves us without the direction or energy or time really to see how miserable we are; though we feel it deeply and tormentingly without pause. A terrific wrench of the spirit is required even to articulate this misery at the heart of our dull life. The blight of business over all true perception of a way of living, or even of the need of a way of living, has become so complete because of the enormous physical advances of the past hundred and fifty years that any natural turning toward the center of consciousness and its requirements is difficult.

In that earlier time of which I have spoken, just after I was out of school, and still close enough to the thing that brings life into being to have a few remaining remnants of its pristine simplicity and strength, before I had been defiled in any considerable measure by this business stultification, I wrote of the pleasure I got from the incalculable.

"In strong measure I am fascinated by the incalculable," I wrote in a notebook. "That is just one of the reasons

the conventional life is so abhorrent to me.

"The stuff of conventions is that of which the herd-road is made. That road admittedly leads to some spots that are comfortable and perhaps even reasonably interesting. But the road is not only dusty and suffocating from the stir of many clumsy feet; it is also very long, skirting the edges of fine dark forests, going round the lakes, detouring to avail of mountain passes. I prefer to cut across country, penetrate the forests, build a canoe to cross the lakes, climb the steep mountains. There should be some adventure and uncertainty in life.

"I prefer to pit myself against the exigencies of hazardous moments," I wrote, "to try myself to the utmost, to have the greatest possible variety out of my journey—the journey from the Hamlet of Birth to the City of Death. I prefer that as against the dust and security of the multitude, the gregarious complacency and humdrumness. And, also, among the crowd, so many false rumors are circulated concerning the excellence of this and of that place that one's vision is distorted, and it usually comes about that one is sidetracked, through false information, to some place of no interest or beauty at all, and the season is too far advanced to set out for elsewhere."

To read that again could not but awaken a wistful rather than painful nostalgic mood. It is so hard to keep hold of oneself sufficiently to maintain a permanent attitude toward life. The insistent monotony of the wash of waters over the personality nearly effaces, for periods, the conviction of individuality. At least it is so with me. The great majority of days, after youth and wonderment, biologically, are lived through are so filled with a banality that all talk of purpose, meaning, and high morality seems a strange sort of cant.

One can always, of course, recall certain thrilling, exalted experiences, mystic moments, periods of great goodness, but even those out of the individual past are hard to believe in, or it is difficult to consider them of significance when life ebbs low, as it does mostly. For myself I can hardly believe in those things memory talks of. They mean little more than some vague, almost indistinguishable voice speaking a few phrases out of nowhere, hazily drawing the lines of some dim picture, usually a little unsure of itself and, if questioned, inclined to change the wording of what it has to say, or even the content.

And in just what sense are we the same individuals from year to year? Certainly we are not the same in our convictions and emotional and intellectual activity; not even with reference to the salient external facts: employment, presence or absence of comforts, associates. At least many of us are not.

The point is not that there is anything inherently regrettable about change, but that I can no longer muster that sense of sufficiency which made it possible for me to write what I did in my own private notebook where no one else would see it. It is only through change that we have been lifted from the primordial ooze of the day of creation. But for change, and the possibilities it holds, life would indeed be sad. For who is so well pleased with what he is not to want something more? Who could tolerate the idea that he was what he was, for better or for worse, even though he did nothing about it? I like change; but I want it to be purposeful, directed change. I do not want it merely to happen. I flatter myself, as a member of the human race, by supposing that I am a directive controlling force, something unique and perhaps alien in a vast cosmic sea of matter. I resent

with every fiber in my body the idea that I can become so enmeshed in mere events, accidents, circumstances that all of me must be consumed in dealing with them and nothing left over for the functioning of the spiritual something that is the essence of human living—that exercise of individual technic, made up of protest against the pig sty and an outstretched arm toward the will-of-the-wisp we variously denominate beauty, wisdom, soul development.

Something has been taken out of me. Or has it? It is certain that I have learned the art of compromise; know my world as I did not know it fifteen years ago, perhaps even take it less seriously; but my recurring melancholy moods suggest that I do not take myself any less seriously, even though this word compromise, as I cannot escape suspecting, is no more than a euphemism for weakness, for sloth, for the loss of a capacity for idealism—a loss of the strength that must be in one who would live a rational or spiritual perception rather than the clever and cheap opportunism of one day after another.

Even granting that something has been taken out of me that was of value and that should not have been parted with—a capacity for protest, an insistence on the integrity and purity of my personal vision—when I look about me I see little possibility of even a tolerable acceptance of what I find. I insist on a complete uprooting of all this which has overgrown like weeds my original simplicity and essential self.

III

And how am I to go about it? What will that uprooting involve? I have been thinking about this for some time and am not voicing a transitory mood or emotion. I know I have got to do something about it or I am lost,

completely lost to myself and to whatever something was so incontinent as to permit me to be.

Can I even formulate what it is I want? Or, to put it more significantly, can a man soon to be thirty-five, living in a modern metropolis with a wife and family, get sufficient hold on the substance of self, the essential substance, and in relation to the other main factors, so that he can extricate himself from the entanglements of the present?

It should be understood that even in my bewilderment I do not suppose that the answer to my question is to be found outside myself. Essentially, the answer, if there is an answer, is to be found on the inside. And that is not to deny the reality or importance of that outside world. I know only too well its importance and its power to liberate or destroy. But one of the things which fifteen years have taught me, one of the most important things they have taught me, is that I have the power to shape that outside world, that I have the power to give it authority or to withhold authority from it. This is no glib assertion of the modern ambitious soul fed upon popular fiction and personality mumbo-jumbo. I know that in a fundamental way the individual does project himself upon the physical, external world, and does see there what the race history, the traditional and institutional wisdom of the time, the facts of his own biology cause him to see.

It would seem that in a very real sense the trouble is religious in its nature and origin. Some kind of spiritual guide is undoubtedly needed for healthy, satisfactory living; some insight or vision relating a man to his particular world must be ever present, behind and below the life process, if there is to be any framework to which the personal values from which the drama of life is spun can be fastened.

For more than fifteen hundred years

the society of which I am a part, the cultural and spiritual background to which I was born, have been germinated, shaped, molded, by a theology and way of life that assumed the validity of the Bible. It was assumed that acceptance of Holy Writ as authoritative would prove the adequate, sufficient base for the complex structure of virtues necessary for life in society—this particular society which grew and proliferated over Europe and between it and Asia. It was assumed that Christian theology provided that necessary glutinous base in which a social organism would flourish and with which it could bind together its discrete, clashing elements; or, perhaps more accurately, that complex of religious mysticism and social philosophy which grew out of the original Christian inspiration did serve such a purpose, did make, over the long period and in a rough utilitarian way, for the perpetuation of this society, for its survival.

Now it is no longer regarded as possible for educated man to accept Holy Writ in any such literal manner. The bottom of the structure on which depended the old sanctions for conduct has dropped out as completely as has "necessity" from the theory of the contemporary physicist, leaving the structure and all its illuminated stained-glass windows suspended in air. This levitation cannot continue indefinitely. Even now there are many who report the din of an awful cataclysm in their ears. It not only is not possible for civilized man to-day to accept the Bible in the literal fashion of our fathers, but the intellectual temper of the times, the force of scientific dogma, the monstrous changes worked by collective man on his environment in this Western world, and the extent of his conquest over the mysteries of nature make it impossible for him to give more than lip service to a theology

that was cast in the mold two thousand years ago. The new Gods, those horrendous apparitions personified as Money, Respectability (which has been almost wholly reduced to how one is getting along in the world), Rationalism, the Scientific Spirit, the Engineering Spirit, have trampled over the field of the spirit so valiantly, so devastatingly that the contemporary human soul, no matter what its situation with reference to modern cultivation, cannot in any real sense decipher the inner significance or meaning of that older inspiration. We must provide a new base for our cathedral, and that speedily.

But perhaps I can make this less abstract and general. It is my own situation that makes me feel all this so laceratingly at the center of my own being; perhaps, therefore, it must be from it that I get my support in particulars for the non-particular. Again, to absolve myself of any suggestion that I attach social importance to my individual situation, I insist that I do not suppose myself to be worse off than the many others I see about me. I read too well the story written in these other faces. If I am lost, then so are these others, whether they articulate it or not. If I am in despair because a light has gone out of the world, then I do not suppose that the eyes of my fellow-shipwrecks have grown more accustomed to the gloom or can penetrate the blackness with less strain than I.

I do not think enough attention has been given to this matter of transition. It is true that for a number of years the phrase "we are living in a transition period," or some equivalent, has been a part of the equipment of commentators on the social scene. Perhaps that is the reason the matter itself has received so little attention; the phrase is familiar and so does not arrest the mind when iterated and reiterated. H. G. Wells and other "seers" gave it

a certain popularity among the sapient years ago, before the situation was as acute as it is to-day. The situation has come about mainly since the War; and only those like myself, who have received all their adult education and experience in that time, can really feel the extent of that change which has come over the world, and by that measure are its chief victims.

To outline my own situation fully would be far too harrowing and painful to myself and to others and would be of doubtful expository value here. And yet I must attempt to suggest something of the *particulars* I have in mind. I will do this under three heads, as it is the human complex of circumstances, emotions, aspirations under each of these heads that causes me to be so acutely in need of readjustment to life, to the living, flowing, intimate thing that I get up with in the morning and go to bed with at night; an adjustment which I have said it seems impossible to achieve under modern conditions.

Religion, family, and sex are these three focal points at the raw quick of consciousness that, beyond all question, in their broad implications and significance make life tolerable or not; so condition the individual and color and sustain the spiritual act of living that it is ecstasy or a racking, nerve-destroying agony. Most life, I know, goes on somewhere between these two extremes, but when the machinery goes wrong in each of these respects, and simultaneously, the result comes close to agony. The whole point is that the machinery has gone wrong, and that it is not the fault of any individual or group of individuals, but is part of the historic process; and that for the individual or civilization nothing short of heroic measures will assure survival.

Religion, along old lines, is out, I have said, so far as most educated, intelligent men to-day are concerned. I

do not think there is even a thimbleful of pure elixir left of the old-world experience that will serve in this crisis of our need for some new inspiration, some fresh insight that will carry the race on in its urge for cosmic orientation. The collective soul of man is faced with the necessity of tearing out of its own inner life-stuff a completely new covering for this shrinking awareness of the insufficiency of a mechanical-instinct-rational life. The tepid tergiversations of theology-doctors working on the old materials move and vitalize none but those who have not yet come out of the medieval world or some one of its predecessors—a world of witch doctors, mysterious vital fluids, evil emanations, and demons; a half-world of tribulation and trial, in which the essential religious attitude was that of propitiation and supplication that some lovelier world might be won; a world of negation rather than of assertion, whose character could only be explained by postulating another world to be capriciously won by a large measure of good luck and a rigorous observance of a tyrannical code of "thou shalt nots."

The family of nineteen-thirty-four is an entirely changed institution, if it is an institution at all. I believe that anyone who is aware of his world and will be honest with himself will agree that there is little or nothing left of those forces, traditions, disciplines that molded the family of historic times, up to the greatest and best of all wars. This current city family has neither coherence nor pattern; for the time it continues to exist, that is all. It has neither head nor body nor tail; it is the abortive product of a dead race culture and tradition and mere animal necessity. At least the family of my contemporaries is that, where there is even enough opportunity for a counting of heads to justify the use of *family*. Of course there are still

some vestiges, relics, of the old family; but even when they exist, they are mainly representative of a generation older than my own.

The husband-wife relationship surely is not what it was in the last hundred generations of European and American families. I do not believe I am suffering from a time myopia or am misled in my interpretation of what the past was really like. For one thing there still are these "vestiges." But of more certain interpretation are the vestiges of older values in their daily and ceaseless combat with the half-born things of the "higher culture"—woman's rights, woman suffrage, the new economic freedom, the complete disintegration of the separate compartments that once contained the values by which either sex was to be judged, leaving only a formless clutter from which the member of one sex may capriciously extract that believed to be most serviceable in the immediate lust of the moment.

However barbarian and brutal these older customs, values, or traditions may or may not have been, they gave both man and woman a place in the home, a job. The point is that nothing new has crystallized from out the consciousness of the times that even comes near offering general value or that gains universal acquiescence or respect. And that this is no small matter is more than adequately supported by the evidence assailing one's nostrils who takes more than a casual glance at these homes of my generation. At least I am willing to rest my case on that.

And what of the parent-child relationship in this last stage of the physical conquest of America and the first lap of the New Deal? Of course there are many ways in which one can dull his perceptions if they are too ill-assorted and sharply defined for comfort; but I merely point out that re-

spect, obedience, discipline, morality in its broadest implications were fed and nurtured by former generations out of a theology and cultural tradition that have lost all significance for the parents. Where then are they, in honesty, to get the rationale for their demands, their efforts at inspiration, their solicitude? Oh, it is perfectly true that the world is full of many kinds of new wisdom; much of it as bright and glittery as the gadgets cluttering the nursery department of great stores. There are experts and experts, and schools and schools; there was behaviorism, and there will be endless new isms—but of what use to the harassed individual at the heart of a great city trying to make a living, trying to save himself from horrors far worse than the Crusaders ever faced? Of what use is this new wisdom when each head of the house possesses a different and perhaps conflicting assortment of scraps from out the ridiculous plethora of isms poured out on the modern sophisticate of to-day? How can it serve in the day-to-day task when it has neither coherence nor heart?

And what of sex? What can I say about it that will be more than a mere indication of the continuous irritation and inspiration it is to me? All that the poets have said about it is true, and all that moralists and bitterly ascetic, other-world visionaries have said about it is true; and the thing is only half said, its essential beauty and world-old bestiality have never been half got into words. More than almost any other thing in life, it illustrates the duality, the multiplicity, and contradictoriness of the forces festering in the world. More than in any other connection the individual, with the weight of a city and nineteen-thirty-four on his chest, realizes the insufficiency of words, the insufficiency of his conceptual instruments when he attempts to

put this thing in its place; when he attempts to deal with it, use it, or make his peace with it. This is so because he has no guide if he is the sensitive, over-honest, undefeated person I have in mind, one of the kind of people I see about me.

One does not care to wallow in it, and then one does. One does not wish to be maimed to the extent of losing its inspiration, its color, its sweetness, its infusion of power. And yet what is one to do? Sex is essentially good. There is hope in this. The great laboring, honest souls of the day have at last discovered this, after two thousand years of the Christian repression and libel. But those two thousand years have also made it impossible for its richly various inspiration to find any free, pure expression in a distorted, valueless world. I mean that boys and girls are the victims of such perverted influences and neglect, are so fed on the tag ends of devitalized mysteries, that men and women have neither the strength nor understanding to deal with their own revelations, and they mainly go through life crippled by negation or twisted by rebellion.

IV

I have done no more than to indicate the sources of my uneasy dissatisfaction, and I think it follows that I can do no more than indicate the general direction in which I may hope to find an answer to my questioning. It would be too much to expect that there could be anything neat or clear-cut in this, that the parts should be assembled. If they were I should not now be under this compulsion to find an answer; I should not now be so impressed with the degree to which I and these others about me are the victims of a transition period, from which no exit may be anticipated in this or many generations to come.

But I have a strong feeling that with sufficient effort I may be able to formulate enough of a personal answer to serve my personal needs, after a fashion. And I say this knowing that the task involves a great deal more than reason; knowing that I am still under an extreme compulsion to be honest with myself; knowing that the achievement of anything approaching a personal solution must be worked out in the life process itself. I cannot overnight, or in a month, or in a year reason out of myself this personal synthesis that will make my own particular lot tolerable. I know that if I achieve the kind of salvation of which I speak it will involve more than merely formulating some "creed" in which I can believe intellectually. I must be able to do that, yes; but more important even, I shall have to be able to feel it passionately; it must elicit from the interior, non-rational part of me that thing called faith. I didn't understand that word faith in my university years. One has to be a bit of a mystic to sense its real import; and this has been none too fashionable intellectually in this Western world of late, though I think a change may be dawning. The fathomless, brooding something behind life that surges up and sinks away in the time cycle is again making itself felt behind the thin rational surface of things.

It is by digging to the heart of my personal awareness and contrasting what is there now with what was there when I wrote in my notebook of the charm of the incalculable and the urge to direct my own destiny that I begin to feel the elements of a new faith, or come to understand what is meant by the word. I see that it is no optimistic rationalism which will help me in my trouble. Somehow those fifteen years have brought me to see clearly that I must place a greater reliance on instinct, on feeling, on intuition. In-

creasingly, without my knowing it almost, I have become aware that the activity in the front part of my brain is not as important as I once thought it to be. And yet I would not minimize its importance one tiny jot; I simply assert out of that fifteen years the importance of these things animating and using that part of my brain; I simply assert the necessities of the spirit in the teeth of these miraculous creations of the spirit. I assert the difference between perceiving a thing and experiencing it—a difference as great as the difference between witnessing death and dying.

We hear much of a need for a new religion, but we hear little of a new religion. As a way of life the skepticism of rationalism is utterly sterile. That much I know out of my fifteen years; that much I know in my present need. It strikes in at me that the sensibilities of this latest representative of the many long years of an evolving man have been expanded out of all proportion to his cultivation of the sterner qualities of the ascetics, the discipline of the Spartan and the stoics. That has happened in the face of an almost complete loss of that cosmic orientation which a living religion supplies.

Urban sophistication, says Spengler, is the most stupid thing in the world. Certainly it can be that. Other writers have talked of a "superstition of scientific materialism" that is loose on the earth, a cankerous rot destroying the possibility of any understanding of true spiritual values and their importance—a supreme importance, if man is to live at peace either with himself or with his neighbors, or if he is even to see the need of making his peace with the two eternities between which lie his pitiful three score and ten years.

One must have felt the temper and quality of the thinking and of the spiritual perceptions of other centuries and

other races to understand this thing. Again I insist on that. But the spiritual answer of another age will no more serve in this than will the economics of King Arthur's day suffice in a world dominated by turbines of a hundred thousand horsepower, mass production, apartment houses, subways, and holding companies. Science has disemboweled all the old Gods as effectively as it has given man mastery over his environment. This urban sophisticate must lay himself open again to the sources of spiritual understanding and inspiration if he is ever to become anything more than the most stupid thing on earth or is to escape the destruction that is gathering about his head as a result of his cleverness and rootlessness.

It seems to me that the essential source of my trouble is a need for some unshakable conviction of the importance of living, and of a way in which one should live. My sloth, my inconsecutiveness, my lack of discipline, it seems, all flow from the lack of a compelling spiritual illumination which will show me the path through the dark forest of the menacing half-knowledge the mind achieves. In that I am neither more nor less than a child of my day. But, as a child scarcely yet born of that which is dimly dreaming, struggling, seeking its realization behind the surface of things and of my own thirty-five years, I begin to sense the possibility of that personal structure of belief I so need. To know that, and to know it without any sacrifice of personal integrity, without yielding the slightest in my stubborn unwillingness to take something on the authority of another, is almost sufficient achievement to justify thirty-five years of living.

There are, I now know, things that can be learned only by living; perceptions, ideas too complex to be arrived at through the purely logical faculties,

but which, once understood, do not violate those logical faculties. That part of the mind employed in mathematics and science of necessity is equipped with a "standard" keyboard. There are an endless number of subtle harmonies evoked by the whole personality that are beyond the reach of the fixed intervals of vibration connected to that keyboard.

Whether or no I am successful in the creation of that personal structure of spiritual faith I see to be so necessary in the face of the beat of the dark waters of living about me, it is something to have come to see clearly the necessity, and to be entirely sure of its intellectual and moral justification. I have been too much bothered by the absence of inspiration in the older religions. I have resented the extent to which they are negative, content with prohibitions. My earliest intuitions insisted that a life faith should be made of positive directions rather than of denial; that it was far more important to be honest with oneself than merely to refrain from being dishonest with another; that if it were better not to smoke or use alcohol or take sex liberties, it were far better still to keep the body and mind disciplined to the point that moderation in disregard of the prohibitions would not matter. Humility, love of one's neighbor, love of God might all be very well, but most emphatically not if they meant failure to live this life to its fullest, or if they meant in any measure a withholding of one's mind and spiritual awareness from the experience they were here to receive.

Even as I write this I am troubled with a strange inability to take my own most positive convictions quite seriously. And yet I believe that to be a most central element of my task; I believe if I am to be born again, am to cleanse myself of this weeding over of my essential early simplicity, I must

above all maintain an unflinching fidelity to my own particular insight. Among the things which make that task so difficult are the many memories which recurrently tease and mock me with the notion that if I could uproot my physical self from the setting these fifteen years have given it things might be different. There are memories so sweet and full of a comforting beauty that the tougher parts of my mind are nearly seduced into believing that my trouble is really made up of the accidental circumstances of external environment; memories of undulating fields and cloud shadows, of shaded Ozark streams, of the limitless plains of western Kansas dreaming under an August sun, of curving ocean beach, and of pine-clad mountains. All these things I have seen and felt, and the memory of each is perfumed and illuminated in its own way so as to make me know its worth. These memories come upon me unsolicited, when I am unprepared and defenseless. And I think of the more than seven years during which I have been confined close to the energy-consuming clutter of the great city, and I want to escape. But I know, down deep in me, I know somehow, that the witchery they work on me is mainly illusion; that my task is more difficult than that.

What I need most is faith in self and a capacity for living that faith. It is almost as though I had wakened from an evil mesmeric spell and discovered

that I have wanted too much to be comfortable and at ease with my neighbors, have been too easy a prey of the little emotions; have, in fine, lived fifteen years without having lived in any more real sense than does the horse.

No, it is not altogether the loss of those fifteen years that disturbs me so violently. It is the thought that I have no more than fifteen years before I am fifty and the possibility that I may do no better with them than with the last fifteen. That is too much. I must draw myself together so that will not happen. I must draw all the vaporous soul stuff of myself into a tight spearhead that will pierce the amorphous meaninglessness of life. I have to make that effort or I am lost. I have to fashion for myself such fighting equipment as will serve me not alone in the dark moments, but in those times when life ebbs low, in the merely inane moments, in the great preponderance of moments when any decision seems good enough, or when no decision at all seems called for. Some distilled gesture of faith, some soothing prayer, some shining symbol of my religion must take being at the unassailable center of my essential self that will key me to my allegiance—first an allegiance to self and then to humanity. All else is trivial. If I can keep that clear it matters little what small allegiances I make. Clean steel, used, will retain its brightness.

Readers who are inclined to comment upon this article are requested to limit themselves to five hundred words. We hope to print a few selected comments in an early issue.—The Editors.



A DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY

BY GEORGE BOAS

TO ATTEMPT a defense of democracy these days is a little like defending paganism in 313 or the divine right of kings in 1793. It is taken for granted that democracy is bad and that it is dying. A man who would defend a disappearing evil must be either—if he is in his right mind—a paradoxist or a blind reactionary, and no serious person wants to be either. Yet a paradoxist may be simply a defender of unpopular opinions, and many so-called blind reactionaries are simply trying to conserve what is good in a state of affairs which the reformers in their zeal see as entirely bad.

Let me say at the outset that I do not believe democracy, as we have known it, to be perfect. The question is not, however, whether what we have is the ideal but whether it is closer to the ideal than proposed changes. It is sometimes forgotten by reformers that they must prove not only that their program will eliminate the evils which exist but also that they will not introduce new or bigger evils in their turn. The surest way of avoiding colds in the head is to kill oneself; the surest way of keeping down the population is to sterilize every other baby at birth; the surest way to circumvent famine is to turn cannibal, as Dean Swift once suggested to the Irish. But what man would call them the best ways? Yet in the field of political reform to destroy what you have in order to eliminate its evils seems not only reason-

able but uniquely reasonable, and the person who has the misfortune not to see things that way is ridiculed as an old fogey or despised as an impractical theorist.

The word "democracy" has meant a variety of things, but in the discussions of the present time it means the parliamentary system. Parliaments are essentially representative bodies and exist because of at least two assumptions. The first assumption is that every individual and every social class has a right to have its interests satisfied as far as possible by the government. The second is that human affairs can best be settled by discussion, since reason is the best instrument we have for discovering the good and bad as it is for discovering the true and false.

It should be granted that our own parliament, the Senate and the House alike, has often been as bad as its most bitter critics have painted it. One is horrified at times to read the debates in the *Congressional Record*, bombastic, ignorant, narrowly partisan. One wonders where these men received their education; what schools allowed them to graduate with so little information about the past, so little curiosity about the future. It is true that they will waste hours grabbing appropriations for their own constituencies with no thought of the general welfare. This parochialism is frequently heartbreaking. The battle between the Senate and the

White House has been like that between the Nobles and the King, with both the King and the President on the side of the people against vested interest. It would be easy to add one more of those hideous portraits of Congress to the already crowded gallery.

And yet when one asks oneself whether such a portrait would represent the system or the individuals who occupy posts under the system, it is only fair to say the latter. For there is nothing in universal suffrage which makes the election of demagogues and crooks inevitable. In fact, the January riots in France and the fascist revolutions in Italy and Germany seem to have been effectuated by popular disgust with the incumbents of office. The leaders of these movements—with the possible exception of the French—have made their speeches against the parliamentary form of government in order to seize the power themselves; but the very fact that large bodies of electors can be organized to turn the rascals out shows that universal suffrage is not inevitably in favor of stupid, vicious, or inefficient legislators. I am not denying the fact that at the present time our national legislature is largely filled with men selected by local machines and that the precinct leaders throughout the country have had too great a share in choosing the men who go to Washington. But it is precisely the precinct leaders who must be dethroned, and the history of our country shows that they can be dethroned. They are no more an inherent part of our legislative machinery than the lobbyists are. They are part of that extra-legal government which exists in every country, regardless of its constitution. Kings have had their favorites; courts have had their cabals; and dictators have not always been deaf to advice from irresponsible and self-appointed counsellors.

It is interesting to observe that every anti-democratic movement attacks the principle of intellectualism. Messieurs Maurras and Daudet look to something called the Latin tradition as a court of last appeal; the Italian fascists to the lyric outbursts of the national soul; the Nazis to the desires of the racial ego; the Communists to the economic interests of the workers. Each of these courts is non-rational. Each is beyond criticism. That some one individual or some small group of individuals, be it only a Delphic oracle, must be the mouthpiece of the court never seems to occur to the anti-democrat; or if it does, he keeps it mum. After more than three centuries of work in science, in which the spirit of criticism alone has produced results, it is still believed that men can be found so omniscient that they should be given political omnipotence. Where could one find a more obstinate neglect of the lessons of experience?

II

One of the first criticisms that was made against parliaments was that they were debating societies. The charge should be admitted. For nothing could be greater praise. There is very little in the way of legislation that should be passed without debate. What President or Cabinet officer, what senator or congressman is so perfect that his views need no clarification or criticism? There is no reason to believe that 1934 is the year in which this paragon is to appear. Are people any wiser now than they have ever been, any less selfish, any more tolerant? Every form of social fanaticism exists to-day as it has always existed, and the need for criticism is perhaps even greater than before, since the arts of propaganda are more fully developed. It is easy

enough to raise the cry of obstructionism when a member of Congress presumes to object to some feature of the government's program. Such a cry may terrify its victim. The fact that it is raised shows that more obstructionism is needed. For if a program is good it will stand investigation. A gag, a bottle of castor oil, a whip are not evidence. They may persuade like the *auto-da-fé*; they do not convince. There are times when individual representatives obviously make the most of their privileges to obstruct what their opponents consider valuable legislation. But there are surely as many times when discussion has prevented bad legislation or when it might have, had it been permitted. Is one to believe that Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin have made no mistakes because they were unfettered by a parliament?

The second criticism directed against parliamentary government is for its inefficiency. There is no question whatsoever that if one wants efficiency above all else, an absolute monarch fills the bill better than a constitutional monarch. The President of the United States is to a fascist dictator as a constitutional monarch is to an absolute monarch. His will is impeded by his Congress, his decisions can be blocked, his action retarded. That undoubtedly makes for inefficiency. In time of war efficiency is more important even than justice, I suppose, and it is no accident that all dictators and would-be dictators harp on the string of national peril. Every sane man will let himself be ruled in time of communal danger, and the dictator knows it. In the United States the President has always been granted plenary powers during wars. At such times our parliamentary government has never proved a serious impediment to efficiency.

But is efficiency after all a social

ideal? Efficiency, when examined, turns out to be the most rapid and least costly satisfaction of desire. An industrialist knows what he wants, and his factory must turn that out quickly and without waste. He can be deemed the best judge of what he wants. If one is simply judging efficiency, one need not judge the desire it is to satisfy. One can be an efficient drunkard, an efficient gangster, an efficient hypocrite and liar. Efficiency is a standard of instrumental, not of terminal value. But are we so detached that we care nothing for ends and all for means? A manufacturer holds his ends self-justified; he cannot be asked to stop and consider whether to make shoes or refrigerators or automobiles is worth while. If he did not think it worth while he would change his business—and when it ceases to be, he has to. But the head of a nation must consider ends. His end is primarily justice, and all the efficiency of an unjust government cannot atone for the wickedness of its end. Consequently it cannot be judged as one would judge a department store or a factory, and analogies drawn from economics are false.

In the third place it is argued that parliamentarians are inevitably tools of special interests, the Farm Bloc, Wall Street, the Steel Trust, and so on. I do not know whether this is inevitable or not. In any event it is usual. The remedy for it is not suppressing parliaments but frankly recognizing the existence of interests and so arranging the system that they are all represented.

A man who has ever done any thinking about human relations knows that where there are two people there are probably two interests, and that in everything except their common humanity the two interests run the risk of clashing. He knows that all interests cannot always be satisfied. He

sees it in the clashes between man and wife, parents and children, employer and employee, church and state. In all such clashes either one side must be completely victorious or a compromise must be effected. Since democracy, as Delisle Burns says, is co-operation, democracies have to compromise. It is clear that compromises are inelegant; neither party is completely satisfied; no single plan is fully realized. This is one of the complaints that representatives of individual or group interests always make about democratic government. The farm lobby objects to the domination of the urban—financial and industrial—interests. Wall Street and Industry object to the domination of the Farm Bloc. Importers want a low tariff, manufacturers, a high. Munition makers howl about lily-livered pacifists; parents howl about bloodthirsty munition makers. The Churches resent the amorality of the schools; the schools resent the interfering obscurantism of the clergy.

It ought to be self-evident that everyone cannot have his way. Once the clergy is allowed to dictate to the schools, academic freedom is endangered; allow academic freedom full swing, and there will be no education outside of the school. Put the farmers in control, and urban improvements will suffer; let Wall Street govern the nation, and the farmer will be reduced to peonage. Let the munition makers have their way, and our children will be turned into cannon-fodder; but let the pacifists have their way, and a country is at the mercy of any invader that cares to plunder it. A dictatorship can easily solve these problems. It is always the government of a single group, and by exterminating or paralyzing every other group, it rules with order and efficiency. It is customary for non-democratic governments to rationalize their

procedure with an *ad hoc* political philosophy, demonstrating that their particular group is the basic group in society upon which all others depend and without which all others would perish.

This group may be the farmers, the laborers, the capitalists, the church, or the army. And the argument which makes any one of them basic can be very seductive. For division of labor in modern society has been carried to such a point that, should any limb of the body politic be severed, the society would to all intents and purposes bleed to death. That is, to be sure, an exaggeration. We could conceivably all live on isolated farms, without implements, means of communication or trade, in ignorance and at the mercy of any microbe we happened to swallow, and still call that collection of families dotted over the continent a society.

Once the organic character of modern society is comprehended, the viciousness of such political philosophies becomes apparent and the task of government no longer appears to be essentially that of the police power. I am not denying the necessity of the police power; I am saying that its exercise is not the entire purpose of the state. The task of modern governments is the reconciliation of conflicts between the different interests which support it. It is not the extermination of any one group nor its exploitation. It is, therefore, essentially a judicial function and nothing symbolizes it better than the word "justice." I shall not attempt to prove this; it is very probably incapable of proof, being a fundamental assumption of political philosophy.

III

The one alternative to such a government facing us at the present time

is some form of dictatorship. What particular form—communistic or fascistic—is of no importance. The issue is between a government of one man with a small clique of advisers, and a parliament. The one man is to be above electoral recall; he is to legislate by decree; he is an absolute monarch without even the responsibility of assuring the throne for his heirs. We have seen dictators of that sort before, in Mexico, for instance; we can see them in Italy and Germany and Russia to-day. We have seen absolute monarchs before, in France, in Russia, in China. We have historical evidence of what they are good for.

It will be granted that a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as Aristotle saw, could be safely entrusted with the absolute rule of the state. His wisdom and virtue would be so perfect that he could never be unjust either to individuals or classes. There have been absolute monarchs who possessed more wisdom and virtue than the common run of men. Some men have been educated to rule and have ruled as well as human beings can. There is no doubt that a man like Mussolini is more intelligent than the best of the parliamentarians he overthrew. But who is to insure our having a Mussolini?

In Berlin there is also a dictator. Were I to launch upon a description of him, my passions would get the better of me. He has in a year stifled all the forces which make for civilization, driven to exile or suicide or reduced to impotence Germany's greatest scientists and writers, imprisoned thousands of political dissenters and Jews, enslaved the press, the schools, and the churches, all in the name of a mythological racial purity. Yet there are even Americans base enough to ask us to admire such a man. He has, they tell us, rejuvenated the Ger-

man people, given them a new feeling of solidarity. But I suppose any gang of outlaws feels full of youthful vitality. Solidarity can be stimulated by any joint action, whether good or bad. When a group of ruffians burns a thousand books, tortures a couple of Jews, or pours castor oil into the mouth of a Communist, the solidarity is, for all I know, oxyacetylene welding. Does that justify it? There was a finer type of solidarity in that group of soldiers headed by Walter Reed who discovered the carrier of yellow fever, or in that army which built the Panama Canal. Nor did they require the stimulus of a wild ethnology and the fanatical hatred of social minorities to bring them to their ends. These instances are not exceptional in the history of democracies.

What proof have we that our dictator would be a Mussolini rather than a Hitler, a Göring, a Göbbels? We too have our fascists and racial myth-mongers. There are already at work thirteen or more organizations with patriotic titles fostering racial hatred and some form of national socialism. What have they to offer to the people of this country which democracy has not given us? This is not a rhetorical question. The answer is organized murder and enforced ignorance.

Now suppression of that sort is inescapable in a country where an irresponsible government rules. Should civil liberties be granted, dissension would immediately arise. For no man can be so perfectly wise as never to make a mistake. Hence he must gag the individual capable of pointing out the mistake. No people is so homogeneous that its social classes exhibit no clash of interests. Hence he must exile or kill any group whose interests clash with those of his group. It is vital to the success of a ruler not

that he be right but that his subjects think him right. Machiavelli's Prince could do no wrong because his decisions made right and wrong. If you can actually induce people to believe in that philosophy your case is won. The dictators do it by tearing out the tongue of anyone who disagrees with them. They thus rule by universal consent.

There are still two arguments commonly advanced in favor of non-parliamentary forms of government. The first is the necessity of the governmental control of production. It runs that since all modern industries tend to over-production, the governments must restrain them and that democracy by its very nature cannot efficiently do this. I am not engaged in an argument about economics here, but I should like to suggest the following points without amplification.

1. As has been frequently said, there is not over-production when millions are underfed and improperly housed.
2. What tendency toward over-production exists at present is not to be attributed to parliamentarianism but to aggressive economic nationalism. This should point to the cure for it.
3. The control of production in America has in several instances been successfully carried out by co-operation on the part of the producers. I do not say that it was a good policy, merely that it was carried out.
4. A government's inability to do something may be proof not that the form of government should be changed but that the thing should not be attempted by it.

The second of the two arguments I refer to is the spiritual chaos of democracy. This has been particularly emphasized by the French royalists who maintain that under the monarchy there were no financial scandals, no economic ills, no national insecurity, no artistic aberrations, no reli-

gious impiety. Order and discipline governed society; men followed the path of rectitude until the sinistraction of 1789. That opened a vista of Utopian happiness, a world where social classes would be eliminated and all men instead of a few would have rights as well as duties. This horrible illusion, as it is called, so captivated society that it turned its back upon the Capetians and has been wickedly following the call of peace, equality, and liberty ever since. The results are said to be the World War, the Stavisky scandal, cubism, free thought, and international banking.

Everyone wants order but even it can be too dearly bought. When social discipline is so perfect that individual initiative is aborted then it is time to call a halt. The fact of the matter is that an abstract relative term, like "order," must not be considered in isolation from the end it is supposed to help us reach. People sometimes speak as if it were the end itself, whereas in truth it is a means to a greater end, which is happiness. It is, to be sure, a common fallacy to treat instruments as if they were themselves ends. The attitude of misers to money is the most ordinary example of this fallacy. We may in our poetical moments feel a certain gratitude to the instruments of our happiness, as we do to our parents and teachers, but it is superstition to worship them as self-justified. Social discipline is frequently of great value in preserving the peace, which is prerequisite to any human accomplishment. But more frequently its greatest value is the help it gives the individuals who rule us in achieving their specific ends: self-glorification, or power, or even wealth. A demagogue has to be infallible. He takes on the appearance of infallibility when no one contradicts him. We have already mentioned one way of

bringing this about. Another is by preaching the religion of obedience and the theology of social order. Since at some times in one's life everybody, and at all times somebody, thoroughly enjoys submission, these doctrines are a good excuse for what one wants to do. Yet a thoroughly ordered society would be a collection of automata without will or intellect and only the emotion of self-sacrifice. Such creatures are then taught that, like the bees, they are cells in a greater organism, which as a whole may be well off though each of its component parts is miserable. A beehive is of course a wonderfully efficient social machine whose apparent purpose is self-perpetuation. But it is a social machine which cannot turn out poems or pictures or books. It has neither science, philosophy, nor art. There is no apian civilization; there is an apian routine. Is that our goal?

IV

It is obvious that if I object to the beehive, I must believe in the "myth of the individual," as it is called.

The individual as a self-sustaining unit utterly independent of other men is of course a myth. There is no point in denying that we are dependent to some extent on others for our education, our sustenance, our ideals, our very bodies. But after all we are not mere vessels into which these treasures are poured. Our lives are not entirely passive. We cannot learn what we are not taught, but we can learn it in our own way and more or less well. We cannot eat food which is not on the menu, but we can choose among the foods offered. The end on a football team is not free to fly through the air with the ball and land behind the opponents' goal, but yet he is not simply a vehicle for transporting the ball about the field in ac-

cordance with the laws of motion. Even in armies, where discipline is at a maximum, the private soldier is not supposed to be an automaton. Those of us who were in the World War know that individual initiative was as necessary as absolute obedience. The truth is that in any organization, by which I mean a group of human beings united to achieve some end, whether sport, business, art, religion, education, the problem is to keep the proper balance between liberty and submission. The two terms seem contradictory and are, if one were to use them of the same individual at the same time and in the same respect. But I am not urging that one be both autonomous and submissive at the same time and in the same respect. I am simply insisting that no one man if he is sane deserves to be completely dominated in all things and thus reduced to slavery or to be completely free in all things and thus elevated to divinity. I think I can give an example of what I mean. A teacher ought to be free to teach his subject as he sees fit, but he ought to control his teaching at least by a scrupulous desire for truth and by the students' legitimate demand for intelligibility and interest. He is, therefore, not free to lie or to propagandize; he is not free to be obscure and, I should like to add, dull. He is both free and disciplined.

Freedom and discipline are, therefore, harmonious, and the criticism that a democracy is necessarily social chaos is not to the point. The American democracy is the oldest in the world with the exception of the Swiss. In spite of our criminal record and our hideous tradition of enforcing the law by extra-legal institutions, I fail to see in what our civilization is any more disorderly than seventeenth-century France or contemporary Germany, both examples of strong non-

democratic governments. Any form of government can be lax and tolerate social chaos and any kind can be strong and refuse to tolerate it. It is granted, however, that democracies are in greater danger of laxity than dictatorships for the very reason that they compromise between the interests of several groups instead of annulling all interests but those of one group.

So far we have been on the defensive. But democracy is also entitled to be more aggressive. For in the first place its program of justice and its theoretical respect for civil liberties make it a protector of civilization. I do not say that its leaders are more interested in the arts and sciences than those of any other form of government, but it is not part of its program to be hostile to the arts and sciences. The history of England, France, and the United States since 1800 shows that by comparison with Fascist Italy and Germany and Communist Russia civilization has a much better chance in a democracy than in a dictatorship. For one cannot have civilization without freedom, however much the anti-democrats may protest. Freedom, to be sure, may be found in monarchies. When a government is not aggressively anti-intellectualistic—like the government of present-day Germany or fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Spain—or doctrinaire, like that of Russia, its form has little effect upon civilization. Queen Elizabeth was less of an absolute monarch than Louis XIV. The reign of one had a Shakespeare, of the other a Racine. The Ages of Pericles, Augustus, Charlemagne, Lorenzo de' Medici, Victoria, may be named after individuals, but they were more similar in their contributions to civilization than in their forms of government. It was not a form of government which produced the cathedral of

Chartres or the law of gravitation or the germ theory of disease.

Civilization flourishes and languishes alike in monarchies and republics. One can predict nothing about the state of civilization from the form of government. If it were possible to have a dictatorship which would protect artists and scientists, one might find civilization even in such a government. In our own country the government from State to State barely varies in form, but in one State the illiteracy rate is high, in another low; in one mob murders are encouraged, in another punished; in one there will be a State university whose professors are world famous, in another one whose professors are a laughing-stock even in their home towns.

The truth is that the duty of a government is no more to further civilization than to further industry. It is, however, its duty to protect its interests. And there is at least a chance that the minority of scholars and artists will be less servile in a democracy than in a dictatorship or monarchy. The inertia of custom is in itself no small obstacle to scientific and artistic progress, but when it is doubled with governmental hostility, civilization may just as well surrender.

When I say that it has at least a chance to survive in a democracy, I mean that democracy is the only form of government which makes even a pretense of safeguarding what are commonly known as civil liberties: trial by jury, freedom of speech and assembly, and the like. I do not say that civil liberties are always granted in democracies in practice. We cannot repeat too often the depressing fact that all governments are in the hands of human beings and that all human beings are fallible. But at least the Bill of Rights is still part of our tradition, and individuals have

some opportunity of invoking it when they are too grossly deprived of the rights which it maintains. As children we are still educated to believe in it and as adults we can fight for it. But the opponents of democracy are frank enough in their contempt for it.

It is not my opinion that this article will have any effect upon the course of events. It is very likely that before it is printed more nations will have followed the road pointed out thirteen years ago by Mussolini. But it is incredible that all this should happen without a word of protest or even of criticism. One would think that the lot of man before the French Revolution had been singularly blissful and that the last century and a half had

been a period of misery and ignorance. Have people forgotten China under the Empire, Mexico under Diaz, France under the Bourbons? Or do they simply remember the glitter of the courts and forget the horror from which it was compounded? One notices a certain shame among liberals and democrats of to-day, as if they dared not avow their beliefs. They act like pariahs, satisfied to be allowed to vegetate. This article is to remind them of their heritage and their mission. If ever there was need of them, it is now, when obscurantism is not only permitted but actually extolled. We may all be hanged eventually, but I personally see no reason for tying the knot myself.

FOR SUSTENANCE

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

YET after every temporal hope has died,
*The earth remains for you, immense and proud;
 God's daughter and your own immortal bride,
 Your mother, your provider, and your shroud.
 Out of her womb your flesh, and it is she
 Made animate, you bear within your breast;
 Though thrice she bind you, she will set you free . . .
 At her desire your skeleton is drest.
 And though as feathered beast or flightless bird
 Her whim it is to clothe you to an end,
 Be undeceived, let doubters go unheard;
 Recall her as an unforgetful friend;
 Whatever else be false, so much is true:
 The earth is timeless and the earth is you.*



SEX AND MARRIAGE IN THE NINETIES

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WHATEVER may be true of the birth-rate, sexual intercourse probably maintains a pretty constant ratio through the ages, although historians, who often put more trust in documents than in common sense, have denied it. However, it is not the amount of sexuality, but its influence upon youth, its part in maturity, that are really important. Therefore, I can understand the violence of the current attacks upon the sexual life of the end of the last century, since the writers who charge the eighties and nineties with puritanism, inhibitions, psychic sterility, hypocrisy, veneered lasciviousness, or frigidity clearly feel that the estimate which any period places on its sex life is important, and are irritated by the novelists' and biographers' accounts of the last years of Victorianism. Yet as I remember life as it seemed to be, and probably was, in the small city of Wilmington thirty or forty years ago, there seem to be some striking fallacies in what now is said about it. Most that is said is true, but not true enough. There was more to the story.

A difference did exist. You could not purchase a humorless *Art of Erotics* in any bookstore, and even such a mild word as "prostitute" was neither heard nor read in polite circles; but this gets nowhere near the heart of the matter. Again, every observer must note the extraordinary increase in the known victims of sexual repression or sexual maladjustment to-day. If

there were as many in the age of inhibition they certainly gave less evidence of suffering either in body or in mind, probably because they were fortunate in not knowing what was the matter with them. There seems to have been less appendicitis too! As for the *Ars Amatoria*, I suspect that we needed it badly, but in our crude way got along without. More of that later.

The true difference between now and then was that sex experiences and, to a remarkable extent, sex desire, were canalized. In youth we were ignorant of the art of love, but of very little else in amorous experience, good or bad. With those of us who were comparatively well-to-do and with the "plain people" the ethics of the matter was almost identical, and changed very little as one followed through to the working people except that in this latter class the males were more frankly predatory and the females more willing to toy with the approaches to erotic experience. The sex morals of the working girl of 1890 were about the same as those of the society girl or college graduate of 1930. We who belonged to the most respectable families in the community knew from early childhood of whores and easy women, but there was no equivocation in that knowledge. Ben Franklin's injunction to practice venery only for health would have shocked us. We knew that there were addicts who could not

keep away from women, just as we knew that even among our own class there were nymphomaniacs. We were as well aware of venery as of drunkenness, but no one thought of defending it. This was one of the things that oughtn't to be done, but was. Those who practiced it much joined with those who practiced it not at all in knowing that it was wrong. Indeed, youth overstepped its natural chastity out of bravado more often than from desire. If we sinned it was with no illusions, and a minimum of rationalization.

It was not our sins, however, but our supposed lack of sinning which gives to the "Victorian" nineties its air of a lacy valentine, amorous but innocent. "Nice people" in the nineteenth century, so the legend runs, were inhibited sexually, hence the thinness of their emotions, the genteelness of their literature.

I am not sure that in any true psychological sense we were inhibited at all, or at least not with companions of our own class and kind. It is perfectly true that sex in its more concentrated and obvious forms had little part in our relationships, perhaps because the female form from breast to ankle had never been more thoroughly wrapped and falsified than in our day, but much more probably for reasons that were psychical rather than physical. We were familiar by hearsay or experience with the sexual in every sense, yet did not think in those terms of the girls of our own class for a simple reason—we did not want to. That came after marriage. Before, in the different freedoms of youth, it was what biologists call the secondary sex manifestations that excited us. Romance suffused the American nineties, and romance was incompatible with our quite realistic knowledge of sex. A thrilling imagination sometimes suggested the possi-

bility of joining the two, but that was to be later. The girl must be won first, and won romantically; for according to the perhaps somewhat naïve belief held in my town, she could not, if she were the right girl, be won by sexual appeal alone. If she was so won, she was not the right girl. That we all believed, and some went so far as to put it to the test!

Of course we grossly underestimated the sexual possibilities of the refined female, yet, on the other hand, we did give the complete woman a better chance. Beauty we estimated much more highly than it is estimated to-day, and perhaps, as some believe, the girls were more beautiful, which is credible, since seductiveness or any strong sex impulse is a disturbing factor in the absolute of beauty. Comradeship we ranked high, and good spirits and character, though if a girl were pretty enough she could dazzle us out of such sensible perceptions of the truth about women. But sex, naked and unashamed, with no purpose but its own gratification, was kept in its place, which was not friendship, not even the state of falling in love.

The result was a free association of boys and girls in their teens and early twenties that perhaps never has existed on the same plane elsewhere in the history of the modern world. We had confidence in each other, and we were confided in. All through the Adirondack woods we climbed together in summer, sleeping in cabins, girls on one side, boys on the other, following by couples all day lonely and difficult trails, and in the winter skated far-off ponds or sat all night in the spring on moonlit Delaware hills, falling in and out of love with never a crude pang of sex, though in a continuous amorous excitement which was sublimated from the grosser elements of love. It was unreal if it had lasted for life;

it was unnatural if it were to be all; it was juvenile in the limits of its emotions; and yet there was a healthy tranquillity which served as the norm for our excitement, a free play of character and personality which still seems to me the best state for youth. Our fathers and mothers had enjoyed no such freedom, for to them our lighthearted irresponsibility would have seemed a vice, if not a sin. Our children's liberty is much greater, but it is not our freedom. It is not the orchard to play in, but the apple that hangs there so self-consciously and has to be eaten, which fills their imagination. They are sex-conscious; we were not, though equally knowing in sex.

It was *laissez-faire* again, and possible of success only because we had our code and lived by it. And I think that, as with the children, environment had much to do with this success. One met one's girl not in the transitoriness of a week-end, or at the end of three hundred miles of auto road, but for long acquaintance. She would be there and you would be there next week, next year. She was one of a family, and that family part of a community which was yours. She carried with her the sanctions and the refusals of society.

And hence I deny that our town, or at least the youth of our town, was hypocritical, unless it be hypocritical to keep inflammables cool and sweet. And I deny that we were inhibited; on the contrary, by delegating our passions to the future we were compensated in the present for whatever intensities we may have lost. We gained a happy comradeship, not deep, not rich, but serene without dullness and varied without strain. Unknowing, we took fearful risks; for if our post-adolescence, which was not so much innocent as artificial in its restraints, should continue into full maturity,

into marriage, there was danger of an emotional infantilism in middle age. And that was what often did happen, and is the justification for the taunts of the emancipated moderns. Their volleys overshoot our youth. There was something attained then, fragile, light-blooded, impossible of long continuance, but in its way golden, romantic, and delectable.

II

That was the ideal and frequently realized, but even in youth and among the best behaved in our community, sex adjustments were often difficult. The sex chase, where pursuit is part of the game, is not satisfied by prostitution, which in a small city was an affair of lust and alcohol, vulgarized, and quite without veils or illusions, nor is it put off by a code, nor always compensated for by the very best of companionship. The boys sought elsewhere for what they did not get in friendship and the respectful amorousness of equals. They raided the amusement parks or the evening streets in search of girls that could be frankly pursued for their physical charms. "Chippies" was the cant name, which implied something between shaded virtue and easy yielding. It was the old woman hunt restrained by a moral taboo on seduction and fear of results if one went too far—what the next generation called "petting," but simpler and more honest because her pretty face, her shapely limbs were all there was to a "chippy"—companionship, friendliness never entered to complicate a simple and exciting relationship except in surprising moments when a plaything struggling against a last and not too determined assault, became suddenly a human being pleading to be aided against the ardors of her own blood.

It was erotic play, a spice for summer evenings, and to this naïve eroticism, which stretched the code without re-

leasing or satisfying passion, may have been due some of the too common sex frustrations and maladjustments of the next decades. We learned to associate amorous ardors with the vulgar or, worse, with the commonplace, and to dissociate them sharply from romance. Our sensual emotions escaped from the control of our imaginations, so that in love and marriage later we found it difficult to bring the two together again. Outright prostitution or the cold-blooded sex experimentation of twentieth-century youth may have been less dangerous than this sexual trifling.

The girls of our own kind who were high-sexed and, therefore, amorous and desirous of the chase, were debased by this double standard in women. There was no compromise for them. Either they suppressed their amativeness, trying to become good companions like the rest, but succeeding only in being coquettish to the edge of hysteria or morbidly sentimental, or they yielded just enough for too tight embraces in the dance or permitted fondlings, and thus lost caste. The word degenerate was not in common use then, but that, most unfairly, was what we felt about them. And I remember that the men were more ruthless in characterizing them than were the girls.

The excitement of free companionship and even the romance which sublimated primitive sex desire into poetic emotion, began to wear thin by the middle twenties. In the mid-thirties the romance had either mellowed into the serenity of a good marriage or become a facile geniality, oily and paper-thin. I doubt whether sex adjustments between husband and wife were more difficult in the age of real confidence in marriage than now, although the ideal of romantic companionship which we carried into matrimony certainly presented its difficulties. Much less was said and thought about these difficulties, and the percentage of reason-

ably successful marriages seems to have been remarkably high, which must have meant success in sexual relations also. It is presumably better to enter upon wedlock aware that all males and females act, or wish to act, very much alike when embracing, instead of through that golden haze of romance in which we groped our way to realization that love and lust are bedfellows. Yet when that discovery is made the real problems of sex in matrimony have only just begun. We did not give one another advice, as everyone seems to do now, in print and out of it, and, therefore, knew fewer ready-made solutions that would prove to be irrelevant.

Free and frank sex information for all is splendid. I believe in it now and, with all my contemporaries of the early nineteen hundreds, would have preferred it instead of being put off with the hums and haws and salacious winks of the family doctor. But too much is claimed for its benefits. The youth of the nineteen thirties crams up on Marie Stopes, passes his first tests, and thinks he is educated. We blundered our ignorant way through the matrimonial college, and learned by misadventure the inadequacy of romance. Since the intimate relations of man and woman had not been stereotyped for us, we studied the art of love with humble minds, and so remained students in human relationships long beyond the age when modern youth thinks it has graduated. That is not the only reason why our marriages lasted better; there are others less creditable, yet it is certainly a reason. Ignorant and, after marriage, somewhat hypocritical in sex, when our neat categories of "clean men" and libertines, or "nice girls" and "chippies" slid into confusion in the privacies of wedlock, we acquired humility as well as complexes, and were less likely than our children to expect perfect compatibility in six months.

III

I write in retrospect. In the nineties marriage in our town put its emphasis elsewhere than on sex. Novelists of the period knew that when marriages went wrong, sex was almost the last thing to be taken into account, and it was quite as much their sense for current values as reticence which kept them off the bedward side of experience. Marriage with us, though not a parlor or dining-room affair, nor to be thought of only in the terms of parenthood, was dramatized in our imaginations as a state in which sex was only incidental. Sex, as they say of poultry in the market, was steady and quiet. Old roosters were lively, young broilers up and down, but fowls kept their price, and their counsel.

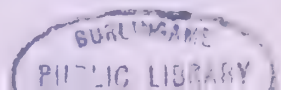
There were fewer scandals than today among the married although more was made scandalous. Anecdotes, nevertheless, throng to my memory, but to retell them would be to compose a feeble imitation of what a good novelist could do better. Since it is a key to a vanishing age that I seek, scandals or secret episodes are less useful than the curious tone of life recovered from the memory of quite trivial episodes. There were few exposures, especially among the Quaker families, that would excite a tabloid reporter of the nineteen thirties, although more secret episodes than any of us would have believed at the time.

When skeletons did emerge from our family closets they were seldom called phallic. They were more usually attributed to drunkenness or dishonesty. If there was a woman behind it, she certainly did not get all the credit, and perhaps the generation that made opinion then were right in refusing to talk about her. Woman or no woman, it was, so they believed, usually drink or extravagance that started the trouble.

It was the so-called good woman who

got the blame when the attack did shift to women, a fact which my memory attests in spite of my knowledge that one of the boasts of modern psychology is its discovery that a well-intentioned person is usually responsible for the wreck of a family. I can cite an instance from the fate of two of the well-known figures in our scene. They were both handsome men, well-formed and ruddy of color, and both excellent lawyers. Both had come to Delaware from the Eastern Shore, which meant that they were accustomed to a life with ample margins. I would watch Mr. Clark pad past our gate on a Sunday morning, the curves of his frock coat carrying his dapper figure up to the dazzle of his stove-pipe hat. Always a foot or two behind, his tall lean wife, bustled and prayer-booked, trotted after him, her face pursed with intellectual dignity, her thoughts busy. She was a New Englander, and in her house there was a different decorum from ours, conversation about free trade, Paris, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, culture mentioned by name, claret at dinner. It was the wine, so said the Methodists, that ruined the household. Mr. Clark was a teetotaller until she persuaded him that gentlemen drank with their meals. After that his decline into hopeless alcoholism was swift, until, a hanger-on at bars and political club rooms, he died under an assumed name. It was the wine, the Methodists said, but wiser ones in our town told a different story. He took to drink, they said, to escape the tensivity of New England culture. They approved of the culture, as far as they understood it, they approved of him, they approved of Mrs. Clark, but not of all three together.

Mr. Burns, his friend and ours, was personality radiant. His spirits were as full-blooded as his body, and his presence was felt in a room. His wife was a great beauty and an angelic



woman. Women loved her, men admired her. She was a languorous beauty, and the couches on which she so often lay seemed to lend their curves to her lovely figure. When he began to drink, her languor increased, but not her complaining. She never nagged, never grew bitter; even at the end of her life, when he was in an institution and she a recluse living on the dregs of an inheritance, she was still patience, and sweetness on a monument. And the wise ones said he was a good man who married a better woman, a woman too good for him, a different blood from his. The strain was too great. He took to drink because when sober he felt his inferiority, and in her presence his own boisterousness was offensive to himself. There may have been other women as well as too much whiskey, yet his misfortune came because, being what he was, he loved her too much.

I recount these seemingly irrelevant anecdotes not only because they were typical of moral judgments in our town, but also because it has occurred to me since that in each of these two marriages there may have been an excessive sexual maladjustment. Yet if so, and if the fact had been known, it certainly would not have been regarded as a motive for tragedy, since it would not have been felt to be of tragic importance. Such a maladjustment was one of those misfortunes that were accepted by the monogamous for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer. And being so, was it vitally important? Did it weigh upon these unfortunates as it assuredly does weigh upon the mismated in the sadly wise generation of to-day? The nineties, I think, would answer, no! But they were too confident. They did not know what caused malaria, yet had it; they did not know the cause of many a marital shipwreck, but were shipwrecked—though not so often, not so

easily as their children. The analogy with scientific discovery is not perfect. In psychical relationships what you think has much more control over what you are.

This attitude toward sex-in-marriage was highly *laissez-faire*. It was the married couple's business to enjoy or endure—the possible social consequences were scarcely thought of. Maladjustment might break through convention into divorce, but short of that it seldom broke through reticence. If there were scandals they had to be in the grand manner—a wronged woman appealing to the law and society only when she had encountered the intolerable; old General Brant flouting opinion with a mistress kept openly at the Blue Boar tavern on the pike; the ardent and erratic Bradstreet, who was said to have divided a million between his wife and the husband of his lady, married her after the divorces, and built a stone wall eight feet high round their love nest. But generally speaking, our town would have been mildly astonished if it had been told that the success of marriage depended upon embracing. They took what they found, and made the best of it according to their lights. And their marriages were at least as good as they themselves were, which certainly cannot be said of the wedlock of individuals in the nineteen thirties.

IV

Security is what they sought in marriage, possibly the best of all long-term objectives for a man and wife—but a sex-secure society, which our town also desired with a strength of will that amounted to passion, is a much more dubious affair. For outside of a happy marriage sex is secure only when it is satiated, dulled, or dead. Of course it never was secure, with houses of ill fame known to everyone and "chippies" loose on the street; but if the age

of confidence was sometimes naïve, it was not idiotic. While only the fanatics expected to abolish prostitution, public opinion everywhere united to keep it regarded (and restrained) as a *sin*. No more security could be hoped for in that quarter; but if the prostitute and easy woman could be branded as outcasts, then respectable society, so they thought, might be kept free from salacious desire.

I am not writing sociology or even psychological and social history except in a modest memoir fashion, hence I can and must neglect all the implications but one of the last paragraph—the effect in our town, upon the members of the prosperous class, of this ideal of sex security.

It made, as I have said, a golden age of free companionship for youth; but for the middle-aged it drew the cork and let the wine flatten. The tone, the touch, the ingredient that were lacking in our society for those past their twenties were so subtle, so formless, that I despair of getting them accurately into words; and yet it was because some salt was missing that society in its maturity was hollow except in the home and amidst homely things. Like pioneers who had gorged on wild food until they began to crave insatiably the taste of tame vegetables and the savor of pork, we were restless in our genial social life because we had tacitly agreed that except in sin or in the reticence of marriage sexual desires did not exist.

As a youth I was puzzled by the after-dinner habits of parties at our house because they did not follow the pattern familiar to me in fiction. At dinner the sexes were adequately mingled, the conversation playing upon the surface of easy banter. Afterward, without that separation for coffee practiced in more formal societies, the guests flowed into the living room, and even in flowing separated into austral and oriental

currents while the tides of talk rose and took on different notes. With an obvious relief the men gathered round the fireplace, dropping facetiousness, while the women's conversation (much the better) sought human values round my mother's coffee table. I said that the two sexes lost interest in each other because these people were old; but they were not old, not even their glands were old; it was their imagination that had suffered from the restraint of something vital.

For these men and women (good friends all) had tacitly agreed to look upon one another as sexless, and that was becoming fatal to their companionship. By convention as strong as faith, they left out of their relationship precisely that which might have made it as stimulating as a meeting between man and congenial man or woman and sympathetic woman. Hence my father and the wife of his oldest friend, stranded in a corner, relapsed into silences, and the only men at ease with the women were the hee-hawers of stale gallantry, and the only women at ease with the men were the gigglers and teasers.

"Did they talk like this," I asked in my naïveté, "at the court of Louis XIV?" Disregarding the not inconsiderable difference in selection and cultural level, they certainly did not, and for the obvious reason that the Count of So-and-So was keenly aware that Madame the Marquise, while wife and mother, was also very much a woman. But that, in the age of confidence, was not the right idea of matrimony at all. Hence every man was all man in his club or business or at the saloon bar (and this is one reason for the popularity of the old saloon), but less than man in the company of any respectable woman except his mother or his wife. And every married woman was less than woman in mixed society because her sex was dormant, canalized, inhib-

ited, because no male present (with the faint possibility of an exception for her husband) imagined her as she was.

While a new freedom, amounting often to libertinism, was to break through this convention, it would be a vulgar error to suppose that libertinism was what was lacking in the society of our town. There was plenty of that in a gross way, and a little in the grand manner; but society as such was not touched thereby, nor could be, nor should have been. No, the trouble was the Tennysonism of the sexual attitude, the Longfellowism of our morality. The only possible relationship between men and women that is as vital as the relationship between men or between women is one in which even the married and the bechildrened and the faithful to their spouses still feel a permanent possibility of sexual awakening. It does not have to be mutual; it is enough that the most settled should know that their nature is still tender, and inflammable by nature if not by will. We, in our early middle age, talked to middle-aged women as if they were cinders—agreeable, yes, admirable often, interesting often, yet cinders, good for home walks and garden beds, but long emptied of fire—and like cinders they responded. And hence that subtle interpretation of the special knowledge of each, which can make an idea glow between a man and a woman, was frozen at the source of its rays.

Women suffered most; for the male intellect in an age busy with things had plenty of satisfying fact to talk about. Women past their twenties, or married, suffered dumbly from an imagination that made them sexless, because they did not know what was wrong and would not have admitted the truth if it had been told to them. But men suffered too by a kind of vivacious dullness which was the note of the period. Leave out manganese (or

is it magnesium?) from the diet of a bitch and she will cease to nurse her puppies. An element, not necessarily the most important, was excluded from the daily diet of our relationships, with the result that society grew anemic as it grew older. Unrest or boredom hovered in the corners under the potted palms of ballrooms, the friendship was real but the gaiety forced, and even with fine people had a note of the trivial and the commonplace. Only a few old tom cats who had kept the convention, if not the fact, of gallantry from an earlier generation, could talk in our town to a woman of thirty or forty as if she were more than a domestic variety of man.

The need turned and twisted sometimes like a wild animal tied, but seldom burst through repression. I had a cousin—not a near relative—but by custom all relatives were cousins in our family relationship. She was a vivid, eager woman, dominating, clever, high-spirited, wilful, and incapable of self-knowledge. Her husband was a placid giant, driven with a light sure hand by his wife. He was her very willing slave, she loved him devotedly; but her nature was too rich and varied to be exercised in its entirety by one man, especially a sleepy one. Physical and mental unfaithfulness would have been alike inconceivable to her; either would have shattered a pattern which she herself had made, and thus destroyed something much more vital than her zest for experience. But potential lovers she did, most unconsciously, crave, for, while her dominant was domestic content, her recessives of sexual and emotional potentiality needed stimulation. I think an instinct warned her that something was atrophying in her nature; and so she sought, instinctively again, vicarious remedies.

She had a daughter, a languorous beauty, moody, proud, and troubling

to men. She was, I suppose, my cousin in her youth renewed, but without her aggressiveness. The household was liberal with an extra place always set at table, into which slipped more and more often one of those genial bachelors of indefinite age that every society makes use of as a kind of social lubricant. He was good company for young or old, good looking, humorous, and quite frankly fascinated by the daughter, who, however, even to my incurious eyes, held herself curiously aloof. The rest of the family, and especially the mother, sparkled when he came, for he had a faculty of making personalities shine or glow. Only the daughter was unkind, with an indifference which turned to petulance under her mother's obvious encouragement. I had my ears boxed once for calling her rude.

The truth was, of course, though I was too ignorant to realize it at the time, that my cousin was in love with him, in love with that recessive and unused part of her nature that had never had warmth enough to flower; and the further truth was that her daughter knew it and was subtly upset and offended. My cousin usually got what she wanted. This time it was vicarious experience. She lived in her daughter and offered her to a lover as a similitude of what she wanted herself to be. She longed (I can see it now) for a passion that would sweep away the girl, so that she herself could be swept away in her imagination. She wanted to be clasped in hot arms, but in her daughter's person. And so she made love unblushingly and quite unconsciously to her guest, in proxy for her daughter.

The outcome was a minor tragedy. The family friend was neither a fool nor a romantic. He saw his answer in the daughter's shrug and felt the growing tension. His visits spaced, my cousin grew acrid, the daughter's lan-

guorous humor returned with a new spice of malice. And then the domestic heavens crashed. He became engaged to one of the Carsons, a tribe of incredibly rich, excessively good-natured, entirely indiscriminating, and almost utterly sexless girls, who were hung up like plump turkeys for wandering strangers more interested in a meal ticket than in a love affair.

My cousin's actions were curious. She was perfect with the plump, freckle-faced girl and her fiancé, sending them a piece of family silver for a wedding present. Her tone toward them was of melancholy as for youth seduced. It was her daughter that suffered. Nothing that she could do that year was right, and as she was an intractable beauty, it was easy to make occasions. Her faults were late hours, or too much talking, or not enough milk drunk, or a torn handkerchief—anything served. She had failed as a vessel for vicarious love, an insult had reached through her its mark in that still warm and living sex in my cousin, regulated, conventionalized, domesticated, restrained through all these years, and now finally stung to death by a slight upon the thing itself. If he had married a lovely girl she would have been reconciled, I think, changed her sublimations, and come through not too badly. But to jilt her daughter-self for freckles and an easy life cut beneath illusions to the heart. It was her daughter's fault; any other explanation would have meant the intolerable mortification of truth.

The next year she had what in weaker natures would have been a breakdown—and emerged a cheerful, witty, wilful old lady, a delight to her friends, a terror to her enemies, and as sexless as a nut.

That was the way it happened sometimes; that was the body's revenge in the age of confidence upon the sexlessness of good women.

V

It was in 1902 or 1903 that three of us, two men and a girl, were huddled over a new play of Bernard Shaw's just published. The book was "Man and Superman," and we were reading eagerly, the slow racing to keep up with the fast. It was doing something to us, just what we could not say, yet keys seemed to reach out from the pages to unlock secret doors in our minds. They were ready for unlocking though neither what lay hid there nor what had locked them, was clear in our consciousness.

That play, as I remember, deals very little with sex. It is a play of liberation—an impudent liberation from conventions, orthodoxies, and anything that blurs the reality of human relations. And it was reality that we in our twenties, and conscious of elaborate conventions in social intercourse for which we were not responsible, were then craving, in sex as elsewhere.

Our emotions had sped uninhibited along the friendly plane of companionship; but tradition, our elders, our own taboos self-imposed, and conventions unthinkingly accepted, warned us back whenever we tried to think for ourselves. Unexpected sensations, unguessed-at possibilities for living, an intoxicating freedom of thought, sparkled up from those pages. It would be hard to find those flashes now, since it was not so much the Shavian ideas, as the Shavian mood and witty effrontery that kindled our emotions.

Yet certainly we who had been bred in the golden age of confident companionship, had our first vision of an escape from approaching satiety, and the flatness of stale romance, in the clever clowning of Shaw. He made us articulate.

And this all too surely indicated the end of the age of sex security which Whitman a generation earlier had not been able even to shake. For I think that we three were typical of an American mood, of a new generation's resolve to get closer to real desires. We set free the compass needle which had been pointing too long to a false north of sexual convention and a false south of outlawed desires.

Our mores were substantially unaffected—that change was to come later. Our companionship was enriched by the discovery that both sexes were tired of halves and pretenses. Speech was not freer, nor actions, but the ferment was working. We were more sympathetic, when the time came, with the oncoming generation, and much more interesting to one another in middle age, than had been the men and women of the nineties. But the ice was only cracked. You cannot escape from a taboo merely by knowing that it *is* one. The age of confidence had believed that sex, like the immigrants, needed only to be Americanized in order to make no trouble for the right-minded. We suffered from that naïveté; gained also, for, if this was an illusion, yet youth, which is naturally chaste by comparison with middle age, was given a few lucid and happy years.



JUDGING THE JUDGES

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

"HEAR YE! Hear ye! Hear ye! This Honorable Court is now in session."

The bailiff raps for order. The judge takes his seat.

The crowd in the courtroom settles down to wait uneasily upon the good will, diligence, fairness, and learning of His Honor. Here are witnesses who have been dragged from their own affairs to participate in other people's quarrels, lawyers who have spent hours of laborious preparation, and litigants whose lives, liberty, property, reputations, and happiness may hang upon a few decisive words from the judge.

Within the four walls of the courtroom His Honor reigns supreme, and beyond those four walls his power for good and evil reaches deep into the lives of thousands. He may be a minister of heaven or of hell, according to his character and capacity. Every detail of your conduct and affairs may upon occasion be subjected to his scrutiny and inquisition.

He may command you to appear in court at any time to be examined as a witness under oath. He may order your home searched and your belongings seized. With the aid of a jury (that palladium of your liberties) he may send you to imprisonment or death or to an asylum for the insane. He may rule upon your marital affairs, take your children from you, determine your contractual rights and your liability to others who accuse you

of wrongful acts, and supervise the distribution of your estate after you die. If you are a public official, he may demand by what warrant you have done certain things and direct you to carry on your job in the way *he* thinks the law requires. If you are a legislator, his judicial veto hangs ominously over every law you help to pass. In short, His Honor and his confreres of the bench have authority to rule upon the rights, duties, privileges, and immunities of every living thing within their respective bailiwicks.

The aggregate power and responsibility thus residing in the judiciary is appalling. Some idea of it may be gathered from the volume of business handled by certain of our courts. No figures have been compiled, so far as I know, for the entire United States. But we may take the courts of Cook County, Illinois, in which Chicago is situated, as typical of most of our metropolitan areas. Here we have that huge mill of human miseries, the Municipal Court of Chicago, in which 6,815,455 cases were filed during the twenty-five years ending December 6, 1931. In the year 1931 alone, 426,754 cases, civil and criminal, were disposed of by this court. Over 100,000 cases were filed in the other courts of Cook County during the year 1933, not including matters handled by justices of the peace, police magistrates, and the federal courts. This, however, is only a trifle compared with the volume of business done in the courts

of greater New York. In the Magistrates' Courts, which have inferior criminal jurisdiction, over half a million people are arraigned each year. Another half million suits are filed annually in the Municipal Court of New York. If we include all the other courts in greater New York, the total volume of business would be close to a million and a half new cases per annum. Allowing for the fact that thickly populated districts tend to produce more conflicts and delinquencies in proportion to their population than other areas, it is probable that ten million or more cases, civil and criminal, are brought every year throughout the United States.

To deal with this tremendous flood of business we employ an army of judicial officers. There are probably more of them per thousand inhabitants in our reputedly lawless land than in any other country in the world. We have not only our federal judiciary numbering approximately 260 judges and 1,500 referees and commissioners, scattered throughout the Union, but each State has its hierarchy of courts beginning with justices of the peace and police magistrates and rising through the various county judges and intermediate appellate tribunals to a court of last resort. Our cities swarm with municipal judges, chancellors, referees, surrogates, ordinaries, masters in chancery, and other arbiters. In the area within a radius of fifty miles from the intersection of State and Madison Streets in Chicago there are 556 independent courts and about 734 officers exercising judicial powers. The metropolitan district of similar size centering about Manhattan probably supports several times as many.

The effectiveness of our entire system of justice depends upon the intelligence, integrity, and efficiency of this great horde of officials. Not only

is the law what the judges say it is, as John Chipman Gray once remarked, but justice—the only kind of justice we shall ever get—resides in the way the judges apply the law to human affairs. We cannot hope to improve the quality of our justice until we improve the quality of our judges. Yet it is only recently that the perennial pother over law reform has begun to focus, as it should, upon the personnel of the judiciary. The American Bar Association this year for the first time in its history has undertaken the job of *judging the judges*. As a preliminary it has sent out to 1,450 city, county, and State bar associations a questionnaire intended to discover what kind of judges we have, what kind we ought to have, and how, if at all, the bar hopes to get better ones.

II

It is impossible to predict the results of this grand assize. The number and variety of our judicial officers and the wide differences in local problems and conditions render it certain that the answers to the bar association questionnaire will be far from unanimous, except possibly in one respect: that the general level of quality of our judiciary is not satisfactory either to the lawyers or to the public.

So far as the public is concerned, this is putting it mildly. The average citizen, in our large cities at least, has come to regard the bench with growing cynicism. If you should ask him what kind of judges we have, he will shake his head dolefully and talk about receivership scandals, crowded court calendars, the freeing of gangsters by the courts on technical grounds, the clowning and posturing of some judges for the sake of publicity, the truckling of others to political bosses, and the innumerable instances of judicial injustice he has

read or heard about. He has no accurate data from which to judge the judges. Nor does he realize the fact that a majority of the bench are honest, capable, and diligent, some of them being men of brilliant attainments with a genius for dealing wisely with the problems that confront them.

The good works of the good judges go for the most part unsung. Those who benefit by their decisions accept the results without thought of credit to the fairness of the court. A just judgment is seldom news unless it exhibits the ingenuity of a Solomon. The courage of the Iowa judge who refused to violate his oath of office when a mob of rebellious farmers was tightening the noose about his neck was dramatic enough to make the front page. But the public will never realize that there are many other judges who would have stood just as steadfast in a similar crisis.

Unfortunately for the reputation of the bench as a whole, the acts of a minority of venal, subservient, cruel, and incompetent judges dominate the public mind. The impression is widespread that many cases are won by what a certain federal judge has called "whispering in the judicial ear." That such whispering does occur, this judge disclosed in denying probation to a prisoner sentenced for income tax fraud:

Besides the hearings had in open court, the presiding judge has received letters, has been solicited privately by prominent and influential citizens, some prominent in official circles and many of them high in the councils of their political parties, has been besieged in his home, on the street and in his chambers, all suggesting, recommending and urging that probation be accorded the defendant. . . .

How often and to what extent pressure of this sort may have influenced judicial decisions we shall never know. But the client who has lost his case almost always believes that his op-

ponent has "reached" the judge and that the judge is a crook. Such suspicions may seldom be warranted, but it is certain that *some* judges have been crooks and others have been the tools and associates of crooks.

A report submitted to the American Bar Association in October, 1932, by its section of criminal law and criminology stated that gangsters "are often able to elect to judicial office their own attorneys, and when charged with crime waive a jury trial and place their case before their own judge, who acts as judge and jury."

Three judges were among the honorary pallbearers of Big Jim Colosimo, first of the big shots in the Chicago bootleg trade. Two judges and an ex-judge joined the cortège of city and state officials who followed the solid silver casket containing the body of Angelo Genna, gangster, convict, and killer, while twenty thousand spectators lined the neighboring sidewalks, fences, windows, and house tops. Some of the public inferred, rightly or not, that the judicial presence at these and other gangster funerals was a sequel to amenities exchanged with the decedents when they were alive.

Bainbridge Colby a few years ago told the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick that some members of the judiciary "are sitting not only on the bench but on the lid," and he denounced such judges for interpreting not the law of the land "but the wishes of dominant and corrupt political organizations."

Charges have also been made from time to time that there is considerable traffic in the outright purchase and sale of judicial favors, especially in criminal cases. Frank J. Loesch, a prominent lawyer and member of the Chicago Crime Commission, said a few years ago that a certain Municipal Court judge was familiarly known to the criminal trade as "Cash Register."

But the direct bribery of judges is

probably infrequent. At least it is seldom discovered. We have evidence, however, from Judge Seabury's investigation of the Magistrates' Courts of New York, in 1930 and 1931, of the bribery of prosecutors, police officers, and court attendants and the complicity of judges in shaking down criminal defendants, mostly women, on trumped-up charges. One magistrate was removed from office for accepting a "loan" of \$19,600 from Arnold Rothstein, the notorious gambler. During five years' service on the bench this judge had deposited more than \$100,000 in his bank account in addition to his salary—a record matched by the New York Municipal Court judge who recently resigned under fire after admitting that he had put \$160,660 into four accounts between March 1, 1927, and October 31, 1933, during which time his salary totalled \$44,000.

Several other magistrates, according to Judge Seabury's report, resorted to extra-judicial and sometimes illegal activities to augment their salaries. One of them was financially interested in a gambling joint and in the promotion of oil stock, which turned out to be a total loss to investors. Another (a woman) held stock in a surety company whose bonds she was frequently called to pass upon in her judicial capacity; and another participated in the sale of mining stock, for which he was indicted on a charge of using the mails to defraud.

The evidence showed that the fixing of criminal cases in the Magistrates' Courts was an established business, although the money paid was not traced directly to the pockets of the judges. Many of the magistrates admitted as a matter of course that their jobs were a reward for political services and that they gave special consideration to the men who got them appointed. As a result of the inquiry

three magistrates were removed from office and four resigned. One had been removed just before the inquiry began. We thus have a record of eight magistrates out of forty-nine who were unfit for office, and a number of others whose conduct was questionable.

In addition to this, a judge of the Brooklyn County Court was sent to Atlanta for using the mails to defraud, and a justice of the New York Supreme Court disappeared mysteriously for "causes unknown" on the eve of Judge Seabury's investigation and has never been seen or heard of since.

III

A Seabury with real inquisitorial powers could dig up equally rotten conditions elsewhere. The demoralizing alliance between politics and the judiciary is by no means confined to New York City. In January of this year the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly*, published by the State Bar Association, reprinted eight cartoons from Boston newspapers depicting the local courts as infested with jury-fixers, shysters, bail-bond racketeers, and crooked politicians. One cartoon called "The Wolf at the Door" showed a huge hoodlum labelled "Gangdom" sitting astride the courthouse with a sneer on his face, to the consternation of a policeman, witness, and juror who are about to enter. This is reminiscent of the perennial cartoon of the political boss, in a derby hat and checkered suit with a cigar in his mouth, standing behind the judge on the bench and resting a domineering paw on his shoulder.

There is no doubt that the bosses do tell some of the boys on the bench what to do. But the actual situation is more complicated and subtly perverse than that. Many of the judges have been so indoctrinated

with the point of view of the political party which put them in power that explicit orders are seldom necessary. They have become responsive to party interests through a conditioning process that is prerequisite to achieving judicial office.

The aspirant to the bench must make it his business to attend party meetings and rallies, to mix with the boys, to shake hands, clap backs, order the drinks, hand out cigars and toady to political superiors. By this process he gets a job as prosecutor, county attorney, corporation counsel, or attorney general; and in due course he is rewarded with judicial office.

From a study of judicial personnel published in the *Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science*,* which included each of the judges of thirty-two State supreme courts and each of the judges in the United States District Courts, Circuit Court of Appeals, and Supreme Court, holding office between January 1, 1900, and December 31, 1929, it appeared that a majority of them had served in some public legal, administrative, or legislative office. The difference in this respect between judges who were elected and those appointed either by governors or legislatures was negligible. It is probable that if the study could have included the judges of our "inferior" city courts the percentage of the politically-minded would have been even higher.

Service in some public office might in itself be a very valuable preparatory training for a judge, but at present this experience is bought through a demonstration of party loyalty which becomes a terrific handicap even to the finest men after reaching the bench. It involves, for instance,

their acquiescence in the prevalent custom of requiring office holders to hand over a percentage of their salaries to the party war chest. Judges are not exempt from this toll. Having been trained in the party tradition, they pay their quota without protest, rationalizing the practice on the theory that their contributions are purely voluntary. But they know that if they refuse to "kick in" they are not likely to be renominated.

It is an easy step from such donations to the actual purchase and sale of judicial office. No doubt Sir Thomas Richardson, who paid £17,000 to Charles I for his appointment as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Charles Cæsar who gave £15,000 to the same monarch for his job as Master of the Rolls, justified their donations as purely voluntary. So also did the various judges who have bought their office from Tammany since its earliest days. Under Richard Croker the price of nomination to the Supreme Court (*not* the highest court in New York) was \$17,500, representing a year's salary.

Since then the price has gone up. A reputable New York lawyer at a meeting of the American Judicature Society a few years ago told his own experience as follows:

I would define the judicial organization in certain districts in New York under the party system as a proprietary institution—strictly proprietary. A few years ago I had a client who was a lawyer and had become president of a trust company. This man, with an old English name, a member of the Mayflower Society, said: "You must be a judge of the Supreme Court. You need serve but four or five years and then you can be called judge all your life." I said, "Well, now, what is the assessment?" And he replied: "The assessment for nomination to the Supreme Court is \$100,000." I said, "I haven't \$100,000 for that purpose." He replied: "Never mind, I will put it up for you." I had no hankering

* By Rodney L. Mott, Spencer D. Albright, and Helen R. Semmerling. May, 1933.

for such a judgeship, but that is the way it works.

To anyone familiar with the history of Tammany Hall this story rings true, although the sale of judgeships for such a price, or any other, is not common even in New York City. Many nominees to the bench, however, do pay for their jobs in other ways less tangible but just as corrupting. They pay the ruinous price of subserviency and sycophancy. Some of them even seem to like it. A Chicago judge, nominated last spring on a coalition ticket selected by the county central committees of the Republican and Democratic parties, in thanking his sponsors, described his role with naïve accuracy:

I fully realize that I am a creature of this committee and will bear in mind my obligation to it throughout my term on the bench.

This reminds one of an incident reported by Judge Seabury. One of the New York magistrates was being fêted in celebration of the fifth anniversary of his appointment, when a man who had practiced before him as a lawyer for three years (although not admitted to the bar) arose and congratulated him on behalf of the lawyers. To which His Honor responded:

Mr. W—, court attendants, ladies and gentlemen . . . I want to say I am very grateful and deeply thankful, and if I am in a position to do you a good turn, I'll always be at your beck and call.

Such a judge can be counted upon to be right-minded toward the customers of his party. He will see eye to eye with the business interests, public utilities, and banks whose officers contribute to party funds. They are certain to offer him favors, which he may and sometimes does accept.

The boss-made judge knows also that he must do his utmost to retain the good will of party workers and

constituents. He will be called upon constantly by all manner of politicians to give "breaks" to defendants in criminal and quasi-criminal cases and he frequently complies. This he can do without fear of consequences by accepting very low bail, approving badly secured bail bonds, discharging defendants on technical grounds, or granting innumerable continuances to discourage prosecuting witnesses. The traffic in judicial favors in our larger cities is notorious. The sophisticated citizen, arrested for a minor law violation, turns naturally to the nearest politician for help, and generally gets it. A Tammany district leader during the Seabury investigation told how he frequently went before a certain magistrate to intercede for defendants:

"You have carried messages from families to other judges besides Judge S—, haven't you?"

"Absolutely. I have been doing that for years."

"Whether they happen to be Republicans or Democrats?"

"That doesn't matter a bit. That's the way we make Democrats."

There are few judges in our metropolitan courts who will not leave the bench in the midst of a busy session at the call of an influential politician who wants to talk to them in chambers, especially during primary and election campaigns. The pressure of the party is laid unremittingly upon the judges so that they will not forget their indebtedness to the organization. Orders went out recently in Chicago that all Municipal Court judges of a certain party must show more diligence in attending party meetings. This was necessary to assure the rank and file that they still had friends at court. In some cities the party bosses dictate the assignments of judges to the various courts. Four judges walked out of a meeting

of the judges of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, in June of this year in protest against such an arrangement. One of them said:

"The whole thing was political, not judicial. They must have got together in somebody's back yard and arranged the assignments."

The judges are also expected to stand by their party in all cases involving political matters such as election contests, the remapping of legislative districts and reapportionment of representation, the validity of taxes and legislation, and the liabilities, duties, and powers of administrative officers. No one can prove in a particular case that a judge has been moved by a political bias; but if he has habitually joined in party councils, has hobnobbed with the "boys" throughout his career, and looks to them for renomination, his decisions are likely to be rationalized to coincide with their interests.

The tendency of politically chosen judges to support their party in cases involving political issues has been repeatedly demonstrated even in the Supreme Court of the United States. The Dred Scott decision and Legal Tender cases are well-known instances. John Marshall, the Federalist, was consistently a Federalist on the Bench. The Democratic majority under Chief Justice Taney upheld Democratic policies, just as Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase and his Republican associates voiced good Republican doctrine.

IV

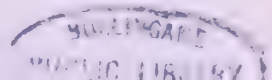
Every political machine seeks to get as many of its own judges on the bench as possible for another and very cogent reason: the courts control a vast amount of patronage through the appointment of receivers, trustees, guardians, public administrators, auctioneers, referees, and masters in chan-

cery. Here lies a tremendous and unfailling source of revenue for the faithful. It has been exploited thoroughly and systematically.

The story of the looting of closed banks, hotel and apartment enterprises, and distressed business concerns during the depression by political organizations through receiverships and bankruptcy proceedings is familiar to every newspaper reader. The fine art of robbing owners, investors, and creditors by legal process has reached its perfection in Chicago and New York. The spoils have been distributed among political leaders, political lawyers, and their respective relatives, friends, supporters, and hangers-on. Hardly a pilageable penny has escaped their greed.

The part played by some of the judiciary in aiding and abetting this political plunderbund and in sanctioning and approving their division of the booty might well give our complacent citizenry a few uneasy moments. Lest anyone should take this as mere rhetoric, let me refer to a report of the Committee on Receiverships and Mortgage Foreclosures of the Chicago Bar Association dated February 2, 1933, which found that both the judges and their political sponsors in Illinois had accepted as proper practice "that such patronage as the laws placed at the disposal of the courts should be treated as political spoils to be distributed as dictated by party requirements."

Subsequently the same committee reported upon two judges whose conduct in naming their political friends, associates, and relatives as receivers and attorneys for receivers in cases that came before them had been particularly flagrant. One of these judges had appointed as master in chancery a man who was the law partner of the two most powerful bosses of his party.



These two judges during a two-year period had referred business to this master in which he was allowed fees exceeding \$106,000. He admitted that such fees were treated as firm income, to be divided with his partners—the party bosses. By a political deal in which these judges participated, their friend, the master in chancery, was also appointed attorney for a park board at a salary of \$10,000 per year.

No doubt these two judges justified their actions on the ground that only by appointing people whom they knew personally could they be sure of getting competent and responsible men. This line of reasoning has been used from time immemorial in support of every system of patronage. It will probably be resorted to by the federal judge against whom impeachment proceedings were recently voted by the judiciary committee of the House of Representatives. The principal complaint against him was that of nepotism in appointing the law firm in which his son was employed as attorneys in a number of bankruptcy and equity receivership cases. The judge's son was such an asset to this firm that his salary rose from \$1,300 per year in 1926 to \$13,000 in 1932.

The sons of other judges have made similarly rapid progress. One of them in Chicago was appointed master in chancery one year after his admission to the bar, his experience consisting chiefly of service as an assistant public defender. During his first two years in office cases involving \$10,775,000 were referred to him. The son of a former judge of the Illinois Supreme Court was the beneficiary of two State jobs. As official reporter for a circuit court, he collected \$300 a month and he also received \$5,000 a year for acting as secretary to his father, although another man's name was on the pay-roll.

Another consequence of politics, much more disastrous than nepotism, is the nomination to the bench of incompetent and ignorant men. Most lawyers would rather appear before an intelligent though corrupt judge than before a dumb one. They pray to be delivered from the amiable imbeciles who sometimes reach the bench by the political route. A judge who cannot grasp legal points and understand the evidence, or who is susceptible to specious twistings of the law and facts, is a tremendous hazard to the public and causes an incalculable waste of energy and money.

William N. Cohen, formerly a judge of the Supreme Court of New York County, writing in 1930, stated that half of the judges on the New York Supreme Court bench, not including the Appellate Division, were "incompetent and unfit for the positions they occupy."

To which we may add the testimony of Harry H. Gordon, formerly a New York magistrate:

There are judges in high courts, presiding over weighty matters, who are totally unfit to hold the office; who, by reason of either lack of experience or education or temperament, are not even able to appreciate the meaning of much of the complicated evidence in which modern litigation is involved, much less to understand and apply the related law. . . . Some are lazy, some are political tools and some are obviously ignorant.

V

This is the ugly side of the picture. There is another aspect, more encouraging. Many judges, probably a majority, after reaching the bench, succeed in freeing themselves from all but a semblance of party allegiance. They are frequently carried along by their party as a respectable "front" for their weaker brothers. Their tenure, however, is insecure and they may on occasion be thrown off the ticket to

make room for more politically deserving candidates, as happened to three Illinois Appellate Court judges a few years ago after long and excellent service.

Enough first-class men, nevertheless, do remain upon the bench year after year to demonstrate that we can have satisfactory judges if we apply ourselves intelligently to the problem of getting them. "Satisfactory" implies, of course, some standard of fitness. Such a standard is hard to define. It would no doubt include certain minima of education and of experience in the practice of law and the trial of cases. It would mean, further, that to be satisfactory a judge would have to have a reasonable degree of intelligence, an understanding of human conduct, and a responsiveness to changing social and economic conditions. He should be poised, diligent, courteous, independent, decisive, and free from emotional bias, egocentricity, and political and material ambition.

We might well conceive of the ideal "good" judge as a composite of the outstanding members of the Supreme Court of the United States: such men as former Justice Holmes, and Justices Brandeis, Stone, Hughes, Cardozo, Roberts, or among the conservatives, Justice Van Devanter. They differ widely in personality, but they all exhibit high judicial qualities to which both laymen and lawyers may turn for inspiration. While it would be impossible to fill every seat on the bench with men of this caliber, there are enough available lawyers who approximate it. But how can we pick them, and having picked them, put them on the bench?

Not by popular vote certainly. The elective system is in force in more than three-fourths of our States, but its results offer no evidence or hope that political parties will ever submit to the voters better judicial candidates than they have in the past. Elected judges

owe their nomination to party bosses. The voters know nothing of their qualifications and mark their ballots according to party leanings or at hazard. To be nominated on a party ticket a lawyer must as a rule be a politician; and as such he is naturally partisan, being involved in obligations which impair his integrity. He must take part like any other office-seeker in political campaigns with their accompaniment of claptrap, publicity-seeking, hand-shaking, back-slapping, baby-kissing, promises, bragging, and ballyhoo. One candidate in Cleveland in 1925, according to the *Plain Dealer*, "traveled with a jazz band and crew of vaudeville performers—anything to attract public attention to his alleged judicial qualifications, holding meetings chiefly on street corners. And he was elected!"

Because of these and other obvious objections to the election of judges, there has been a strong demand in many States for a change to some system of appointment. The relative merits of the elective and appointive methods have been debated for years. But the discussion tends to become unrealistic. In reality there is no such thing as a popular election of judges. Election amounts, in fact, to appointment by party bosses. Nowadays the two major parties frequently get together on one non-competitive judicial slate. In Chicago they exercise joint control of the selection of judges through a "coalition ticket." In June of this year eight Democratic and two Republican judges were nominated by agreement between the party central committees to fill exactly ten vacancies. While the Chicago Bar Association registered protest, there was no other opposition to this arrangement. An even more flagrant deal was made in New York a few years ago by which twelve new Supreme Court judgeships were created for the Second Judicial Depart-

ment, although only four were needed. The Republicans who dominated the legislature got five of these newly created jobs while the Democrats who controlled the district were given seven.

Some good people have hoped to improve the judiciary under the elective system by the expedient of a non-partisan ballot, upon which all candidates are listed without party labels. But this only amuses the party chiefs. They still nominate their own men and instruct their workers and constituents to support the party candidates as they always did. The independent candidate is licked before he starts.

Nor do we find much comfort in turning from a system of appointment by party bosses to appointment by an executive or some legislative body. Appointment by an executive certainly will not eliminate politics. It has not done so in the federal courts. Vacancies in the District Courts and Circuit Courts of Appeal have customarily been filled at the dictation of local senators or party leaders. President Roosevelt has violated this tradition, but it has flourished under most Administrations. The quality of our federal judges probably averages higher than that of trial judges in our State courts; but corruption, nepotism, and incompetence have by no means been eliminated.

The selection of judges by the legislature, as in Rhode Island, South Carolina, Virginia, and Vermont, or by the State senate, as in Delaware and New Jersey, is merely the substitution of one politically-minded appointing agency for another. It offers no advantages.

In Georgia they have tried three methods: appointment by the governor, appointment by the legislature, and election by popular vote. But each device has been captured and run by the political leaders. In the words of a member of a committee formed to draft a new constitution, "Our deliberate

conclusion is that whatever method is in force is the worst method."

This conclusion is needlessly despairing. Other solutions are possible. But we must constantly keep in mind that the vice in our prevailing methods of judicial selection has lain in their susceptibility to political control. Our objective, therefore, must be to remove the judiciary as far as possible from the reach of politics. The technic by which this can be accomplished is likely to include two fundamental concepts. The first is that all aspirants to judicial office should be judged and found satisfactory before they can become judges. This can be done through the device known as an eligible list from which all appointments to the bench would have to be made. Such a list could be created in various ways, perhaps by a special commission, perhaps by a judicial council, perhaps by the vote of the lawyers. It would stand as a panel of qualified men at all times open to public scrutiny and criticism. As a safeguard against political control over nominations to such a list, it would be essential to require that every name on it be approved by the vote of a majority of the entire active bar. The only practical way of appraising candidates for the bench is after all through the judgment of their fellow-lawyers. The results of bar primaries have shown that the profession will agree with considerable unanimity on the qualifications of candidates. A majority of the bar out of self-interest alone would invariably eliminate the unfit.

The second concept in our proposed technic of selection is that all judges should be judged again after becoming judges: this time by the electorate. A judge would be appointed in the first instance by a chief justice, governor, or commission from a list of eligibles. Thereafter at certain intervals, say of four or six years, a judge's name would be placed upon a special ballot by

which he would run against his own record and not against other candidates. At such non-competitive elections the voters would be asked, "Shall Judge So-and-so be retained in office?" A judge would then stay on the bench unless a majority of all registered voters in his district should vote against him. This would offset the danger of purely political drives against particular judges. After being approved by such a plebiscite two or three times, a judge would hold office for life, subject only to discipline or removal for good cause by a judicial tribunal or by impeachment.

These two concepts of judging the judges before and after taking office must necessarily be expressed in detailed form to be of any practical value. They have been so expressed in the model judicature act and the notes thereto drafted by the American Judicature Society. As a comprehensive plan for the unification of the courts of any State and the selection of judges, it is probably the best yet devised. It owes its origin to the ideas of Albert M. Kales, who advocated the British principle that the judiciary should be appointed "by a legally constituted authority from time to time answerable to the electorate and responsible for the due administration of justice." Translating this into concrete terms, the model act provides for the election by popular vote of a chief justice for the entire State, who shall hold office for a fixed period and, at the end of his term, will continue on the bench as an associate judge. The chief justice shall have the power to fill all judicial vacancies, preferably from an eligible list compiled by a judicial council. All judges would come up for the approval of the voters at certain intervals, each confirmation being for a longer term of office than the preceding. There are further provisions for the discipline and removal of judges by a

judicial council as well as by the old method of legislative impeachment.

It is, of course, impossible to convey the details of such a proposal in short compass. The text of the act should be referred to for answers to the questions which will naturally arise. The plan is shot through with the idea that the courts of a State, from the lowest to the highest, should be completely unified and under one administrative and disciplinary control with the judges themselves integrated through a judicial council which will concern itself constantly with procedural improvements.

Something of this sort will eventually be tried out. Some features of it have been included in a plan for judicial selection worked out by the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco and passed in a modified form by the legislature as a constitutional amendment to be voted on by the people this fall, but it applies only to certain counties. The Cleveland Bar Association has recommended a method of selecting judges embodying similar ideas. Committees of lawyers working on drafts of proposed new judiciary acts in several states have also found inspiration in the Judicature Society's proposal.

The bulk of the lawyers, of course, will inevitably resist such newfangled notions. Only public opinion can whip them into accepting any sort of change. The radical idealist too will oppose any attempt which would strengthen the power of the judiciary. He will maintain that the law and the courts are helping to maintain a political and economic system that has failed. Why waste time or energy bolstering it up? Sweep out the entire rotten and hopeless structure. Abolish the legal and judicial caste. Replace the courts with a system of administering justice in which non-lawyers shall have a voice—perhaps the ultimate voice as in Russia and Germany.

From a long-time point of view he may be right. The judge, as we know him, will no doubt some day be eliminated altogether. But the judicial function will remain. It is a social rather than a legal function after all. Power will always reside in a few men not only to pass judgment upon their fellow-men, but also to determine the social policy to be adopted in dealing with their conflicts and delinquencies. The adjustment of human controversies and the treatment to be accorded individuals violating the prevailing conceptions of public welfare may ultimately be handled through the clinical method. For that purpose our de-

scendants may devise some form of super jury, representing various skills and experiences—doctors, psychiatrists, engineers, laborers, yes, and perhaps even one or two legal experts, if such creatures have not become extinct. Most people could be induced to submit their troubles to such wise men with the same confidence that they now submit their bodies to a surgeon.

But such a consummation is remote. In the meantime, in this very immediate present, I humbly suggest that there are millions of citizens who cannot afford to wait and who cry for better judges and a better sort of justice here and now.

POETS

BY FRANCES FROST

THOUGH we speak in our mouths the names of men and women,
 Though we decipher the sources of winds and of rain,
 Saying, "This gust from the east recalls a summer
 I have surrendered—it never will bloom again. . . ."

*Though we utter strange words in the nights, and in afternoons
 Bloody our hands once more on the oak of the plow,
 And awake in the dawns to the sound of the axe's bitter
 Stroke on the quivering tree, or to hours of slow*

*Sun on the ripening grapes and our naked shoulders,
 Though we smell the earth and the dangerous dark immersed
 In day, though we murmur of rattling palms and of boatmen,
 Of falconers and of vessels long dispersed—*

*We cannot say how the spirit, the clear and lonely,
 Contrives the image of sun or the shape of the blown
 Corn or the reek of the fires; but out of our hunger
 We know that our lives have been taken and overthrown.*

*We cannot tell how the spirit became as a stranger—
 A trader of words for our blood, and out of our slain
 Heaven, the builder of stars. Remember us only
 By the signature synonymous with pain.*



THE MANCHURIAN "INCIDENT" OF 1931

BY BEN DORFMAN

Wars and other armed conflicts usually begin with an "incident." When economic or political tension is acute, or a military machine is ready to act, there occurs an assassination, a raid, an explosion, or what not—genuine or manufactured to order—and the pretext is thus found for hostilities. Those who to-day fear the outbreak of war in Europe or in Asia realize how rapidly an offensive might follow such an incident, trifling and artificial though it might be. For this reason we suggest that Dr. Dorfman's careful analysis of the incident which set in motion the recent Japanese conquest of Manchuria has a wider significance than is superficially apparent.

—*The Editors.*

IT is now three years since a sorely tried world was stunned by the news-flash that the Japanese military had seized a large portion of Manchuria. This followed immediately after what has come to be known variously as the "Manchurian Incident," the "Mukden Incident," the "Peitaying Incident," or the "September 18th [1931] Incident."

Although much has been written about this "incident," few of the accounts are satisfactory, and the great bulk of them are altogether lacking in accuracy and important detail. But this is not strange, for many of the early news dispatches were contradictory, biased, garbled, and inspired; and the official statements issued by the Japanese and Chinese governments served only still further to confuse and bewilder. Miscaptioned photographs from Manchuria likewise helped to create erroneous impressions. It was chiefly from this potpourri of truths, part-truths, and untruths that writers and speakers abroad generally formulated their versions of what had probably happened. The first books on the Manchurian controversy, it will be recalled, were hurriedly written, thousands of miles

away from the scene of activity, by authors who were compelled to work largely from newspaper clippings and the official Japanese and Chinese statements. These authors were, therefore, in no position to evaluate the evidence satisfactorily. "Neutral" governments with consuls and military or other observers in Manchuria were well informed, but for the most part were constrained to a judicious silence because of diplomatic considerations. Not until the League of Nations' Commission, headed by Lord Lytton, published its report at the end of 1932 did the world feel that it had an unbiased version.

But the Lytton Commission, as it pointed out in the introduction to its report, "insisted less on the responsibility for past actions than on the necessity of finding means to avoid their repetition in the future." It accordingly rendered an account which, while unbiased, is sufficiently ambiguous to lend itself to misinterpretation, and which, in fact, has quite generally been misinterpreted. And some of the misinterpretations have inspired much scholarly piffle. Since the Lytton Report was published, a number of books

dealing with the Manchurian controversy have made their appearance. But in so far as these touch upon the "incident," they are for the most part simply rehashes of earlier writings, and in several notable instances approximate the facts even less closely than did their predecessors.

At present there are few persons, even among those who have diligently studied the considerable literature on the Manchurian controversy, who have a clear-cut notion of the important facts which were and *were not* established concerning the "incident." Since the Sino-Japanese hostilities were allegedly precipitated by this "incident," it is sufficiently important to warrant as accurate a description as available data make possible. Actually the Japanese did not establish that the "incident" ever took place, and there exist grave doubts that any informed person or foreign office—Japanese included—believes that it did take, or could have taken, place as the Japanese explained in their *various* official accounts. Certainly the Lytton Commission was not at all convinced. The chief intent of this article is to indicate the bases for these general misgivings.

In presenting the following narrative, I in no way wish to convey the impression that because I reject Japan's formal pretext for her military operations in Manchuria, I thereby endorse the view that Japan had no "legal" case against China, or that her "all-around" case was not even stronger than her "legal" one. Many of the treaties which related to Manchuria were so conflicting, and were couched in such comfortably ambiguous terms, that it would have been impossible for both China and Japan "legally" to have enjoyed all of the treaty rights each claimed. Moreover, a growing Chinese nationalism insisted on the scrapping of all treaties which China regarded as "unilateral" or "unequal." The multilat-

eral treaties to which China and Japan were signatory also introduced difficulties. According to many, they created vicious "legal" fictions, and imposed obligations on various of the signatories which they would be unable or unwilling to assume when the occasion required. Non-"legal" issues and problems also generated Sino-Japanese friction. Both countries felt that the control of Manchuria was vital to their economic welfare. Japan even regarded Manchuria as her life-line. No other region in the world, she felt, offered such promise for solving her acute population and industrial problems. Furthermore, with Russia growing stronger month by month, Japanese militarists felt that Japan would lack adequate security unless she completely dominated Manchuria. These same militarists entertained certain "expansionist" ambitions as well. The Japanese also had an enormous sentimental attachment for Manchuria because of the blood and treasure the region had cost them in previous wars. The above were probably the primary causes of the Sino-Japanese conflict. The "incident" was simply the immediate pretext.

I was in Harbin, Manchuria, on September 18, 1931, and learned of the outbreak of hostilities on the following morning. The dispatches which first reached the city, I discovered later, were similar to those which were sent elsewhere. (They even included the completely unfounded but still widely believed and circulated story that some Chinese soldiers had blown up a railroad bridge near Mukden.) The first official Japanese explanation (which was placarded in Chinese characters throughout the seized areas immediately after the outbreak of hostilities) proclaimed the following, which I take from the official English translation supplied to me by the Japanese military, copies of which they also posted

in a number of places frequented by foreigners:

PROCLAMATION

At ten thirty p.m., September 18, 1931, a corps of troops belonging to the North-eastern Army damaged our South Manchuria Railway with explosives near Pei-Ta-Ying (the North Barracks), northwest of Mukden, and employing additional forces attacked the Japanese guard, thereby precipitating hostilities. The South Manchuria Railway is the property of the Japanese Empire legally obtained through international treaty, and we will not permit any other country to "lay a finger on it." The Northeastern Army of China has not only dared to destroy the railway but has also opened fire upon the Imperial Japanese troops. The action on the part of the Northeastern Army is undoubtedly a challenge to our Empire.

Examining the constantly recurring incidents in violation of Japanese rights and interests and the numerous cases of insults to Japanese which have occurred throughout the territory, it is apparent that these actions are not caused by a passing feeling. They are the studied plan of the Northeastern Army which has accustomed to disregard international ethics and to insult the Japanese. If we permit them to continue without bringing them to account, I fear consequences of a very serious nature. I consider, however, that these actions do not represent the feeling of the Chinese people but are instigated by ambitious Chinese militarists.

In view of the heavy responsibility of protecting the South Manchuria Railway I do not hesitate in taking drastic measures to maintain these vested rights and interests and to make secure the prestige of the Imperial Japanese Army. The action of our Army is for the purpose of "teaching the Northeastern Army a lesson" because of its outrageous conduct and is not directed against the Chinese civilian population.

I have been deeply concerned over this matter and I have already instructed my subordinates of this principle and have ordered them to use every energy to care for the safety and welfare of the Chinese population.

It is my sincere desire therefore that the Chinese people shall settle down to their customary occupations, and not flee because of fear or suspicions. I must state, however, that, without the slightest exception, drastic measures will be taken against

those daring to attempt any action prejudicial to the Imperial Army.

(SIGNED) S. HONJO, *Lieutenant General,
Commander-in-Chief of the
Imperial Japanese Kwantung Army*

The Manchuria Daily News, an "English" organ subsidized by the South Manchuria Railway Company, took its customary hilarious liberties in giving a condensed version of the above in its issue of September 21st, appending to it the editor's succulent summary:

At 10:30 a.m. [p.m.?] on September 18, 1931, the Chinese troops at North Barracks blew up the S. M. R. track and then attacked the Japanese Railway Guard (Hushihtai).

When the Chinese regulars, taking advantage of late night, blew up the S. M. R. track on the world's travel highway and had the nerve and cheek to surprise the Japanese Railway Guard, what army with a grain grit left could remain still passive, and ask the Consular representatives or whoever else concerned to lodge an empty protest (like water thrown at a toad)?

The Kwantung Army being held responsible for the protection of the S. M. Railway, Lt.-Gen. Honjo hastened with his staff before daybreak to Mukden by train, and ordered attacks opened on all Chinese regulars in South Manchuria.

The Chinese regulars were the aggressors in the present case.

The Japanese Army did hit back in self-defense.

The Japanese soldiers' blood boiling in rage might have delivered their attack with redoubled ferocity but, as the saying runs: "All is fair in War and Love."

The above is the truth in the nutshell.

While the actual capture of Mukden and other strategic points in South Manchuria came as a surprise, many persons in Manchuria had long been expecting the Japanese Army "to do something." Earlier in the year Chinese soldiers had murdered Captain Nakamura, a Japanese military officer who had traveled into a bandit-infested part of Manchuria on a passport which described him as an agricultural expert. This incident served

further to embitter Sino-Japanese relations, which had already been in a critical state for many months previous. The Japanese Army had turned the "Nakamura butchery case" to good purpose in enlisting popular support for a "military solution" to the Manchurian problem. The murdering of Nakamura, it had intimated, was not only an insult to the Imperial Army but to the Japanese Emperor and the whole Japanese nation. The press had hinted almost daily that the Japanese Army was going to take action. The following—quoted from the *Harbin Observer* of September 10, 1931—is typical of the dispatches which were regularly appearing in papers in Manchuria and Japan:

Tokyo, September 9, 1931.—Determined to secure full satisfaction even if the Chinese continue to play the shrinking game concerning the Capt. Nakamura Butchery Case, the Army people are conferring with the Foreign Ministry about the steps to be taken. If Japan's hand should be forced, it would be played at a stroke, according to the Army people. Mr. Yamaji (Chief Secretary of the Minseito) has called at the Foreign Ministry as to what retaliation to make. Both War Minister Minami and Chief Kanaya of the General Staff are at one as regards the final recourse, and have dropped a hint to the Kwantung Army to be on the lookout.

It was close to the end of July (1931) when the Japanese first notified the Chinese authorities that Nakamura had been murdered by Chinese soldiers a month before. On August 17th the Japanese military in Mukden for the first time publicly released their version of the murder. On this same day Governor Tsang Shih-yi of Liaoning Province (of which Mukden was the capital) assured the Japanese that the Chinese would investigate at once. He accordingly appointed two persons to proceed to the scene of the alleged murder and to report their findings as quickly as possible. These men returned to Mukden on September 3rd

with findings which the Japanese (who were just completing their own investigations) rejected as being indecisive and unsatisfactory. The Japanese insisted that the Chinese should conduct another investigation immediately. The situation was becoming tense. Japanese mass meetings and demonstrations in Japan, Korea, China proper, and Manchuria, fully encouraged by the Japanese military, were urging that the Chinese "be taught a lesson." Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, the overlord of Manchuria, who was in a Peiping (Peking) hospital at the time, became so alarmed that he ordered a second investigation of the Nakamura case to be made immediately.

On September 12th the Japanese Consul General in Mukden was quoted as reporting to the Japanese Foreign Office that an "amicable settlement would probably be made after the return of the investigators to Mukden." On September 16th Chang Hsueh-liang's second "Commission of Inquiry" returned to Mukden from the scene of the Nakamura incident. On the afternoon of September 18th the Chinese authorities in a formal conference with the Japanese consular officials in Mukden admitted Chinese responsibility for killing Nakamura and declared that the guilty parties would be tried within a week by a military court-martial. It thus appeared on the *afternoon* of September 18th—outwardly at least—that the Nakamura case was about to be settled diplomatically, despite the repeated accusations from the Japanese military that the Chinese were "procrastinating" and were "insincere."

That very night, however, the alleged damaging of the South Manchuria Railway tracks took place, and it became apparent that neither the Nakamura case nor any of the other Sino-Japanese issues in Manchuria would be settled by pacific means.

II

As I previously mentioned, I was in Harbin when hostilities broke out. Shortly after regular rail communication to the south was reestablished, I departed for Mukden, where I was to learn more about the "incident."

In Mukden I chanced upon a newspaper acquaintance through whose good offices I was permitted to attend the Japanese press conferences. These were usually held twice daily in a small room adjoining the bar of Mukden's luxurious, Japanese-owned Yamato Hotel. (The fact that one could enter or depart from the press room only via the bar, occasionally had more of a bearing on the news emanating from Mukden than would be discreet to mention.) The conferences were in charge of a very genial Japanese major, whose English and sense of humor were fairly good and who did his utmost to be agreeable. Most of the foreign correspondents, I believe, had a fond, sympathetic regard for him, so much so in fact, that they tried not to embarrass him even when he read official communiqués which were so obviously false as to coax a faint smile from the Major himself.

The Major's chief duties were to give the Japanese military's official version of daily happenings, to "explain the true facts" to those correspondents who "misunderstood" or "misinterpreted" events, and to distribute from time to time mimeographed "explanations" (in English) of the more important events which the Army suspected would not be properly understood. The Major's work was not easy. Many of the official military communiqués were not only clearly contradictory, but were at variance with the Japanese consular explanations. (It must be appreciated that *at the outset*, the Japanese consuls in Manchuria knew very little more of their military's activities than did the

other foreign consuls.) And the official military versions were often diametrically opposed to what the correspondents could witness with their own eyes. Nevertheless, the Major carried on like a good soldier and "explained" almost everything he was asked, if not always to the satisfaction of the correspondents, at least to that of his superiors.

The Major was almost embarrassed the day I met him. "War" news was scanty—Chinese "bandits" had not even massacred any Koreans the previous day—so the correspondents asked the Major a few questions. One of them concerned the censoring of outgoing dispatches. The Major explained that he himself was the censor and that he would be glad to remain after the conferences long enough to pass on the cables. This explanation was particularly interesting, since earlier in the day the Japanese consulate had informed several of the correspondents that outgoing news dispatches were not being censored at all! Another question which the Major was asked was about the rumors that the Japanese Army was using the motor trucks seized from Chang Hsueh-liang's arsenal. The Major insisted that the rumors were groundless. While he was insisting, however, he was interrupted by noises emanating from a sputtering motor engine. Several of us near the window looked out. Two Japanese soldiers were trying to start a stalled motor truck with whose eccentricities they were obviously not well acquainted. The truck was one of the new Chevrolets taken from the Chinese arsenal! The Major quickly gathered the significance of the smile on the face of one of the American correspondents—one who a few weeks before had been an employee in Chang Hsueh-liang's arsenal—and then began to answer other questions.

The Japanese military were particularly anxious "to explain the true facts"

in the Mukden "incident" to foreigners. They frequently escorted parties of journalists, lecturers, military attachés, consuls, and others to the spot where the explosion had allegedly taken place and to the near-by Chinese barracks. They allowed these parties to examine certain "evidence" and provided them with photographs and the various official explanations, some of the latter of which had been prepared by the Japanese officers who participated in the initial clashes. Military officers not only acted as guides and interpreters on the excursions but often volunteered fresh "explanations" which were as difficult to reconcile with the official printed and mimeographed versions as these latter were with one another. Through the kindness of the Major I was permitted to join one of the inspection parties. Before going on the trip, however, I interviewed a number of foreigners who were in Mukden on the night of September 18th and several of the newspaper correspondents who had arrived there shortly afterward. From them I learned that the Japanese had permitted no foreigner to visit the scene of the alleged wreckage until September 23rd.

One of the American correspondents called on Mr. Morishima, the Japanese Consul-General in Mukden, on September 19th and asked for permission to visit the place where the damage was said to have been done. The Consul-General explained that the slight damage had been repaired promptly and that there was now no point in visiting the spot, as there was nothing to see. The same evening this same journalist attempted to obtain a permit from Major Usuda to visit the spot. The Major courteously explained that the track had been promptly repaired and that there was now no use in going there. Besides, he added, such a trip would be hazardous. Scattered

bands of Chinese soldiers might rob or injure a visitor. The correspondent expressed his gratitude for the Major's concern over his well-being, but also made known his desire to take a chance if only the Major would give him a permit. The Major then replied that he really had no authority to issue such a permit since the place in question was on the South Manchuria Railway Company's property. (The place and all approaches to it, however, were then being guarded by Japanese troops.) The persistent correspondent next asked if the Major would then be willing to address a note to the South Manchuria Railway authorities stating that there was no objection to the correspondent visiting the scene. The Major did not answer the question directly but declared that matters were too unsettled, too uncertain, too unsafe at the moment, but that within a few days he would himself invite a party of journalists and other interested parties to visit the scene. The correspondent thanked the Major for his courtesy. He did not think it judicious to inquire how the Major could arrange to escort visitors to the scene a few days later when only two minutes before the Major denied having any such authority.

Other persons who attempted to visit the scene of the "incident" met with similar difficulties. On September 23rd, however, the Japanese military, after having first taken Japanese correspondents to the scene, escorted a number of foreign journalists, military attachés, and others to it. These persons saw essentially what I was to see on my visit. The bodies of the dead Chinese alongside of the tracks were not as badly decomposed at that time as when I saw them, however. And the debris which resulted from the alleged track explosion had not yet been removed to what some of the foreign correspondents called "the cham-

ber of horrors." This was the room in the Japanese Military Headquarters where the Japanese displayed their tangible "evidence" against the Chinese and where they exhibited hundreds of photographs purporting to show a fraction of the mischief perpetrated against them by the Chinese.

During my visit to the "chamber of horrors" I examined the track explosion evidence. It consisted chiefly of two shattered wooden ties, some broken and bent bits of rail and fish-plates, a thirty-one-inch section of rail from which the upper flange had been partly blown off, a bayoneted gun, and three bullet-pierced, Chinese soldiers' hats. The gun and hats, I was told, had belonged to some of the Chinese who helped blow up the track. The Japanese did not save the entire sections of the allegedly damaged rails but only the blown bits. They regarded this pile of debris as "Exhibit A" in their case against the Chinese. My Japanese guide then showed me dozens of photographs, and gave me a number which the Japanese military had taken along the railroad right-of-way shortly after the explosion. These showed the bodies of several of the "guilty" Chinese, their bloodstains on the rock roadbed, and the *repaired* track. No photograph, I was told, was ever taken by the Japanese military or anyone else of the track in its allegedly damaged condition. (A number of photographs purporting to have been, however, were widely distributed and appeared in responsible publications the world over.) My Japanese guide, in courteously bidding me adieu, assured me that when I had pieced together the evidence I had just examined with what I was to see and learn on my trip to Peitaying, I then should not entertain the slightest doubts concerning the Chinese attack of September 18th.

III

Our trip to Peitaying was made in a one-coach train especially provided for us by the Japanese military. Our first stop was at the scene of the alleged explosion, a point some several miles north of Mukden and about one-half mile south of the Chinese barracks (Peitaying). There was now, of course, nothing to indicate that any damage had previously been done to the track. Some new ties and rails were in evidence, however.

Near the repaired track was a maggot-covered body of a Chinese in a soldier's uniform. We were told that he was one of the soldiers whom the Japanese guards had caught "red-handed" and shot down while he was attempting to escape. Farther along the track we saw a few other putrefying Chinese bodies. These had been brought down under similar circumstances, we were told. (So much importance did the Japanese attach to the existence of these Chinese bodies near the South Manchuria Railway tracks that they kept them on exhibit for at least one month.) Our Japanese escorts called attention to the fact that all of the dead Chinese were pointing due north. This, they felt, was proof that the Chinese soldiers were running away from the explosion and toward their barracks when they were shot. (The Chinese might also have been running away from the north-bound Japanese guards who were shooting at them—if indeed these particular Chinese were killed *where* we saw them!) One of the Japanese officers then briefly explained what had happened on the night of September 18th. In substance, it was as follows:

A Japanese lieutenant and six men, he stated, were practicing defense exercises along the South Manchuria Railway when they heard the report of a loud explosion coming from a near-by

point to the north. The patrol, which was headed southward toward Mukden at the time, turned back immediately. After running some five or six hundred feet, they came upon the damaged portion of the track. Almost a yard of rail had been completely blown out at a connecting joint between rail sections, and the supporting wooden ties had been well shattered. While they were appraising the damage some half-dozen or so Chinese troops ambushed in the nearby *kaoliang* fields opened fire. The Japanese lieutenant ordered his six men to return the fire. The attacking Chinese then started to run toward their barracks. The Japanese patrol pursued. They managed to kill four or five of the Chinese, whose corpses we presumably had seen, before discovering that they were being fired upon by a body of Chinese they estimated at over three hundred men.

The Japanese lieutenant, fearful of being surrounded by the numerically superior "enemy," ordered one of his men to telephone to Mukden headquarters for reinforcements. A telephone box happened to be close at hand, we were told. He ordered another of his men to report to the commander of a Japanese company some four-fifths of a mile to the north. This company happened to be engaged in defense maneuvers in the vicinity of the Chinese barracks that night too.

At this time the south-bound express train from Changchun was heard approaching. It would surely be wrecked when it reached the damaged section of track, the Lieutenant thought.

One member of our party interrupted here to inquire how the express train happened to be in this vicinity when it was known to have arrived punctually in Mukden at 10:30 P.M., the hour when the explosion took place, according to General Honjo's proclamation and other earlier Japa-

nese reports. (See Honjo's proclamation above.) This inquirer was assured that he was mistaken about the time of the explosion, as it had occurred at ten P.M., at which hour the train was considerably to the north of the damaged section. Our escort then hesitatingly continued with his narrative.

The Lieutenant quickly ordered his men to cease engaging the enemy and to place detonators along the track. The warning came too late or was not heard, for the train proceeded on its way at full speed. When it reached the damaged section it was seen to waver unsteadily to one side and then recover its equilibrium with sufficient rapidity to avoid any derailments. The train did not stop until it arrived in Mukden station on schedule time, 10:30 P.M. (This is a portion of one of the *official* Japanese accounts that has never failed to astonish foreign listeners, particularly those having an elementary knowledge of physics. This same account was later recited to the Lytton Commission by the very Lieutenant who was an eyewitness to the phenomenon. It is on record in the Lytton Report but in no publicly distributed Japanese document of which I have knowledge.)

With the train safely out of the way, the Lieutenant was free to reengage the Chinese. In the meantime, the Japanese company to which he had earlier dispatched a messenger was proceeding southward. Its commanding officer had likewise heard the track explosion and was on his way with his men to investigate when he met the messenger. Shortly afterward additional reinforcements came from Mukden, and later from other points. With only six hundred men at his command, Lieutenant-Colonel Shimamoto ordered an attack on the Chinese barracks, which he estimated were housing ten thousand soldiers at the

time. Under such circumstances, he later declared before the Lytton Commission, "Offense is the best defense." The Chinese offered "stiff resistance," we were told, but by six o'clock the next morning the barracks were completely taken over by the Japanese.

Our inspection party now returned to the private coach which was to take us within closer range of the former Chinese barracks.

Hardly anything remained of the barracks. What had not been destroyed by shell fire had apparently been burned later. Whenever we chanced upon a small pile of used or unused shells, one of the guides would tell how bravely the Japanese soldiers overcame the "stubborn resistance" of the numerically overwhelming Chinese. One member of our party inquired about the casualties. We were told that "a few hundred" Chinese were killed but that no wounded were found at all. The Japanese had lost no men in the skirmishes around the railroad tracks, and had lost only two in taking the barracks. A number of their men had been wounded, however. (In the version given to the Lytton Commission the Japanese declared that the Chinese casualties in this "engagement" were 320 killed and "about 20" wounded; and the Japanese, 2 killed and 22 wounded.) The Japanese also claimed to have captured about 300 Chinese soldiers whom they disarmed and turned loose after making them "swear not to fight against our army."

Another member of our party asked one of the guides to explain why there were so many Chinese killed and none wounded and why the Chinese had made such a poor showing in "attacking" and "resisting" the Japanese. The officer replied that, in his opinion, the Chinese had carried their wounded with them as they fled. Concerning

the failure of the Chinese to make a creditable showing, he referred us to certain mimeographed explanations. One of these rambled to the effect that the Chinese army had not been allowed time to get its equipment ready; that it "did not attempt its contemplated attack"; that "The Chinese soldiers are egoists . . . and they are lacking in courage"; that "Those in command of the Chinese army are dull"; that the Chinese "artillery did not co-operate with the infantry in hostilities started by themselves"; and that "They have reaped a deserved fate as a result of their own laid-out plan in the present hostilities." Another official memorandum, prepared especially for foreign news correspondents by Lieutenant-Colonel Shimamoto, the officer who directed the attack on the Chinese barracks, was at least less muddled and concluded as follows:

How wonderful it is to have won the fight against nearly 10,000 Chinese who supposed to belong to the strongest of the Chinese armies and who were defended by bullet-proof walls and most up-to-date arms, while our battalion consisted only of 25 officers and 674 soldiers! It may be said to have been done by

The Grace of God,
The Glory of the Imperial Throne and by
Divine protection.

It was also due to our men's brave and loyal deeds in face of so strong an enemy, their quick response to orders, their strong individuality, and the darkness which was the gift of nature. Self-possessed action in the darkness, obedience and trust in their officers may be other factors which contributed to a brilliant victory. Auxiliary aids was [*sic*] also furnished by various people.

No one in our party cared to ask further questions; so after a short examination of the barracks, we returned to Mukden.

IV

Once back in Mukden, I was able to learn something of the Chinese version of the affair—but only with diffi-

culty. Those former Chinese officials who had become identified with the Japanese-sponsored "independence" movement were not free agents; and the others either had fled from Manchuria or were in hiding. I met a few of these latter. Their accounts, pieced together with those I later received from Marshal Chang and others in Peiping, were briefly as follows:

The Japanese military had "framed" the whole affair. The Nakamura case was being settled amicably and so it was necessary to manufacture another pretext for a "military solution." Marshal Chang claimed that he had telegraphed special instructions to his men in Mukden to be very cautious in their intercourse with the Japanese. "No matter how they may challenge us, we must be extremely patient and never resort to force, so as to avoid any conflict whatever." (As the Japanese have officially observed, there is no way of determining whether such an instruction in fact was sent, or was observed, if sent.) The Marshal further claimed that his sentries at the barracks carried only dummy rifles. The Japanese, so I was told, had been carrying out practice maneuvers along the South Manchuria Railway near the barracks every night from September 14th to the 18th. And they often fired guns during these practices. As a consequence, the explosion and subsequent shootings on September 18th caused no especial alarm in town.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 18th, the Chinese Chief-of-Staff telephoned to his commanding officer (who was at home some six miles south of Peitaying) that an explosion followed by rifle fire had been heard near the barracks. Shortly afterward the report came that the Japanese had wounded some sentries and were now attacking the barracks. The Chief-of-Staff again telephoned his commander for instructions. The advice was to

offer no resistance. The Chinese claimed that Japanese artillery fire was heard as early as 10:30 P.M. and that shells were falling in the barracks by midnight. Most of the Chinese soldiers were able to make their retreat without fighting, but one of the encircled regiments was obliged to fight its way out. This was the only "resistance" the Chinese offered at the barracks. By the time the Japanese had cleaned out the barracks they had already succeeded in crippling the Chinese wireless and other communication facilities in Mukden (so as to prevent any but their own version of the affair from reaching the outside world first), and were engaged in seizing all of the important centers in southern Manchuria. "Manchoukuo" was then already in the embryonic stage. This briefly was the Chinese version.

In comparing notes with a large number of responsible foreigners who investigated the "incident" at first hand in official or unofficial capacities, I met no one—with the single exception of a Japanese-hired newspaperman—who expressed the opinion that the Japanese ever established that the "incident" occurred. Nor did any of these, to my knowledge, declare that he personally believed that it had occurred, as the Japanese claimed. By the "incident" I here refer to the alleged attack on the Japanese railroad and guards in Manchuria by Chinese soldiers (acting either on *Chinese* instructions or on their own initiative), on the night of September 18, 1931. The reasons for these doubts and disbeliefs were legion. For the most part, however, they arose not because the Chinese evidence contained fewer flaws and contradictions and was more plausibly presented, but rather because the Japanese evidence was intrinsically weak.

First of all, many investigators ques-

tioned that any track had been damaged by anyone. The fact that an explosion had occurred was no proof that the Chinese were responsible for it or that any damage ensued. The Japanese "proof" proved nothing. The scraps of iron and torn ties could have been picked up about any railroad yard or could have been turned out on order. Further, the Japanese neither photographed the damaged track nor permitted neutrals to see it. (The Japanese military took countless photographs of far less important evidence.) Nor did they even preserve for examination the entire sections of damaged rails.

The north-pointing dead Chinese along the railroad proved nothing either. These might even have been "planted" there. The various Japanese-discovered documents purporting to show that the Chinese were planning an attack likewise proved nothing. Furthermore, the various official Japanese versions of the affair were so contradictory that it would be impossible for a rational being to accept all of them.

For example General Honjo's first proclamation (and several of the other Japanese reports) placed the hour of the explosion at 10:30 P.M. At this time, as has been explained, the south-bound express train in question was already in Mukden station. *The train, therefore, would not have had to pass over the damaged section of rail.* However, in their most official version of the "incident"—assuming that the one they repeated to the Lytton Commission was such—the Japanese declared that *the train did pass over the damaged section of rail.*

I shall not trouble to recount the numerous other contradictions found in the official Japanese accounts. On the theory that the "most official" version of the affair was the correct one, most of the investigators whom I inter-

viewed still found it too incredible to believe. For example, they doubted that the heavy, American-type, Japanese express train hurdled—in apparent defiance of gravity—the 31-inch air gap that existed in one of the tracks. Even though the train had accomplished this remarkable feat, they pointed out, it is doubtful whether the engineer would not have brought his train to a halt as soon as he was aware of the track damage. There was much else that likewise seemed incredible. If the Chinese "attacked" and "bitterly resisted" in the initial clashes, as the Japanese claimed, why did the Japanese lose only two lives, as against the hundreds lost by the Chinese? The ratio of dead to wounded Chinese, 300 to "about 20" as reported by the Japanese, also seemed incredible. Furthermore, the Japanese offensive operations followed suspiciously soon after the alleged track explosion. Shortly after an hour following this signal, a large body of Japanese troops were attacking the Chinese barracks. A further reason for discrediting the Japanese claims was that they were denying to the world that they were sponsoring the Chinese "independence movement" in Manchuria when the fact was plainly otherwise.

Practically every foreign investigator whom I interviewed, including many who were admittedly anti-Chinese or pro-Japanese—there is a difference—were of the following opinion: that there was no basis, or such a slight basis, for believing that the Japanese had suffered the specific provocation they claimed at the hands of Chinese soldiers on the night of September 18th, that there was no occasion to inquire whether the Japanese had acted within the rights of "legitimate self-defense." They clearly had not. Nothing which the Chinese may conceivably have done *that night* would

have warranted the extreme measures the Japanese military employed. A number of investigators, however, felt that the fact of the "incident" was not important, since the Japanese had previously been provoked by the Chinese to an extent that would warrant the action taken.

I had occasion to discuss the express train episode with a South Manchuria Railway official who boarded this particular train in Mukden station on September 18th. When I informed him that the Japanese military were telling foreigners that the express train had passed over the damaged section of track unharmed, he declared that either I had misunderstood or that the Japanese officers were mistaken. The train, in his opinion, had passed over the spot in question *before* the explosion. Otherwise persons whom he met on the train would probably have mentioned something about "the bump" and the sound of gunfire—which they did not. Furthermore, he thought that it would have been impossible for such a train to avoid derailment if it had been obliged to pass over the damaged section. When I returned to Manchuria, some time after the Lytton Report was released, I again interviewed the same official and told him that the train story he questioned had been repeated to the Lytton Commission and was on record in the Report. He merely declared smilingly to the effect, "Well, I still don't believe it." Incidentally, in discussing the Lytton Report with other railroad, and Japanese military, officials in Manchuria, not once did any of them seriously challenge the Commission's findings with respect either to the "incident" or to the creation of "Manchoukuo," the two portions of the Report which the Japanese Government has most vociferously and persistently criticized to the outside world.

V

It is doubtful whether the League of Nations has ever appointed an investigating commission which was more competent to perform its task, or enjoyed better facilities for doing so, than was the one headed by Lord Lytton. This commission conducted its study of the Manchurian dispute in the Far East—on the spot—between the months of February and September, 1932, and published its report in Geneva on October 1, 1932.

The Lytton Commission made a detailed investigation of the "incident." It obtained the *most* official accounts from both the Japanese and Chinese governments and compared these with their earlier accounts. It interviewed and held numerous conferences with practically all of the Chinese and Japanese military officials who took part in the initial clashes. It interviewed the Japanese who declared they had repaired the damaged track. The Commissioners consulted newspapermen, military attachés, and consuls who had investigated the "incident." They visited the scene of the alleged explosion and the ex-Chinese barracks, and examined what evidence the Japanese had retained. It would probably have been impossible for them to have conducted a more thorough investigation. And what were the Commission's findings?*

After repeating the respective official versions of the "incident" along somewhat the same lines I have, the Commission expresses the following opinion:

Tense feeling undoubtedly existed between the Japanese and Chinese military forces. The Japanese, as was explained to

* The author would point out that, although he was attached to the Commission and wrote a number of reports used by it, and later published by the League of Nations, he did not assist the Commission in its investigation of the "incident." He would also add that nowhere in this article does he presume to disclose any "inside" information which he may have gathered while working with the Commission.

the Commission in evidence, had a carefully prepared plan to meet the case of possible hostilities between themselves and the Chinese. On the night of September 18th-19th, this plan was put into operation with swiftness and precision. The Chinese . . . had no plan of attacking the Japanese troops, or of endangering the lives or property of Japanese nationals at this particular time or place. They made no concerted or authorised attack on the Japanese forces and were surprised by the Japanese attack and subsequent operations. An explosion undoubtedly occurred on or near the railroad between 10 and 10:30 p.m. on September 18th, but the damage, if any, to the railroad did not in fact prevent the punctual arrival of the south-bound train from Changchun, and was not in itself sufficient to justify military action. The military operations of the Japanese troops during this night, which have been described above, cannot be regarded as measures of legitimate self-defense. In saying this, the Commission does not exclude the hypothesis that the officers on the spot may have thought they were acting in self-defense.

The Commission found that an explosion occurred on the night of September 18th. It did not declare that Chinese were responsible for it or that any damage resulted. The explosion occurred "on or near" the railroad and the damage, "if any," did not prevent "the punctual arrival" of the south-bound train from Changchun. So far as the Lytton Report is committal on the subject, the explosion heard between ten and ten-thirty on the night of September 18th *may* have been the discharge of a giant but harmless fire-cracker "on or near" the Japanese railroad and it *may* have been ignited by the Japanese themselves. One matter that is certain, however, is that the Lytton Commission was frankly not convinced that the "incident" of September 18th, as described by the Japanese, had ever occurred. If additional proof of this is wanting, it can be found in an address which Lord Lytton delivered at Chatham House on October 19, 1932, directly after his return from the Far East to London. (This ad-

dress is reproduced in the November, 1932, issue of *International Affairs*, London.) He stated:

. . . The fourth chapter [of the Report] deals with the events of the 18th and 19th September, 1931. Again I would point out to you that throughout the Report, so far as I am aware, we have never referred to the "Incident" of the 18th of September, and we have not referred to it because in our opinion it is very doubtful whether it ever occurred. We have referred to the events of the 18th September, about which there is no doubt. . . .

The Japanese Government in its official "Observations" on the Lytton Report (Foreign Office, Tokyo, November 21, 1932) has very mischievously suggested that, although the Commission admitted that the Japanese railroad track had been damaged, and presumably by the Chinese, the Commission did not feel that the damage done was sufficient to justify the military action taken. The exact Japanese statement is:

The Commission recognize (p. 71) the fact of the explosion, but they add that the damage done was not itself sufficient to justify military action.

The Japanese Government then feigns great surprise, in its "Observations," that the Commission should have questioned Japan's right to self-defense. It quotes from the Kellogg-Briand Treaty (Pact of Paris) and certain official resolutions and exchanges of notes relating to it, and concludes that ". . . the right to pronounce a decisive opinion on an act of self-defense, falls solely within the sovereign appreciation of the interested state." In other words, only Japan was "legally" competent to decide whether she had acted within the rights of self-defense on the night of September 18th.

This "legal" defense has been accepted by certain writers who, in my opinion, have led themselves astray by

postulating that Japanese property and life in fact were attacked by the Chinese on September 18th. This was never established. Certain writers have likewise assumed that since no definition of "self-defense" is universally acceptable, there is, therefore, no basis for declaring that Japan did not act within the rights of self-defense. I should take issue with these writers, on the score that while it is probably impossible to frame a definition which would automatically "decide" all cases, it is not impossible for a competent and disinterested body of men to decide that the acts of a given government *in a specific instance* cannot conceivably be regarded as constituting legitimate self-defense. And this is precisely what the Lytton Commission decided with respect to Japan's actions in Manchuria on the night of September 18th.

It has been urged by many persons that the September 18th "incident" is after all of no importance. These persons argue that "a conflict was inevitable" and "that if it hadn't been this, it would have been something else."

Others argue that even though the Chinese offered no specific provocation on the night of September 18th, they had previously offered sufficient to warrant Japan's doing what she did. Still others feel that it was Japan's "manifest destiny" to conquer Manchuria. Without attempting to answer such persons directly, I insist that the September 18th "incident" is of great consequence, and *primarily* because Japan *chose* to rest her "legal" defense for her military operations on it. It is extremely unfortunate that she was embarrassed into doing so. Japan had many legitimate grievances against China—as China had against Japan—and conceivably these were capable of being settled by the international peace machinery which both Japan and China helped to construct and support. The Manchurian "incident" of September 18, 1931 must, therefore, go down in history as a reminder, if nothing more, that the civilized world must learn to order its affairs so that military machines may be used, if necessary, to enforce, and not to direct, national policies.



PIRATES OF THE AIR

BY ISABELLE KEATING

RADIO, that precocious baby of big business, is putting on boxing gloves and squaring off for a fight; and the dim figure at the other end of the ring is that scarred and grizzled old veteran, the press.

The fans are not numerous. The show has not been much advertised by either of these two advertising mediums. There has, indeed, been almost a conspiracy of silence. For neither has much stomach for the fight. They have had so many fights of their own of late. Radio, bedeviled by the fact that it operates under government license and is never, therefore, quite master of its own soul; the press, bedeviled by labor unions, editorial guilds, increasing costs, and decreasing revenues; both bedeviled by the threat of Tugwellian legislation which would be a blow in their midriffs so far as advertising revenues go—they have enough to worry about without fighting each other. And yet there they are in the ring, eying each other appraisingly—radio full of confidence and inexperience; the press full of strategy and age.

Oddly enough, it is not advertising revenue they are going to fight over; at least the billboards say it is a principle and not a purse which is at stake. They are coming to blows over the privilege of telling you and me what happened to-day in Tokio and Timbuctoo and New York City; over the right to recount what the President plans to tell Congress and what the

captain of the lightship said to the captain of the liner who sank his craft. They are going to fight, in brief, over the privilege of purveying news.

Until the present, the press has had a monopoly of that privilege—a costly monopoly. It has spent about one and a half million dollars a month in America to get the news to your home and mine while it is news. The press could not spare expense to be first with the news. To have done so would have meant economic death at the hands of competitors. For to purvey stale news is not only insupportable; it is suicidal. You can build the fire with yesterday's newspapers, but you can't even pay for carrying out the ashes with yesterday's news. So the press set up a costly plant in order to be first with the news and developed that plant to a point of mechanical perfection.

Then the radio came along and, with comparatively no plant and but little cost, was able to beat the press into a corner in its own field. It could reach the public with news within a period of seconds after an event took place. It could broadcast an event while the event was going on. It was the hare that broke the tortoise's heart.

It comes perhaps as a surprise to you and me that our attention in this matter of news is of such vast importance. To be sure it is interesting to know that Toledo has had a violent strike; it is edifying, perhaps amusing, to learn what Alice Barrows said to Dr. Wirt.

But is it enough so to cause two industrial giants to walk into the ring each with a little lead in the glove?

Scarcely, on the surface. But this is not a surface conflict. To understand it—and it is important to do so—you must go back and study the functions of the radio and the press. Both are organized to make money, the press no less than the radio. Indeed, if anything, the press must be even more concerned with profits than its adversary, since its plant expenses are greater.

Both make their money by selling advertising. The radio sells time; the press sells space to the advertisers. In order to attract customers for these advertisers both offer something which they hope will be of general interest. Until recently that commodity was, for the press, chiefly news; for the radio, chiefly entertainment. The press served up a little entertainment also in the form of comics and columnists and, of late years, radio comments and programs—all because these things serve to attract human bees to the advertisers' honey.

And then radio began to serve up news; first a little, then more and more. Pioneers in the field were newspaper-owned radio stations which found that news broadcasting stimulated the sales of their papers. Soon independently owned stations were broadcasting news also. Where they got the news was not certain; but the publishers thought they knew. They thought these independent stations were simply getting it from their morning and afternoon papers and from their costly cable and wire services. They were full of fury.

The outrage was the more insupportable because the publishers had let themselves in for it. In its early days they had nurtured radio openheartedly. It was a strange new method of communication and it was news. When a program broadcast from Pitts-

burgh was heard in New York City it was an event which readers wanted to know about.

Publishers strive to give readers what they want. So they published radio news—a great deal of it. Presently, when radio transmission was perfected and regular stations were sending out regular programs, the publishers listed the programs, at no charge to the stations, for their readers' benefit. It was costly and it meant millions of dollars of free advertising for radio; but there was reader interest in the programs, and at first they seemed a justifiable expense.

Then radio (ungrateful dog) found that advertisers were willing to pay for time on the air in order to have the privilege of touting bathroom fixtures and insecticide. Radio began to sell its programs at a profit—in some cases a rich profit. It was not long before the publishers realized that a good many—far too many—of the advertisers were buying radio time with money they formerly spent on newspaper advertising.

If you need figures to confirm these assertions, it is necessary only to refer to the advertising records of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. They show that in 1930, 1931, and 1932 newspaper advertising revenues declined steadily while revenues for radio chains increased steadily. Further, while radio in 1932 still received only one-fourth of the advertising receipts enjoyed by the press, 28 per cent of what it did receive was diverted from newspaper advertising budgets. In 1933 newspaper revenue from advertising continued a sharp decline and radio also dropped back. But in the first quarter of this year, according to National Advertising Records, radio ranged into the foreground again with a 34 per cent increase in its revenues over the same period last year, while newspaper rev-

enues were up only 21.6 per cent.

In the counting rooms of the newspapers these figures were and are no cause for rejoicing. By way of retaliation, some of the publishers attempted at first to omit the radio programs from their pages. Their readers, accustomed by that time to having the programs, shouted to high heaven in protest. The publishers put the programs back. They did, however, decline in a body to include the advertisers' names in their free program listings.

A period of truce ensued, which might have lasted indefinitely, if radio, with the temerity of youth, had not begun to broadcast news. It began giving to its audience, free of charge of course, the one commodity of which the press had hitherto had a monopoly. It began to send news over the ether, attractively furnished by bright young newspapermen.

The public liked these broadcasts—a dash of news served up with several minutes of background material which made it significant. There was every reason, psychologically and economically, why it should.

In the first place the news cost the customer nothing but the effort of switching on the radio button. In the second place it was presented in a manner which, by design or not, is the most compelling method, next to actual dramatization, of reaching the consciousness of any human being—that is, by ear. It is a psychological truth that the ear is the lazy man's way of learning; the eye, the intelligent man's instrument. That is why gossip spreads faster than the printed word; it is why radio, for better or worse, has become the powerful influence that it is in America to-day. Thus when the news broadcasters wanted to reach the ears of their listeners they invoked a medium which psychologically will always take precedence over any appeal

the publishers can muster on the printed page.

Further, in presenting a little news and a good deal of background the news broadcasters were again on sound psychological ground; for the average person absorbs the new only in relation to the old. Thus the news broadcasters presently became twentieth-century raconteurs, ranging over the world to bring back a good story to the fireside. When they told a story they *made it a good one*.

That is an important fact to remember in connection with the news-strangulation program which was finally imposed upon radio by the press—of which more later.

Whether they realized the psychological advantage the broadcasters had over them or not, the publishers resented the increasing number of news broadcasts, and ultimately called for a showdown.

II

The Associated Press was the first to call for swords and seconds, the latter in the form of court officials. A national, co-operative news-gathering agency maintained at considerable expense by some twelve hundred member newspapers, for the exchange of news stories, the Associated Press was irked by a radio station in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, which customarily broadcast its news bulletins as soon as they appeared in the local paper. It brought suit in the United States District Court against the station and won an injunction. There could be no monopoly on news, said the court, but an organization such as the A. P. had property rights in the news it had gathered, invasion of which amounted to theft.

Publishers hailed the decision as a famous victory. It developed, however, into a somewhat empty one. Radio stations continued to broadcast

news and, what was worse, they sold their news-broadcasting programs to advertisers, thus making an avowed profit out of the one commodity which publishers proudly proclaimed they themselves would not sell. As before, the source of radio news was suspect, although there was no doubt in the publishers' minds where the news was coming from. Indeed, the United Press, privately owned competitor of the Associated Press, openly sold its news service to such stations as wished to buy it; while Hearst, gradually buying up a string of radio stations across the country, was meeting the broadcasters' challenge on their own ground by broadcasting news from his papers, thereby supplementing and advertising them.

There is no doubt, however, but that countless radio stations were simply helping themselves to the news in the morning and afternoon papers, regardless of its source. After all, as H. V. Kaltenborn, veteran of both the press and radio, has pointed out, if the radio stations rephrased a dispatch before they broadcast it they could keep fairly clear of the law.

"Where there is no possibility of tracing the source there can be no suit," he observed last spring in discussing the controversy.

The publishers publicly ignored the crux of radio's challenge, which was acutely pecuniary, and said they were opposed to news broadcasting because it "made for a superficiality of thought which was detrimental to the best interests of a democracy."

Privately, however, they asked why they, who had for years printed radio's programs free of charge, thus giving radio millions of dollars' worth of free advertising, should also in effect put their twenty-million-dollar-a-year news-gathering machine at the disposal of the broadcasters; why they should maintain an elaborate set-up to

get the news first only to have it robbed of its compelling first interest by pirates of the air; why, in brief, they should play into the hands of their most serious competitors.

Their righteous indignation was ably abetted by *Editor and Publisher*, the newspaper trade journal, which editorially decried radio's invasion of the news field on the ground that:

1. Radio broadcasting in this country is not a free institution—it is a government licensed instrument which is susceptible to dictation by any administration that wishes to use radio to serve partisan or special ends.

2. Radio cannot supply a news service to the public equal to that of the newspaper, owing to the physical limitations of the radio medium. The best it can do in routine reporting, is to put a smattering of news on the air, thus distracting interest from the legitimate newspaper news service and creating confused, incomplete public thought and intensified ignorance on public matters.

3. Radio's primary news objective is not public interest but the profitable sale of advertising to sponsors of its alleged news service.

4. Meager reporting of routine news events does not contribute to public convenience and is against public policy in a democracy.

Without going into an analysis of these arguments, it is sufficient here to point out that, while some of them are simply wishful thinking, others are a denial, deliberate or otherwise, of demonstrated facts. There can be no question but that radio can and has put a good deal more than a "smattering" of news on the air; and as for the argument that radio's news is "against public policy"—well, there is always a section of the public which thinks a large section of the press is devoted to tactics against public policy; and I daresay one could make out as good a case against the latter as the former on that count.

In any event, while the press was hoarsely protesting radio's encroach-

ment in terms of impeccable idealism, radio was calmly extending its news-gathering facilities and services.

By September of last year the Columbia Broadcasting System, the largest network in the country, had determined to set up an international news-gathering machine which could operate entirely independent of both the newspapers and such press agencies as the Associated and United Press.

Columbia did a thorough job. It established bureaus in New York, Washington, Los Angeles, Chicago, London, and Paris. It made contacts with correspondents in most of the towns of more than 10,000 population throughout this country, and it had news contacts in a number of foreign capitals. Its full-time personnel probably did not exceed 25 persons, but in addition there were from 800 to 1,000 correspondents who were paid by the story. And it had also access to World Wide Cable News, Central News, and the Dow Jones service—press associations which were less particular than some of their big brothers about those to whom they sold their news.

Most of the full-time men associated with the service were newspapermen of long experience and high reputation who knew how to gather and how to present news. They realized also that to reach the ear of the radio audience they had to present their news in a style different from journalese; and gradually they developed a radio technic which, while it abjured the pyrotechnic superlatives of the McNamees, was at the same time vivid and entertaining and compelling.

Within six months approximately sixty stations on Columbia's network, stretching from coast to coast, were taking the program, and many of them were shifting commercial money-making programs in order to get it.

The public was taking to radio news by the tens of thousands. Finally the harried press united to meet this all too palpable menace.

III

Through the radio committee of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the press threatened to drop all radio programs from the news columns and to publish them only as advertisements.

That was a vicious club to shake at radio, and one which radio has long feared, but it had spikes on both sides. In the first place, the listings of radio programs, thanks in large measure to the space given them by newspapers for many years, command a great amount of reader interest. Readers protested vociferously in those isolated instances when they had been outlawed. And, because of the reader interest in the programs there are numbers of other publications besides the daily press which would be only too glad to publish them. Chief among these are the shopping newspapers, the most obnoxious gadflies in the publishing business, which are circulated free among housewives and which have no other recommendation than that they carry advertising which publishers consider belongs in the newspaper columns. Weekly publications also would be glad enough to publish the radio listings if the daily press omitted them. Taken altogether, omission of the listings did not constitute a lethal weapon for the publishers, but it was a potent one.

The publishers, however, had another and stronger club—a political one. They did not talk or print much about it, but radio could scarcely mistake their threats. To understand it, it is necessary to remember that radio stations operate on government suffrage. They are granted licenses by

the Federal Radio Commission for which they must reapply every six months. Under the law they are permitted to hold them only so long as they serve "public interest, convenience, and necessity." A competitor may challenge a station's methods of serving those ends, and the burden of proof rests on the licensee.

Publicly, then, the press could and did challenge radio's methods of serving public "interest, convenience, and necessity," particularly in the matter of news. Privately, its representatives inquired, in quarters where radio's representatives could not fail to hear, whether there might not have been some irregular allocation of wave bands from time to time; whether radio was not in fact subservient to the reigning political party because of its governmental license; whether, as a result, it was not unqualified to purvey disinterested news—questions which could not but trouble the broadcasters and the Federal Radio Commission.

It surprised no one, therefore, as these questions were raised in strategic quarters, that the publishers were presently able to announce that the representatives of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System had "made an urgent appeal to the representatives of the Publishers National Radio Committee to meet with them for the purpose of discussing 'the long standing dispute between the broadcasters and the newspapers.'"

Radio had run up the white flag. Graciously the press consented to a peace parley to which radio came, hat in hand. What emerged from the deliberations was a metaphorical Versailles Treaty which by inference, placed the war guilt on the broadcasters, disarmed them, and sought to make them pay—in brief, almost unconditional surrender for the radio.

Nor was the surrender a fortuitous accident for the publishers. They possessed a strategic advantage before they even went into the conferences—a united front. The broadcasters were divided. NBC, with no news-gathering organization in the first place, had a great deal to lose and nothing to gain by bearding the press. It went, therefore, ready to sue for peace at any price. Columbia, on the other hand, with its news programs becoming more popular daily, was of a mind to fight, but it could not hold the field alone. If it had tried to do so the publishers were ready to publish NBC's programs and omit Columbia's—a discrimination in favor of NBC and its advertisers which would have cost Columbia millions of dollars in lost revenue. Columbia had no choice but to capitulate.

The interests of the public were taken into consideration at the conference only incidentally, to judge from the program which emerged. While it was recognized that the public had developed an appetite for radio news which would have to be placated, the conferees met that problem by agreeing to broadcast a little stale news daily with the injunction, voiced after each broadcast, to "read your local paper for full accounts." They persuaded Columbia to abandon its entire news-gathering organization. In its place they set up first one and later two official Press-Radio bureaus whose task it was to prepare news broadcasts from the reports of the Associated Press, the United Press, and International News Service, the country's three largest news-gathering agencies, and send them out to such radio stations as would subscribe.

Under the terms of the agreement, the Press-Radio reports could be bought by any radio station willing to pay the telegraph tolls and its pro rata share of the maintenance ex-

penses of the bureau; but the reports could not be broadcast until eight to ten hours after the morning and afternoon newspapers were on the streets, and under no circumstances could they be sold as commercial programs to advertisers. In other words, if radio wanted to broadcast news it had to do so at a dead loss to itself, and to take the news in such a form that its hearers would be constrained to return to their newspapers to find out what was really going on in the world.

And, under the regulations set up for the Press-Radio bureaus, the news bulletins were limited to thirty words each and background material was eliminated. That meant a handicap for radio's popular raconteurs and an inevitable psychological check on public interest in radio news.

Announcement of the press-radio pact created an under-cover furor. Senator Clarence C. Dill, author of the communications bill in Washington, bluntly called it "news suppression." Herbert Moore, one of the key men in Columbia's abandoned news-gathering organization, called it a conspiracy to restrict news. H. V. Kaltenborn, veteran of both the press and the radio, said in a radio broadcast on the day the agreement went into effect (March 1st of this year), "The only saving grace of this agreement is that it will not work." Marlen Pew, on the other hand, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, greeted the agreement with a rhapsodic Christmas editorial carrying at the top of the page (it may have been coincidence) "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace and good will toward men."

"Here," he wrote happily, "was a sensible bunch of men who did not need to be dragooned by some dictator into doing right."

E. H. Harris, chairman of the pub-

lishers' radio committee, apparently did not discover any such uprush of rightmindedness on the part of radio, however. "The newspapers," he reminded radio, "are a unit organized to see that their property rights in news are rigidly protected. There will be no vacillating attitude toward any radio station which does not co-operate with the plan of the Publishers National Radio Committee."

Meanwhile the publishers as a body dropped all discussion of the omission of radio program listings, leaving the issue to individual newspaper owners who, now that news broadcasting was, as they thought, bridled, found that they would be able to carry the programs after all.

There must have been a few publishers with honest doubts about the efficacy of the pact which, in effect, slowed down news-broadcasting to less than the speed of the press. There must have been some who, remembering the historic conflicts between sail and steam, kerosene and electricity, railroads and buses, must have recognized that the pact defied history. But if there were any, they were inarticulate. The pact was endorsed by the publishers' convention without a dissenting vote.

Yet even while it was being approved, opposition to it was piling up. There was, of course, no coercive force involved. Columbia and NBC subscribed to it, as we have seen; but they could not order their affiliates to subscribe. Many of their stations ignored the pact entirely. And there are about 500 independent radio stations in this country not affiliated with the two large chains and in no way bound by the radio-press pact. They also ignored it by the hundreds.

In the meantime, radio news services, organized by constitutional dissenters, by the suddenly unemployed members of Columbia's scrapped news

service, or by business men who saw profits ahead, sprang up throughout the country in competition with the official Press-Radio service.

IV

As this is being written, three months after the press-radio pact was put into effect, four such competitive services are operating on what they claim to be an international scale, and in addition there are a number of strong sectional news organizations, and any number of local ones.

It is claimed that, whereas there are about 170 radio stations subscribing to the expurgated bulletins sent out from the official bureaus in New York and Los Angeles, there are some 200 subscribing to the services of rival radio-news agencies. They claim, altogether, a news-gathering organization of 10,000 men, an investment of \$250,000, and unlimited capital backing if need be.

The largest of these rival news service organizations is Trans-Radio Press Service, organized by Herbert Moore, an experienced newspaper man and, until the formulation of the press-radio pact, editor of Columbia's news service. Trans-Radio claims an organization of 7000 men throughout the world. It sends out to its radio-station subscribers approximately 30,000 words a day, including both news and background material, attractively, sometimes vividly, written. It furnishes them with as much news as the press associations used to furnish before the press-radio pact, with the additional advantage over the Press-Radio reports that it is written for radio, not newsprint.

As an illustration: At the time of the Chicago fire last May the official Press-Radio bureau sent out a special but brief bulletin which its subscribers were permitted to broadcast either

on receipt or with the regular news broadcast for the day. It read in part: "A disastrous fire was raging in Chicago's stockyards to-night. All available apparatus was summoned by a general alarm. Three firemen are reported killed. Two bank buildings, the Drovers National Bank and the Live Stock National, with large funds in their vaults are destroyed."

Compare this with the beginning of Trans-Radio's vivid, present-tense picture of the fire, which its subscribers could (and many of them did) broadcast on receipt:

Chicago, Ill. Lurid tongues of flame visible for hundreds of miles stabbed the night here as a raging inferno sweeps southwestward through Chicago's stockyards, greatest in the world.

Thousands of persons are streaming from the old tenement houses of Chicago's south side carrying their belongings with them in a frantic exodus from the fire area as a southwest wind sweeps the flames on through miles of the stockyards toward the center of Chicago.

Thousands of firemen from every section of the city, reinforced by other companies from Chicago's suburbs and nearby Illinois towns are fighting desperately to check the blaze that threatens the entire city.

The odor of burning meat permeates the atmosphere. Smoke hangs like a black fog over the city.

Which broadcast would have held your attention?

Supplementing the national and international news-gathering agencies such as Trans-Radio, are sectional agencies such as the Yankee News Service in New England, and local news services in a score or more of cities. These services operate on varied bases but they have two aims in common: first, the compilation of a news service which can be sold to advertisers, as the Press-Radio service cannot, and second, and more or less incidentally, the nullification of the press-radio pact.

Thus even though the number of

stations subscribing to the Press-Radio service has increased since its establishment, the opposition confidently predicts that the agreement will be a dead letter by the first of September.

The recalcitrant elements are increasing faster than the conformers.

If the recalcitrants' predictions are correct, what then?

Will there be open pirating of news as there was before the pact? Will the press pick up the club it laid aside last fall and really ban the radio program listings from its columns except as paid advertising matter? Will the press seek to force radio to an even more stringent agreement, or will it let radio go its own way? Will the lion and—shall we say—the tiger lie down together in harmony?

The air is full of predictions for the future "when the press-radio pact is voided."

V

Before going into these predictions, however, it will be useful to see what has happened in Europe in connection with news broadcasting—useful because both the radio and the press have their eyes on Europe for precedent.

For the most part, Europe has met this and all of radio's problems with government ownership or control. And sometimes when the American publishers become tried beyond endurance with radio's impudence they look a little benignly on government control—of radio. Their radio committee's report in 1933 set forth that "What has been done in foreign countries (through government ownership of radio) does lend material for serious thought and consideration when publishers come to understand that the only definite way in which to control the broadcasting of news is through government ownership in co-

operation with the newspapers or by strict governmental regulation on the point of what can and what cannot be broadcast."

To a certain degree, opponents of the present arrangement also look upon the government control of radio, as exemplified in Great Britain at least, as preferable to what we have.

Great Britain, through the British Broadcasting Corporation, broadcasts news twice daily, paying \$125,000 a year to British press associations for the privilege of using their reports. The broadcasts are put on the air at 6 P.M. for the first time (or about three hours before the Press-Radio bulletins may be broadcast in this country) and again at 9 P.M. The first broadcast covers news in the afternoon papers. The second covers news which will be featured in the next day's morning papers. In addition, personalities in the day's news give supplemental talks, and there is an increasing tendency toward broadcasting many news events such as sports, banquets, meetings of various sorts, on the spot. The broadcasts, instead of being limited to a certain number of words and minutes, may run as long as the news justifies.

Of this British method of news broadcasting, H. V. Kaltenborn says, "It deals much more generously with the listening public than the agreement reached in this country. It not only provides three times as much news but it sends it out while the news is fresh."

Germany has proscribed the broadcasting of news entirely, on the theory that the radio is for propaganda only. Austria also prohibits news broadcasts. France, with both publicly and privately owned radio companies, receives certain news on the air but not yet enough to precipitate an incident between the radio and the press.

It would seem, therefore, that Brit-

ain has reached the most satisfactory solution; but even its solution would leave something to be desired in this news-hungry country.

How then will the conflict be worked out here? Not peaceably, certainly. As this is being written the press is growing more irritated each day over radio's heady conviction that it can gather and broadcast news. Publishers are beginning to talk again of Washington investigation and regulation. Doubtless they will begin to talk soon also of banning radio programs from their news columns.

In point of fact they should. The radio has no more business getting its programs listed free of charge than the movies or theater would have—even less, since the radio is a competitor of the press. If, as the radio stations contend, they cannot afford paid advertising, they should scarcely expect the press to bolster their own unsound economic structure.

But the warfare will not end there. The press will rant over the "inaccuracy" of radio reporting; the impossibility of radio's functioning "in the public interest" when it begins to broadcast news; the physical incapability of radio to do the newspaper's job.

It will point with pride to its traditions of freedom and its long fight for it as compared with the licensed radio; it will imply that accuracy is inherent only in the printed word; that adequacy in the matter of news reports can be attained only in an eight-column newspaper; that the men who do radio's reporting, regardless of their training, are transformed by some mysterious alchemy of the ether into invidious purveyors of misinformation the moment they face a microphone. It will marshal arguments implicit with the conviction, if not the state-

ment, that God handed down all news rights to Gutenberg and his professional progeny, the publishers, and let him who dares disbelieve beware.

Radio in the meantime will probably continue extending its news-broadcasting services, and when it is halted by the press—as it has been in a number of ways already—it will appeal to its listeners directly for support—and get it. And when economic conditions are ripe it will play its ace-in-the-hole, television, and the fight will be over. For with television the newspaper as it is at present constituted cannot compete. By means of it radio will be able to send not only news bulletins but news reels of the events described in those bulletins into our homes; it will be able to show us animated advertisements of goods on sale at the neighboring department store and in the neighboring town. It will be able to perform most of the functions of the newspapers in a form which has been demonstrated to be more appealing to the American public than the printed page.

When that time comes those newspapers which have had funds and foresight enough to acquire radio stations will remain solvent by using their papers to supplement their radio programs, as they now use the radio to supplement their news columns. The others—well, the experience of the weekly papers when dailies entered the field may be an index to the fate of the others. Some of the weeklies turned to interpretative material and continued to exist. Others belong to the ages.

Unterrified leaders of both radio and the press view the trend toward this development as irresistible and inevitable, because radio is inherently the fastest, the most direct, and the most vivid means of communication.



OZYMANDIAS

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

THERE'S a member of our club called Malken, who has made a good deal of money somehow, and I imagine that those of us who were in the club on the afternoon I tell of didn't seem as though we knew it. At any rate he suddenly asked one of us, "When one gives a dinner party, how many saltcellars ought one to have on the table?"

Of course the question came, "How many diners?" And he was able to answer, "Eighteen."

It was a harmless little piece of ostentation, and the member whom he addressed was about to answer, when Jorkens, as widely awake as I have seen him just after lunch, broke in, though he had not been asked, with a keenly judicial air. "In any of the minuter matters of the etiquette of the table," said Jorkens, "I think I can always give you the right answer. The number is not obligatory, not being rigidly fixed, but determined solely by convenience. At a dinner party of eighteen . . ." But we interrupted Jorkens. "Etiquette?" we said. For we looked on Jorkens as a rough and ready old traveler who had dined more off packing cases than at tables that held eighteen.

"I knew a man once," Jorkens said, "that was a slave to etiquette. He was addicted to it. And in the end it did him no good. It's curious what things men will take to. It was a curious story altogether."

And so the matter of the eighteen diners was altogether forgotten, and we heard Jorkens' story instead.

"He was a man called Pursker, married, and two sons and a daughter, all grown up, at any rate so they said; but I think you could have called only John and Alice grown up, the eldest and the youngest of the family. Pursker was very well off indeed and had a very nice house in Surrey, when first you looked at it; everything in it was nice, at first sight; but after a while you began to see that it was a kind of dreadful temple to The Thing That Was Done, and that the dining-room table was nothing more than an altar to the things that the Best People did. I came to see a good deal of Pursker at one time, and that's how I got to know such an awful lot about etiquette. You might think that it was trivial and didn't matter much. But the long and the short of it was it mattered so much that there was nothing whatever that Pursker could do if he happened to want something. He might for instance one day want a bit of bread and cheese after a hard game of tennis, but he no more dared have it than he dared break into a bank. He might like to have dinner at seven and to go to bed early, but the best people dined at 8.30. He might like to have beer for dinner; he might like on a hot summer's day to sit in his shirt-sleeves; he might like to put on slip-

pers in the evening, he might like to smoke a pipe; but he dared do none of these things, and, if he had, his family wouldn't have let him.

"There were very few things that Pursker was likely to wish for naturally that it was right for Pursker to do by that code; or for any of them—but especially Pursker. Especially Pursker, because there was something back in the past that he was hiding; one soon came to see that. Pursker was carrying some weight that none of the rest was carrying. You saw that by the way he steered the conversation. If a family has a skeleton in a cupboard, that family would be apt to discourage guests from wandering down one passage. In the same way Pursker would always discourage me if I ever approached the past. I don't say his wife wouldn't help him to steer conversation away, but I thought that she didn't know what the skeleton was. So, evidently, it was hidden a long way back. The eldest boy, about twenty-two, seemed human, and especially the girl Alice, about nineteen, but the second boy, Sam, was rabid for their etiquette and all that.

"I got to know Pursker through talking about my travels, as you may perhaps have heard me do at one time or another. That was another curious thing about him, he loved to hear of my past (and of places that I had been to), though he would never speak of his own. Aden was one place that he would always light up at, and Port Said another; and he would want to hear more of them; but if one asked had he been there, the most he would say would be that he had read of them. Why he entertained so much as he did, if he wanted to be so secretive, I could never understand; but we are going in a circle now, the etiquette was necessary somehow to cover up that old skeleton, and the etiquette made them entertain.

"I don't want you to think his family exactly bullied him: they certainly drove him all they could to build up the cupboard and strengthen it, but they lent willing hands of their own, and he was the only one that knew what was in the cupboard.

"I often went to his house: I lived not far off in those days. I'll tell you what happened one autumnal day when they were giving a large dinner party. I wasn't dining with them but I'd been to tea, and I stayed late in the hope that I might be able to help, and at the risk of butting in, because there was something strange in the air. I liked the old fellow and I wanted to help him, and the strangeness gradually took shape till it seemed to amount to this: all the family felt they must give a dinner party except Sam, who felt that the danger of doing so just then was far too menacing, and was reproaching his father for giving one anywhere near that date; and his fears had spread to the others. Of what his fears were I had no idea for an hour, nor at any time, until they were suddenly certainties. After long talk, and allusions utterly veiled from me, mainly about the time of year and all the leaves turning, Sam went away to the smoking room. Thither I followed him and noticed him looking frequently out of the window, not only at the wide landscape of goldening elms, but far more particularly along the drive, wherever unsheltered parts of it were visible from that room: the drive was pretty thickly lined with yews and not many patches were visible. And so he searched and searched, till his face went suddenly gray, and I saw that his fears, whatever they were, were true.

"We had been speaking seldom, and now he wouldn't say a word at all. I would have got him to drink a whiskey with me only I knew their damned rules too well: the right thing to drink

before dinner was a sherry; so sherries it had to be. And when they came I made him drink mine as well; and somehow or other I managed to get a third one into him, and then he talked. And this was what it was all about.

"His father knew two men that were not the best people, in fact they were common seamen; and these two old fellows, grimy and dressed in the ordinary clothes of their calling, with a huge sea-chest that they always carried between them, would come to the house once a year, and always about the day when the leaves were just turning. When they came they stayed to dine and then to sleep, and would not be put off and must have some hold on his father. What it was he daren't guess. He told me about it now because I was bound to see them. He had repeatedly warned his father and mother that they were likely to come about now, but they had thought they would come later and had gone blindly on with the getting up of their dinner party; and when the leaves were actually turning they had said it was too late to cancel it, and that the risk was not so great as Sam made out. There were twenty people coming to dinner, and these two men would sit down amongst them all, and his father daren't stop them. What could be done?

"And as he said this I saw the two men coming up the drive. They weren't carrying their old sea-chest; one was dragging it by a rope and the other was pushing. For a moment I had had a suggestion hovering upon my lips that they should be put into evening dress. The moment I saw them I knew it was quite impossible. For another fraction of time I wondered if they could possibly be explained as being on their way to a fancy dress ball. But it was quite out of the question; they were too obviously just what they were. So ob-

viously that I gave up thinking. There are people whom explanations can sweep away, but neither of these was of that kind. A man with a short black fringe of whiskers all round his face was pulling the old chest raking up the gravel, and a man with a stumpy beard of yellowy red was pushing it from behind. Both had their faces so salted with years of spray that the grit and black oil of engines deep in the seams of them looked as though no number of baths would ever move them now. I gave up thinking because I had no help to offer, and not because I had gone over to the enemy, though I must say that at first sight of the old fellows approaching that custom-ridden house they seemed to be coming like a breeze from the sea into a room whose windows had been shut all through the summer. But to Sam you could see they were more like some fatal draught blowing in on an orchid. And when he saw that I had no help to give him he suddenly came to some sort of a resolution, for his terrified face tautened and, with nothing said that one could clearly hear, he strode out of the room.

"What he did I heard afterward. How much the three sherries had helped him I don't know. But he went to his elder brother and put it to him that this blackmail must stop now; that, whatever their father had done and whatever publicity these two sailors might make if thrown out, nothing they could do would be worse than the impending exposure at a dinner party to twenty people, and pretty well the pick of the neighborhood too; for he called it an exposure to have these hangers-on of their father sitting down at that table with them in the sight of all those guests. Etiquette and all that had never sunk quite so deeply into John as it had into Sam and he was for protecting his father's secret, whatever it was, and not

angering the two seafarers, and letting them eat with all the rest if they wanted to, and as they certainly would; but all his arguments were swept away before Sam's indignation, and perhaps by the three sherries. Alice was in the room too, and young Boleby—I haven't told you about him. Young Boleby had with a good deal of difficulty got an invitation to that dinner for twenty, and had come an hour too early. You may guess why he came so early. Engaged? No, he wasn't engaged: that was the trouble. He was a farmer, and probably well enough off to have given it up, but he loved farming and everything about it: the sounds of it, even the smells of it, and the feel of the weather that blessed it or threatened it, blowing over the fields that he knew, till they turned mysterious at evening. And a farmer wasn't quite good enough for Alice, and he wouldn't work at anything else. So that was the trouble, all made of course by their etiquette, like all their other troubles. He was for letting the seafarers stop to dinner; but, as he had barely got there himself, you may imaginé that his opinion had not much weight, Sam thinking that he had shown a good deal of forbearance in letting him express it at all. If they had been allowed to vote it would have been three to one against doing what Sam did, but Sam got his way. I could see that, as I came into the room; their conference was just at an end and I could see that Sam had won. If those sherries I had administered had had anything to do with it I am sorry. Well, almost on my heels, in walked the two old fellows. They had left their great chest in the hall or outside the house. They were called Bill and Joe. I got that from the few and brief remarks that the family made to them, and gathered then that Sam and the rest did not know what their surnames were, or they

would have used them in all formality.

"'Why—there be Miss Alice,' said Bill as he entered the room. 'Grown. Ain't she?' he said to Joe.

"'Like a scarlet runner,' Joe answered.

"'And Master John,' said Bill.

"'And Master Sam,' said Joe quickly, under the frightfully mistaken notion that Sam would be hurt at not being greeted as soon as his brother.

"'And the old un?' said Bill turning to Sam.

"Something in the frigidity of Sam's answer showed Bill that Sam didn't like his father being inquired for in that way.

"'Not old to us of course,' Bill added; 'but we're all old to you young folk.'

"'Like Methuselah,' put in Joe.

"I tried to laugh at Joe's pleasantry, as nobody else did. You ought to laugh at jokes that aren't funny; the others can look after themselves. But I couldn't do it. The damp chill of the welcome of the old seamen was too much for a laugh to live in.

"And then Alice introduced to them young Ned Boleby. Bill turned to Joe and winked. Of course I could see these people's difficulty in setting the two men down to eat at a party that they had made up their minds must be as smart as a reverence for smartness, and plenty of money, could make it. There were certainly difficulties in the situation.

"Then in walked Pursker with his old gray mustache. I can see him still, against the background of his family's disapproval, like a ghost in the damp. He was obviously glad to see Bill and Joe again, as they were to see him, but he clearly could not deal with the situation.

"And then Alice and her young man and John closed in on old Pursker and me, while Sam with the kind of

suggestions that unskilled playwrights use when they want to get one of their characters off the stage, got Bill and Joe out of the room and followed them.

"The earliest guests arriving must have met those men in the drive, but it is one thing to see that class of man in the grounds of a nice house, and quite another to see them sitting beside you at dinner. And those two never came in. I had heard the grunt of their old sea-chest going grumbling away down the drive, as I prepared to leave myself, but nobody seems to have heard it in the drawing-room. Pursker and Mrs. Pursker wore a look on their faces such as you see on the faces of rabbits down in a burrow when a ferret is loose outside. No, I forgot; you've not had the opportunity of being there; but you know what I mean. Sam, I suppose, wore a look of quiet satisfaction, probably all through dinner, but nobody knew quite what had happened, and he hadn't had time to tell before the guests began to arrive.

"I wasn't at the dinner. I gathered that the uneasiness weighing down upon host and hostess affected the whole party, which is odd when you think that they must all have been feeling a fear of which their reason said never a word. But there it was. After the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, but I think before the men joined them, Sam found some opportunity to get his father out of the room (I don't know how he managed it) to tell him the news that he could keep to himself no longer, the news that by an extraordinarily clever document that he had drawn up himself and persuaded the two men to sign, all avenues to blackmail were closed and the seamen were gone forever. He seems to have waited for his father to praise him, and he waited a long time, while the old man never spoke.

"At last he said, 'Gone!'

"And Sam said, 'Gone, all right.'

"And after a while old Pursker began to speak.

"'Do you know that it takes ten thousand a year to run this place as we run it?'

"'Well, you've got it, haven't you?' said Sam.

"'I had it last year. And for many years,' answered Pursker. 'Do you know how it comes?'

"'From the Bank, I suppose,' Sam answered.

"'No,' said Pursker.

"'Well, tell me,' said Sam.

"'In that box.'

"'In that box?'

"'Yes, that box that they always bring with them.'

"'That old sea-chest?' said Sam.

"'It's full of gold pieces,' said his father, 'Full to the brim. As large round,' and he very nearly sobbed as he said it, 'as large round as oyster-shells.'

"And then they talked over details for a bit, such as that the two seafarers had no known address, but came and went like the swallows. That was the old man's contribution to the discussion, while the young man had to contribute as his share the certainty that the two old fellows would never come again. He had made about as sure of that as any man can make sure of anything, and had been taking credit for the thoroughness of his foresight for about an hour and a half. A little while after that, when the guests were gone, there had been a family conclave, and the skeleton walked out of the cupboard; and within a week or so the cupboard collapsed after it. I mean all the ceremonious pomposity, the fashion and all the rest of it, that had concealed the skeleton disappeared when it rattled its bones for the first time before the eyes of Mrs. Pursker and her three children. And the skeleton was simply this: Jim Pursker Esquire had once been a common sea-

man. He had not only been a friend and contemporary of Bill and Joe, but a colleague and a collaborator.

"I don't think Mrs. Pursker had realized it at first. As far as I can make out, she did not in the least understand until Mr. Pursker uttered one remark that made the whole thing ruthlessly clear, and she saw the situation with one shock all in a moment. 'I used to chew tobacco,' he said.

"In the silence that followed that he had explained how he saved up his money, while others spent theirs on drink, till he had five hundred pounds; and how Bill and Joe and another man had a tale of buried treasure, and used to whisper and plan about it, and it was the guiding star of their lives. And it was true: it was there. Of course they wouldn't say where. They couldn't; they were bound by oath. And Pursker had believed in them and backed them with all his money, and got a fourth share of it, until Jack Smith had died and then he had a third. Bill and Joe used to bring away as much as two men could manage, without letting any other man into it, on mules once a year. And ten thousand pounds' worth of these great Spanish gold pieces was Pursker's share. Now it was gone."

"And had he nothing invested?" said Malken.

"Hardly anything," Jorkens replied. "The buried treasure was his investment. He knew there was plenty of it, and it was all arranged that when Bill or Joe died he should come into his share too. I forget which. One of them had dependents of his own and the other hadn't. Anyhow Pursker felt he was well provided for."

Malken snorted at that sort of financial method, and Jorkens continued, "And they'd a curious arrangement that I'll tell you about later, whereby Jack Smith had had one clue as to where the place was, and old Pursker

another, while Bill and Joe had written out a third clue, of little value in itself and meaning nothing to anyone that might steal it, only of value to the rightful heir; that is to say to the man that had the other two clues. As a matter of fact this clue of Bill and Joe was never found by anyone."

"More sense in that," said Malken. "That's like three men having each a key to a safe, that will only unlock with all three."

"Exactly," said Jorkens. "The first clue Pursker remembered, but seemed to have little use for. It was lying about the house somewhere, like one of those keys of old boxes one never uses. The second had to be sought for; and the third, which there was no finding, had to be hammered out afresh by human wits. But they had no thought of clues for the next two weeks. I often went to see them: it was the least I could do after all the times that they'd entertained me, and I thought I might be some use. But I couldn't be. The whole house was like a camp in a dust-storm. Everything upside down and, in addition to that, every one of them in the other's way and all tumbling over boxes and drifting pieces of furniture. It was a mournful sight. There's a time to sell and a way of selling nice furniture and good pictures, and there's a way of selling houses too. They sold at the wrong time and in the wrong way. They got only twenty-five thousand for everything, including their bit of land. Five per cent went to the auctioneer, and Pursker owed a few thousand, as he well might, expecting his dividend of ten thousand when he did. Then there were taxes. He barely invested eighteen thousand, at four per cent, which was all you could get in those days without speculation. With taxes again, that brought him little more than six hundred a year. He may have had two hundred a year more

from the few investments he'd made, but that all went in pensions and other commitments to his workmen and various dependents. I think he gave fifty pounds a year each to the boys, a hundred a year to his wife, for herself and Alice, and four hundred a year was all he had left to keep him for the rest of his life. On this they took a house somewhere in Sydenham; I needn't say it was small.

"It was not till they settled into their dingy house that I could get them to listen to any advice from me—they were too busy falling with their shattered fortunes. But when they'd been there a few days I came and advised them. Well, I'll admit that my theories all turned out to be wrong, so that the advice I gave may not in a way have been valuable. But I often think that when someone's advising a family it stimulates their own wits, and at any rate they like to think that somebody's taking trouble about them. And that's the way it affected the Purskers. Or perhaps I should say Ned Boleby, for the Purskers' wits seemed still to remain numb after weeks. It was Ned who began to have theories to set against mine. I like to think that his ideas might not have come to him if I had not started him off with mine, even though mine might not have turned out to be of any use in themselves. In fact they weren't.

"Ned Boleby was no better off than he was before. They had had their lesson, and given up etiquette and all that stuff, but they wanted to save one thing out of the wreck, and that was to see Alice do well for herself, and they thought the young farmer had not quite enough for her. If they could have given him something, to make it enough, they would have; but they hadn't got it now. So he was just where he was before. It was an odd line for them to take up, for Boleby was probably richer than Pursker now;

but the only hope that old Pursker had left was to see his daughter free of all the worries that he was beginning to detect hovering over four hundred a year. Boleby probably made a clear five hundred.

"Now Boleby from the start of this new life of the Purskers had large and thriving hopes, and it was he who first made Pursker find his clue to the place of the treasure. This Pursker with some difficulty did, and brought it to the new house with him. It was a photograph of a man, apparently an Englishman (at any rate the cut of his breeches and the leggings he wore looked familiar), standing with folded arms, and legs rather wide apart, on the top of a low ridge in what was evidently a desert, and there was a cross marked on the ground in ink at his feet. His face too was familiar enough; you would have said a minor clerk in an English bank, having his holiday, except for that rather odd attitude. That was the only curious thing about him, the wide legs, the folded arms, and the head sunk forward as though he brooded alone, but for the cheery face that rather suggested cricket than lonely contemplation. Boleby got the thing enlarged and hung up in the drawing-room, and it was there that I first saw it, over the mantelpiece. It wasn't much good, for the desert was utterly featureless, a flat expanse with a man standing in it, and nothing special about the man; but there couldn't be much doubt that the cross marked the place of the treasure, and that seemed some sort of comfort, though there was no possible way of seeing where that was, except that it was in a desert. One couldn't even tell which desert.

"Well, while Boleby only got them to hang the enlargement up so as to have something to turn their hopes to every day, and to keep their spirits from falling as low as their fortunes, he him-

self was constantly studying it; and if there'd been any feature whatever in the landscape I believe he'd have located the desert, but unfortunately there was nothing, for the bit of a ridge the man stood on couldn't be called a feature. So one day he said, 'We must get hold of the other clue. The one Jack Smith had.'

"It was very difficult to get anything out of Pursker. 'What was Jack Smith's address?' Boleby asked him.

"'He's dead,' said Pursker.

"'Yes, I know,' said Boleby, 'but where used he to live?'

"'I don't know,' said Pursker.

"And yet it turned out that Pursker had a letter from him.

"'When you had his share,' said Boleby, 'you should have had his clue.'

"'I think his landlady kept his papers,' said Pursker listlessly.

"Well, the address on the letter was a lodging house in Swanley. And off went Boleby, leaving a light like hope in the eyes of Alice.

"And the wonderful thing was that Boleby found it. He came back in about a week with a square of paper exactly the same size as the one with the photograph, and a cross marked on the paper in the same spot as in the photograph, only the paper was otherwise perfectly blank. But on the back was clearly written

J.N. 5.11.12.5.23.12.4.12'
Treasure at X. Dig 3'.

That was the second clue.

"From the look in the gray eyes of Alice when Ned Boleby came with the clue you would have thought that it was the only clue they needed, the only key to the safe, as you put it, Malken. But it was one of three, and they had only two, and this one was pretty rusty, for unless their wits could polish it up a bit, it had no meaning at all. I was there when he came and I was the first to look at it. It evidently referred to

the photograph: we made quite sure of that by placing one over the other and putting a pin through, and it went right through the center of the cross on each. I said at first that the N stood for North, and 5 and 11 for the latitude and the longitude. The mark after the 12 I took for an inverted comma, meaning that they were quoting somebody; and I certainly took too many of the numbers as being suggestions for digging. Well, I won't trouble you with my theories, because, as I told you, they turned out to be wrong, yet I hope they had their uses. It should not be forgotten how much the loser contributes to almost any game. And I may add that my suggestions were much better than any the Purskers made. It was only Boleby that showed an uncanny knack of getting hold of the sense of it. Even now, when I know what it means, I often wonder how he ever made head or tail of it; and he wouldn't have if it hadn't been for one mark. It was that 'Dig 3' that helped him. 'That is obviously 3 feet,' he said. And we all agreed.

"'Then the little mark after the 12' (which was not very clear) 'must mean feet as well,' said Boleby. And from that he went on, going backward. Getting the 12 feet, sort of uncovered the next bunch of numbers. '23.12.4 is a date,' he said. 'The 23rd of December, 1904.' And from dates, after a little talk, he came to time. '12.5 is the hour,' he said, 'the hour that the photograph was taken. And the 12 feet would be the distance from the camera, which, as one can see, is about what it is.'

"'But what's J.N.?' said Sam, a bit jealous of the speed with which Boleby was getting on.

"'The initials of the man in the photograph,' said Boleby at once. 'We don't know who he was and probably never shall. I don't suppose he mattered very much. We've no record

of a fifth man in it, so I doubt very much if they ever let him know that he was standing over the treasure, or that there was any treasure at all.'

" 'Then what's he there for?' said Sam.

" 'As a mark,' said Boleby.

" 'But unless he's standing there still,' said Sam, 'what's the use of a mark in a perfectly flat desert?'

" 'There was no answering that, and if Sam had been contented with the last word he'd have scored, as he intended to, but he must needs blurt out, 'And what's 5.11?'

" 'Boleby hadn't thought of that, but now it was obviously J.N.'s height, as he told Sam at once, and that made him surer than ever that J.N. was a mark, though it was long before he guessed what on earth was the use of a movable mark in a desert. I went away after that and turned over for long in my mind what the two clues seemed to be saying, and I could only make it out that they said, If you put a five-foot-eleven man with his feet apart in a desert at 12.5 p.m. (for there'd be no sunlight at 12.5 a.m.) the treasure will be between his feet, three feet down. The Purskers had given up hope again, and there seemed to me nothing to be got out of it, but Boleby kept on.

" 'I went back to see them next day, more to see if they were getting over their hopelessness than from any idea that there was anything more to be done towards getting a sight of their treasure. And I hadn't been there long when Ned Boleby came bursting into the room in which all the family were, with me trying to cheer them up; he'd been sitting up half the night and was full of ideas.

" 'Look here,' he said as he came into the room. 'Look at that shadow.' And he held out the original photograph, a little thing of five inches by

four. 'What time of year would you say that was?'

" 'I glanced at it. 'Why, midsummer,' I said.

" 'And the date?' he said.

" 'Why, yes,' I said, 'December. You've got the date wrong.'

" 'Without taking any notice of my remark, he spun round and asked for an atlas, and Alice got him one and he opened it and found a map of the world, a Mercator's projection. Then he made some charcoal for himself by burning the end of a pencil. 'I've narrowed it down a bit,' he said. 'It's not in Russia,' and he began to blacken Russia out.

" 'But what are you messing the map for?' said Sam.

" 'And it's not in China,' he said, and he blackened out China. 'Or anywhere in Europe.' And out Europe went. And they seemed to believe him, and a gleam came to the wan faces of the old couple.

" 'And it's not in the United States of America,' he added, 'or Canada.'

" 'But why? Why?' asked Mrs. Pursker.

" 'Because it's not in the Northern Hemisphere at all,' said Boleby. 'Look at that shadow.'

" 'And we all looked up at the enlargement over the mantelpiece where the shadow of the young man standing with folded arms was as squat as a shadow can be. 'And look at the date,' he said. 'That must be very nearly under the sun when it's vertical, and where's the sun in December? Why down along the tropic of Capricorn.'

" 'Why, that's so,' I said.

" 'And then he began to blacken out the whole south of the world and a bit along the equator, until only a strip of the map was left, which would have been about a thousand miles wide, with the dotted line of Capricorn running along the middle of it, and most of it was over the sea. 'And we'll narrow

down that belt a lot,' he said, 'when we get scientific assistance.'

"Pursker looked merely dazed but, from then on, hope began to come back to that family. It showed itself by a flood of talk. A bright suggestion had brought back hope to them; and they all poured out a flood of suggestions. Not that any of them were of any use; but the talk was bright, almost feverish. There was no real use in narrowing it down to a belt across the world when all you had to guide you was a sandy ridge of rock on which the bank clerk was standing, a ridge in no way different from millions of others and with no landmark whatever to locate it. Boleby admitted all this, but they clung to their new hope. 'No,' said Boleby, 'we want something more. I doubt if there are large deserts like this in South America. Capricorn passes through a fairly narrow part of South Africa; we might search that in five years. But the whole width of Australia beats us; and most of it desert, I fancy, where Capricorn goes.'

"'Couldn't we try?' said Alice.

"'Absolutely hopeless,' said Boleby. 'You wouldn't notice that ridge at three hundred yards. Have you nothing more of Jack Smith's except that one letter that said nothing?'

"'He gave Father a book once,' said Sam.

"'What kind of book?' Boleby asked him.

"'A book of poetry, I think,' said Sam. 'He read poetry.'

"'Let's see it,' said Boleby.

"'Even now Sam showed a trace of some sort of scorn as he went to get the book, and returned with it smiling and gave it to Boleby. It was a *Golden Treasury*, and Jack Smith had sent it to Pursker before he died. With all of them watching him, Boleby had to open the pages, now that he had sent for the book. He turned them over, trying to conceal the futility of it, and

found nothing of any use; when, turning the pages as the left thumb turns them, he came to the first page of all. And there was an inscription in the hand of Jack Smith: 'I met a traveler from an antique land.' That was all. At first Boleby read it to himself, then mumbled it partly aloud, and still saw nothing.

"And suddenly he shouted, 'I have it!'

"They all looked up expectant.

"'An antique land,' he shouted.

"'Egypt,' I said at once. And, mind you, Egypt for certain's the setting of Shelley's sonnet.

"'No,' he said.

"'It couldn't very well have been anywhere else,' I told him.

"'What was the sonnet about?' he asked me.

"'About a colossus,' said I.

"'And that's what we've got to look for,' said Boleby. 'It knocks out the whole of Australia. Nobody ever built in that size there until we went there and we don't build colossi. It's in Africa, not far from the line of Capricorn, and we ought to be able to find it.'

"'But why? Why?' urged everyone.

"And Sam said, 'A mere quotation from Shelley doesn't prove it.'

"'Prove it! No,' said Boleby. 'It isn't proof; it's a hint.'

"'I can't see what it hints,' Sam went on.

"'Look at that attitude,' said Boleby, pointing toward the photograph.

"'Napoleon,' said somebody.

"'Well, and look at the face,' went on Boleby.

"'Oh, mild,' I said.

"'Then, why was that sort of man striking that attitude?' Boleby asked us, and went on, 'To fit in. And against what? Don't you see now? There is a featureless desert with a man in it. And a photograph of it is treasured to mark an incredibly valuable site. As

you can see nothing at all to distinguish it from any other arid part of the earth when the man's there, the identifying feature must be behind him. But I couldn't think what. Now it's as clear as daylight. The treasure is where a man of five-foot-eleven exactly conceals the colossus, limb for limb.' Sam whistled. 'It must be rather like the colossus of Rhodes,' Boleby continued, 'for you see how the man is standing. You see how he has even taken his hat off to get the head right, pretty dangerous in that sun. It's probably some vast thing. Probably the whole desert is dominated by it. We've got to find a spot in that desert where twelve feet away from a five-foot-eleven man on a ridge, and looking towards the colossus, you can see nothing at all, and of course with nothing of the man left over; for his odd attitude would be meaningless if he was not exactly eclipsing the figure, with nothing to spare.'

"And how do you know which side of the colossus he is?" said Pursker, beginning to believe in it all, yet hardly daring yet to think it quite true.

"By the way the shadow goes, such as it is," said Boleby.

"And we looked up and could just distinguish that the squat shadow was coming toward you, and if anything a little towards the right.

"And Boleby went on, 'Well, a thing like that should be easy enough to find. Anyone within thirty miles of it should have heard of it; so that even if we had to go right across Africa we should leave a strip of sixty miles, that's thirty miles left and right of us, in which we could say for certain that the colossus was not, if we met nobody who had heard of it. The journey back would make it a hundred and twenty; do the double journey again, and we should have about covered the strip along which a shadow could look any-

thing like that at noon in December.'

"They were gazing at him in silence.

"Cost a bit," I said.

"But we shan't have to go right across," said Boleby. 'Remember that this treasure is a sailor's yarn, and the odds are that it's under a hundred miles from the coast. Well, what do you think of it?' he said to me.

"Sounds to me like wedding bells," I said.

"And sure enough it was. Ned Boleby and Alice were married within the year; and within the year the whole family were back at their old place, giving larger dinner parties than ever, and with every bit of the old ceremony. I often guessed what happened. I never knew for certain that it was in Africa at all. You see, it all depends on whether there are any deserts to be found in South America. And then it might be an island; but precious few besides Madagascar; the tropic of Capricorn is almost all in the water.

"Of course I never dreamed of going to see for myself: too many people there before me.

"I asked Alice about it once when I met her, very smart, but, I will say, very happy, at the opening day of the Royal Academy. I chose a fleeting moment while nobody was in ear-shot and said, 'Where was Ozymandias?' You remember the big boy of Shelley's sonnet.

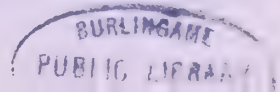
"And she said, 'What with this and Ascot and Goodwood, and dining out so much, and then the garden parties, and one thing and another . . .'

"Yes, I know," I said, for hundreds of yards of that season's draperies were bearing down on us, and I wanted to hear while we couldn't be overheard. 'But where was the treasure?'

"Papa and the boys," she said, 'were really so busy that they never found time to go.'

"I think Alice might have trusted me.

"Oh, well. Let's forget her. Waiter!"





COLLECTIVISM AND HUMAN NATURE

BY CARL DREHER

THE classic argument of capitalist apologists against socialism is that it conflicts with human nature. Such venerable platitudes (the progenitor of this one is Horace's observation that human nature cannot be thrown out with a pitchfork) usually contain a certain amount of truth. What the conservatives ignore when they allege the incapacity of human nature for adjustment to any form of economic organization other than private capitalism is that human beings are unchangeable in one fundamental characteristic: whatever else they desire, they want to eat three times a day, and preferably to eat well. No way is likely to be found to persuade men to adjust themselves to starvation or near-starvation, although fascism is prepared to make the attempt. If machine technology, plus the profit system, spells progressively increasing privation for the masses—and it seems all too likely that at best it can provide bare subsistence for large numbers—then human nature will somehow adapt itself to another economic scheme, in spite of the ululations of anxious bankers, university presidents, and editorial writers.

The capitalist-Calvinist view of human character has this pertinency, however: whether we shall ultimately have to resort to collectivism to keep ourselves alive and, if so, the imminence of the change, the length and nature of the transition, and the end attained will all depend to some extent on the nature of the human beings in-

volved. "Collectivism" as here used does not necessarily mean socialism or communism. Fascism is a fraudulent simulation of collectivism applied to the minds and bodies of men, exempting only the large property owners from its tyranny. Although financed and organized in the interest of this group, it requires support from the much larger middle class. The propagandist methods whereby this support was secured in the case of Germany, for example, are of great interest to radicals and reactionaries alike. Without a remarkable instinct for mob orientation, the Nazis could not have achieved such feats as elevating Horst Wessel to the pedestal of a national hero; perverting the word "socialism" into a shield for capitalist repression, and making arson a device of statecraft. And what has been accomplished in one place may be brought about in others. Other countries too have their potential storm-troopers who, for three meals a day, a uniform, and a seat in the circus tent, will bayonet their own brothers before being themselves driven to the shambles. The capitalist connoisseurs of human nature are not unacquainted with this phase of the subject. In the United States, as in Europe, they may soon turn their knowledge to practical account. The following from an editorial in the Los Angeles *Times* is an indication of what we may expect:

This strike [one of pea-pickers in the Imperial Valley], like its predecessor disturb-

ances, teaches the need of clearing out "red" agitators wherever they appear. Such people are a real menace to the peace and security of the United States and must be prevented from effective activity. Almost any effective method is justified. If these agitators went back to Russia and indulged in equivalent activity, they would be snuffed out by a firing squad. Such extreme measures are not needed here yet, but they may become necessary if milder ones are not applied.

II

Laissez-faire capitalism is clearly in its decadent phase, although its ruling spirit of rampant individualism remains a formidable social force. But must we resort to fascism or communism? What about economic planning, leaving democracy and business substantially intact? Here again the human, or sub-human, term must be included in the equation. Dogs will run after a football, but one cannot make a football team out of them. Capitalistically minded leaders are inveterate individualists; their capacity for organization does not extend to planning industry for *social* ends; and nothing else will serve. Collectivism is being forced on us, unless we are willing to await the collapse of the whole industrial structure, by the inherent instability of mass production unsupported by a proportionate, sustained increase in marketability. Monopoly capitalism has solved the problem of mass production, solved it, to be sure, by making science, in Professor Parrington's phrase, the drab and slut of industrialism. Unless a miracle should occur it cannot solve the problem of mass distribution. Under a system driven by the private-profit motive distribution can match production only in spasms. The New Deal is an effort to smooth out these spasms into a balanced system of production and consumption. It contains internal contradictions, again involving the

human element, which make the chances of its success a very long shot.

My own experience with codified business, being limited to the peculiar motion-picture industry, is too meager to support this conclusion, but it does give some indications, particularly as similar conditions seem to obtain in other fields. I am not alone in the feeling that the complications which the motion-picture code, specifically, has added to the previously half-way workable system reduce the latter's efficiency without really mitigating the rigors of competition. Under laissez-faire at least decisions could be made. The boss said yes or no—usually no—and business went on as usual. Under the codes confusion seems to multiply without limit. I will cite the case of the Hollywood sound-men, with which I happen to be acquainted at first-hand.

Here there was a jurisdictional conflict between two orthodox unions, known as the I.A.T.S.E. and the I.B.E.W., resulting in a pre-code strike, which spread from the sound-men to other crafts. In effect, even if without original intent—for the movie producers are not as machiavellian as they are pictured by literati fleeing from Hollywood after a period of torture at a thousand a week—the I.B. was one of the principal implements with which the employers broke the I.A. strike. After the adoption of the motion-picture code the matter was referred to the regional N.R.A. board, which authorized an inter-union election. The National Labor Board in Washington overruled this decision, on the ground that a jurisdictional dispute between two A.F.L. unions must be settled by the high command of the Federation, although it is a matter of common knowledge that the A.F.L. has not composed any such conflict, when the issues were at all knotty, in the past twenty years. After some telephoning between Los Angeles and Washington

it was announced that Washington had rescinded its ruling and that the election would be held. But two days before the scheduled balloting there was another reversal, and the N.R.A. washed its hands of the controversy. The I.A. union, nevertheless, sent its members to the polls and won a majority of the votes. The studios, continuing, for cogent reasons, to favor the I.B. side, ignored the result. When Mr. Sol Rosenblatt, the deputy administrator, visited Hollywood, it was rumored that the election might be recognized by the government *post factum*; this report was shortly denied. At last accounts the controversy was still raging, the air was full of conjectures, recriminations, evasions, and lawsuits, and the bewildered soundmen were forming a new union, called by a nicer name, to renew their appeal to the N.R.A.

This is a Hollywood instance, but it does not differ basically from the embroilments at Weirton, Edgewater, and elsewhere. Such farcical proceedings arise not so much from the inherent difficulties of rule by committees as from a deeper confusion. The fact is that the industry is trying to have its pie and to eat it too. It will not, and cannot under the present system, abandon competition, but it does not want to pay the price of competition in bankruptcies, strikes, disorder, and destitution. All too humanly, it imagines that the benefits of a managed economy can be attained by setting up a cartelized structure of authorities and committees, the members of which continue to strive for their individual advantage or that of the groups they represent, without the slightest idea of sacrificing their god-given right to strangle their competitors. Their stomachs have grown too weak for old-fashioned, ruthless industrial warfare, and their minds have not evolved to the point where they are able to sub-

stitute a social objective for private gain. In fact, since the N.R.A. affords no guarantee against bankruptcy, they are driven to take advantage of every opportunity to amass profits, quite as formerly. Thus the conflict of the marketplace is merely reproduced in a bastard politico-business forum, with the contestants rushing from one field to the other, flanked by lawyers, lobbyists, and secretaries, and getting away with all they can in each, while the governmental arbitrators, only half-knowing what it is all about, duck the issues as consistently as possible.

With true American optimism, we expect to get the same results from a voluntary, superficial modification of our half broken-down system which a nation like Russia finds it hard enough to attain by the most drastic and fundamental changes. Under the same business leaders who plunged us into the 1929 abyss, and clinging desperately to eighteenth-century economic habits, we expect to reap the benefits of reforms which elsewhere are entrusted to revolutionaries who have devoted their lives to reconstructing society and who will stop at nothing to achieve their ends. It is very sad, but figs still don't grow on thistles.

III

Nonetheless, social systems die hard, and this one of ours might continue its convulsions indefinitely, save for one thing. Capitalism is war. In time of what we are pleased to call "peace" it is a larvated war, with ameliorations and compromises—doles, breadlines, community chests, charity wards, C.W.A.'s, N.R.A.'s, and so on. (The original working mechanism is already buried under the multiplicity of gadgets and haywire contrivances which have been piled on to keep it running at all.) Its competitions, among individuals, corporations, and political

groups, are piously expected to result in the survival of the fittest; actually, the victory is more often that of the most adroit, acquisitive, and unscrupulous. Extending into the international arena, these conflicts keep the nations in arms, and the time comes when armaments are used for their intended purpose. Such explosions, whether within the borders of a nation or across them, are merely a change in weapons from price-cutting, advertising campaigns, mechanizing and speeding up production, strikes, lock-outs, tariffs, dumping of goods, embargoes, monetary duels, and similar devices, to rubber truncheons, rifles, artillery, bombing planes, and poison gas. With the exception of the more psychiatric militarists, everyone tries to avoid the development from the small conflicts to the greater, by disarmament conferences, pacts, and a variety of incantations; but these transitions have their own logic, and that they are uncontrollable, as long as their causes persist, is demonstrated by the fact that twenty years after one world war another is in an advanced state of preparation.

The social stresses set up by war bid fair to end the capitalistic hegemony. As the National City Bank puts it, in a monetary discussion in one of its *Bulletins*:

The post-war developments have been more than the single gold standard was equal to handling. It is preposterous to say that this proves that the single gold standard is impracticable. It is war that is impracticable in a highly organized world.

This is well said, but hardly of substantial help, since by every indication war will continue to disrupt the gold standard and every other element of the world's economic life, and, short of ending war, all other remedies offer only symptomatic relief.

Private capitalism, transforming it-

self perforce into fascism, emerges as the open enemy of sanity and civilization. Unable to retain economic dominion, because its principles and objectives are inadequate to operate a modern technological system of production, capitalism resorts to the suppression of the workers' organizations, forced labor, and cultural degradation within the nations, and preparation for international conflict on a worldwide scale. The shelling of the socialist apartment houses in Vienna is a tragic symbol. As its social impotence increases, capitalism turns to bloodshed, the one field in which it is still virile. War, intestine and external, is the instrument by which capitalist leaders ruin where they can no longer rule.

Political prophecy is at best a game of chance, and, with the indeterminate factor of war underlying the situation, an attempt to estimate the duration of the present order is equivalent to figuring how long a drunken motorist can drive through traffic before he gets into a smash-up. The data available being insufficient for anything better than wishful thinking, the large proprietors and their privileged servitors are able to convince themselves that the final disintegration is a long way off. Estimates vary inversely with the observer's hatred of capitalism. From a more objective point of view, one can only conclude that a culminating crash is coming, probably not in the present cycle, perhaps in the next one, certainly not so far off that a reasonably prudent man will roll over in bed and forget about it.

When the break comes, which will prevail—the true collectivism or the false? At present the chances favor fascism. This is not defeatism; it is a fact which might as well be faced—especially by the fighters for a decent social order, whose lives are at stake in the first instance.

Frank Harris, in his *Contemporary Portraits*, remarks on "the dreadful truth that in measure as one grows better than his fellow men, he incurs their hatred." This is not strictly accurate: society tolerates passive virtue. It would be more exact to say that in proportion as one tries to make the world better one incurs the opposition, not only of those who stand to lose something by the change, but of many who have little tangible reason for resistance. The latter group—and it includes a large part of the middle class—acts for all practical purposes as if unemployment, squalor, and misery were blessings as long as their effects are confined to the lower classes. They are cruelly frightened by people who want to spread welfare and establish general economic security. Talking about it is well enough, but doing it gives Mr. Babbitt the jitters. It has been suggested that this attitude springs from a sort of genteel sadism, which requires a contrasting background of destitution to enhance the sense of power and self-esteem of the more fortunate. This may be the case in some instances, but it is scarcely discernible among the generality of Americans, who are characterized, rather, by an ineffectual good nature well exemplified in Mr. Roosevelt. A more probable cause is simply the neurotic fear of losing such advantages as they still have.

Under protracted economic dislocation the geniality of the dominant classes tends to disappear. The more civilized section still retains a measure of moderation and sanity, but a formidable proportion descends quickly into convulsive malevolence. The latter naturally sets the tone; in time of war quiet people are inaudible amid the guns. To the gorillas the fascists then offer unrestrained indulgence in the hoary mass egotisms, the bestial tribal instincts, the Judophobias, the

hysterical bellicosity, and all the other sanctified lusts which centuries of quasi-civilization have failed to eradicate. The miseducated and bedeviled masses of humanity are still readier to rush down a steep place into the sea than to go through the long, painful process of taking thought, humanizing their emotions, and participating in the reconstruction of society.

A more passive force in opposition to communism is that peculiar kind of stupidity, born of well-filled stomachs and settled habits, which convinces people that nothing will change and that somehow they will always be surrounded by their accustomed comforts and safeguards. Here again the balance favors the fascists, who promise to the inert, the timid, and the satisfied a continuance of all they hold dear, whereas communism is pictured as a leap into the dark. The same applies to liberals who in time of peace stand for peace, in time of war, for war; who pity the poor and hope they will get rich if possible, who disapprove strongly of oppressors and would do something about it if they could; and who live always in hopes of reforming the government at the next election. When the metal reaches a given heat such elements are automatically forced into the mold of fascism. This holds true of all exponents of gradualism and the middle course. The middle course, judging by the experience of European nations, will not be taken.

Also to be mentioned is the large capacity of people with only a journalistic education in economics for fooling themselves and one another. Instead of realistically comparing two necessarily imperfect economic schemes, the average conservative picks the flaws in the radical set-up and opposes them with the virtues of the existing order. Contemplating an idealized model of the capitalistic regime, he admits some slight defects, which he trusts time will

cure. If he is of the our-glorious-institutions school he finds support in the declarations of the founding fathers one hundred and fifty years ago, while not neglecting the practical requirements of the present, such as spying on his employees or boosting the tempo on the assembly line another notch. And, if worse comes to worst, he can always ascribe the deficiencies of our society to the shortcomings of human nature.

Not that the psychological development altogether sustains the fascist side. Certain changes favor the radicals—the question is whether they will unfold quickly enough to play a decisive part. We may cite the recent American shift in the phenomenon of phantasmal identification with leaders, the easiest road to self-aggrandizement for the masses of men. Its nucleus may be a military leader, an exuberant statesman-actor like Theodore Roosevelt, a Lenin, a Hitler, or any other emergent personality. It is a kind of spiritual ingestion of the parings from the tribal chief's fingernails. In the United States, five years ago, the acquisition of property, next to sport, was the great obsession of the masses; so in phantasy the average man identified himself with the captains of profit, the stock-market plungers, the billionaires, all the beneficiaries of monopoly capitalism. He admired their rampant acquisitiveness, never questioned their omniscience, and was glad to pick up the crumbs from their tables. What a change a few years have wrought! Few are left to do the bankers reverence; they have become a butt for gag-men. The star half-backs still endure, but in politics the reservoir of hero-worship must find another outlet.

Whatever the obstacles in human character, the socialist solution, with such modifications as the time and place may call for, appears to be the only recourse for clear-headed and

courageous men. It contains nothing more interdictory to the nature of man than a variety of compulsions which are taken as a matter of course in modern life. One recurring argument in capitalist apologetics is that under a laissez-faire economy individual enterprise has free scope, whereas under socialism the individual is stifled. Now we may grant that individual enterprise is indispensable: a thousand house-painters do not add up to one Holbein, nor a thousand graduate engineers to one Steinmetz, nor a thousand hunger marchers to one Lenin. Although there is reason to believe that under a just economic order and equalization of opportunity the present submerged classes might turn out to be quite as talented as their betters under capitalism, men will presumably still develop widely varying capacities for achievement. This is beside the point. Under the form of state capitalism developed in Russia there seems to be plenty of room for creative effort, largely confined, by present exigencies, to the solution of material problems. As in capitalistic countries, there are leaders and followers, originators and imitators. There are even differential rewards for labor within a relatively narrow range; although under pure communism—which is as yet no more than a theoretical concept anywhere—these would no doubt be eliminated, since the machines would produce enough for everyone and the "ritual of conspicuous waste" would no longer appeal to normal minds. What the capitalist plea for "individualism" reduces itself to is the assumption that the emergence of talent is based on (1) the right of a few to unlimited profits; and (2) the reduction of the masses of men to industrial peonage and cannon-fodder. It is no accident that the "individualist" argument is put forth by the members of class (1) and their hired men.

Human failings, to be sure, will burden us whatever we do. Under old-style capitalism we are blessed with Insullism; under communism, with bureaucracy; under the New Deal, with a generous measure of both—without getting the desired results. If men were reasonable and unselfish, *laissez-faire* would function as well as any other system. Men being what they are, we must control their natural egocentricity by abandoning private gain as the goal of life, and this involves a major re-orientation in government, at whatever cost. It will not be accomplished by the prayers of the chaplain at the opening session of Congress. The question is whether it can be put over, and the industrial machine be run in the interest of the masses, with the enormous resulting potentialities for human culture, or whether society is to be overwhelmed by the tide of fascist reaction.

IV

And overwhelmed it is in a fair way to be unless the various groups of radicals in the remaining counterfeit democracies can compose their differences and present that "United Front" which is much talked about, but as rare in practice as a negro midshipman at Annapolis. This is no easy problem. Orthodox communists regard themselves as socialists who are ready to act on their convictions, and they are extremely bitter toward the gradualist social-democratic leaders who in quick succession have betrayed the workers in England, Germany, and Austria, and their counterparts in other countries. Moderate socialists, still imbued with amiable parliamentary sentiments, look on militant communists as revolutionary fanatics and hooligans. Similar hostilities exist between the various factions of American communists. The differences in

policy and tactics are difficult to reconcile, and afford great comfort to the laborers for the coming *Polizeistaat*. Every clash between the socialists and communists in the United States, such as the brawl at Madison Square Garden on February 17, when the two factions expressed their solidarity with the Austrian socialist fighters by breaking one another's heads, is so much pap for the domestic Hitlers in their incubators.

Without any attempt to deal with the technical questions involved, or to issue manifestoes from a safe place in the rear, it may be suggested that a nervous element enters into these schisms. The frailties of human nature are not confined to the bourgeoisie. Radicals have their share, and the more earnest they become, the more likely they are to fall into disastrous immaturities. Except for those moments when a communist is being clubbed by the minions of law 'n' order, there is no reason why he cannot preserve a certain equanimity. He can afford, with a good conscience, to leave maniac outbursts to the fascist brethren, who will always excel in them in any event.

A question of dignity, as well as self-preservation, is involved. I mean, of course, not the pomposity of the manicured Babbitts one sees on a trans-continental limited, but the inherent dignity and calmness which spring from disinterestedness, courage, and historical perspective. A person who possesses these qualities retains a measure of serenity even in the midst of relentless class conflict. It is the trait which Thomas Jefferson described in his letter to the British major-general Phillips during the American Revolution: "... the great cause which divides our countries is not to be decided by individual animosities. The harmony of private societies cannot weaken national efforts." For "na-

tional" substitute "class" and perhaps Jefferson's observation may serve as a lesson for the revolutionaries of another age. No one asks radicals for a chivalrous attitude toward fascist torturers who, as Sir Walter Scott said of the Scottish lairds, are "beings who hardly deserve the names of men unless it is that they stand on two legs," but it might be cultivated to advantage in differences within the revolutionary movement. It would help to convert some of the wavering bourgeois intellectuals who are bewildered when they see Trotsky attacked in the Communist party press with as much virulence as Hitler. And it would not make revolutionaries worse fighters if they fought their opponents more and one another less.

V

The question of freedom remains. Freedom persists as an illusion long after it has disappeared as a reality. As an illusion it is useful to those who at heart abhor it. A distinction must here be made between economic and intellectual freedom. Economic freedom involves the right to earn a living in one's own way, with reasonable comfort and security. Under fascism the favored classes would retain enough economic advantages to make their acquiescence understandable, and a new horde of office-holders would welcome the change; but to the lower strata, however they may be propagandized into the hope that it will improve their lot, fascism offers only large circuses and small bread. Once they have fascism, their position is clearly stated by *Der Angriff*: "Anyone may grumble who is not afraid to go to a concentration camp." In sum, freedom of expression is lost during any war, and the clash between militant capitalism and communism is no exception. As this conflict spreads, for the great majority the choice is be-

tween two systems of constraint. The important difference is that under communism there is a prospect of subsequent compensations for the loss of liberty, whereas fascism resorts to despotism to shore up an economic scheme which can no longer be supported by its merits. If communism succeeds, not only may the present modicum of intellectual liberty be regained, but a far wider gamut of expression is possible.

The best government is the least government, is the cry whenever Washington does something to irk bank presidents and manufacturers. (The case is otherwise, of course, when a tariff is to be raised or a strike put down.) The attractiveness of the theory may be conceded, but it is a theory rather than a practical answer to a factual question. Anarchy would logically be still better than the least government, but no one except a few quaint lunatics imagines that it will operate a technological civilization. If a sane anarchist tried it he would create commissions as fast as Mr. Hoover did. Government is a sad nuisance: it enmeshes everyone in a network of obligations, taxes, and restraints; but if we want preventive medicine, high-speed transportation and communication, and hot water in the bathroom, the yoke of government will remain heavy on our necks. And it is too late now to turn back: the machines are here, with the increased population which they have bred, and the wheels must be kept turning or the populace will starve. It is likely to starve obstreperously. Fascism, with its quack remedies for the evils of society, may prolong the process of attrition and subdue the tumults for a time, but honest collectivism is the next rational step in a complex and seriated curative process, extending over generations, and without a visible end.



THE RISE OF OSWALD MOSLEY

BY LEO C. ROSTEN

ON JUNE 7th England awakened to the realization that she has in her midst a Fascist movement of considerable vigor, a Fascist leader of considerable determination, and a Fascist private army which can demonstrate a violence and brutality which the English believed possible only in Germany or Italy. For Oswald Mosley's huge Olympia Hall rally, the largest political meeting England has seen in generations, turned into a wild riot, featured by desperate fighting in which Blackshirts treated members of the audience who dared to question or interrupt Mosley's oration with a ruthless violence which amazed most of the fifteen thousand who had paid to hear England's number one Fascist expound a new political creed.

The English press came out in indignant protest at the tactics of the uniformed Blackshirts, who had mercilessly beaten and kicked listeners for breaking into Mosley's speech with remarks like "Fascism means War" or "What about Germany?" Bystanders had protested, and had been beaten down for it, at the spectacle of ten and fifteen Blackshirts knocking down single interrupters, dragging them from the hall, and throwing them, bruised and bleeding, on to the sidewalk outside. Over fifty people had required medical attention. Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary secretary to Stanley Baldwin, publicly denounced the sickening scenes which he had witnessed; three conservative M.P.'s, the Very Rev.

Richard Sheppard, and Gerald Barry, well-known journalist, all protested against the unprecedented viciousness of the methods used to remove people from the hall. When Mosley spoke over the radio to deny these charges as deliberate lies, Lloyd branded Mosley's denial as "miserable hypocrisy"; well-known Conservatives, Liberals, and Laborites supported the charges against the Blackshirts; more letters in the press from spectators emphasized the general amazement at the repressive ferocity of the Fascists.

The response of the press and the public forced the issue into a long debate in the House of Commons. Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary, issued a warning that unless Mosley allowed police to be present at Blackshirt meetings to keep order, he would "take other steps." But it was more significant that several Conservatives blithely denied that the Fascists had been excessively brutal and insisted that the "Communists and hooligans" who had caused trouble had only received what they had bargained for. For a week Fascist meetings in and round London were broken up by angry crowds; fighting, riots, and arrests began to accompany every effort of the Blackshirts to hold a public meeting, and every effort of the audience to shout them down.

And in all this sudden and unbelievable commotion, over issues of free speech, private armies, uniforms, and organized brutality the average Englishman began to wonder how a Fascist

movement could have reached such proportions in democratic England.

II

On October 1, 1932, Sir Oswald Mosley, sixth Baronet of a title created over two hundred years ago, organized the British Union of Fascists, and with his talented wife and a handful of earnest young men began a national campaign which was an Anglicized version of Italian corporatism and Nazi chauvinism. It was Mosley's fifth political adventure: from 1918 to 1931 he had been successively Conservative, Independent, and Laborite; in 1931 he left the Labor Party, and with a following that included John Strachey and Oliver Baldwin, organized the New Party on what seemed to be militant Socialist lines. The New Party ran fifteen candidates, got less than one-eighth of the electoral count in the constituencies it contested, and collapsed. Mosley, disappointed and impatient, took only a short time to emerge with a new creed, better fitted for his ambitions; Strachey, Baldwin, and the most talented of Mosley's followers promptly resigned, leaving a small ring of loyal but unimposing Fascist aides-de-camp.

The British Union of Fascists was received with ironic sneers and confident mockery. Street meetings attracted meager audiences which either booed or threw bottles. In the working-class sections Mosley and his wife, Lady Cynthia, were often perilously close to physical mauling. The press unanimously ignored them. The Conservatives were cold and contemptuous; the Labor Party scoffed at "Tom" Mosley's comic-opera antics and excoriated him for his political apostasy. Minor street fights became a nightly occurrence. When the English mood threatened to become fatally hostile, Mosley organized a band of strong-arm men, dressed them

in black fencing-shirts, piled them into a motor lorry, and continued to spread the gospel of Fascism and an English corporate state. But England remained unmoved. For over a year the Blackshirts made negligible headway. Fascism in England was regarded as the absurd and impossible dream of a political adventurer with preposterous dictatorial delusions.

On January 15, 1934, however, Viscount Rothermere astonished his own editors by printing an announcement of his conversion to Fascism. He hailed Mosley as the only alternative to the menace of Socialism and the impending dictatorship of "hooligans and riff-raff." The address of the B.U.F. was featured in bold-face type and young men were earnestly urged to join and save England from the "hidden hand of Bolshevism." The word "Fascist" was never used; "Blackshirts" was reiterated with discreet and compelling regularity. For three months the whole Rothermere press, with a daily circulation of more than two and a half million, publicized Oswald Mosley and his movement. They carefully emphasized its "purely British" character and took extraordinary pains to point out that the Blackshirts were "neither Nazis nor Fascists," that they had no anti-Semitic tendencies, that they were not antagonistic to trade unions, that they were "entirely constitutional in methods."

Every journalistic trick and every sensational cliché was exploited. Special writers dramatized Sir Oswald's personal vigor and attractions; his handsome face adorned innumerable issues; he was British and democratic to the core—indeed he even "dressed exactly like the humblest of his followers." Weekly prizes were given for letters on "Why I Like the Blackshirts." Pictures of blackshirted females fencing or taking jujitsu lessons were given the front page in a special

beauty contest. During the shocking Vienna tragedy Dolfuss was lauded for "the same indomitable courage and leadership that Hitler had used against the menace of German Socialism." Long articles on England's air needs, alternating with attacks on the government policy in regard to India and disarmament, only emphasized more boldly Mosley's stern demand for more planes, more action, and a resolute administration of the British empire.

The Blackshirts began to attract attention. Mosley's oratorical ability helped him to capitalize on economic discontent, on the proved impotence of the Labor Party, on the disillusionment with the National Government, on the skepticism toward Parliament which is so marked in England to-day; and, above all, on the plight of a huge middle-class being driven into acute distress by its economically vulnerable position. Blackshirt headquarters began to spring up all over Great Britain and converts to the creed of activism spread the gospel of the leader.

To-day Oswald Mosley may safely be said to have a following of over a hundred thousand. A large three-storey building in Chelsea serves as headquarters for over two hundred official Blackshirt centers throughout Great Britain, including a women's section which has had a surprising growth. Instruction is given to members in boxing, jujitsu, and fencing. Six airplanes already form the nucleus of a private air-training school. There is a special summer camp for training periods during vacation time. Seven hundred Blackshirt meetings take place weekly in England, Scotland, and Wales. Mosley is on constant tour of the industrial sections, and five vans of speakers and guards have begun an intensive campaign in the agricultural areas. A monster demonstration will take place in the fall at the White City

arena in London; over one hundred and twenty-five thousand Blackshirts, friends, families, and spectators will come from all over England for a whole day of exhibitions and maneuvers and a speech by the leader himself. And at Fascist headquarters I was told that the Blackshirts will run from three to five hundred candidates at the next general election.

Oswald Mosley himself is a personality of definite political importance. He has energy, intelligence, and courage. He was long ago recognized to be one of the most effective platform performers in England. If his Olympia meeting ended in a fiasco because the persistent interruptions prevented him from speaking for five consecutive minutes or building to a single effective emotional climax, his Albert Hall speech to ten thousand, a month earlier, was a *tour de force* of demagoguery. He spoke for an hour and a half without a flaw, a hesitation, or the use of a single note. He was sincere and persuasive and seemed determined to convince his audience that he was neither an alien adventurer nor an irresponsible upstart. He did not indulge in extravagance of gesture or violence of style. He was aggressive, earnest, and gentlemanly, with neither the blustering paranoia of Mussolini nor the crude vehemence of Hitler. His presentation of the Fascist creed was obviously intended to woo the sympathies of a gathering of middle-aged, respectable Englishmen. It was conciliatory Fascism discreetly prepared in a form palatable to constitutional stomachs.

The Blackshirts, he said, would never resort to force; Fascism was not a tyranny; it was not a dictatorship; it substitutes the reality of liberty for the humbug of liberty. Fascism was not Italian or German; it was British and sprang from the very soul of England. Fascism would set a "new standard for

civilization." Parliament would be converted from a talk-shop to a work-shop. Economic nationalism, stronger armaments, a firm hand in the empire; above all, the Corporate State—these and these alone were the solutions to English problems. England was being betrayed in the air and treacherous politicians were surrendering "legitimate" interests in India and Ireland, both of which really needed the beneficent hand of English protection. In the international sphere Fascism meant peace and not war as was maliciously charged; for it was obvious that a war between Fascist states would be insane fratricide which would prepare the way for Communism, the false philosophy of a German Jew. Fascism meant England awake; it was the "creed of the modern age." In a passionate crescendo the elegant young man with the black mustache concluded in a slightly Noel Coward vein: "Lit by the glare of high inspiration this movement rises from the very soul of England to give all, to dare all, that England may live in greatness and in glory."

Mosley has every qualification for political leadership except judgment and patience. Had he been content to play a waiting game he would to-day be the most important young man in England. When he was in the Conservative Party he was singled out as of cabinet caliber. As an Independent he impressed the country with his ability to win an election solely on the basis of his energy and platform ability. In the Labor Party he became the protégé of Ramsay MacDonald and occupied a minor ministerial post. As late as 1931 he was told by several people high in the party machine that he was certain to be the next Labor Prime Minister if he would merely work and wait. But patience and perspective are precisely the qualities that Mosley lacks; he chose to play for the highest per-

sonal stakes and risked his career on a single and dangerous hand.

His espousal of Fascism cost him an assured future in any of the other English parties. At the beginning of his new adventure he seemed doomed. His dickerings for help from Mussolini and Hitler were of no avail, though he was photographed with Il Duce in Rome and giving the Nazi salute to the Führer in Nuremberg. At first his bait to the English Conservatives brought no prominent catches. Not one important person in the country came to his standard. The Conservatives on the whole regarded him with contempt and suspicion because of his political past. Baldwin publicly chastised his foolhardiness; Churchill remained indifferent. Everywhere Mosley was sneered at as a careerist who could not be trusted.

Yet some persons of wealth and power must have supported him secretly. Where the money came from for uniforms, headquarters, publications, auditorium rentals, armored cars, special buses, etc., remains a mystery—though there is no dearth of rumors. In the past few months many names have begun to emerge from the general obscurity to associate themselves with the Blackshirts. The "January Club" was organized by wealthy and respectable citizens to provide a "platform for leaders of Fascism and corporate state thought." Lord Lloyd, former Governor of Bombay and High Commissioner for Egypt, an iron-willed reactionary and anti-liberal, addressed them on May 1st at a meeting from which the press was carefully excluded. There were some three hundred people of consequence in the audience, including the Earl of Glasgow, Lord Middleton, General Hubert Gough, and Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig; the chairman was Sir John Squire, the well-known parodist.

The *English Review*, famous Con-

servative weekly, is notoriously sympathetic to Mosleyism and invited Sir Oswald to address them at a private staff luncheon. The eccentric but fabulously wealthy Lady Houston uses her renovated *Saturday Review* to publish lurid stories of the impending collapse of the empire, denounces the treachery of the National Government in refusing her private offers for a special air defense for London, and praises Mosley as the new White Hope of England in hysterical editorials and abominable verse. Viscount Rothermere continues to give thousands of pounds' worth of free publicity to the Blackshirts each week and he has built Mosley's words and activities into public events. Lord Lloyd, speaking for the die-hard Tory faction of the Conservative party, has attacked the pseudo-liberal concessions of the Indian White Paper and warned the government that unless it drops its policy of surrender, "more and more people in this country are likely to prefer a black shirt to a White Paper." And after Mosley's irritated anti-Semitic lines at Olympia about "weapons which had not been seen in England until the ghettos of Europe were dumped on our shores" and the dangers of the red philosophy of a "German Jew," Nazi misgivings about his rather vague attitude in regard to the Jewish question have been assuaged: the official *Völkischer Beobachter* has acclaimed the "energetic defense of the Blackshirts" under a headline of "Red Terror in London."

III

But the real danger of Fascism in England does not lie in either Oswald Mosley's personal talents, the handful of "big names" he may win to his cause, or the numerical size of his following. For it must be patent to any sophisticated observer of politics that

without the support of the industrial and financial barons, and the tacit approval of the military authorities, no Fascist demagogue has the slightest possibility of coming into power. So-called Fascist revolutions are, more properly, business arrangements whereby vested interests meet the threat of social upheaval by calling upon extra-military organizations, dedicated to common principles such as the protection of property and the preservation of the capitalist economy, either to meet the danger of Socialism or to strengthen by force an economic order which democracy seems unable to perpetuate within its own laissez-faire and democratic structure. Fascism is less the name for a political movement than for a strategic combination. The maneuvers which brought an Italian atheist and an Austrian house-painter into leadership in Italy and Germany certainly reveal the unmistakable alliance between would-be dictators and desperate industrial-patriots.

The case of Oswald Mosley presents no different historical problem. Indeed his spectacular rise in a period of only a year and a half offers an illuminating substantiation of this thesis of realpolitik. For it was not until several months ago that the Conservatives in England deigned to flatter Mosley with either their disapproval or their comment; they had merely ignored him. The reason is simply that until a few months ago the National Government was characterized by a sublime self-confidence and a High Tory legislative policy which makes its "national" label a hollow camouflage. It went off gold two weeks after its Prime Minister warned the country of the catastrophic necessity for remaining on it. It lowered relief services and unemployment payments. It cut wages. It yielded to pressure from the iron and steel interest by extending a tariff which had expressly been stated to be

temporary. It reduced heavy income taxes and threw the burden for paying the unemployed fund onto the workers for the next forty years. It refused to apply its fat paper-surplus to relief or welfare debts. It refused to lighten the tax burden on the poor by reducing tea or cinema-seat duties. It instituted a repeal of the Snowden Land Tax of 1931 which MacDonald on four different occasions has eulogized as the great foundation of social and economic reform. It refused to budge on the infamous Means Test. For two years the National Government had a free hand in what was substantially a one-party chamber; its power and hegemony were undisputed, and its arrogance kept pace with its sense of security. During all this time Sir Oswald Mosley and the Blackshirts were insignificant and negligible.

But in the past five months an unmistakable change has taken place. For the first time in the history of the London County Council a Labor majority won control, on a policy protesting the governmental economies, the Means Test, and housing and education facilities. Six by-elections went Labor. Public opinion was definitely turning against the Coalition Government and came to Labor less because of faith in their leadership than because of disappointment with the group in power.

The Labor Party took on a new lease of life. In 1931 the National Party, with MacDonald and Thomas as decoys to a conservative platform, had stampeded the country into a near-panic by systematic prophecies of the crisis and ruin which would follow a Labor victory. The great patriots had not hesitated to threaten a deliberately precipitated catastrophe by withdrawing money and credits from a Labor government if it should be elected. The voters hysterically voted

in a huge National majority; the defeat of Labor was complete.

But the crushing defeat of Labor had its positive and antiseptic consequences. The Labor Party awakened to the realization that its own policy of compromise and quarter-measures had sent it to a second disaster for which it had itself paved the way. It drove home the bitter lesson that in 1931, as in 1924, the Labor Government had been less the victim of murder than of somnambulism. It revealed with striking clarity that the forces of conservatism could use tremendous power and outrageous methods, even to the extent of forcing the whole country into a crisis. For the first time Labor was compelled to admit that its leaders had been a timid and confused group of political opportunists with too much faith in pretty socialistic phrases and with too much respect for the niceties of their social position. They had forgotten that their purpose was to effect fundamental economic reconstructions and not to embellish an ancient structure with feeble and ornamental reforms. The Labor Party learned that it had withdrawn from any basic problem which might have endangered its term of office—and remaining in office had become its goal and purpose.

The battered remnant of Labor was galvanized into a reconsideration of its tradition and its policy. The realization spread that Socialists were faced with the inescapable necessity of defining both their immediate and their ultimate goals; and, more important, of determining the precise mechanisms by which those goals were to be reached. A resolution demanding nationalization of the Bank of England was incorporated into the party platform. Proposals for the control of money, credit, and exchanges, the socialization of mines, transport, and public-utilities, the public administra-

tion of large basic industries permeated the "gradualness" of the older program. Sir Stafford Cripps, speaking for the left Socialist League, shot into the national consciousness by announcing that the next Labor government would ask for "emergency powers" and abolish the House of Lords; he even dared to utter unheard of criticism about "Buckingham Palace."

The Tory press, alarmed at this boldness of mere vocabulary, began a campaign discrediting every socialistic proposal, using Cripps as a target. Gloomy pictures were painted of the imminent dangers to the empire. The *Times* quaked in patriotic horror at the thought of tampering with the House of Lords. A Conservative leaflet entitled "Socialist Dictatorship Menace" warned the country that irresponsible fanatics would destroy parliamentary government, confiscate all property, and send England to ruin. The victories of Labor at the by-election polls only accentuated the sudden fears of Conservative leaders.

At this juncture Lord Rothermere, worried in his continental vacationing about the menace of Sir Stafford Cripps—and the declining circulation of the *Daily Mail*—struck the keynote of frightened Toryism by embracing Fascism. Mosley became more polite in his speeches and made fewer sarcastic references to the Press Lords. Soon he was writing signed articles for the Rothermere papers. He also became quite constitutional in his prognosis and forgot his statement of 1933, in which he had said he would use force to win power and abolish Parliament.

Other details in the political scene are symptomatic of the new trend in Conservative circles. In April the government introduced the Incitement to Disaffection Bill, the most flagrant invasion of the right of free opinion which England has seen in two

centuries. Under its original provisions it would have become an offense for any person (1) merely to have possession of any document which, *if disseminated* among the armed forces of the Crown, would be considered seditious; (2) to engage in any act which might be considered *preparatory* to the commission of an offense of this category. "Reasonable grounds" of suspicion would be enough to permit the issuance of a general search warrant, of the kind abolished in 1763. The bill is a weapon of incalculable repressive force; it would make even the possession of the Fabian League pamphlets or the early speeches of Ramsay MacDonald seditious. A storm of protest from over forty organizations, ranging from liberal clubs and peace societies to religious groups and the Society of Friends, won minor concessions in the details. The government was forced to greater apology and more radical revisions. At this writing the protest has not yet abated and in the House, Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, has indicated his reluctance to go on and suggested that the bill might be dropped because of widespread public opposition.

Another item is of exceptional interest. Lord Salisbury introduced a bill to "reform" the House of Lords—in such a way that Labor would become a totally impotent minority in the chamber. Worse, the House of Commons would lose its right, according to the Parliament Act of 1911, to pass legislation over the heads of the Lords without going to the country and being returned on the specific issue. The purpose of the bill, as the Marquess of Salisbury engagingly confessed, was to prevent a government which represented the will of the people from operating "too hastily." Though the bill was promptly killed when the government announced it would not sup-

port it, debates continued for several days to a packed chamber of aristocrats; and the outspoken attacks on the Labor policy only emphasized the genuine fears which the Tories to-day entertain. Lord Hastings warned the Labor Party that "force begets force" and that force would resist any effort to reform the House of Lords. The most astonishing words came from Lord Monkswell:

The organized wastrels are overawing the House of Commons, partly by the voting power of the masses and even more by the threat of revolutionary violence. *I am convinced of the futility of trying to achieve anything so long as this country is controlled by a process of counting heads.* Things are rapidly getting beyond the control of Parliament. If salvation is to be found it will be when the thrifty and intelligent members of the community organize to resist the plunder to which they are now subjected. *When organized revolutionary force, dependent either on voting or on rioting, can be met by greater force supported by the intelligence and patriotism of the best elements in the country, then will peace and prosperity be at hand.* (Parliamentary Debates, May 9th, 1934. My italics.)

Stanley Baldwin struck the note of a new "scare" when, on April 28th, he warned the Liberals: "We are threatened with a dictatorship of the Left and an autocracy of the Right," and said that there was a real danger that a Socialist Party, controlled by extremists and strongly tainted with Communism, might be returned.

And on May 4th, the journal of the National Union of Manufacturers contained these unprecedented words: "We cannot help wondering, rather wistfully, whether a British Mussolini would not play the excellent cards we hold in our hands a great deal better than our popular government does . . . whether a democratic form of government is really capable of directing the destinies of the Empire in these difficult times."

IV

All this points inexorably to the fact that conservatism is badly frightened; it explains, to some extent, the current prominence of Oswald Mosley. The swing away from the National government assures Labor that it will win a large number of seats in the 1936 general election, though not a clear majority. The strategy of the present leadership is to refuse an alliance with the Liberals in forming a government and to allow the Conservatives to rule under a National label; then to force a dissolution in 1937 or 1938 and, by winning over many Liberal and Independent Labor Party votes because of its independence and determination, to come to power with a majority of its own.

With a Labor government the ground will be clear for a definite fight on fundamental issues; and a major crisis in English politics may well be at hand. For Labor cannot afford to be timid and confused once again; if it does it will not only end in a débâcle worse than that of 1931, but will commit political suicide for at least a generation. The Labor party will be compelled into a challenging legislative program because of the pressure from its growing left wing and because of the exigencies of its position. It is at that moment that the Blackshirts may rise to great importance.

There is nothing Mosley would rather have than a Labor government, for it would put him where he is *not* really now: in the opposition. That is the strategic point from which Fascism could capitalize on depression, economic instability, fear, bewilderment, or disgust on the part of the general population. The Blackshirts would make great headway among the middle-class, who would fear socialization; among some of the working element who could be persuaded that the

Labor party was again bringing England to the brink of disaster; and certainly among the large industrialists and landowners, who would realize full well that their basic resources were in danger. It is inconceivable that the British vested interests will submit meekly to death-blows—however constitutional the procedure might seem. In the face of Tory tactics in 1931 it is clear that if the situation becomes acute enough there is no extreme to which the right wing may not go.

The British ruling class has often, and rightly, been eulogized for its intelligence and its respect for traditions and a democratic heritage; but the crucial question to-day is whether it has not reached a stage where concessions are no longer compatible with its own existence and prosperity. It is true that English democracy is no patchwork of expediency, as was the German, the Italian, and the Austrian; and that England's democratic institutions are deeply rooted in her history, have grown into a structure of vast social significance, and have been consistently respected by the groups which have ruled the empire. Above all, England has no class comparable to Junker reactionaries or a blind *ancien régime*. The English ruling groups have shown admirable foresight in making essential compromises. They absorbed the rising middle-class of industrialism into their aristocracy and Society; and in doing so both retained and strengthened their power.

Liberalism reached its greatest height in England; it has been perhaps the most striking feature of the English political system. But it is very significant that Liberalism in England is suffering a swift and inevitable demise. The rise of industrial labor, the demands of a working class, have introduced into English political life the element of *class* difference and *class* strife. Before the Labor Party, Eng-

lish parties were merely different exponents of the same general political philosophy, divided only as to degree and details. The Labor Party has grown at the expense of the Liberals; and the coming struggle for power is not merely one between Protectionism and Free Trade, or Reformism versus non-Reform; but between Capital and Land versus Labor. The optimist who points to the progressive nature of the English ruling class and scoffs at the possibility of Fascism forgets that the earlier compromises of the landowners with the bourgeoisie of industrialism are not at all comparable to the present problem, which is far more sharp: *can* there be a compromise with the lower classes in the present critical stage of capitalist development?

It is when Labor will be compelled either to admit its ultimate ineffectuality, under leadership of the 1931 variety, or to play its crucial Parliamentary hand ("emergency powers," nationalization, abolition of the House of Lords, etc.) that Oswald Mosley will become an important factor in the political process. It is precisely the situation toward which his whole strategy and preparation is focussed. Mosley realizes that a feeble Labor government will lose a great following which he can incorporate into the Black-shirts; and a militant and resolute Labor government will arouse middle-class and capitalist opposition which may have to come to him for his private army, his propaganda, and his whole machine. Certainly any gesture of unconstitutionalism will come from the Right, and not the Left. The Labor Party, in its history and present personnel, indicates that it will use every conceivable technic and illusion to preserve peace. It will stand to the last as a protesting target for that very onslaught from the Right, however disguised, which it will itself precipitate. Despite the current left-wing ac-

tivism, the trade unions, the co-operatives, the Labor Party leadership and hierarchy are still as conservative as the most polite liberals can wish for. They have not recovered from the unforgettable scar of the General Strike of 1926.

As for the Communist Party: its membership is negligible and its strength comparatively small; it has made little impress on the surface of English politics. As for the army, navy, and air forces: their allegiance is to the King, and not to either Parliament or the constitution. Under the guise of "law and order" to "save the country from Bolshevism" in an "extraordinary emergency" they can be mobilized into playing hand in hand with a coup from the Right, whatever form it may take.

V

The final judgment of Oswald Mosley's possibilities comes down to an analysis of economics and not of personalities. If the structure of English democracy can survive world crisis and instability, Fascism becomes a deferred, because unnecessary, political expedient. If that structure is in serious danger then some Mosley will lead England irresistibly along that road that Germany and Austria have taken. English Fascism may not be as spectacular or barbarous as its continental counterparts; but in its effects it will serve the same historical function.

The enormous middle-class of England is fertile soil for Fascism. Mass-production has weakened the trade unions by increasing the demand for unskilled as against skilled labor, which is the backbone of trade unionism. Technicians, clerks, and administrators have swelled the ranks of the bourgeois and *rentier* groups. In England they are not yet Fascist; but they have learned that the Labor Party is defeatist, and the Conservatives relatively impotent. Mosley

takes advantage of their discontent, their disillusionment, their disgust with the interminable palaver of parliamentary procedure—and, above all, of their desperate confusion in an economic position in which they are trapped. He offers them a simple and attractively activist solution to problems which are complex in nature and vast in scope. His propaganda appeals to simple, embittered minds which can understand neither the intricacy of orthodox recovery measures nor the slowness of their effect.

But in the wider historical perspective Oswald Mosley, as a political entity, becomes of secondary importance. If Fascism must strip capitalist democracy of its democratic encumbrances it will not particularly matter to the millions under its discipline whether it is Fascism by Blackshirts or Tories, or whether Mosley is its apostle and figurehead. Mosley's personal autocraticism and arrogance may cause the Right to seek for a more acceptable substitute. Many important Conservatives cannot tolerate his egotism and ambition; many Englishmen cannot forget his erratic past. It is inconceivable that Stanley Baldwin, for example, would ever violate his principles and faith to ally with a man who contradicts him on every score; but the Baldwins are not the rulers of England, though they may have the nominal authority. Besides, Mosley's dangerous phlebitis may remove him from the political scene at any unpredictable time. . . .

But just as England has already produced its potential von Papens it will find its Hitler when the necessity arises. Oswald Mosley has the ability and the desire to play that role; but at the moment he is merely the most prominent and romantic symbol of a deeper historical expedient which the Right may be forced into attempting in a desperate effort to solve its historical problems.



The Lion's Mouth



NOSTALGIA FOR THE NURSERY

BY JOHN CARTER

THE Frenchman can venerate his mother without neglecting his mistress; the Italian performs feats of courage and renown for fame or for money without attributing his efforts to a desire to please his maternal parent; the Englishman or German can recall with pleasure his days at Oxford or Heidelberg without descending on his university in mass-formation; even the Chinese, with his tradition of ancestor-worship, is more preoccupied with the production of offspring than with the adoration of the dead. In America, in the main, it is not so. The American is always threatening to go home to his mother. Here the mother-complex is so diffuse and tenacious that it has permeated every class of society and every type of thinking with an adult-infantilism which inhibits action and exalts effortless security as the highest goal of life. Nostalgia for the nursery has become a national habit to a degree which would be alarming if it were fundamental, and nauseating if it were insincere.

Fortunately for us all, this complex is neither fundamental nor insincere. Loving home and mother so loudly that it becomes positively and profitably deafening on Mother's Day, the average American leaves home at

the earliest possible opportunity and fiercely resents his mother's attempts to guide his future life to a degree which would astound the Frenchman and cause the footloose and generally homesick Englishman to lift his eyebrows in polite surprise. For the American, on the whole, is afraid of his mother and insists that all women conform to that fact. At the same time he is fascinated by the idea that someone, somewhere, and somehow, can relieve him of the intolerable burdens of responsibility and initiative. As a result, he alternates between an irrational and all but hysterical avoidance of the mothering-institutions—home, college, and the like—while he devotes fulsome and all but hysterical lip-service to those noble institutions which he so adroitly sidesteps throughout the term of his natural life. He will return to college for reunions, but he will not consult his college teachers on any important decision in life. He will bawl like a baby when a mammy-singer croons, but he will not permit his mother to offer her advice. Here, gathered at random, from the broad American canvas are a few vignettes which illustrate the unstable blend of sentimentality and brutality with which we veil the basic verity of human society.

Six hundred case-hardened yeggs, con-men, gorillas, snatchers, and other legally thwarted minor capitalists gaze at the speaker whom the warden has just introduced for the good of their souls. She is of the type who habitually address women's clubs, a successful female novelist who has won fame

and fortune by writing reverently and persistently about love, marriage, and the nicer side of motherhood.

"Boys," she says, "I am going to talk to you about your mothers. . . ."

Do those six hundred tough guys mutter, "Aw nerts!" or "Baloney!"? They do not. Tears trickle down the gunman's cheek and the kidnapper sobs openly as she speaks of gray hairs, backs bending over washtubs, and cookie jars.

Stiff shirts crackle and bare shoulders hunch quiveringly forward as the saxophones drop to a low, sobbing obbligato. The black-faced comedian bends half double at the foot of the theater's runway and entreats the audience with fluttering hands. The Broadway audience listens, rapt, half-hypnotized, with only here and there a sly, self-conscious grin, as, not with the bleat of the angora but with the thrilling bell-like cry of the wounded elk, the singer bellows his message: "Maaaaammy!"

The victorious welterweight wipes the blood from his mouth and, prompted by his press-agent, blurts forth to the bored reporter: "Aw, I done it for Mom!"

Silly, isn't it? Educated Americans know much better. They know that this flicker of day and dark between cradle and tomb is meant for more than an effort to recapture the golden age of childhood. They know that they can never go back and that, anyhow, childhood is generally a bewildering, unhappy battle in which the dominating obsession is to grow up as quickly as possible. And yet—

Twenty years ago a group of solemn young men clutched their parchments, sang the College Hymn for the last time together beneath the elms of dear old Whoozis and, vowing eternal friendship and loyalty, sallied forth

into a world which was about to blow up. The years and the old boy with the scythe have done their stuff. Poor old Harry Macomb died at Château Thierry; Joe Glutz is now a bank president; Eric Whipple committed suicide; Jerry Matthews (voted "most likely to succeed") is clerking in a Chicago shoe-store; Ned Bacon did a stretch for fraud in a Western penitentiary, and who would have thought that little Louie Mortimer would blossom out as a multi-millionaire? Still, you can't have a war, a panic, and a depression without breaking a few eggs.

So they all troop back to the elms of dear old Whoozis. Jerry Matthews seeks to recapture his old ascendancy over his classmates for a few brief days to atone for years of failure; Ned Bacon sneaks back to bask again in the lime-light as class-jester; Joe Glutz and Louie Mortimer come to show off their wealth and success. Hundreds of others shamefacedly slip away from wives and children, jobs and worries, to cavort in the costumes of clowns, to recount the merry japes of the dim pre-Woodrobian era, and to hold hushed alcoholic conferences over the tragic fate of poor old Marty Blodgett who was last sighted panhandling in the Paris bars. And once again, from a sea of paunches, bald heads, double chins, and round shoulders rises that stirring hymn:

Whate'er we do,
Where'er we be,
We'll still be true,
Whoozis, to Theel!

Take, for that matter, the national epic, the recent unpleasantness in France, and the noble deeds of the A.E.F., as celebrated in song and story, whenever two or three veterans are gathered together. What gay dogs they all were back in 1917-18! "Say, Jake, remember that red-hot widow in the Nice leave-area?" "Say, Sarge, how about a shot of that ving rouge?"

Loud jests about the "Battle of Paree" and constant invocation of the Made-moiselle from Armentières. Those were, it seems, the happy days.

Why? At that time you heard nothing but the yell, "When do we eat?", grumbling over grafting mess-sergeants, lousy rations, second loueys, hardboiled Old Army men, and West Point's artless assumption that a West Pointer combined all the best features of artist, poet, architect, strategist, leader of men, charmer of women, officer, and gentleman. There were tales of uniforms that wouldn't fit, shoes that were made for left feet only, damp billets, tactical blunders which wiped out the lives of decent men for no useful purpose, Y.M.C.A. canteens which gypped the troops, and Red Cross nurses who would rather raise the temperature of a Brigadier-General than lower the temperature of a wounded doughboy.

Yet to-day, four million American men, more or less, look back yearningly upon a period when they were clothed, fed, and paid—no matter how irregularly—by a maternal Government which asked of them only as complete a surrender of their will power and private initiative as a mother asks of a year-old baby and the State asks of an incurable lunatic. No worry about the gas bill, no worry about losing your job, no worry about anything. What is it but the nursery and not the War which calls together the members of the A.E.F. at stated intervals to do honor to the happy days when the Old Gray Mare and not the Factory Whistle was the tribal totem?

Even the highest reaches of our collective thought are permeated with this quaint habit of mind, which harks back instead of looking forward at every stage in human progress. Witness the following colloquy in the halls of Congress:

Senator Loofus: Will the Senator yield for a question?

Senator Goofus: I yield to the Senator.

Senator Loofus: Will the Senator inform this body whether he thinks that the proposal to standardize the diameter of radiator pipes is constitutional?

Senator Goofus: I am glad the Senator has asked that question. As I was about to state, Mr. President, this proposal to standardize diameters is the opening wedge of a movement which may easily lead to proposals to standardize everything from diameters to diapers. (Laughter.) It smacks of Soviet Russia, of dictatorship, rather than of the traditional methods of rugged Americanism. It is, I am firmly convinced, of dubious constitutionality. Abraham Lincoln, that great and true American, in the darkest period of the unhappy struggle between the States, never proposed such a measure. That noble statesman, George Washington, before whose memory the world stands in humble tribute (Applause), never proposed to standardize diameters. I thank God, Mr. President, that I can stand here to-day—some there are, I know, who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee to tyranny and willingly kiss the hands of these commissars who would regulate the most intimate details in our daily life—I thank God, I repeat, that I can stand here to-day and say that I take my stand against this socialistic proposal with Lincoln, with Washington and with the Constitution of the United States (Applause).

The Constitution. Lincoln and Washington. The Founding Fathers. The old American system. This adoration of a documentary agreement which is scarcely more inspiring than the articles of incorporation of a first-rate shoe-factory. These Congressional invocations of Lincoln, Washington, and other men whose true

claim to fame is that they were *not* stand-patters, that they met novel circumstances with novel means. This solemn prattle about Americanism, Courts, and Laws. Are not all these the symptoms of an infantile nostalgia for the national nursery, for an escape to the days when ox-cart thinking was confronted by nothing more complicated than an ox-cart, and when all this outlandish jargon of consumer-goods, collectivism, managed currency, and planned economies was still in the womb of time?

Fortunately, it does not go very deep. The kidnapper who weeps to be reminded of his happy childhood, when discharged from the pen resumes the racket of holding other happy children for ransom. Mother-love is worth its weight in gold to him. The audience which applauds the Mammy-singer goes out from the theater and makes whoopee, just as always, with never a thought for that little old home in Tennessee. The welterweight who "done it for Mom" gives his wife a biff in the midriff for presuming to interfere with his interest in a redhead. The bank president unlinks his arms from the shoe clerk and the wastrel and returns to his business, without a second thought for the welfare of his scattered classmates or for the educational facilities of his Alma Mater. The Legionnaire goes back to work and kicks like a steer over the taxes which he might have to pay to finance the Bonus and the National Defense. Senator Goofus votes against the standardization of diameters and, leaving the Senate chamber, advises the representatives of the National Diameter Corporation, of which he is legal counsel, on a merger which will do more to standardize diameters than all the legislation ever enacted by Congress.

For, although we wear our mothers on our sleeve, under our skin we are still a relatively homicidal band of

brothers, who atone for our habit of treating 'em rough, where some other mother's son is involved, by organized and artless self-pity for the fate of an adult in a heartless world in which the race is to the swift and the weaker goes to the wall.



ELEGY FOR THE BRANCH-LINE R.R.

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAVE just had a curious experience. I have ridden twelve miles on a train. I mean that I recently had a journey of only twelve miles to make and, instead of doing it by motor car, airplane, express bus, or any such commonplace method, I walked deliberately to a railroad station, bought a ticket, and covered the distance on a red-plush seat. Not only that, but, during the twelve miles, I had to get off and change cars at a regular junction. I am still tingling from the experience.

It happened this way: I was spending a few days at a rather remote country house in the Berkshires when I learned that a man whom I was very anxious to see would stop for an afternoon in a small town just over the border of New York State. In a direct line the distance between the two places was not more than seven or eight miles, but my host's car had started for Vermont and a call to the nearest village disclosed the fact that a Sunday school picnic, plus a recent accident, had exhausted the resources of the local garage. A group of us on a shaded piazza was calling the roll of possible neighborhood Samaritans, when suddenly my host's grandmother, seated just inside the open window, demanded:

"Why don't you go by train?"

The bewildered look and then the laugh which passed among us showed how preposterous the idea sounded, but investigation proved that it was perfectly feasible. There had not, of course, been a local time-table in the house since anyone could remember; but by gathering isolated facts from the gardener, the butcher's boy, and a well-informed neighbor, we discovered that by walking half a mile across the fields, then following a country road for another half mile, I should come to a tiny station where a "mixed" train, carrying passengers and freight, passed once a day in each direction. Four miles down the track I should reach a main line where, after forty minutes' wait, I could get an express and ride to my destination in triumph.

The plan seemed so quaint that, for a few minutes, it looked as if the whole house party would go with me; but romantic enthusiasm of that kind seldom survives, and I was glad in this case that it didn't; for presently I found myself plunged in one of those sentimental experiences so purely personal that they must be enjoyed alone. In due time, with burdock clinging to my trousers and white dust covering my shoes, I climbed to the open plank platform of the little station and in one instant was surrounded by sights, sounds, and smells that carried me back twenty years.

In the little six-by-eight ticket office the telegraph instrument was clicking away, with no one paying the slightest attention to it. A slot machine still offered chocolate, licorice gum, and other petrified dainties. On the walls one poster advertised an excursion to the circus at Rhinebeck while another pointed out the extreme folly of driving a touring car directly into the path of an oncoming locomotive. Through the open door could be seen a thin, wavering haze arising from the sun-baked rails and roadbed, while across

the tracks, beyond a wire fence, a field of daisies and buttercups nodded in bucolic unconcern. Fifty yards down the line a water tank leaked continuously and fifty yards in the other direction a man in overalls was loading boards from a box car into a lumber wagon with a regular, resounding rhythm.

In a few minutes, from the only house in sight, appeared the station-master, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. With all the oldtime manner he drew out a huge bunch of keys at the end of a chain, slammed open the ground-glass window, and sold me a little, hard ticket the size of a domino. Then, turning his back on me and the world, he pulled mightily at a couple of switch levers, wrote off some orders in triplicate on thin, yellow paper, and telegraphed headquarters all about it.

I returned to the platform and paced up and down in the summer silence, reading numbers on freight cars and spelling imaginary names from the letters on milk cans. Somewhere in the hills sounded the whistle of an engine, a semaphore arm at the end of the platform dropped with a creak and a thump, and immediately one was conscious of a faint, almost pathetic stir of life, like that of a wornout chorus rehearsing automatically some ancient air. The man at the box cars stopped loading lumber and, by way of precaution, gathered his reins, causing his horses to jerk up their heads with interest and alarm. At the door of the stationmaster's house three children and a spotted puppy peered through a haze of gray mosquito netting. From nowhere at all a sectionhand with a shovel and dinner pail came into sight and began to walk deliberately up the track.

Far down the line appeared the train itself, looking strangely small and informal among the open fields, then suddenly growing larger and more impor-

tant as it came, head-on, like a train in the movies, and finally clanking past the platform with a wave of hot, oily air, a shower of dry cinders, and a grin from the stout, blue-handkerchiefed engineer gazing benignantly down from the seat of his cab.

One hour and three-quarters after leaving my friends' house I arrived at my ultimate destination. That evening, by direct highway over the mountains, I returned in fourteen minutes to find myself greeted by an ovation that would have done honor to Admiral Byrd. "What was it like?" "How long did it take you?" "Did you actually get there?" I was also, I believe, asked whether I would say just a few words to the radio audience, but I begged to be excused because of the tremendous emotional experience through which I had passed. And, ridiculously, that was almost the truth. The following morning I actually did wake up feeling that I had done something delightfully colorful and pleasant, something that had awakened all sorts of distant, inviting trains of thought which, in odd moments for months to come, I should be glad to revive and think over again.

But equally, with daylight, came this obvious question: Why do we always grow romantic and poetical over things just as they are passing, or after they have passed? Why do we put pictures of stagecoaches on our Christmas cards as the most festive idea that one could imagine when both common sense and contemporary diaries show that, except perhaps for a few special English lines, travel in a crowded, swinging stage must have been about as agreeable as travel in a peddler's wagon? Why do we turn aside in the forest to bow our heads sadly over the ruins of an ancient grist mill but never think of making a pilgrimage to the perfectly good grist mills that are still in active operation? Why do we petition

the authorities to replace an ancient wooden bridge by a modern steel one and then sit about and mourn for the old covered structure? Why, in short, did I myself feel so grotesquely uplifted and almost sanctified by a four-mile trip on a jerkwater railroad that only a few years ago I should have regarded with irritation and distaste?

Association of ideas and the moss of time must, I suppose, supply most of the answer. For, of course, in my recent journey on the Berkshire short-line I was not really traveling from Dodd's Crossing to Sladeville. I was mentally reliving all the exciting and romantic journeys of my boyhood. In mere sentiment alone, however, I do not believe that one can find the whole reason for our tardy and sometimes incongruous tears for such things as the branch-line railroad. Indeed on this point my recent experience furnished certain suggestions over which to ponder.

In the first place it will be remembered that the expedition was made under what are to-day rather unusual circumstances. Virtually speaking, all other methods of transportation had for the moment been denied me. For the briefest of journeys I was forced to rely solely on the railroad and, having once accepted that fact, it was curious how quickly and how completely I slipped back into what might be called the railroad state of mind. Without premeditation I began to think and act as we all thought and acted twenty-five years ago.

One thing that struck me immediately was the complete sense of relaxation, of irresponsibility, that possessed me when once I had surrendered myself to the mercy of the railroad. It was totally different from the feeling that I should have had if I had been making the trip in my own car or anyone else's. The train, to be sure, might be an hour late, might roll off a bank,

or even go completely in the wrong direction but, if it did, I could do nothing about it; so in the meantime I sat back and rested. My mind was completely at ease and receptive.

Also I realized how curiously dramatic is even the shortest trip on a railroad, how curiously dramatic it must always have been if only we had had our minds tuned to realize it. The argument for the motor car has always been that it enables one to "see the country." As a matter of fact I saw more of the country, that recent day between Dodd's Crossing and Sladeville, than I have ever seen in a motor trip of five times the length.

Ride through your own city on a train and notice how curiously different it looks, how many things you see that you have never seen before. This is partly because, as I say, you are relaxed and at leisure to observe, but partly because the railroad has always had its own special way of doing things. It cuts a private path through backyards and foundries, through slums and marketplaces, and for the passage of a train humanity never seems to pull down its shades. For half a lifetime one will remember minutely things seen from the window of a train—a frowzy woman leaning from a tenebrous window, an indignant negro tugging at a horse, a town band welcoming a village baseball team, a nameless funeral in an unknown cemetery, or two dogs playing hide and seek behind a yellow barn. Furthermore, the railroad was once not only dramatic in itself but it had a power of dramatizing whole other areas of our private lives. Almost every important event was once

preceded and followed by a journey on a train and, like the footlights and overture in an old-fashioned theater, the trip itself became an essential part of the performance. It set the event apart in a sort of mental frame, furnishing a prologue of anticipation or apprehension and concluding with an epilogue of reverie or regret.

In other words, twenty-five years ago the railroad was, whether we knew it or not, a combination of entertainment and rest cure. Even a trip from Miller's Falls to Bakertown was a miniature Caribbean cruise and it may well be that these tonic elements of the railroad epoch are the ones that we really miss. For all one knows, the stagecoach, the water mill, and the covered bridge may have had similar elements of which we are still vaguely conscious but which we cannot exactly identify.

But, obviously, the pity is that, if these things exist, we cannot appreciate them while they are still present. For example, sixty years from now some grayhaired man may take a child by the hand and lead him across the fields to a faint line of weed-grown concrete. "My child," he will say, "that was once Federal Highway No. 9. When I was a lad the five-ton trucks rumbled by all night and there was a hot-dog stand every six or eight miles."

And, now that one thinks of it, there is something fairly dramatic in a five-ton truck and at least something harmless about a hot-dog stand. We may not, perhaps, be ready for that particular chapter in our national poetry but, in its last, flickering moment, the branch-line railroad has surely earned a wreath.



MORE RELIGION, MAYBE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE *Atlantic* for July had an article on the Rev. Frank Buchman and his Oxford Group. The writer of it, Dr. H. P. Van Dusen, Associate Professor and Dean of Students at Union Theological Seminary, has had an eye on Dr. Buchman and his work, a close-up much of the time, since 1919 at Princeton. He calls Dr. Buchman an "Apostle to the Twentieth Century" and considers him very big and important, to be counted perhaps in the group that includes St. Francis, Swedenborg, Wesley. He also sees faults in him and in his system, and speaks of those faithfully and freely. His article runs through sixteen pages and is to be followed by another "appraising the Oxford Group Movement itself."

Dr. Buchman has been talking for twenty years, this expositor says, about the imperative urgency of worldwide religious revival and about its imminent possibility. He pointed out, says Dr. Van Dusen, progressive moral disintegration the world over, dismissed the prevailing outlook of pre-War optimism, pronounced the futility of measures then trusted to assure human advance by education, scientific research, social reform, international sentiment and agreements. Nothing, he said, but "religious revival of the most drastic and sweeping kind could possibly save the world from impending catastrophe."

Twenty years ago was before the War. Not much had happened to disturb human expectations, but there was Buchman, so Dr. Van Dusen tells us, prognosticating large-scale catastrophe and insisting upon drastic religious revival to save the world.

Of course he wasn't alone in expectations and fulminations of this sort. Changes that were in the air before 1914 and expectations of disturbance have been abundantly satisfied. But what about the religious revival? Is it really on the way? A lot of people now agree that the fields are white for that harvest, a good many think nothing else will pull our world out of the mire in which it flounders. Many people commonly estimated as intelligent agree that education, scientific research, social reform, and international sentiment are not enough to save it. They want spiritual forces to be unleashed.

For example, the papers reported these opening remarks of Dr. John McDowell of New York at the conference on The Church and the Social Order at the Auburn Theological Seminary on June 19th:

"In this great crisis in the moral and spiritual history of our race, let us make no mistake as to what we need. It certainly is not more science, more knowledge, more machinery, or even more money, but a new spiritual power

that this torn world of ours, weary with efforts and struggles, with methods and mechanics, with figures and facts, with pronouncements and programs, insistently and persistently demands. If America with the world is to be Christian, we must recover the spiritual impulse that has been lost."

Now Dr. McDowell is a Presbyterian clergyman and secretary of the Committee on Social and Industrial Relations of the Board of National Missions. What he said at Auburn was spoken to his brethren of the pulpit and may be taken as evidence that conservatism and satisfaction with the *status quo* have by no means fully captured the orthodox clergy. Dr. McDowell talks about concerns that also supply subject matter to Dr. Buchman, and doubtless the recent remarkable rise of Buchman, after the reverse that followed his first success is evidence that the market has come to be increasingly hospitable to such offerings as he, among others, has to bring.

FOR Dr. Buchman, of course, is not the sole disburser of novel methods in the quest of salvation. He is a stirring figure. He has a grip on some things that look important. He imparts them by a method which succeeds with many people. Its power is conceded by such observers as Dr. Van Dusen who have been inside of it, are now outside of it, and are likely to continue outside. Trained as a Lutheran minister, his mind formed by contact with the Pennsylvania Dutch from whom he derives, Dr. Buchman, of course, does not assume to be himself a source of power, but an interpreter and an apostle of one from whom, or through whom, the power he deals with is derived. He is a voice crying in the wilderness, and though not of any close resemblance to his predecessor who lived on locusts and wild honey,

is like him in that his message is of the coming of the Lord.

The same in a way is true of most of the contemporary cults that would minister to an ailing world with religion. They all or nearly all—New Thoughters, Eddyites, Unity people, Spiritualists—find their primer in the New Testament and offer what they have got as a more-or-less-lost ingredient of Christianity as first preached and practiced.

A great many of these people have been and continue to be members of the organized churches. The Roman Catholic Church sees the urgent need of religious awakening and is making a mighty effort, so one reads, to do its share of harvesting and get in whatever crop it can. So the Protestant churches. As a rule they do not like the new cults, but they feel them. They find themselves dealing with new ideas which are prevalent enough to demand notice and which bring to many people religion in a form which they do not find in the organized churches. Our world is full of adventures in religion. If anyone is able to talk with the departed, they want to do this. If there are means of healing outside of orthodox medicine, they are not averse to trying them. The main tent of the camp meetings is not deserted yet, but the side shows do an increasingly active business. If people want religion, if they want an exposition of power from the invisible world and cannot get it in the pew in which they sit on Sunday, they will go elsewhere for it, reluctantly at first but less reluctantly if they get something that interests and helps them.

What millions of people now most need is a new point of view and revitalized beliefs. For them the world has collapsed—their employment gone, their savings used up, they are depending for life itself on what is handed to them. We feel that this is only a tem-

porary condition and that our country and other countries are well on the way toward recovery and that which we have thought of as normal life; but these millions of people will not return to where they were, some of them not for some time, many of them never. They will get bread, they will get work, but they have to reshape their lives on the basis not of what they had and were, but of what they have and are, and may hope to get. Material things they will achieve in various measure, but they want more than that. They want a new point of view about human life, and that is what clergymen like Dr. McDowell and Dr. Buchman are at work on, and what the New Deal depends on.

Germany at this writing is in a turmoil; Russia is a changed country; Italy has great problems; France has great problems. England, though it is doing better, is deeply chastened. All the mid-Europe countries, and for good measure throw in the Balkans and Asia, need a new point of view. Our world needs to be made over; and that it is in process of reconstruction how can anyone doubt or deny? These cults spoken of above, do their turns to change minds, to hold out new hopes, to give new courage, and the necessary spiritual condition for material things to supplement.

IN POLITICS, as in religion, the great current conflict is between those who struggle to restore the world that was and those who feel that that world has gone for good, and want one constructed on new principles and with new aims. Now Christ has been abundantly held up and set forth as a saviour who by his sacrifice has mollified the indignation of the Almighty with us sinners and given us a new chance. That is a familiar picture. Less so is the understanding of Christ as the Great Mind, the teacher who

above all others had understanding of life and of human relations and of the means by which men could dwell together in peace. People turn to him now as the great expositor of life, of economics, of national and international relations, and that is the vision of those who are looking forward to a world reconstructed on new principles rather than a return to what we had and what has failed us. With such a point of view as that in mind, all these contemporary ructions such as are now proceeding in Germany, such as have gone so far in Russia and have greatly affected most of the nations of Continental Europe, are mere processes of disorder preliminary to fundamental changes in the attitude of men toward life and toward one another that are inevitable and are surely on the way.

Of course it will take time to accomplish them. Some of the prognosticators expound with confidence just how much time it will take. Their calculations are not generally received with much respect; but in so far as they think and say that what is going on now is an unprecedented experience of the human race, there will be a good deal of agreement and probably more as matters go along.

That man who said that "life was just one damned thing after another" made a fairly accurate picture of mundane affairs as they look to many, many observers. We all see there is a big job doing. We all see that it will take unprecedented force to carry it through to a successful issue. These people who look forward to an immense revival of religion find in that the necessary force to accomplish these hovering changes. To them it cannot be done by anything else, not by education, not by more knowledge, but only by great spiritual processes that will change enough the minds of men and radiate enough new light into

their understandings to start our world on new travels to a destination never reached before.

THE new cults all count on a saving power that can be reached and used if one can learn the technic of using it. It is a spiritual power. Dr. Buchman relies in guidance. He and his fellows believe they are shown what to do—that their lives are directed by spiritual promptings to which they must be responsive. They think they are “shown,” and if they respond the next step will be disclosed to them.

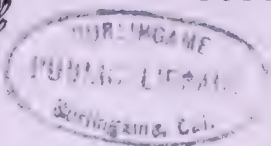
But that is not so unlike the ordinary way in which people work as may appear. Most of us do the next thing when we come to it, what we do being determined, partly by conscious reason, but largely by the suggestions of our subconscious minds. And there we come to the values of race, education, and environment; for on them largely depends what our subconscious minds will tell us. What religion may do and often does is to constrain us to action; to increase understanding and give the patience and resolution to meet adversities and survive opposition and mistakes.

What a world we are living in! But it's mighty interesting, and fairly cheer-

ful in spite of all its risks, uncertainties, horrors, and scandals. Is there not growth in the feeling that, on the whole, life in the prewar world was rather foolish? Does any middle-aged person think we could go back to it? We couldn't; we wouldn't like it. Being sane and safe would not seem to us worth its cost. It would seem dull.

And as for the future, people do not seem to count enough on world change still to come. All that the professors and administrators contrive and plan are emergency measures based on the present condition of our affairs. But surely the changes in life, the control of the processes of nature, the control of power of all kinds, inventions, light on many subjects, the progress of science, of politics, of religion are likely to make life thirty years hence at least as different from the present as the present is from life thirty years ago.

The thing we Americans of the United States should be most thankful for is that we come of races which have long been trained in self-government, and we have even had valuable experience of it on our own hook. If any country can keep up with the times and avoid the worst pains and horrors of transition, surely ours can!



Harpers *Magazine*

AN AMERICAN COMES HOME

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

ALTHOUGH broad patches of snow still lay unsullied amid bare trees between Quebec and Montreal, the strong sun of the Western hemisphere, comparable only to that of the Mediterranean littoral, answered a long nostalgia at once. The well-remembered air stung; soon it seemed to commingle with the blood. All things were possible here. No wonder, I said to myself, that our rhythm is swift and staccato; that we often aim beyond our means; that the mood of contemplation is rare and must be diligently sought. Now more than ever in this immediate retrospect Northern and Central Europe seemed a land perpetually swathed in gray, wrapped in a downy atmosphere, faintly tinted at best, shadowy and with uncertain outlines.

That first impression both as fact and as pregnant symbol has remained. A ten years' absence had sharpened both eye and mind. Americans have

had a new material for that rebuilding of civilization which is taking place, a nature more vivid and electric, an air more urgent, a landscape more heroic, a climate more dramatic. We talk a good deal about the weather because, whether dazzling or catastrophic, it is worth talking about. I understood once more why in this sun and air we build white towers that make the pyramids look puny and why our imitations of strictly classical architecture, from the eighteenth century on, and from private dwelling to State capitol and university library, look native in an atmosphere as brilliant and translucent as that of Attica or Rome.

The more significant contrasts to which I am coming are sharpened, of course, by the decay of Europe, a moral decay which renders more desolate and emphasizes every sign of physical decay: hopelessness or cynicism as the only variants from the mad and bloody fundamentalism of the extremists, a

tragic drifting with the forces that make for war and confusion, a consequent hardening of the heart and a slow corrosion of the generous instincts. Nevertheless, I hold fast, as permanently significant, to that first and still enduring sense of the brilliancy and lift of our landscape and climate, our irresistible air and our refulgent sun.

For that impression prolonged itself at once in the works of man. Although I had long had my suspicions, the confirmation of them was at once massive and startling. In many things in which Europe is supposed to excel (and did so, historically speaking, till the other day) it is now America that excels. I anticipate the reply that the things in question belong to the shell or outer vestiture of civilization. In view of the primacy of the psychological, of plan, vision, dream, symbol, always preceding execution in whatever medium of the material world, there is really no outer or inner here and civilization, like nature, has neither "kernel nor shell." Thus our contemporary architecture, both domestic and public, our necessarily not always finished city-scapes have a charm, a fitness as well as a solidity, of which Europe has lost the secret. I have yet at least seen nothing so brutally doctrinaire and so cruelly hideous as those French and German buildings that are supposed to look like and to be machines to live in. Perhaps because we are more accustomed to machines and have had them longer, our minds are less befuddled by them. We still keep our most original creations (the Woolworth or Empire State buildings) within the eternal world of human art, so that an instructed visitor seeing them again rightly exclaims, "Babylon!" and does not think of that European obsession—a nightmare from the British Channel to the Polar seas—which Aldous Huxley has called "fordism."

Humbler details went to even more

vital spots. The sudden and dramatic impoverishment of all Americans living in Europe through the devaluation of the dollar had made them feel a total discouragement about their country. In the days of the favorable exchange even the best-mannered of them had been a little jaunty. Now they had one humiliating experience after another. The French who had borne the jauntiness and worse with imperturbable good humor and politeness, could not help assuming a little air of commiseration; they predicted a violent inflation for the dollar and subtly suggested that we were now all paupers together. Added to these experiences were harrowing tales from home, and no American of long foreign residence but feared the shock of his return.

He found everything the contrary of what he had supposed. Whatever is beneath the surface of our civilization, the surface and, I believe, the structure, are untouched. It is Europe that at best is frayed and shabby and down at heels. Our streets and shops in large cities and small, our hotels and public offices of all kinds, are to the eye long accustomed to Europe at its best, clean and precise and elegant. Burnished is the word that came to me again and again. The people are like their environment: the best-dressed, best-shod, the brightest of eye and clearest of complexion of any people in the world, and women in humble walks of life and in small towns have a touch of chic that is unthinkable in any other country. On the great thoroughfares of great cities, on Boylston Street in Boston, let us say, there is a perfection and completeness, a polish and an elasticity that you shall look for in vain on Bond Street or the Place Vendôme. Now considering that there is a depression (though at first I looked for it in vain) and that our economic structure is breached and gashed, this bladelike burnish of all

the surfaces of life speaks of moral qualities in our population that put the economic determinist and his grimy superstitions quite to shame. Except, I suppose, in jails or poorhouses there is not to my knowledge any place in America as dismal, as redolent of hopelessness and dirt, as grimy morally and physically as a post office in any good Parisian residential quarter. Tourists in palace hotels at Cannes may tell another and a worthless story. The pseudo-sophisticated will report that civilization is not yet culture. Well, recent events in certain countries, in Germany above all, have proven up to the hilt a platitude which several generations of American liberals have treated with alternate jeering and disdain: culture, the broad dissemination (nowhere as broad as in modern Germany) of abstract philosophizing and aesthetic appreciations, has *of itself* no saving, no humanizing power.

II

It is the people, the common people of America, the people who sustain this civilization, whom I had most thoroughly forgotten, who have amazed and moved me most. A series of small shocks received from an electrician, a plumber, a woman supposed to be a domestic servant, motor-car salesmen and house to house peddlers of humble wares, waiters and waitresses, porters and truckmen, clerks and policemen (all this mostly, to be sure, in New England) built up an inner certainty that strikes deep into the core of American life. These people had not the faintest intention of being impertinent. The elderly maid-of-all-work who, in moments of the stress of settling, soothed both the mistress and the master of my modest home by calling them "dearie" and "child" was not in the least ill-mannered. She and her fellows simply have in the European sense

no manners at all. There are, at least in the older parts of America, no elaborate symbols by which a hierarchy of classes retains the consciousness of itself. Such things, where they exist, are more or less recent improvisations of the snobbery of wealth. Here on the broad levels of American life we have what is virtually a classless society or, if one prefers, a society overwhelmingly lower middle-class, but quite without the European lower middle-class' anxious and corrupting watchfulness of classes both above and below. It is admitted in my adopted New England town that the leading bankers and lawyers are "smart men," not to-day without a shrewd enough insight into certain aspects of that "smartness"; it is not admitted, no, it is not dreamed of that the qualities by which they succeeded make them either better or higher-class than the ordinary citizen who saves his respect for goodness and knowledge, that is, for high character and for certain definite types of learning and intellectual power.

I am perfectly aware of how naïve I shall be thought by a considerable number of Americans, ranging from the Carol Kennicotts to the members of the *New Masses* staff. Nor am I prepared to retract any of the criticisms of America which were so widely applauded twelve and fifteen years ago. But the observation of other societies in other lands has convinced me that these criticisms, made in the service of a humanistic ideal, are to be addressed (*mutatis mutandis*) to the entire Western World, and that to many parts of that world, especially to-day, and especially under the brutal tyrannies of the neo-barbarians, there are to be addressed criticisms compared to which any criticism of American society is still a compliment. I know Europe—not by hearsay or flying trips or through interpreters or merely from the vantage of an American group on

a café terrace just able to say: "*Zahlen, Herr Ober!*" or "*Garçon, l'addition!*" I have come out at the other end, at the beyond, of all current sophistications; heckling Communists leave me unmoved. I am, moreover, old enough to be resigned to the fact that the highest goods of human civilization have always been and will always be the possession of a small minority. Well, that minority exists in America and is not so different from the comparable minorities in other lands. It is the common run of American men and women that I find still to be less driven and hardened, less cruel and rapacious, far less either flunkies or snobs, kindlier, better-spirited, freer and more naturally conscious of freedom and, therefore, more tolerant than the people of other Western lands. And I attribute these qualities to certain virtues in the traditions of our polity which, despite the moral evils fastened on us by the War, by Prohibition, by the gambling fever of recent Administrations, have not wholly perished from the land.

There is a sense in which, upon this return, I seem to find—with exceptions to be presently noted—not the America I left in 1924, but the America of my youth, a land cheerful, frugal, democratic, determinedly hopeful even in adverse circumstances, an unpretentious land in which the processes of living are less solemn and still less difficult, less complicated and ensnaring than in other lands. But this America, while indulging in new quaint, child-like gaieties, such as radios in motor cars, is a more aware and hence an intellectually more flexible America. Suffering has not left it uninstructed. At a meeting of women with toil-worn hands, clad in dowdy provincial frocks—a meeting held in a small, rather desolate New England town quite off the well-worn roads of traffic—there arose one and made a declaration for herself

and her sons of absolute pacifism, repudiating by name and quotation the doctrine of "my country, right or wrong," and was applauded warmly and without dissent. Where else in the world to-day could that have taken place? Certainly not in any country of Continental Europe except Scandinavia. And thus there is a deep meaning in the instinctive reaction of many simple Americans toward an, at least, political isolationism from contemporary Europe, in their undefined and not quite definable conviction that, though stricken by comparable difficulties and defeats, we must find another, we must find our own way out.

Why is this particular strain in American life so little noted? Because the more vociferous youth in our great centers of population has morbidly repudiated the better part of its heritage; it does not demand freedom and peace; it does not demand the application of reason to the solution of economic problems; it demands catastrophe, an imitation of another so-called revolution, the "liquidation" [a great sage named Freud could tell them something about the phenomenon of self-hatred] of the class from which it sprang. And older people, who should know better, "tired intellectuals" who once fought all the battles of American libertarianism, are feebly playing into the hands of the pseudo-revolutionaries and are thus sabotaging their own resistance to the darker Fascist menace that is seeking to get a foothold on these shores.

III

Returning, then, to a physical civilization so admirable and complete and unfrayed, finding so many people, both of a common and an uncommon stripe, so democratic and kindly and not unthoughtful and either extraordinarily serene or equally brave, the famous de-

pression was at first hard to find. One's own impoverishment seemed almost for a brief period a piece of personal ill-luck. Gradually, of course, the symptoms and stories of misery came out: sudden business-failures even in this small city of my adoption; verse and paragraph for the undernourishment of children in rural districts, harrowing tales of the suicides of ruined fathers of families, the concrete mass tragedy of the unemployed and of the workers in industrial districts. Tales and experiences came too of older kinds of misery still surviving and little thought upon amid these new catastrophes—of isolated families or groups of families even in the back-hills of New England without church or school, without physician or midwife, feeding their broods by a little feeble gardening but chiefly by hunting a few deer, an occasional bear, or the cattle of long-abandoned farms that had taken to the hills and gone wild. And now too it was evident that there were few customers in any shop, that travel on the trains was extremely light and, above all, that it was hard for anyone to come by any money for any kind of work or from any source.

But all this is true of Europe and, therefore, in Europe the physical façade of civilization is crumbling and dirt and disorder gain daily ground, and bitterness and hatred and despair drive more and more men to plunge from mad theory to madder action, until even what is left over from decenter and humaner and less desperate times is attacked at its very foundations and threatens to topple down the slope of war into an unspeakable abyss! And once more the contrast comes overwhelmingly home. Here where, to be sure, want and suffering have been of briefer duration—yet sudden and sharp and cruel in their unwontedness—here the entire structure and vestiture of civilization are as brilliant and com-

plete as ever and men and women support their difficulties not only without bitterness, but with a kind of stringent cheer and unobtrusive gallantry.

Let me not be misunderstood. I deny no accusation and discredit no report. But in contradiction to at least the omissions of which American liberals and radicals of my own and the succeeding generations are guilty I assert that there is virtue—*virtus*—in our people and our polity, in the character of our very errors and failures, in our temper and in our attempts, and that the precise *kind* of virtue that is in us is the kind that makes for a humane civilization and is, once more, the precise kind of virtue which the European nations are losing or have lost. Look in Europe to the right or look to the left. The appeal is to force and to fanaticism. Where reason and decency still prevail, men like Oswald Mosley, organizations like the *Croix de Feu*, batter incessantly at their gates. And who almost alone offers these and their like any effectual resistance? The proponents of another brand of force and fanaticism. The Fascists expel or murder the fellow-citizens they do not like; the Communists starve them into abjectness by allowing them only six hundred grams a month of basic food-stuffs at prohibitive prices. Well, even in France, even in England, you feel in the very air the menace of barbarism and blood, of torture and wild fanaticism. In February of this year the imprint of bloody hands on walls and fountains of the Place de la Concorde was like a menace and an omen. Leaving that behind after a long and intense experience from within, stepping into the sunshine and comparative serenity of America, seeing country and city, conversing with people of all kinds, following sedulously a press which, whatever its previous comparative station, is to-day along with that of Britain

the freest in the world—there was no question, there was no doubt left that here and here alone there was order, order which means liberty and peace, that here alone there was some chance of still making to prevail in this age what Matthew Arnold was fond of calling “reason and the will of God.”

Soon after landing I met under the most agreeable conditions in one of our large Eastern cities a group of American liberals. It was, in fact, part of the old guard of American liberalism with which I had grown up, whose rebellions and purposes I had long shared. The subject of their ironical discussion was the New Deal, which they mercilessly riddled in all its aspects. Learned professors were among them as well as men and women from various practical walks of life. I am too ignorant of economic technics to have countered their arguments, nor did I desire to do so. Doubtless a thousand errors have been made. But what, fresh from the imminent vision of the rise of barbarism, of riots and the victims of unspeakable torture-chambers, of the shadow of gas and typhoid wars on the very horizon, of the press of three-quarters of a continent turned into the mouthpiece of some of the bloodiest tyrants in history, of liberty and humanity slowly done to death from the Baltic to the Caspian—what struck me as inexcusably frivolous on the part of these old friends and fellow-workers was that they seemed to entertain no suspicion of the fact that, whatever technical economic errors the present Administration may be said to have committed, they and I and all of us are still living within a civilization where (as this very assembly showed) the rights of criticism, of free discussion, of attack on the government, of democratic speech, and hence essentially of democratic control, were still unquestioned. This was the first public assembly that I had attended in

years where there were no uniformed policemen in the hall and for which no special permission had to be obtained from some wretched little bureaucrat whose grimy sense of inferiority made him take a sadistic delight in bedeviling his betters. Have these friends of mine, I asked myself, no notion of what is going on in the world and of all that may, unless we are strong and prudent, creep stealthily up on us too? Evidently not. For soon a quite blatant Communist, whom they apparently accepted as a friend and fellow-spokesman, got up and declared that it was foolish to waste time in even making fun of the twists and turns of a dying capitalism. The workers would arise and take over the means of production and the government and everything would be for the best in the best of worlds. And my friends and former comrades in their incurable lightmindedness did not hear the menace in that brash voice. Nurtured in liberty and humanity, they would be the first to criticize, the first to rebel, the first to voice the cry of humanity inextinguishable in their hearts, and hence they would be the first to be “liquidated” by the well-known “tactics” of that reigning “party” of oligarchs.

IV

The accusation of reactionary, of self-appointed defender of the capitalistic order, has already been brought against me in conspicuous public places. It is, of course, an absurd confusion of thought. For it is possible for a sane man to regard capitalism and collectivism as two alternate economic technics to be tested wholly by their usefulness and efficiency in properly guiding and controlling the production and distribution of material goods. Mr. Mark Sullivan's indignant suspicion that the Adminis-

tration's policies are a drift toward collectivism strikes me as emotionally meaningless. The menace of this age is not in a change of economic technic kept strictly on its own plane and dealing strictly with what comes within its framework. The menace of this age is that both Fascism and Communism seek not to regulate the body but to murder the soul. All signs point to a collectivist age. It is the fanatic with his dark superstition of self-hatred that the economic man is the total man and that economic forces alone determine history, who will destroy our civilization, the existence of which he denies, unless we are all on our guard.

Now the peculiar virtue of America in this age is that almost instinctively—certainly without any debate or any striving or crying—it is seeking to reconstruct the economic system without ideological implications. It faces the economic difficulty as such. Whether in detail it faces that difficulty with the best or with second best measures is a secondary and a legitimately debatable question. The point is that it chooses the *via media* of a humane civilization. Because manufacturers or farmers are put on quotas of production, because workers are assigned shorter hours and standardized wages, no one has dreamed of suggesting that these manufacturers or these farmers or these workers are any of them, on account of their status and function in the economic order, either devils or angels (the exact equivalents of "bourgeois" and "proletarian" in the demonology of Communism) or that the regulation of their economic activities has anything to do with their prayers or opinions on all things between heaven and earth or with the way they order their lives or with the education of their children. Herein lies the great and triumphant virtue of the American system and of the American tradition: it is able, if preserved and de-

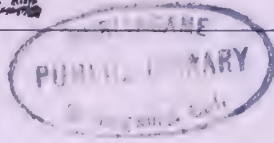
fended, to introduce fundamental changes in the economic system and at the same time to guard the civic and the metaphysical liberties without which life is unendurable. And to this virtue of our system I attribute the moral energy which keeps the structure of our civilization burnished and complete and keeps our people brave and comparatively serene in the midst of threatened disaster and frequent want.

Two years ago, when the dreadful Nazi tide was rising in Germany, Kurt Hiller, one of the younger Communist leaders, dead or in obscure exile to-day, addressed a warning to the older leaders of his party, begging them to break the bonds of their Marxist materialism, to recognize the eternal trends in human nature which that sterile and rigid ideology took no account of, prophesying that many thousands of workers would be driven into the foul fury of reaction because they would seem to themselves to be defending "the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods." That is a sentiment which is very strong in America and it is a respectable, even a venerable sentiment. Our liberals with Communist leanings who make a joke of the New Deal and subtly sabotage the American *via media* pretend to have a great horror of Fascism. Well, it is they who, perhaps through obscure masochist impulses, may bring us within its danger sphere by their incessant flirtations with Moscow. Man is a religious animal. Leave the American his religion in the broader sense, as the Administration is doing, and you may be able to achieve a reconstruction of the economic order without war or terror, without cruelty or oppression. Menace him with a left-wing fanaticism abhorrent to every instinct, tradition, or loyalty, and you may drive him into the even darker fury of the right.

The other day Franklin Roosevelt, speaking over the radio, said that there were those who were complaining of a "loss of individual liberty." In a kindly and homely fashion he explained that they were only "the comparative few who seek to retain or to gain positions or riches or both by some shortcut which is harmful to the greater good."

What sane and healing words in a world full of spinning dervishes, foaming at the mouth and offering to men a choice between their specific Koran and the sword. Mr. Roosevelt said "positions and riches"; and that is precisely what he meant. He did not speak of classes or races to liquidate, of demons or traitors, of the Economic Man or of Racist Purity, or of any of the new devil worships that are ravaging mankind. He does not dream that economic regulation has anything to do with the necessary

spiritual liberties or normal self-expressions of men. So far as he is concerned not only may the Holy Rollers (I am using them symbolically) roll, but while they should and must for the common benefit submit to certain merely economic regulations, their right to roll must be upheld and if need be defended to the limit. Well, that is the way to uphold and preserve our civilization. So long as the Holy Rollers roll they are safe and we are all safe with them. And he who sincerely desires to preserve both his country and Western civilization should think of the Holy Rollers and see to it that they roll in rapture and in peace. A homely symbol perhaps, but one that soars high and strikes deep. Through it at least one American, not inexperienced in the world of either things or thoughts, is glad to declare his re-attachment to the American tradition and the American way of life.



THE SANCTUARY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

A STORY

BY GEORGE WELLER

AT THE front end of the varnished yellow car, third class, of the Antwerp-Brussels train, Marple swayed above his luggage. He was deferential to his suitcases. All he possessed in the world was in them; they were in a sense his woman, for he put all he acquired into them, he took them about wherever he went, and he carried them himself.

In his blue cheviot shirt and blue tie he was a tall bachelor's button, head slightly bent over his neatly piled baggage as though ready to catch its words if it should make some little murmur of protest. "The heat," it might complain up to him; then he would bend a trifle lower and admit, "Yes, it is hot."

In electric quiet the train swam through the level countryside, breathing with little sidewise clicks that seemed to come up out of the hot green bushes along the track. He lost interest in being deferential to his luggage and stared out the window, reminding himself that this was the Antwerp-Brussels stretch. It was not the Padua-Venice stretch, although he found himself peering for St. Mark's campanile to come poking up out of the flat green horizon like a burnt match someone has sharpened.

Marple was glad his own country was not like that, all full of cities just so far apart. He was proud of his un-

balanced country, Ohio and New York State crowded with cities, and yet between Needles in California and the eastern end of the Navajo reservation nobody able to drive a car from north to south. To hell with Italy and her long tunnels, making it just a subway ride from Bologna to Florence. He had a country where they couldn't even find the airplanes after they fell. He had a country where nobody ever sees the accident, not like Europe with its stretcher bearers always hanging round.

But in himself he was a lot less than his country. He was only an American with a job teaching school in the Near East. "Oh, the Turks are very strict about proselytism nowadays. Besides, we have been quietly doing our best out there to get away from the missionary spirit of just after the War. The Turks never really liked us for it, and now, of course, with the Ghazi and everything, we have to be careful." He liked their mystification over "the Ghazi" so much that he never said "Mustafa Kemal" any more.

And Marple was not a missionary. He was just a fellow three years out of college who happened to be lucky enough—yes, *lucky* enough—to get a job teaching. He was not an expatriate. It just happened that he was lucky enough—yes, I said *lucky* enough—to get this job of mine teach-

ing in an American school in Europe. Yes, teaching English to Turks. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do. You or anyone else twenty-five years old that thinks he can get a much better job than mine these days.

Someone put a hand on his shoulder. "What you doing riding on my train, Mr. Marple?"

It was the young Nazi from Chicago, the one who had made such a point of being polite to the Jews on the ship. He was about Marple's age, but already he had a bakery of his own in Chicago. He was going back to spend the summer with his people in Karlsruhe.

They shook hands. It was about two hours since they had said farewell forever at the Antwerp gangplank, a farewell that was generous because it promised to be everlasting. "If you should ever be going through Karlsruhe, Mr. Marple" . . . "I don't suppose you ever get down as far as Constant' in the summer . . ." "No, I have to get right back to my bakery in Chicago."

Their handshakes dropped away, Marple wondering how long it would take for a boatload of people to get well mixed in a continent, raisins sprinkling down through Antwerp into the heaving, pasty dough of Europe. Then he noticed the Nazi had a girl with him, a girl also from the ship.

She was a slim tall girl with brown hair and a steady flush on her cheekbones, a flush too bright for beauty. She had long light hands; he saw them again, arranging her steamer blanket when it slipped. Though they had never spoken to each other, they had smiled regularly when passing on the deck. He had read her smile as meaning: "Here I am off for Europe, the strange countries I have read about and never seen, the languages I haven't heard, isn't it secret and wonderful?"

And he had smiled back at her to say that it was, and nodded wisely at her to mean that she would love it all, not only Paris and London and some single place more, but all of it, and that it would put a tall elixir in her.

Now they smiled at each other again. But the boat-smile seemed meaningless, off the boat. It was too seamanlike. It was as though he had offered her a pair of marine glasses, though knowing perfectly well that there were no porpoises to be laughed at, along this dry green track.

"Where are you going?" he asked seriously.

"Mannheim," she answered.

"And where else?" He was experimenting with a new gravity-of-the-land, reminding her that they were now back on land, with all its responsibilities.

Obediently she grew grave also. "Nowhere else. Just Mannheim," she said.

Bored, the young Nazi nodded to them as though they belonged to him and the steamship line forever, and went away down the aisle, seeming always to seek a Jewish face to pose anew the problem of how he should conduct himself.

The minute he had gone there was real reason for being grave at going to Mannheim. Why? It darkened her face and she wrung her glove off her hand and felt in her bag for her mirror. What was it?

Marple found that she was standing closer to him than she had been, although he had not seen her move. Just a moment before he had been talking across to her. Now she was nearer him. Now she was looking rather up at him than across, and a silence lay between them.

In the silence he took note of her hair. It was dark brown and bobbed and she was wearing it lifted back over her ears, the third time she had

changed her mind about it since he had first seen her on the boat. What else was she uncertain about that made her so uncertain how to fix her hair?

Then he observed that she was looking at him in her mirror.

She turned him up a guilty half-smile.

Hastily he said, "Sit down here on my baggage, if you don't mind the discomfort." They sat down together. After a little he said, "Mannheim. I never was in Mannheim in my life."

"No-o-o?" she said surprisedly. But she was not very much surprised.

Why don't you make a visit there this summer, then?

She had not uttered the words, but Marple heard them. And hearing these words in the air, he compared them with others of hers, listened to the echoes of her past words and examining them, found that she had an accent. She was not an American. She was a *Mannheimerin*, a *Rheinmädcl*. It was the touch of French in her that made him fail to notice it before, that brought her nearer to being an American.

When the new estimate had overlaid the old he said, growing more American himself as he did so, "But you speak English so perfectly. You certainly aren't one of the German dollar-tourists. You've spent a lot more than five days in New York," he ran on with hollow sagacity. The locomotive heard him and lifted a long derisive hoot.

"I've been nearly five years in New York," she responded. There was a roar growing in the distance. "I was a . . ." (a train passed deafeningly, darkening their window) "in a private family," she finished.

A governess probably. Our German governess. Someone in New York was saying that the German governess we have for the children has gone back to her people in Germany

for the summer. We let her go back because she hasn't seen her people in Germany for almost five years.

Hastily he began to heap her with similarities to himself, comfortable ones that would help to get round her being, though beautiful, a governess in a New York family. He talked German to her. They would both be changing at Brussels for Cologne. Then they would both have a couple of hours waitover in Cologne for the train down to Mannheim and the train across to Berlin. So they would have to be saying good-by in Cologne, it seemed. But there would be time to visit the cathedral. Had she ever been there? Yes. Never mind, she could go again with him. The sanctuary was said to be particularly beautiful. Then they would have tea together.

He finished his lyric, his athletic-fight talk about the cathedral of Cologne, and found in himself a strange little sting of regret. Fresh though he was from the liner's forty meaningless farewells, he was wincing already at having to say good-by in Cologne to this woman. He observed that farewell coming nearer. There was no salving hypocrisy about it. In Cologne they would have been knitted up by the meaningful face of the land, not like the blank blue horizon of the sea that, never having known presence, cannot count absence a loss.

With the cathedral towering over them like two gray, gothicized shells in a gunclip, he asked an elderly man, "*Wie kommt man zum Telegraphenamt, bitte schön?*"

"*Zum Telegraphenamt?*" brightly replied the man, who had apparently waited a lifetime of afternoons in front of the cathedral at Cologne for just that question. "*Bitte, gehen Sie nur rechts vorne. . .*"

She had wondered aloud whether she ought to telegraph her family that

she was coming. He thought it advisable: she was leaving at seven, and there was no other train until morning, and they might be worried about her. She thought they would not be worried. "Let me telegraph a little later," she said to him.

But she pleaded so sweetly that it was like an invitation to overrule her. And now that she had given him control of her in her own language, he led the way in everything, saw that she had her Belgian francs changed into marks at the best rate, found out what time her train would be in Mannheim, and asked the man in the *Telegram-mangabe* when the telegram would be delivered to her family. ("It will reach the Mannheim office in 27 to 31 minutes and be delivered immediately.")

She watched the man stuffing the telegram into its tube, until he took her arm, saying, "Now we have the rest of our time to ourselves."

They had not tasted food since breakfast aboard the ship, but there was a risk that they might miss seeing the cathedral. They hurried back to the square.

A sexton, wearing a dead necktie and a motherly smile, was blocking the single little wooden door that was still open. Frequently he stepped aside to let people go out, but blocked everyone who tried to enter. Impartially, with mounting pleasure in his office, he turned away those who had piety in their faces or money in their hands. Put yourself in my place, he counselled them gently. If I let in you and you I must also allow you and you to enter. *Nicht wahr?*

The people began to turn away. Heartily he bellowed a sexton's benediction after them: And if I let you all in, then where should I be, can you tell me that? Dipped in logic although not bathed in grace, the visitors wandered down the stone stairs.

Marple could find no inviting beer gardens in the shadow of the great bridge that passed the railroad across the Rhine in a continuous gesture toward Berlin. Finally they went into the deserted clubroom of a tavern. Both the long tables were of clean unpainted wood, pure like the floor-beams of a ship after a storm has scrubbed them. He ordered meat sandwiches, lettuce salad, and white wine, all that Cologne afforded at half-past five in the afternoon.

When the waiter went out he put his arm round her.

She looked into his face searchingly and said, "Why did you never speak to me on the boat? How could you sit beside me one whole morning and do nothing but read your book? What was that book anyway? I'd like to get that book and tear it up. What makes you read so much?"

"I'm sorry," he said in a low voice.

There was a silence, fierce and unashamed, while she looked from one to the other of his eyes. Then she began to eat, at first without hunger, then with her hunger occurring to her. He poured the wine. Hardly waiting for him, she drank mightily of it, then coughed. He had the impression she had mistaken it for water. Without preamble she put her head against his shoulder. "I noticed that you were different from the other men on the boat," she said.

"It was a boatful of small-scale business men and college instructors who got away early, the way I did a couple of months ago in Turkey, and musicians," he said. And governesses, he thought. "And stewards who had to work twelve-hour shifts," he said.

"Well, the women were not any better," she said. "The ones I disliked the most were those from Europe like myself. A lot of women from Europe that went to New York and got jobs and now they will be fresh to men the

rest of their lives. I hope the United States didn't make me like that."

He poured wine for her, but she did not touch it. "Of course you were in an American home, and that's different," he said.

"Do you call working on your feet fourteen hours a day American home life?" she demanded. She pushed the wine away. Absently she murmured, "My brother wanted to come to Antwerp to meet me. But then I should have had to pay him his expenses." Suddenly she caught his chin and turned his face round to her. "I don't think you even heard me when I said what my work was. I'm a cook. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I do," he said. He caught his arm relaxing and held her instantly tighter. He thought he saw a shadow like pleasure cross her face; the guilt of it was his. Words poured down his polite brain chute. "But you were able to get away for the summer to go home to Mannheim?" (Hell, man, how many times does she have to say it for you?)

"I had to give her my notice," she said thoughtfully.

He put her head back on his arm. She was not a woman who had been kissed often. Her eyelashes were wide and alert.

"Then you won't be going back to the same people?"

He wanted to get them out of the way; he half feared, half wildly hoped that he knew them.

"I don't know. Perhaps I'll decide to."

"But you will be going back to the States?"

She hesitated. "Maybe I shall."

"And now you will stay all summer in Mannheim?"

She paused longer, and her eyes flicked wearily downward. "Yes."

"With your family?"

She looked at him without a word,

waiting, and at last he kissed her. Her mouth trembled under his, as though she were trying to cry out.

She held him off a moment to ask in a quick high voice, "Wouldn't you think there was something wrong with a girl who has been more than four years away from her family and now doesn't care at all about going back to them?"

"No," he said. "Not at all." She closed her eyes. Anger came to him from nowhere. Demanding its passport, he found that it had come from the purposelessness of his earning money and from her weariness at being a cook.

"I can't go to Mannheim," he said. He wanted to cut off any white shoot of her hope close to the ground. "This thing in Turkey is all the job I have and that's where I have to go." He saw her face tighten but he could not stop. "My leave in America is over and now I have to go back for the summer session. Teaching is on the make in Turkey."

"And just now I am beginning my vacation," she said. "For the first time in nearly five years I can do whatever I want and I don't have to earn money for awhile." He learned from the way she spoke that she was not a woman who wept.

They were quiet, each rejecting in the mind the eight days of crossing the Atlantic, damning them as unregrettable because they were now lost. He perceived that she was like him. Knowing that if this were so, she must have suffered often, he desired to protect her.

"Why is it that you love me?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Because you hold your head high when you walk," she answered promptly. She seemed glad to be rid of it, having had it on her mind so long; it was a relief to have been asked. Then she found she had forgotten an

ingredient and added, "And because your face looks as though you were *strict*." Her face cleared. She began cutting the last sandwich in halves.

He kissed her, saying to himself, "What shall I do? How can I keep her undisappointed?"

A night together was no solution. This was love to her. A marriage does not always satisfy love, but love must have at least its own room to live in for awhile. It is hard enough to perceive the end of love in death, without having to plan a way to end it in life.

From her eyes he knew another thing: if he slept beside her he would begin to love her. That would be another beginning, another death to be planned ahead. For she was like himself. She was seeming more like himself every minute he was near her. Already they had grown somewhat older together.

He desired her, but that mattered less than this underlying similarity of her to him. The danger in an explosion of desire was nothing to that in an explosion of recognition.

For a full second he realized that they could be parts of one whole. It was given to him, the male part, the part in motion, to decide whether they should become one. He had only to beckon. She would go to Turkey or anywhere else with him. It was easy enough for her. She was a good woman. The proof of it was that she never seemed to have any decisions to make.

The words came to him: *And her lover saluted her with a kiss at parting.*

He put them away, rejecting the omen. "*I have decided nothing yet,*" he said.

The words waited, undismissed.

"The trouble with both of us is that we work too hard," she said, taking her half of the sandwich and looking at it. "We don't think what we shall be able to do with the money once we

get it. We just say: get it. Work overtime, let your hair get all dried at the roots over a hot stove, never mind. Just keep saying to yourself: I can take it, I'm a girl than can take it. Keep putting your pay in the bank every week or keep sending a money order home all the time. I can take it, say. Then some day you find like me you sent the money to Germany to keep it safe and now you can't take it out and it's worth only half because the dollar went down. Why work and get old for money, when there is so many ways of having your money taken away from you?"

He stared out the window. A baker's boy on a bicycle pumped past, his handle-bar basket full of supper rolls.

"It is foolish," she said. "Nothing could be more foolish than working like that, with no one loving you in New York or even in Mannheim. What time is it?"

"Five minutes of six."

"And when did you find my train was?"

"Ten minutes of seven."

"That means we have to go now, to get our suitcases out of the *Aufbewahrung*."

"We can stay a little longer," he said.

"Not long." She looked at herself in the mirror, found him in it, and addressed him directly there. "You know what else I thought about you? I thought you were bad."

"How, bad?" he asked.

"You know, *gefährlich*. Dangerous. I thought you were a bad man." She put her hair in order. He noticed that her fingers were weak. "You're not bad, though, are you, Marple?"

He remembered that *Marple*, the last name used alone, was not so chilling in German as it was in English, then he forgot it again. She was accusing him. He grew angry with her. She had perfected her Anglo-Saxon

woman's trick of accusing men in the States, where men had for a long time been guilty of whatever law or woman accused them.

"I can't take you with me, if that's what you mean," he said. "I haven't the money."

He hated her for forcing him to say it, and he thought: Don't be so proud. You let yourself be fooled by your American job too, for all your European knowledge. Probably somewhere you let love slip past you, and now you have an idea that it can all be made up just like that, on the way from New York to Mannheim. You think you can arrive home just as unused as you went away, and with several dollars to the good. Well, you can't. You've been tricked too, just like everyone else who is young now. We've all been tricked together, and it's too late, and it never will be made up to us, never.

"But now that I know you," she said, "I find that I love you more than I did." Again she was looking from one to the other of his eyes. "I have learned something from you. You seem a lot more sensible to me than if you were a man that was bad with women. I think I shall remember you better."

Somewhere the quarter hour lackadaisically chimed.

She put her hat on, not very carefully, and she stood up, instantly resting her hand on his shoulder. He put his arms round her hips and drew her toward him. She gave him her whole weight. He buried his face against one breast, saying, "I don't know whether you will ever think anything of me, but please don't think I am letting you go because I shouldn't know how to keep you."

"Oh, I know that," she said. "I know you would know how to do that."

He felt her hands in his hair. "I

mean," he said, "with my having to go all the way down there, and you having at least to go to Mannheim now . . . I mean, we both know a night wouldn't be enough for us either."

"Are you going to see me to my train?" she said.

There were no taxis; they would have to walk fast. With surprise they discovered the wine in their legs, confessed it to each other, each charging himself with irresponsibility. Four Storm Troopers stared when she tried to balance in high heels on the gas-pipe railing of a little park. She jumped merrily down and caught herself on his arm, glancing archly at the Storm Troopers, then up into his face.

"*Schau' doch,*" she whispered, "I don't want you to feel sad. There is nothing to be sad about. We are doing this thing the best way. Don't you agree with me?"

He nodded.

"All right then. Don't you dare be downcast."

There was no sense of finality about getting the suitcases out of the check-room, the platform inspector in brilliant German railroad blue calling her *gnädige Frau*, his asking her whether she had enough marks to get something more substantial to eat about eight o'clock, where she had put her ticket, whether the telegram was certain to have been delivered, how far it was to the house, whether she was hungry again yet—it seemed he could not stop asking such questions. He had never known they existed in him.

On the train she could not find a seat, the third class was so full. When he saw her sitting on her baggage just as though it were still Antwerp-Cologne, he suddenly wished he had prevented her from going. She was going to be uncomfortable on the way to Mannheim.

"*Abfahrt!*" "*Einsteigen!*"

Swiftly he did for the last time the subtraction sum: Mannheim-family minus Cologne-Marple. The difference was heavy. She had to go.

As if in agreement with him, the bright blue inspector drew his heels together and held the baton with the green and white disk on the end above his broad red cap. A whistle piped. He was moving with her, on the train for Mannheim. He kissed her and leaped down.

He felt her mouth still under his as he turned to face the window that was moving out of the station. Waving, he moved sidewise across the platform

to the edge of the opposite railpit. He watched her face until the angle of the window closed it away from him, and he was watched by her until the angle closed for her also.

He went round to have another look at the cathedral. The doors were still shut. They would not be open until morning, when he would be in Berlin. Coolly he looked up at the carvings of the tympanum, the mustered saints. But inwardly he was puzzled. He could not understand why it seemed to him that he was wearing on his body all the love the woman from Mannheim could give anyone.

AUTUMN PLOWING

BY PENNINGTON HAILE

NOW is the time for the dark upturning
Of weary loam in the emptied field;
This is the wisdom of old earth-learning,
Else come spent acres and scanty yield.

Hidden in clods that my share is cleaving,
I find white roots in the furrows I tread;
Stooping, I tear them, fiercely believing
Roots should not live when their growth is dead.

Summer was chary of grain and green clover,
And hollow its promise of harvest and mirth;
Now it is ended, the geese have gone over,
Why must these fibers still stir in the earth!

Now must my heart for a while lie fallow
To stars of winter, to wind and snow,
Under a sun that is south and fallow,
Waiting new seed that the spring shall sow.

Nothing grew ready for reaping and binding,
And autumn plows under that spring may make whole;
Yet must I shiver at winterfall finding
Fibers so deep in the soil of my soul!



IF I WERE DICTATOR

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

This article consists of excerpts from a forthcoming book in which Professor Huxley tells what a dictator possessed of scientific background and ideals might do for England. We have chosen passages which seem on the whole applicable to American as well as to English conditions, which suggest chiefly how this dictator might use science for the enrichment of life and might provide for the organization of leisure.—*The Editors.*

IF I were Dictator, I should pay a great deal of attention to the place of science in my State.

I should not, I hope, make the mistake of thinking that science is or ever can be a panacea by itself. The direction taken by scientific investigation, even of the purest kind, is of necessity largely guided by the outlook and material needs of the time; and the practical benefits to be obtained from the application of science are severely limited by the social and economic framework. Of this limitation we are to-day enjoying an interesting if painful demonstration. Our system depends on the incentive of individual profit. In such a system higher prices and greater scarcity are often preferable to greater abundance and lower prices; hence, for instance, the frequent dumping of tons of fish into the sea or their use as cheap manure in order to ensure the price level which will enable our fish-distributing system to carry on and make a profit on its capital. Burning mountains of coffee in Brazil; insect pests hailed as the saviors of cotton-growers; restriction of wheat and rubber acreage—these and many other bits of apparently senseless behavior which our system makes inevitable are now proceeding, and are making the scientific labors of fishery boards, agricultural

research workers, economic entomologists, and cereal breeders seem rather silly, if not actually *de trop*.

At the moment science is for the most part either an intellectual luxury or the paid servant of capitalist industry or the nationalist state. When it and its results cannot be fitted into the existing framework, the structure of scientific research is grossly lopsided, with over-emphasis on some kinds of science and partial or entire neglect of others.

As it would be part of my dictatorial philosophy that science and the scientific method constitute the only means by which large improvements in our control over nature (including human nature and its products such as social systems) can be made rapidly and without appalling waste, my first step in scientific policy would be to appoint a Science Council to advise as to the possibilities obviously inherent in existing science; and then in the light of this attempt to adjust the social and economic system to these possibilities—instead of, as now, allowing the system to dictate to science as to where it shall grow, which of its practical applications shall be used, and which of its possibilities shall be quietly put into cold storage.

Let me give some examples. It ap-

pears certain that scientific improvements of the raw materials and processes of industry and agriculture could lead to a cost of production of standard products, both of food and manufactured articles, far below anything now ruling, but impossible to maintain in a system run with, as its mainspring, the prime incentive of providing profit on private capital. It would, therefore, be my first scientific aim, to be realized by the aid of economists and psychologists, to see how this incentive could be restricted and modified so as to provide a system of production and distribution in which the potentiality of cheapness provided by science could be realized and enjoyed in actuality by the mass of the population.

Then there is medical science. There are many things in regard to health and disease which we do *not* know. But what we *do* know has grown so rapidly in the last twenty years that now it would be quite simple to raise the average standard of health and vitality to that now enjoyed by the most fortunate five per cent of the population. The present system prevents these possibilities being realized. It does so through disgraceful housing, low wages, which put healthy diets out of reach of the poorer classes, a medical system based mainly on attempted cure by private practitioners and patent medicines instead of on prevention of disease and positive promotion of health, smoke, noise, ignorance, industrial fatigue, occupational disease, neurosis from worry over insecurity, vermin, absence of rural water-supply, inadequate facilities for exercise and recreation in cities, the mixing of medicine with morals and treatment with taboo in almost every phase of sexual and reproductive life; and so on. My policy, therefore, would be to try to alter the system in so far as this is necessary to allow the possibilities of medical science to be realized, instead

of, as is done at present, tinkering away at the existing system and attempting to remedy its worst results.

In the long run perhaps most important of all, there is educational research. It is common knowledge that a vast amount of talent lies buried, largely because it can find no outlet under the pressure of the economic grind, but largely also because it has never been discovered, even by its possessors. Progressive schools are finding that the majority of children have real power of artistic expression in some medium or another. In the Elizabethan age every educated man possessed some degree of musical competence; it was taken as much as a matter of course as reading and writing. Athenian drama appealed to the average Athenian citizen, not to a handful of highbrows. Most of the lovely carvings on medieval churches were not the work of specialized artists from the metropolis, but of local craftsmen. The writing of serious poetry is as favorite a popular pastime in Japan as solving crossword puzzles is here. Scientific and inventive gifts are widespread among young people, as any good science teacher will tell you; but in nine cases out of ten they are squashed out of existence by adult life—if the squashing has not already been accomplished by the educational system.

Here again there must be something in our system which prevents potentialities being realized; and though it would be a difficult job, it would be my business to set going research to find out how the present *waste* of potential life was being engendered, and how the realization of life's potentialities could be better realized in the future.

II

Meanwhile there would be plenty of quite obvious jobs to carry out in the way of organizing science to do its exist-

ing work more efficiently. I should begin by establishing at once three new Research Councils—one for Defense, one for Economics and Statistics, and one for Social Science, including Psychology. The first would have the job of co-ordinating military, naval, and air research, reducing costs and preventing overlapping. The second would be told to study concrete economic problems, like the relative efficiency of co-operative versus private trading, the effects of quota regulations, the working of marketing boards, or the relation of size of city to the cost and efficacy of services and amenities, as well as stimulating theoretical research as to the working of economic laws under different political, social, and financial policies.

The third would make the census department an instrument for real research into population problems, so that we should have reliable information about the fertility, the intelligence, and the physique of people from different regions and from different economic and social classes as a basis for a real national stocktaking. It would also finance objective social surveys of sample areas (like that so interestingly described in America under the title *Middletown*, or those being carried out in Liverpool and London) so as to give a picture of the life and thought of the people. This and the population work would lead up to the preparation of a Sociological Survey of the whole country comparable to the Ordnance Survey or the Geological Survey, but differing from them in having to be repeated at more frequent intervals.

Co-ordinating all these councils, I should have a bureau of the Central Science Council. This would have the duty of allocating funds to the separate Councils for their research and providing for borderland work. It would also invite suggestions for research

from private persons, societies, public bodies, or firms. By this means the consumer and the citizen could press their demands. It should be essential each year to publish a report of all the demands for research which had been received, and the action taken. This, I hope, would be an important step towards planning research from the consumer end, and not merely in relation to the producer and his needs.

But Government research is not all. I should, as I have already explained, insist that each industry should support research on a considerable scale and a really high level of efficiency. The encouragement of the scientific spirit among the workers in industry and agriculture would also be made one of the duties of the industrial corporation. Potential inventors with useful ideas would not merely be rewarded by bonuses, as in some progressive firms here, but would, as in Soviet Russia, be rewarded by being sent to a research laboratory and fully trained in the principles of science relevant to their industry, while still being kept at part-time factory work to prevent them from getting out of touch with concrete problems (and also to prevent them from acquiring swelled head!). In all factories, part of the adult education scheme would be to explain the principles and the problems of that particular branch of the industry, and promotion would depend not solely on technical proficiency, but also on satisfactory proof of comprehension of those principles and those problems. I should also lay special stress on providing really adequate links between practice and research—both in getting the results of pure research quickly developed and in getting the day-to-day problems of the practical man to the notice of the research staff.

But organization is a dull subject, and I must get on to more practical applications. However, I should make

it clear at the outset that my rule would be based on science, as the only method capable of giving man control over nature and his own destiny at a reasonable pace and without unreasonable waste; that by science I mean science all round, and not only science to suit private capital or to promote industry; and that behind the scenes scientific research on the largest scale would all the time be going on as a basis for present prosperity and a guarantee for future progress. I should, in other words, aim at the creation of what could truly be called a national brain, in place of the admirable but small and scattered and rather unco-ordinated ganglia which now exist.

The world's dictators, by and large, have embodied action rather than knowledge. I do not intend to let my scientific bias lead me into over-emphasizing knowledge as against action. I am perfectly aware that human affairs move slowly, for humanity's natural pace is at the rate of one step each generation. But now and again it can be made to hurry, whether by a kick in the pants from a revolution or, to change the metaphor, by an autocratic rider applying the spurs. My philosophy makes me believe that the time is ripe for spurring my people on over the hedge into the new country of scientific humanism, and that, once arrived there, they will be able, with the help of science as their guide, to continue their advance at a more normal pace without further breath-taking leaps.

III

When we come to more practical policy, the scientific method can still find application on a scale and in ways hitherto hardly dreamt of. We can employ the procedure of experimental testing in affairs just as extensively, if not so rigorously, as in the laboratory. The method of experiment does not

mean random tinkering, nor even deliberately planned novelty. It means the comparisons of the results of one course of action with those of another; it involves the use of what the scientist calls "controls." So instead of plunging hit or miss into a huge new scheme affecting the whole nation, I shall, wherever possible, test out new policies, applying them, for a limited period of time, within particular regions, or departments, or industries, leaving others as controls, and then calling upon my experts to analyze the results.

Of course this sort of thing has already been tried, but it has not been done on a large scale; the results have not been evaluated in the spirit of either pure or applied science, and it has not been envisaged as a major principle in politics and administration. The sole exception—and one which has only just begun, so that we cannot yet judge its results—is President Roosevelt's gigantic experiment in government ownership and administration of the hydroelectric station at Muscle Shoals, and their use as an instrument of remolding industry and life in general within the planned region of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

I should begin by dividing up the country into a number of rather small areas, urban and rural, so arranged that experimental areas of various types could be easily set against control areas of the same types. Then I should begin my large-scale experimentation. In every field of activity I should of course have some general policy from the outset, but within the limits of this the method of experiment would have to guide me.

In England there often exists a bias against the procedure—witness, for instance, the statement of the teachers that they did not wish to be experimented on, when it was proposed that the making of a scheme of family allowances should be tried out on them.

The true-born Briton is rather proud of this reluctance to become a governmental guinea-pig. In reality this attitude is the product of an irrational and suspicious stupidity on his part, and of unscientific unplanned action on the part of the State; an atmosphere should and could be created in which to be selected as an experimental object and to serve in the application of science to social progress would be regarded as an honor.

Health would be the first field to be considered. The general policy here would be that the promotion of positive health, and not merely bare subsistence, should be part of the national aim, and if necessary a charge on national funds. In different experimental areas I would make provision for different schemes, singly and in combination—for extra milk for all schoolchildren; for the compulsory incorporation in bread or other food-stuffs of all requisite accessory food-stuffs, both vitamins and mineral salts; for special kitchens in factories and in residential areas, which would supply properly balanced diets at cost; for sun-bathing; for large-scale organization of outdoor sport and recreation. At three-yearly intervals I should obtain reports on the results from the Medical Officers of Health (who would be provided with a special staff for help in the collection and analysis of the facts); and on these I should decide which of my measures to scrap, which to modify, which to incorporate permanently in the national system, and when.

One experiment in the results of which I should be particularly interested would be that of selecting certain large concerns—factories, government offices, universities, businesses—to test the relation between health and efficiency. All members of the staff would be given a special medical examination, and any who were in the least below par would be sent off to recuperate,

and replaced meanwhile by others of guaranteed fitness.

What would be tested would be the effect on efficiency of doing this in different types of concerns and organizations, and at different levels within the organization. I believe that the effect, particularly in large offices, would be considerable, and that the method would “pay for itself” many times over: but I should await the result of the experiment with proper scientific patience before taking action.

Similarly with the drink problem, I should try out public manufacture, public ownership, public control of sale, regulation of sale, reformed public-houses, and so on, in my different areas, in different combinations with one another and with experiments in housing, health, and recreation; six years of this should give a firm basis for a solution in terms of national policy.

With contraception I should lay down two fundamentals of general policy. The first is that the deliberate control of parenthood marks a new and essential upward step in man's progress toward full control of nature and destiny, and that no religious, philosophical, moral, or class beliefs should be allowed to prevent the knowledge of the necessary methods being available to all. The second is that birth control is not purely a private matter. It involves the growth or the decline of the population, both of which are very much matters of national concern. Accordingly, birth control, like drinking, gambling, buying, or selling, or any other activity with social repercussions, should operate under regulation.

My experiments would be designed to discern the best methods of such regulation. In some areas I should provide large numbers of free clinics, either separate or attached to child-welfare clinics. In others I should carefully regulate the private sale of birth-control appliances; in still others

insist on the public manufacture and distribution of approved appliances only; here I should dispense with publicity or propaganda; there apply it in ample measure. In certain regions I should test the effects of legalization of early termination of pregnancy on birth-rate, marriage-rate, health, and so forth; in others, the effects of voluntary sterilization.

So with other problems. With housing I should try subsidies to local authorities in one area, in another the state-aided building of brand-new towns near the old ones (as has been done recently in Russia, and used to be the practice in England in the "benighted" thirteenth century—witness the transference of Old Sarum to what is now Salisbury, and the rebuilding of Winchelsea—and in accordance with the best town-planning methods too—away from the dangers of the sea). New satellite towns are another important method; that they can succeed is shown by Welwyn Garden City. In other areas again I should make subsidies to private firms. Most of all I should be interested to try the effects of different forms of housing corporations, regarded as public utility bodies, and subsidized to greater or less extent.

IV

Many important experiments await execution in the field of town planning. The most important, perhaps, concerns the question of whether to encourage the growth of large cities, of satellite towns round existing cities, or of wholly new independent towns. No experiment is really needed in dealing with the first of these three alternatives: the last hundred years has done the experimental work and found us the answer. And the answer is in the negative. Above a certain point, which in any case is well below the actual size already reached by several of the

world's conurbations, size becomes more of a nuisance than an asset. Many features which previously encouraged the excessive growth of a limited number of cities are now, or soon will be, no longer effective. Cheap and swift road transport and the possibility of obtaining electric power anywhere throughout the country are the two chief factors in effecting this change, while the development of air transport will assist the process. Thus the problem resolves itself into deciding how rapidly decentralization shall take place and how the decentralized population shall be accommodated.

I propose to try out satellite towns round two or three cities of different sizes, and to establish a couple of areas in which brand new towns and cities, of twenty-five to a hundred thousand inhabitants, will be built. In every case the new towns will be planned as complete units. The sort of mistake made at Dagenham, where a population of about eighty thousand has been dumped without any provision save that of houses where they can sleep and breed, will be prohibited. We do not want mere dormitories about which shops and churches and cinemas parasitically gather, but which lack any of the organic quality of a true town, any more than we want mere collections of factories with mean houses clustered resentfully about them. I shall institute proper town-planning surveys of London and the Manchester conurbation, and shall in London make a beginning with an organic scheme of the widening of old and the piercing of new streets to deal with the intolerable traffic congestion. In addition, I shall make experiments in forbidding certain areas to horse traffic, and shall put the sweeping conclusions of the present Minister of Transport to the only scientific test, by varying the presence or absence of the speed limit, and the precise limit imposed, in built-up areas of

different type in different parts of the country. Then we shall really see what share speed has in causing motor accidents, and what share is due to bad street-construction and faulty planning.

In addition, I shall initiate some experiments with systems of moving platforms going at different rates, for the use of pedestrians in a few big city streets. In this way those in a hurry could travel quite fast without interfering with the loiterer or the gazer into shop windows.

I shall also ask for the construction of an aerodrome over the roof of some big building in the center of some big city, preferably London, to take a certain quota of air traffic, in order to learn the advantages and disadvantages of such a site for an airport, as against the suburban, or indeed suburban, ones now in vogue.

I have spoken of the importance of size in regard to towns. In the country, size of community is equally important, but here it is the minimum, not the maximum size, which needs defining. We want rural communities which shall have a life of their own—their sufficient variety of occupations and interests, their own school, their own community hall, their recreations and amenities, their clubs, their nurse and midwife, their library, their adequate services of light and water, their own group-consciousness and some means of realizing it in practice. The old village, with its church, its parson, its manor-house, its village school and its inn, was the medieval solution. Today, however, things have changed, and the units must be larger and more varied; they can also, thanks to the internal combustion engine, be more scattered without losing cohesion.

The experiment on the Dartington Estate in Devon is one of the very few which have been made in England with a view to the deliberate development

of such a type of modern rural community—an aim in which it has up to date been pretty successful, although another decade or so must elapse before we can judge of its permanence. So far, the experience there gained would indicate that about four hundred people constituted the minimum for a really satisfactory rural group.

I should undertake investigations on this point through my Social Science Council; and should also develop the organization of a number of experimental rural communities in different parts of the country—some in connection with large estates, others as the natural development of existing villages; some mainly dependent on particular industries, others on a variety of occupations; some larger, others smaller.

After ten or fifteen years these, in conjunction with the experience from regional farmers' co-operatives and land trusts, would give me enough data for the framing of a national policy which would give the impetus to a real renaissance of rural life.

V

There are other changes which could only be put into operation over an entire area, or which in any case I should regard as beyond the need for experimental testing. Among the latter obviously is the reform of the marriage and divorce laws. In place of the present fantastic principle that the agreement of husband and wife in their will to separate constitutes a bar to the granting of divorce, I should make mutual agreement the first and most important ground for divorce. In general, my system will see to it that divorce shall be obtainable on demand, but with certain safeguards against repenting at leisure and hasty decisions in general which the present Russian system lacks. For instance, except in

specified cases where cruelty, insanity, or other grave cause is involved, a period of waiting, say six months or a year, will be required before the divorce becomes operative; and Courts of Domestic Relations will be instituted to examine the grounds for which divorce is demanded, and to reject those which are frivolous.

First marriages will be treated as trial marriages for the space of one year, and, provided they are childless at that date, will be dissolved on request of either party.

I shall cause legislation to be framed directed to removing any legal or economic disabilities of illegitimacy from both mother and child. Legislation in regard to prostitution will be directed against those who live on immoral earnings and not against prostitutes themselves, and I shall set on foot an intensive campaign against venereal diseases, in which so-called moral considerations shall not be allowed to stand in the way of health.

I shall also set on foot inquiries as to the best methods of reforming the legal and economic procedures which make it possible for one individual to tyrannize over another. At the moment, for instance, a man can draw his will so as to deprive his wife of her inheritance if she marries again or so as to cut his children off without a penny for no cause but his personal whim. Again, the economic dependence of the young often permits their parents to exert illegitimate pressure by way of the pocket upon their choice of careers or mates.

At present, in all except the lowest-paid classes, the provision of security in old age is catered for by the system of private property. But this selfsame system also opens the door to tyrannizing and to various other abuses on dependents. It will be my aim to supplement this system of individual securities by collective security

—for instance, by the provision of adequate old age pensions. This will not be on a scale to remove the personal incentive, but enough to make it possible for dependents to become independent if they wish to escape from personal economic tyranny.

In addition to Courts of Domestic Relations dealing with cases which threaten legal trouble, I shall, in relation to my system of Health Centers, institute Sex Education Clinics, where advice on all matters concerning sex, both as regards the frustrations and the realizations of life and personality which it makes possible, shall be freely available. We call ourselves civilized, yet perhaps a quarter of the men and half the women in England are being made either unhappy or unhealthy or both through ignorance or pseudo-religious fears about sex, while the members of many barbaric tribes, whom we affect to despise as primitive, receive as part of their initiation into adult life a knowledge of the art of love and what for some reason are called the facts of life. My state shall not suffer that reproach.

VI

Very essential in my policy is the establishment of leisure organizations. As hours of work grow less, as the age of entry into employment is raised and that of retirement from it is lowered, leisure will bulk very large in life. From being an unattainable ideal, it will become a practical problem; from a rare luxury to be squandered in hectic enjoyment or used merely for rest as a restorative before taking up the grind again, it will take on the character of a major part of life to be used and lived in its own way.

I shall do everything in my power toward the encouragement of active and not merely frivolous outlets for leisure. (Not that a healthy dose of

frivolity will be frowned on—far from it—but that it can be trusted to take care of itself.) And I shall try to combine this aim with that of breaking down class barriers.

In the first place I shall institute a national system of civic conscription, both for men and women, to run normally for two years from the age of eighteen, with various modifications for those who are pursuing a course of higher education. Here again I shall of course pursue the experimental method, beginning with a few carefully planned organizations and a comparatively small percentage of those in the age-groups concerned.

The aims of the system would be three-fold—to give growing boys and girls contact with other activities than those which they are likely to have to follow in adult life; to continue their physical and mental education; and to get certain types of public works carried out.

Among these last there fall road making, land reclamation, coast protection, afforestation, water supply. The Government would take over the responsibility for these activities, would have local authorities maintain a permanent *cadre* of specialists and experienced workers, and would fit the young battalions of workers into their organization.

For the girls a different organization would be required. The aim of "public works" would be the improvement of home life for women and children. A vast system of crèches and nursery schools; an expansion of the network of child-welfare centers; communal kitchens in all new blocks of flats; the running of playgrounds—these would absorb large numbers of the feminine contingent. In addition there would be a domestic corps, housed in hostels, and sending out girls to help in domestic service—not only with the well-to-do, but with those who otherwise

could not afford help. Sewing-centers, canteens, camps—these would absorb others.

Then there is the aim of broadening outlook by providing contact with modes of life other than those the boy or girl is likely to pursue later. This will be in part accomplished through the public works system: boys who are likely to become clerks will work on the roads; future factory hands will be busy on land-reclamation or forestry. But this will not be enough. I shall arrange for certain selected industries to absorb other young people. Selected factories will absorb a certain proportion of boys and girls from the land; actual agricultural work on selected farms of different types will take a certain proportion of urban boys—and girls too. There is also office apprenticeship, again for both boys and girls.

Finally, there is work of special type which should be reserved for human beings of a special type. Those who are pursuing a university education should be the élite of the country. I should first of all take steps to see that they were intellectually of the élite. Then, as a condition of their being allowed to pursue a university career, they should be required to go through two six months' periods of civic conscription of a special sort. One such period would serve to introduce them to ways of life unlike their own, more dangerous or difficult than those prescribed for the ordinary boy or girl. For boys, work in mines, on fishing-boats, as special constables of a particular type, certain kinds of work in machine shops. For girls, work in hospitals, as social workers. For both sexes, positions as teachers, laboratory attendants, certain special jobs in factories, or on the land, or in offices—there are all kinds of work demanding grit or skill or initiative which they could do.

For their second six months some might be asked to continue with the same sort of work, perhaps in a different field. But for many other training would be desirable. For a selected few pure research would be the best; for others, travel to study this or that set of conditions, with a report to be made at the end. Then there are posts on scientific and exploring expeditions; there is administrative and "officer" work in connection with ordinary civic conscription, and with many forms of welfare organization. In general, the main aim of the second period should be to utilize certain capacities of the men and women, while that of the first should be to provide them with new experience. In the first period every encouragement would be given to groups who form themselves into squads for some special function; they should be allowed to work as units.

But these measures cover only the formative years. All of adult life lies beyond, and that too needs catering for. The promise held out to the world by applied science is that of leisure; but it is a menace as well as a promise. It can debase a man or bore him or drive him to stupid distraction just as readily as it can help him to solid enjoyment; it can turn a nation into a crowd of aimlessly busy pleasure-seekers just as easily as into a real community getting the best out of life. To provide for adult leisure will be one of my aims.

It will, by the way, also be one of my aims to prevent the numerous busy-bodies whose repressed complexes urge them to dragoon other people—of course always for the other people's good—from making uplift instead of enjoyment the goal of leisure, from carefully organizing everything so that there is no room for honest idleness or enjoying a good time in your own way, and from turning leisure activities (as

is done at some schools to-day) into a *corvée* more disagreeable than the frank hours of work.

But if, as will rapidly happen, leisure extends until the routine work of the world can be done in a six-hour day (or its equivalent in the shape of a four-day week or a nine-month year), there will be plenty of time hanging on men's and women's hands after healthy laziness and pleasure have claimed their share. To satisfy this, a great deal of organization of the right kind is needed. The bulk of it, I hope, will be dealt with by bodies of a special type, which I shall call Volunteer Associations. As an experiment, prior to setting up the full range of these, I shall begin by instituting a certain number as a sample.

The aim will be to provide outlets which satisfy both men's desire to be busy and their desire to be useful, both their creative or constructive instincts and also their wish to feel themselves part of a group with a common purpose.

One type of volunteer association would be that attached to a big city for the purpose of beautifying it. At one time it might concern itself with the building of a new town hall or railway station. On this all types of men and women could find work, from architects to plumbers, engineers to typists, artists to bricklayers. There would be competitions for the design, for the frescoes on the walls, for the interior decoration and the furniture. There would be a popular campaign to stimulate enthusiasm, celebrations of progress, dedication of the finished structure. Stockholm has already given the world a lead along these lines.

Or at another time the association would plan and carry out a new public garden or a parkway; or again would undertake to demolish a block of slums and re-house the tenants in a way worthy of the city—the possibili-

ties are endless. I should begin by having a few of these started here and there, in cities and towns of different size and differing character.

Another type of association would be for entertainment—orchestras or choirs or dramatic organizations or variety troupes which would tour the country and give performances in villages, factories, or out of the way suburbs, and others which would confine themselves to their own towns. One would have to see that a high standard was maintained—the amateur must not be allowed to inflict himself on the public just because he wants to gratify his urge for self-expression. But the success of various ventures—the Little Theater movement in America, the Balliol Players and other groups of amateur actors in England—shows what could be done.

I should also try to organize groups of men with a fondness for natural his-

tory to do regional surveys or help in ecological investigation or on expeditions; and other groups of those with a mechanical bent to build new airplanes or bridges for the community. In such ways the energy now devoted to more or less (or even quite) useless hobbies can be canalized and made valuable instead of running largely to waste.

These are only a few of the types of volunteer organizations possible; but once the principle is established and experience gained, it can be extended to become a vital feature in the community's life, and thus help to engender a spirit which believes and feels that in such things as housing, health, town-planning, national parks, education—and public taste in architecture and art—and not merely in nationalist violence, may patriotism be expressed, and the people find an ambition and an ideal.





THE NEW PROPAGANDA FOR WAR

BY GEORGE SELDES

FROM June 28, 1934, to November 11, 1938, millions of words will commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the shots at Sarajevo and the great war which followed. The occupation of the Rhine and the return of our victorious troops will bring the series in the American press well into 1939, when the time will be even more appropriate for the commemoration of the quarter-century of the shots at Sarajevo and the great war which followed. While history is being repeated in print, it is pertinent to inquire whether it is being repeated in fact. Should we not ask ourselves if the war preparedness situation today bears a resemblance to that of 1914 and if it menaces our own peace again?

History, repeating itself but never in the same words or accents, clearly tells us that the intense naval rivalry between Britain and Germany which began with the launching of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* in 1906 (and which great authorities call one of the main causes of the war) is now being duplicated in the British, Japanese, and American naval situation. The expenditure of \$7,000,000,000 (present-day currency) annually for military and naval requirements surpasses that of 1913. The daily facts of trade barriers, import quotas, tariffs, and commercial rivalries show plainly that the economic causes for war have not diminished but increased, and the failure of the League and all international movements indicate that the

sixteen years of so-called peace constitute nothing more than a Long Armistice.

There remains for consideration the attitude of the masses toward peace and war, and again we find peoples demanding peace while governments arm. In America we find a great deal of the 1914 attitude: that mixture of indifference, pacifism, idealism, and militarism which was whipped into the preparedness campaign of 1915-17. The question we may now ask is whether we are being prepared for another bloody adventure, whether there is a repetition of the campaign of two decades ago, whether it is good or bad propaganda that informs us that doubling and tripling our armed services insure peace, whether millions of words in the press and in the air are telling us the truth or merely trying to sooth our fear that the next war will bring indescribable horror by gas and thermite for our women as well as our soldiers; whether, in short, there is an organized effort being made to prepare the peaceful American mind and American emotions for the coming war, and if the means used are fair.

These questions are justified by certain events, facts, and military axioms. It is an axiom that nations do not arm for war but for *a* war. The army and the navy are prepared to meet the war conditions imposed by a specific "logical enemy" nation. The German navy in 1914 was built to fight Britain, the French army trained to fight

Germany, and to-day the Italian forces are trained with logical enemies in mind, Yugoslavia or France, the Polish army to meet Russia or Germany, etc. If our general staff in Washington is merely building a navy, not planning its use against a certain nation with the limitations and advantages which war with that specific nation imposes, then our leaders are endangering our whole national existence. But of course they are preparing for war with a certain "enemy" in mind, just as the Japanese are preparing for war with a certain "enemy" in mind. And it is a fact that Congress has authorized a billion-dollar navy. Add to this fact and this axiom the historical truth that war preparations, instead of providing insurance against war, are in themselves often a cause for war, and you have a decidedly interesting if not dangerous situation.

Without quibbling, therefore, over the words "defensive" and "aggressive," it may be stated that a great part of the world, including the United States, is preparing for war on land, at sea, and in the air. Material and financial forces everywhere are being gathered, and in Europe, notably among the "brutalitarian" nations (thanks, Dr. Butler, for this characterization of the dictatorships), the people are ready. In America, it is the object of this article to show, there is also at present an effort being made to persuade the people again that war has its advantages.

II

To begin with, we are constantly being informed that—believe it or not—there are sinister British and Japanese intrigues going on in America these days, and that those who speak for peace are nothing but paid agents of these two sinister countries. (In 1916 the pacifists were paid agents of

Germany; in 1920 they were paid agents of the Bolsheviki.) Here is a typical 1934 news item:

British and Japanese influence were alleged to be promoting anti-preparedness propaganda in the United States by Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward, member of the General Board of the Navy, in a speech today before the Women's Patriotic Conference of National Defense.

From many cities, from many national conventions and congresses, the voice of Admiral Woodward has been heard recently, lashing out at "religious bodies, peace societies, and militant pacifist councils which have flourished and waxed powerful in our country" and which "are again attempting through sentimentalism and other more subversive methods to dictate our domestic policy by opposing preparedness."

Naturally "the principal leaders of these societies and councils are foreigners or foreign-born"; the rest, supposedly good Americans, are "deluded." The Admiral paints a terror-striking picture of the activities of these foreign agents and their deluded American dupes: tons of subversive literature distributed, thousands of inspired articles published, numerous speeches over radio hook-ups, all containing "deliberately distorted facts, false implications, and innuendoes."

"All of this literature," concludes the Admiral, "and these speeches were prepared by professional writers and expert hired propagandists. Proselyting parlor pinks and treacherous paid lobbyists have renewed their sinister, intensive, and destructive efforts to convince our statesmen by insidious appeal and academic reasoning of the futility of further preparedness, thereby attempting to influence legislation which would make impotent our national defense." The work is being pushed "viciously" by "radical aliens, foreign born and un-American Ameri-

cans, internationalist and professional pacifists. It is being paid for largely by certain self-perpetuating endowments aided by personal contributions from misguided church people."

Again, we read of Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. retired, addressing the Naval Academy Graduates Association at the Luncheon Club of Wall Street (*sic*). The headline: "Pacifists are assailed." The contents: Bitter attack on the Federal Council of Churches. Or we can listen to Captain William S. Bainbridge, Naval Reserve Medical Corps, urging officers "to combat the widespread pacifist propaganda over the radio and in educational institutions."

Years ago our own Admiral Fiske echoed the great German Junkers with his statement that "periods of peace and prosperity have always brought about the physical, mental, and moral deterioration of the individual." To-day the moral philosopher of war speaks in thundering hexameters. Here is Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, Jr., commandant of the Third Naval District, telling the New Netherland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution that the American Navy is a "big stick" and a shield against radicalism within our borders. He apostrophizes war:

. . . War, you have become the foundation of all human virtues. . . .
Nations have found cohesion in war and dispersion in peace;
Wisdom in war and deception in peace;
Training in war and betrayal in peace.
Nations have been born in war and expire in peace.
You teach men how to die, while peace shows them only how to live.
You cleanse the world; Peace litters it with corruption.

And the army spokesmen—they too come more and more before the public. Here is Lieutenant Colonel Lee Alexander Stone, Military Intelligence, O.R.C., who shouts:

"Pacifists and other radicals emulating the crime of Judas Iscariot, are seeking to throw to the four winds the joy freedom brings.

"Pacifism and cowardice are synonymous terms, therefore, one can readily believe that the seed from which a pacifist was conceived was originally yellow in color, for certainly the pacifist is yellow all through in his attitude towards society. . . .

"Pacifists approve the signing of the slacker's oath, the rape of religion, the subsidizing of the press, and the defeat of the Constitution of the United States. They approve any method that could destroy the Stars and Stripes and put the Red Flag at the head of the mast."

"No pacifists or communists are going to govern this country," declares General Smedley D. Butler, once commander of the Marines and always a fighting Quaker, if the Quakers will admit the anomaly. "If they try it there will be seven million men like you to rise up and strangle them. Pacifists? Hell, I'm a pacifist, but I always have a club behind my back."

The military philosophy of the chief of staff of the army is also worth recording. General Douglas MacArthur writes in the *Infantry Journal* that "a military spirit, which alone can create and civilize a state, is absolutely essential to national defense and national perpetuity . . . the more warlike the spirit of the people, the less need for a large standing army . . . every male brought into existence should be taught from infancy that the military service of the Republic carried with it honor and distinction, and his very life should be permeated with the ideal that even death itself may become a boon when a man dies that a nation may live and fulfill its destiny."

One can almost hear the echoes of "The warlike spirit must not be al-

lowed to die out among people, neither must the love of peace get the upper hand" (Von der Goltz); "War is a part of God's world order. In it are developed the noblest virtues of man. Without war the world would sink into materialism" (Moltke); "War is a biological necessity. Without war inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy elements, and a universal decadence would follow" (Bernhardi); "It is the soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities and votes, that have welded the German Empire together" (Kaiser Wilhelm); "That which assures us peace . . . is not agreements but our good German sword" (The Crown Prince); "To banish war from history would be to banish all progress. . . . Man must be ready to sacrifice his life . . . must devote his whole ego for the furtherance of a great patriotic idea: the moral sublimity of war" (Von Treitschke).

In other words, the old German war philosophy is now being purveyed to Americans, and the churchmen and pacifists bear the brunt of the military attack.

III

History records the fact that civilians, inventors, scientists, and arms manufacturers have forced the greatest engines of death upon the military. The military mind is ultra-conservative; it believes that each new war is merely a continuation of the last one, whereas civilian imagination has always revolutionized mass slaughter. Wellington refused to adopt the breechloading gun, Gatling had to send his workmen into battle to kill Southern soldiers before the North would adopt his invention, and Professor Fritz Haber could have won the War for Germany in April, 1915, if Ludendorff had not been so stupid.

The gas attack of April 22nd killed thousands of British soldiers and laid the front open—but only for a few miles. Haber had insisted on a large-scale three-day attack which would end the War, but Ludendorff was afraid of new weapons, and by the time he was ready to repeat, the Allies had prepared masks and gas also.

Tanks, airplanes, and gas having proved their worth, the military world, from 1918 on, concentrated on building up these departments. The airplane race began as soon as the armistice was signed. The effort in 1925 to outlaw gas having proved futile, every industrial nation developed great poison plants. To prepare the civilians for the next war and also obtain support and governmental appropriations, the military leaders painted the most terrifying pictures of the future aerochemical warfare. In Russia, Italy, Germany, and other countries the most sensational, lurid, and bloody results were predicted—unless adequate defenses were prepared.

In the United States a similar campaign at first won loud applause from the preparedness advocates. No one denounced this grim picture of future war as overdrawn or untrue. Gas plants were built and air fleets were voted. But in England and America an unlooked-for reaction took place. After approving the air fleets and the gas plants, the civilian population, revolting at the picture of horror, turned toward pacifism again. There is no definite date for this reaction, but it was comparatively recent. It was on Armistice Day, 1929, that the Rev. Dr. Fosdick told his followers: "The militarists have long had a monopoly on Patriotism. They can hold it no longer. The peacemakers are now the Patriots, and that change is one of the most crucial in history."

The picture of the next war as a horrible contest in extermination has

now been replaced by more subtle and soothing pictures. From many writings, speeches, radio talks, newspaper interviews, and publications, one now gathers:

That the next war will be little worse than the last.

That gas warfare is humane; that no new deadlier gases have been discovered.

That airplanes, big guns, submarines, gas, tanks, etc., have been countered with appropriate defenses, so that the next war will not be more dangerous for the soldier.

That there is no danger for women, children, civilians in the next war.

These are the four main tenets of the war defenders. If these statements are true it would seem almost a duty to broadcast them; if on the other hand they are exaggerated, or distorted, or false, they are bound to do irreparable harm.

To the contention that the next war will be little worse than the last and that civilians will be exempt, there are two answers. First, that of Foch himself. "The military mind," wrote the man who won the World War, "always imagines that the next war will be on the same lines as the last. This has never been the case and never will be. One of the great factors of the next war will obviously be aircraft. . . . The carrying power of the airplane is increasing. . . . By the use of bombs . . . the centers of population situated in the rear, and whole regions inhabited by civilians, will be threatened. Chemical warfare thus acquires the power to produce more terrible effects over much larger areas."

The second answer may be approached by means of a question: how bad was the last war?

A writer in a popular weekly, which has between five and ten million readers, reassures them that "modern war, like all wars, is unpleasant enough, but compared to ancient war, relatively safe." Genghiz Khan, he points out,

slaughtered 18,500,000 civilians in China. "More than 65,000,000 men were under arms in the four and one half years of the world war," this reassuring gentleman continues, "but the deaths from battle were approximately one out of nine."

Statistics vary: some estimates have only 58,000,000 mobilized and most of them give 10,000,000 war deaths, although the number is placed as high as 13,000,000, which would make the chances of death almost double that given by the popular writer. Again, it is purely propaganda to point out that because America mobilized 4,000,000 men and lost approximately 125,000, the War wasn't so bad after all. The fact is that of America's 4,000,000 men only 2,000,000 went overseas, that of the 2,000,000 in France only about 1,000,000 were at the front, that of the million at the front only 500,000 were in the fighting for any length of time, and that in the ten divisions which participated in the great battles the death loss was 50 per cent and more. Divisions like the Second, which included the Marines, lost more than 50 per cent in Belleau Wood in June and, filled with replacements, again lost more than 50 per cent in Villiers Cotterets in July. The British, French, Germans, and Russians suffered similar casualties in battles throughout the three years before our participation. It cannot be sheer ignorance of facts which causes a certain propagandist to maintain that the air service was also relatively safe because the statistics showed a squadron personnel of 300 and a death list of only 100. The fact is that many squadrons lost five to ten times their original number of fighting aviators, and the four or five "ground men" necessary for each man in the air were added in to make the service appear anything but what it was, a suicide club—as our own brave fighters frequently called it. As well report the

War from the point of view of the commissary department, which with its thousands and thousands of soldiers had, according to a story popular in the Rainbow Division trenches, one tragic casualty: a case of sardines unloading at Bordeaux crushed a commissary major completely and forever.

IV

The most controversial perhaps of present military questions is that of aerochemical warfare; and before any effort is made here to separate fact, error, and propaganda, one thing must be pointed out significantly: it is precisely in this field that a complete *volte face* can be found. The generals hated gas at the beginning and they denounced it after the War. "Chemical warfare should be abolished among nations as abhorrent to civilization. It is cruel, unfair, and improper use of science. It is fraught with the gravest danger to non-combatants and demoralizes the better instincts of humanity"—the idea is H. G. Wells' but the author of the foregoing statement is neither pacifist nor internationalist; he is our own General Pershing, this being an excerpt from his report to the Washington Naval Conference in 1922.

In 1929 gas was still held to be so barbarous and horrible a weapon that many thought its use would result in ending all wars. No less an authority than Francis P. Garvan, president of the Chemical Foundation, wrote these statements: "Chemistry races pacifism to outlaw war. . . . The intimidation and slaughter of non-combatants, the razing of cities and destruction of crops, crippling of transportation and the sinking of ships will go on simultaneously. . . . Chemistry makes great wars comparatively cheap. One manufacturing plant could produce enough poison in one day to stifle the life in a city like London. The full story of

what chemical warfare may be like is still untold. . . . Thirty asphyxiating gases were known at the beginning of the War, to-day there are more than 1,000. In vaults and secret archives of all large nations repose the structural formulæ and chemical equations of still other toxins whose potency can only be surmised. The ramifications of chemical warfare, the complete metamorphosis it forces on the behavior of belligerents and non-combatants, and the possibilities of wholesale slaughter are not imaginable. Unsavory but interesting, the topic hardly enjoys a brisk international commerce; it is something to be guarded. A nation's fate may hang on the balancing of a mere chemical equation. . . . Fresh discoveries have of course been made since the War. The properties of new gases are held as secrets of state, and may never receive currency while peace lasts. . . . I propose a Federal endowment to catalyze chemical research and precipitate the conclusion that chemistry outlaws war by its grim terrors."

To-day, suddenly, the word begins to go round that gas—in the words of Major General Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service—is "most humane" and "sportsmanlike."

What the doughboys called "the kind of stuff to give the troops" is contained in the following quotations from the same writer for ten million readers previously quoted in the matter of casualties: "The most effective military gases now known were in general use at the end of the World War. . . . Defense against gas is simple. Any house or building can with little effort be converted into a first-class gas-proof shelter. . . . The most valuable military gas is still the well-known mustard of the World War. . . . *Future warriors are more likely to die from stubbing their toes than from poison gas.* Since the World War no new and

more deadly gases suitable for military use have been discovered. On the other hand gas masks have been perfected so that they render all military gases harmless. . . ."

Lieut.-Col. Edward B. Vedder of the Medical Corps, U.S.A., author of *Medical Aspects of Chemical Warfare*, writes, "The facts indicate that gas warfare is more humane than other forms of warfare." Dr. James F. Norris, former president of the American Chemical Society, takes the offensive. "The propaganda against gas warfare," he states, "is largely inspired and built up by the efforts of women's clubs. . . . Would it not be better for future peace for these enthusiasts not to try to influence bodies considering highly technical questions of warfare about which the public knows nothing? Let those who are to decide weigh carefully the facts brought before them by the men trained by experience in war. . . . We must dispel the notion of gas warfare based upon the tragedy of Ypres and the many exaggerated statements of perhaps justified sympathy-seeking soldiers. . . ."

Major Adrian St. John of the Chemical Warfare Service, corps area chemical officer, Governors Island, also denying all previous reports on gas, turns upon those who made them. "Alarmists and propagandists" he calls them; they have "painted a lurid and frightful picture of America's great cities in this country's next conflict with a foreign power. . . ."

"The armies of to-day have been forced to discard all but twelve of the thirty-six gases used in 1918. . . . Gas masks and a temporary retreat to the higher stories would completely defeat the purposes of a raid with such gases. . . . it would take enormous quantities to cover the city—so much that it is doubtful whether any enemy fleet could transport it. . . . The picture of large cities such as New York being

wiped out in a single daring invasion by enemy planes, is, to say the least, exaggerated. . . . Gassing large cities is a rather silly idea. . . ."

Major General H. G. Bishop, chief of field artillery, U. S. Army, writes in a leading New York newspaper, March 25, 1934, letting his imagination range from battles between the animal nations 9999 B.C. to the first gas attack. To-day, says the general, "lurid articles, with still more lurid pictorial displays, envision vast air fleets manned by robots circling over defenseless cities, dropping tons of dynamite, poison gas, and germs. . . ." He contends that while scientists claim a ton of mustard gas could kill 45,000,000 civilians or soldiers, the 12,000 tons used in the World War wounded only 350,000, or 30 casualties a ton. "So it actually took more than two tons of gas to kill a man." He does not believe bombs dropped on big cities would do much damage. But if raids are made, and if they succeed? The general gives the right military answer. If New York city is destroyed, what effect "would the wanton slaughter of all its inhabitants have upon a war? . . . Suppose such a catastrophe occurred in 1918? Would we have sued for peace? The answer is, decidedly, No!"

Aerial attacks and gassing, General Bishop concludes, "will be limited to areas of great strategical and industrial importance, such as shipping centers, supply and munitions depots, and to industrial areas," while the infantryman with the rifle and bayonet will fight and decide the next war as he did past wars. "The non-combatant may rest secure in his home and business just so long as this self-same doughboy stands resolute between him and an enemy."

When we come to Captain Liddell-Hart we are at least certain we are not getting buncombe or propaganda. This British officer is authoritative,

iconoclastic, and radical in his military views; he belongs to the Colonel Lawrence type, and these men are always thorns in the flesh and gadflies on the heads of the elderly generals who command most modern armies. Liddell-Hart ridicules the general staffs which still believe in the effectiveness of mass movements, in the utility of larger armies, in the doughboy as the decisive factor; continually he challenges professional military leaders for failure to use revolutionary weapons and change old tactics; he foresees the triumph of the machine in warfare, airplanes striking in the first hour and throwing the entire machinery of mobilization out of gear and making of the next "great war" . . . "the great chaos."

But regarding gas attacks, the learned captain is of the honest opinion they will not be devastating. "The reason is simply explained: the air forces of Europe to-day are not large enough to carry out the universal devastation that is popularly imagined." He does not believe there is sufficient gas tonnage, and foresees a state of affairs in which "the civilian populations, adequately instructed, take shelter indoors, or better still, are provided with gas masks."

Finally, there is the opinion of A. W. Smith in the July *HARPERS*. Mr. Smith, like Liddell-Hart, is no spreader of soothing propaganda but a critic of the military situation. He denies the general staff contention that the doughboy will prove decisive, asking authority to explain how "infantry, whose movement was paralyzed by fire in 1914, can regain mobility in the presence of fire defense nearly trebled." But regarding gas he accepts the chemical warfare officials: "It is impossible to maintain that gas is less humane. . . . Nor are there dreadful after-effects. . . . There is no way in which gas can be used against a civil population except from the air. It is doubtful if such an at-

tack is feasible. The quantity required to have any effect would be too enormous. For instance, to immobilize London for only two hours with mustard gas . . . would in theory require not less than one thousand tons of gas. In actual practice the amount might be from five to ten times as great."

Here we have a barrage of testimony which to a civilian who will be too old to fight in the next war should be soothingly welcome. But what do all these contentions amount to if the report to the House of Commons by the British air minister is true? *The striking power of the aerochemical arm between 1918 and 1926 increased 1,500 fold*, the highest authority in England told Parliament; an enemy power could launch a weight in bombs on London equal to that used by Germany in four full years of war, "and the process could be continued on this scale indefinitely." In air maneuvers in London it was shown that a hundred bombers could kill a quarter of a million civilians. In a test of 75 attackers against an equal number of defenders the judges decided that if diphenyl chloroarsine had been used, 3,750,000 civilians would have been killed or crippled; if 40 tons of diphenyl cyanarsine had been used, all life would be extinct in twenty-four hours. The authority is Lord Halsbury, chief of the explosives department of the British War Ministry during the War. It is obvious, therefore, that unless Air Minister Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Halsbury have gone mad or through error have totally deceived the British public, all the thousands of contentions against the efficacy and horror of gas warfare fall into the wastebasket.

Will closing the window exclude gas? Is gas defense possible? The patriotic Comité Français de Propagande Aéronautique states that no adequate shelters exist anywhere in the world; a

meeting of the international commission for the protection of civilian populations held in Rome in 1929 suggests that it will cost 2,000,000,000 francs for each million inhabitants to protect small cities, 4,500,000,000 francs per million in skyscraper cities; Colonel Marsh of the British army warns us that "no measure of defense against an aerial attack, well prepared and carried out by squadrons knowing their objective, is possible."

In 1930 the Red Cross issued a report—after investigations by military experts, chemists, psychologists, engineers, and doctors—in which it stated positively that women and children will be exposed to attack in the next war and that no part of a nation is safe. It recommends gas masks for all civilians and underground shelters, but concludes that "it must be admitted that the protection of civilians against gas warfare encounters great difficulties" because the gas masks provided at great expense might at any moment become useless because of new inventions, that bomb-proof shelters, actual fortifications for an entire civilian community, with "hermetically sealable subterranean chamber supplied with chemically produced oxygen . . . should be provided." This will take ten years if all citizens are put to work for ten years. "Under an attack by gas and chemicals the losses would be great, but under the combined attack of poison gas, explosives, and incendiary bombs, the losses would become terrible. . . . Jurists show that protection of civilians through legal prohibitions is very doubtful and that in time of war the few little documents we have in our hands would be likely to have small effect."

The leading German military publication, *Militär-Wochenblatt*, states on the authority of Lieut. General Altrock that "the population of a large area may expect destruction at any

moment. The next war will take the form of mass murder of the civilian population rather than a conflict between armies." Some time ago the aviation committee of the House of Representatives was informed by that same General Fries who thinks gas warfare sportsmanlike that new gases have been invented fifty times superior to any known in the World War, and that "the use of gas in that war was a child's game compared to what it will be in the future." Professor Langevin of the College de France, director of the chemistry school, believes "there are no means of protection against the explosive, incendiary, and toxic bombs dropped from airplanes. . . ." General Sir George Macdonough of the British army believes that "the art of war has been enriched by a new and extremely powerful arm, and that arm, turned against the civilian population is capable, as was said by Marshal Foch, of alone deciding the fate of a war. History supplies no example of an effective arm of vital importance of which it has been possible to prevent the use. . . . War is essentially inhuman, and there is not much which can be done to humanize it. It is even possible that the attempts now being made to this end are really leading in the opposite direction by inspiring the world with the false idea of the nature of war and turning public attention from its inevitable barbarity."

This is the European attitude: realism, truthfulness, candor. Every day governments and military add their testimony. The latest, which seems to be a complete answer to all American prognosticators of a gentle, horrorless war, is the report of General Joseph Duchène of the Superior War Council of France, who, on the conclusion of the 1934 maneuvers, stated on July 27th that (1) it will be impossible to protect the civilian population in the next war; (2) it will be useless and far

too expensive to construct underground shelters for civilians against air bombs and gas; and (3) it would be best to evacuate the cities.

An entire volume could be written continuing this testimony; space does not permit more of the scores of similar excerpts from official reports, investigations, findings of experts, the majority European military. They agree that the next war will be many times as bad as the last, that civilians will be attacked, that gas will be used, that the aerochemical arm is a hundred to fifteen hundred times as effective, that masks and shelters are ineffective. Therefore, to describe the bombardment of New York or London or San Francisco (by Japanese airplanes, let us say, using the American motors recently purchased here and carrying bombs with chemicals recently supplied by our patriotic manufacturers) with the horror of civilian deaths and the complete destruction of all children, for whom no gas masks can be provided, is neither lurid, lying, nor sensational but merely an emotional interpretation of the cold facts for which Pershing, Foch, Halsbury, Hoare, Francis Garvan, the Red Cross, and a hundred of the world's sanest experts are responsible.

In the decade in which the masses were being taught that gas warfare was very dangerous to civilians it was easy to expand gas and air programs. But apparently the propaganda was overdone. Gradually people began to realize that wars which could produce such horrors were insupportable.

Two more important facts may be mentioned: first, that great aerochemical attacks, with more deadly gases, were scheduled for 1919, but fortunately for thousands of civilians, were never used; and second, that Germany, England, France, and the United States nowadays in less than a week

can make as much gas as was used in the whole War.

As for the effects of gas, there is the final report of the Chemical Warfare Service issued this February. Fifteen years after the gassing of American troops—most of whom went through the Argonne when Germany was almost completely out of gas—it reports that the residual effects of phosgene include several lung diseases, nervous troubles, one case of insanity. Arsenical-compound gassing resulted in bronchitis, neuro-circulatory asthenia, active pulmonary tuberculosis, fibrosis of the lungs and pleurisy. Chronic bronchitis was the most frequent trouble; pulmonary fibrosis developed nine years after the War, and pulmonary emphysema after seven years; the case of dementia præcox was noted after nine years and partly attributed to phosgene. The later effects of arsenic were gastritis, enteritis, laryngitis, pharyngitis, bronchitis, and lobar pneumonia. (The investigation was conducted by Major General Harry L. Gilchrist and civilian physicians.)

Summing up the evidence, is it not, therefore, fair to conclude that everything said and written recently to drive fear from our civilian minds and to prepare us to enter the next war with no more fear than the last, is a denial of the opinions and official reports of most of the greatest authorities, and, therefore, may be either human error or the-end-justifies-the-means propaganda of the preparedness enthusiasts?

V

The Navy League of the United States is avowedly a propaganda organization. By propaganda here is meant not the dissemination of falsehood—the meaning which has attached to that word since the World War—but its older meaning, the deliberate dissemination of one set of facts and

opinions for the purpose of furthering a special cause. All the journalists at the famous 1927 Coolidge disarmament conference in Geneva, for example, agreed that the propagandist Shearer, the "bass drum" of the big American navy, gave them absolute facts, and yet the testimony in the 1929 Senate investigation alleged that the shipbuilders' agents "poisoned" those facts and "torpedoed" the conference.

The establishment of the 5:5:3 ratio between Britain, Japan, and the United States curtailed the activities of the Navy League, but the failure of Congress to build up to quota and the present threat of Japan to overthrow international agreement at the 1935 conference have given the organization a new reason for existence. Its latest bulletin again admits its twofold purpose: watching over Congress and arousing public opinion by winning "the interest of editors" and obtaining "national publicity" for its views. From a high official I have obtained the statement: "The Navy League exists solely to give to the American people, through the press, in signed statements, accurate and current information and matured comment on naval and maritime affairs." The conclusion of our interview follows:

"In view of the passage of the Vinson bill, what is there left for the Navy League to do?"

"See that the ships voted are actually built."

"In view of the statements by military experts that the airplane makes big ships obsolete, what is the answer of the Navy League?"

"The League believes that the super-dreadnought is still the backbone of the Navy."

"Do you accept the naval axiom that you prepare to fight a specific navy?"

"Yes."

"Do you contemplate a fight with the British navy?"

"Absolutely, no."

"Do you contemplate war with Japan?"

"Yes."

"How do you envision America being dragged into a war with Japan?"

"We expect war in the Pacific. In such a case America will demand the freedom of the seas for its commerce, and will use the navy to protect its commerce. Suppose Russia or Japan sinks our ships . . ."

"Munitions ships?"

"Any ships."

"Then you would have us go to war with a foreign power for a purely commercial reason?"

"No, it will be a matter of National Honor."

Further discussion was useless.

The summer of 1934 saw considerable Navy League activity. Public speeches, radio addresses, releases to the daily newspapers disseminated its views widely. Press and radio carried an oration by its president, Nelson Macy, whose two most important statements were: "Our needs for a navy are as great as Great Britain's, for our sea-borne commerce is as great as theirs," and "a clash between ourselves and Great Britain is unthinkable, as it would mean the complete ruination of white civilization and probably of the Christian religion." The conclusion of this, as of all Navy League statements, is that world trade and world peace depend on our (large) navy.

A fair comparison between the present-day views and 1916-1917 shows that during the preparedness campaign the financial backers of security, defense, and army and navy organizations were steel, munitions, and ship-building interests, whereas to-day no such names appear as "founders" or contributors; that in 1917 the American public was frankly told that a big navy was necessary to preserve our sea commerce (although the billion-dollar

munitions trade with Britain was not specified), whereas to-day, although commerce is still mentioned, emphasis is placed on peace. Before the War the big-navy advocates mentioned no special enemy, whereas to-day there is the first public hint that a navy second to none is needed because we may have to fight Japan.

The big navy men have won; the big navy is being rushed to completion; the American public has been persuaded by speeches, pamphlets, the radio, and the press that its safety lies on the high seas. It is one of the most notable triumphs of publicity.

Yet if we disregard completely the contentions of the pacifists that a big navy means a naval war, and that battleships are useless, and rely exclusively on expert military opinion, we find that immediately after the War General William Mitchell, who commanded our air forces, tested the value of dreadnoughts with airplanes and came to the conclusion that the former were obsolete. "One of the battleships bombed," he reported in 1923, "within seven minutes . . . rested on the bottom of the ocean. The bomb that sunk this ship was heard around the world."

Round the world, General, but not in the offices of the Navy Department. In fact, it was soon apparent that the explosion drove Mitchell himself out of his lofty office and into the position of a non-conformist baying at the eternal moon of military bureaucracy. In vain did General Mitchell contend that the munitions lobby and its propagandists, stimulating the sale of armor-plate, were sabotaging the program of the air force, the potential destroyer of navies.

Shortly afterward no less an expert than Admiral Sims declared that modern navies cannot protect commerce, and in case of war the best place for ours would be up the Mississippi. "In

the past the battleship was the backbone of the fleet, but I believe it is no more," wrote Sims. And Admiral Mark Bristol expressed the opinion that airplanes, submarines, and other modern weapons would give America better protection than a fleet. More recently Frank A. Tichenor, editor of *Aero Digest*, quoted "the great majority of honest experts" as candidly admitting that the Big Navy Bill of 1929—"the greatest warship building program in our history"—was producing craft which "cannot be much more useful in the next war than cross-bows and arrows would have been in the last one." Mr. Tichenor also noted "a certain satisfaction" among steel mills over the 1929 program. What would he say of the 1934 program? Senator Capper states publicly that the munitions lobby had a great deal to do with the present program.

In England Brigadier General Groves, who was director of flying operations at the Air Ministry and later British air representative in Geneva, has printed his opinions on the plane *vs.* battleship situation in a document described as "a shock to our national complacency, a ruthless and reasoned exposure of stupidity in high places." With the backing of Major General Swinton ("Eye-witness"), professor of military history at Oxford University, General Groves maintains that "owing to the development of aviation, war has altered in character . . . the rise of air power spells the decline of sea power. A navy cannot protect a nation against a knock-out blow from the skies. Nor can a navy—itsself very vulnerable to aircraft attacks—shield merchant shipping which, in the absence of adequate air defense, will be sunk wholesale by aircraft in home waters and in port."

Here we have the opinions of two opposing groups united on one purpose: increased armaments. They

maintain contradictory views, but in the heat of their arguments they give the laymen at least the suspicion that billions are being wasted on useless construction, and more than a suspicion that interested parties, for a specific purpose, have been able by publicity methods to persuade America and other nations to engage in vast naval rivalries which, recent historians warn us, are one of the main causes of war.

Some time ago in Washington I interviewed Senators Nye and Bone of the armaments investigation committee, listened to Senator Borah, and corresponded with Senator Capper. Borah made the statement that propagandists were fomenting a war scare with Japan. A dozen senators agreed that the munitions lobby is still at work in Washington, and that there is still a great propaganda campaign to sell increased armaments and super-dreadnoughts to the American people, based on the argument that size and quantity were guarantees for peace. Senator Nye showed the writer a statement signed by a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which ridiculed the possibility of naval war between Japan and the United States. "Jingo counsels might prevail in one or both nations," wrote this expert, "until one or the other, or both, had bled to death through the pocketbook. If, then, it were realized by the people of this country and of Japan that war would be a futile gesture . . . each nation might be in a fair way to change its apprehensive habit of mind."

The author of the foregoing was the man who had just signed the billion-dollar navy Vinson bill—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

To-day, therefore, the views of the President of the United States and those of the Navy League coincide, and praise has been heaped upon the former by the League's president. But

the view Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt held a decade ago is now the view of many great authorities. The big-navy advocates have succeeded in making the American public believe that there is a possibility of war with Japan, and war or not, we need the navy for commercial reasons. Admiral Sims does not believe the navy can protect commerce. General Groves and General Swinton and other experts state categorically that warships cannot protect our commerce. No one fears a war between America and England, and credible authorities declare a naval decision in the Pacific ridiculous. Here again, as with the gas problem, the evidence is enough to warrant a demand from the public that tests be made and testimony taken before expensive and dangerous programs are carried out. Then only could we be certain that sound naval science and not shipbuilders' propaganda is the basis of the super-dreadnought fleet.

VI

When "The Big Parade," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and other plays and movies which did not entirely glorify war were made, the preparedness advocates shouted in a body that these were hurting the patriotic spirit. Major Frank Pease, "president of the Hollywood Technical Directors' Institute," telegraphed the President, the Secretaries of War and Navy, forty-eight governors, Mussolini, the heads of national organizations, and America's editors, asking that they help to "prohibit further showing without drastic censoring and revision of Universal's film 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'" He called it "the most brazen propaganda film ever made in America. It undermines beliefs in the army and in authority. Moscow could not have produced a more subversive film.

Its continued uncensored exhibition especially before juveniles will go far to raise a race of yellow-streak slackers and disloyalists. Domestic statecraft, common sense, and plain everyday patriotism demand instant suppression of such vicious propaganda."

Mussolini was the only ruler who banned "All Quiet."

To-day the movies are being used in both a positive and negative way for military propaganda. Newspapers pride themselves on keeping their news columns free from editorial bias, but no such ethics appear to afflict some of the motion picture companies. Every week the watchful reader may notice a navy or army picture in the news reel of one company which is accompanied by a talk in which the speaker, in addition to describing the actual event, always draws a moral, such as "This shows Japan is fully prepared at sea, whereas the United States is helplessly unprepared," or "It is the duty of all good Americans to support Senator or Congressman Blank's plea for bigger and better military defenses."

On the negative side the movies serve the preparedness advocates just as effectively. A few weeks ago three companies were bidding competitively for film rights on books exposing the munitions racket. When negotiations were suddenly dropped by the companies and the usual form letter sent, an inquiring literary agent was told by a high movie official that the powder and armorplate interests had asked the banks which control the film company never to indulge in any film which criticizes the munitioneers. I have also been informed that a news reel company made a "short" of Senator Nye discussing the present investigation and later suppressed it.

The following personal incident is also significant of the suppressive side of military propaganda. In dealing with the munitioneers I have had con-

siderable traffic with lawyers whose business it was to eliminate possible libel. This was reasonable and just. But in writing an article for a popular magazine I came upon an attorney who is also a colonel, and this lawyer-militarist deleted 3000 words, 250 because they were not libel-proof, and 2750 because, in his own frank words, "the article as written will frighten many women and cause doubts to millions of persons who should be prepared to sacrifice themselves and their sons unquestioningly in the next war." Veracity was not involved.

The time has come for facts and frankness, not propaganda, false or merely biased. If the United States is preparing for war the American people should know if it is a war for the freedom of the munitions trade, or for the expansion of its foreign commerce, or for self-defense. No fine false phrases like "Freedom of the Seas," "Make the World Safe for Democracy," or "National Honor" are worth millions of lives if behind them is nothing more than the right to deal in cotton or poison gas or guns or junk iron and other products from which private individual businessmen or corporations hope to make an increased profit, or the right to get oil concessions or other commercial privileges abroad. Have we forgotten the confession of the man who led us into the World War: "We all know that this was a commercial war." (Woodrow Wilson, speech, St. Louis, September 5, 1919.) No war for dollar profits is worth the millions of American youth who must die.

Truth is not only the first casualty when war is declared, as the old saying goes; it is killed in war but it is a casualty long before war is declared. Truth is the first casualty in time of preparedness hysteria, when propaganda takes the place of free discussion. We have not yet reached such a stage. The gentlemen who shout "slacker"

and "red" and "traitor" at the preachers and the college boys are still few and their words do not yet monopolize the front page. But it is quite evident that there is a campaign of much bitterness loose in America against those who preach peace and the fact is established that such absolutely contradictory ideas are abroad that only a few of them can be right.

There is still time for honest investigation to determine which are right. The drums and the bugles of the press have not yet transfused our reason into emotion as they did in 1916 and 1917. The munitions makers do not control a large part of the press of America as they do in most dictatorial and several democratic countries. In 1920 Senator Fall advocated military intervention in Mexico. He was called a fomenter of war by his colleagues. Later it became known that he was interested in some commercial enterprises there. In 1927, according to testimony in Congress, several oil companies tried to use the press to stir up war with Mexico again, but that move also failed. The liberal press, the critical magazines, practically all the preachers of America, and all the labor unions then united against the war hysteria.

To be a pacifist to-day is still not the crime it was in 1917, and there is still no common talk of lynching, although the *Pennsylvania Manufacturer's Journal*, which speaks as if it would like to be the *Voelkische Beobachter* or the *Popolo d'Italia* of a Hitler or Mussolini dictatorship in America, envisages "telegraph poles that would be adorned by white cravats, re-enforced by hempen neckties" for pacifists, and foresees "gunning for clergymen" as a "brand-new national sport" in the near future.

A new spirit is visible in the universities. Between the enthusiasts for the

officers' training camps and the camps of the entrenched pacifists who take the oath never to fight for king or country, I have found by personal contact that there is a large body of serious young men who realize they will bear the brunt of leadership in the next and so-called "inevitable" war, and are not willing to go into it with their minds blindfolded by propaganda. They invite generals and preachers and journalists to talk to them about war preparations and they ask intelligent questions. They are aware of the present effort to sell a nice, pleasant, horrorless war to America and they demand the truth.

Facts, not propaganda, can and must tell them and us about the causes of this inevitable war and its probable character. It is not too difficult to arrive at the truth about new gases, the danger to civilians, the probable destruction of our cities if not our civilization, the use of airplanes, the value or valuelessness of billion-dollar navies as peace instruments, the commercial rivalries which have always resulted in war and which are at work to-day. To the gentlemen who are engaged in smooth, cheerful propaganda, to General Carr of the Signal Corps who has suppressed the horror pictures of the last war, and to others who with him are suppressing all mention of the "unpleasant side of war," the youth of America can say: *If the next war is worth fighting, the truth will not kill off American patriotism.* If, on the other hand, we are again deluded and tricked into a commercial or imperialistic war, the next aftermath of delusion may have dangerous results. It is just barely possible that no nation would go to war if it knew the truth about the causes of war. Can this be the reason for the war preparedness campaign?



SOMETHING ENDS

A STORY

BY MARK SCHORER

I HAD come to think that the best time in life was childhood. I was twenty-five years old then, but looked, I think, more like twenty, with a fresh untouchedness in my face, no lines at all and empty, griefless eyes, as if I had never really lost my childhood, as if I were still living in it, still a child. Only then, I thought, are you quite free, without care, quite without burden; and thinking this, I would lapse into a state of reverie in which the world about me wavered into unreality and I would find myself reliving acutely some episode of my youth, not merely remembering it, as something remote and vague, but living it, actually, being in it again actually, joyously going through it like a child gaily wandering across a meadow in the sun, feeling the grass under the bare soles of his feet, feeling the moist earth, feeling too the warm sun on his head, and in his heart the unknown song that a child forever sings.

I was, in fact, remembering such a meadow when Jared Smith came to my office for the third time. I was remembering a creek that ran through the meadow, winding and circling and turning, clear water running between steep banks of black earth, with shallow places where you could build a dam. I was remembering a day when I followed this creek to its mouth at the river, remembering wandering all of an afternoon along its banks in the

long grass of the meadow, with the earth moist under my feet and the sun warm on my face.

Then Smith came in again, looking more grave than before. Of course I didn't take him seriously. Too much of this sort of thing went on all of the time, and you came to expect it. Only most students were less persistent than Smith. This was the third time he had come about it, and I had grown increasingly impatient with him, so that now his state of near-hysteria did not move me. And if it had, there would still have been the fact that I could do nothing about it. His grades showed a certain average and I had turned that in for him; now the semester was over and the matter closed. Smith thought that if he could only make me see how important the thing was to him it would be easy enough for me to call someone up and say, "Look here, I've made an error. Jared Smith should have had a B instead of a C."

For the third time I tried to show him that this was impossible and I went over all of his grades again, and all he kept saying was, "I see that, sir; I'm sure a C is exactly what I earned; but don't *you* see—"

Then he launched out into the whole tale again: he was a swimmer and he had given up swimming in order to put more time on his work; he broke with his fraternity in the middle of the term because it took up too much of the time

that he wanted to give to his studies; he had sacrificed everything to studying and he had done well in everything except my course, but the C I gave him was enough to keep him out of the honorary society which was the only evidence he would ever have for his achievement.

"In high school they always thought I was stupid and I wanted to show them; I've got to have the grade because I've *got* to show them. You see, sir, they always thought I didn't have a brain at all, and now I've got to, I've *simply got to*—"

For the first time I began to see what an intense person he was, and at another time it might have surprised me, for I had come to think of him as a rather stolid youth. But now I was frankly bored. You read fifty or a hundred freshmen themes every week for ten months in the year and you soon find yourself without much interest in any one of your students; what's more, you don't pay much attention to any individual's writing unless the student comes to you and takes it up with you himself. Smith had never asked for a conference, or even for any kind of casual assistance, and, naturally enough, I had paid little attention to him. Now I had gone over the whole matter three times and had tried each time to keep my patience, told him that I did think he was a high B student but that his writing simply didn't show it, that since the middle of the term it had been down to C and less almost consistently. Each time I said, "If you'd come to me before, we could have gone over your themes and perhaps straightened out your difficulty, but it's too late now to do anything about it except get the B next term. If you want, I'll see to it that you get another instructor, that is, if you think you'd do better with someone else—"

Against this he protested. "I know

you've been fair with me, sir, but that isn't the point. The point is that you won't see now how important it is that I get a B. It means more than anything ever has, I've simply got to get it—"

I said again that he over-emphasized grades, but that even if I did agree that making the honorary society was vitally important, I couldn't help him a bit.

Finally he seemed to get the point. He looked at me steadily for a long time and then suddenly all the tenseness went from his body and he slumped down in the chair by my desk. He sat there for some minutes, completely dejected, staring at the floor, and at last got up and said, "All right. I'm sorry I bothered you. Thank you," and went out.

I haven't described him at all or tried to put down much about him beyond the facts of that last interview, because after he went out of my office that day, I never saw him again. And from this point on, the story is not Smith's, but mine.

Late in the next afternoon a boy whom I had never seen before came rushing into my office. "You know Jared Smith?" he cried, and I, knowing somehow at once what had happened, feeling everything inside me contract in a momentary spasm of faintness, said, "Yes, of course. Why?"

The boy stood with his mouth open, panting. "Sit down," I said.

At last it came. "His mother sent me. He committed suicide this afternoon. It's going to be in the papers—your name too. She asked me to say that the story didn't come from her and that she doesn't hold you responsible in any way."

I took hold of the edge of my desk and forced myself to say what seemed to be the most important thing at that moment, "It's very good of her, I'm sure, but of course I can't feel responsible."

A look of pain crossed the boy's blond face. He was quite young, handsome, very distressed. He said, "It's awful. It's too awful to think about!"

"Lord, yes!" I said. "You knew him well?"

He nodded, mutely.

"How did he do it?"

"Gas. There wasn't anyone at home. His mother was down town at the movies. She came home and found him on the kitchen floor."

"Lord!"

I got up abruptly and walked over to the window, looked down at the campus, and thought of that boy's body stretched out dead on a kitchen floor and gas still hissing from the stove. I felt myself struggling against something, I didn't know what or why, and wanted to turn round and cry to his friend that I wasn't to blame, that nothing in the whole business could touch me. I did turn round, but I spoke quietly, said, "I'm terribly sorry. The whole thing is dreadful and please tell his mother that I can't say how sorry I am. But of course I'm *not* responsible. Any teacher is likely to have this sort of thing happen. Sometimes you can't possibly tell which students are hyper-sensitive, which hysterical—"

The look in the boy's face checked me, made me see suddenly that I was trying to defend myself (and before he spoke I asked myself, "Against what?"), and then he said, "He wasn't hysterical. I think you might have seen that he was sensitive." Scorn came into his eyes before he added, "But no one thinks you're to blame," and turned his head away from me.

Yet, when he looked back, his face was only sorrowful, his eyes bleached with loss, and when he got up to leave he offered me his hand. I thought for a second that I was going to lose my hold on the situation, and something

inside me, some gagged voice, was trying to cry out a protest, scream that I didn't deserve this and that I couldn't be blamed. I thought that in the next moment I should be weeping like a child, blubbering out that protest, and yet, when I took the boy's hand something else made me cold, almost rude. I said, "Thanks for coming. It was good of Mrs. Smith to send you. I don't mind the papers' running the story, because of course no one would think to blame me. Tell his mother how sorry I am. If she'd care to see me, I'd like very much to call." A pause. We looked at each other. His eyes were cold again, chilled by my voice.

"Good-by," he said, and fled out as he had come, half-stumbling.

When you are young, I would keep thinking, remembering, you are free. I would think in the next three days (at night especially, and always remembering), when you are young you don't have to face such things, and that is the best time surely—when you are young and free. Waking in the night suddenly, in fright, feeling the presence of that boy in the room, lurking in the shadows somewhere, in the hiding dark, I would remember such an incident as this:

I am quite young—six or seven, perhaps even ten—and after supper one evening (it is summer; in the marshes by the river the frogs are setting up their monotonous croaking, soothing, comforting, a steady sound in the night that stabilizes the dark and makes it a friend) I leave the family assembled at table and go into a little-used parlor. I must be very tired—from a day of wild running in the bright, protecting sun—for I lie down on a sofa in the dark of the parlor (and this I seem never to have done before), and in the sleep that follows I hear voices and confusion and I have the feeling that there are many

people somewhere near; but the voices are like the croaking of the frogs—comforting, stabilizing the darkness, making of it a friend one need not fear—and I do not wake for a time, until suddenly, abruptly, I am snatched out of sleep and I find myself in my father's arms, hungrily held, and then in my mother's (and she is weeping with relief) and I see the faces of my brother and sister, looking at me with something like awe. Then slowly I awake, I see more people in the room, and I know that outside the house half the town is assembled. Then, from a mixed report from the whole family (breathless, broken, excited, relieved, all of it mingled with weeping and laughing, with kisses and quick embraces) I gather that I have been lost, that the whole town has been aroused, that for the two hours I have been asleep in the little-used parlor (where no one thought to look beyond a desperate glance into the dark) the search has been going on. Then all of us go out on the front porch and I am shown and I say, "I'm found," and the whole thing delights me immeasurably. My mother, who has felt the burden, still weeps beside me, remembering suddenly, in the midst of her happiness and gratitude, her fright.

This was no new memory, suddenly recollected. It was part of a childhood that I lived with constantly, a retreat into which to flee, always there, always somehow adequate, where the memory of lying in a sun-bright meadow with the steady drone of bees in clover in my ears was enough to soften any blow and make it ineffectual. And so now again, in those three days, those three nights especially, I found myself, inevitably, without will, going back, not searching and yet remembering. I remembered this (lying in my bed, with the ghost of that boy somewhere in the room, powerful against me):

Another summer day, late in the

afternoon, the air sun-moted, heavy with pollen dust, and I am walking with an aunt to the cemetery, a mile out of the village. On the way, we pass a field of buckwheat, and my aunt stops in the path for a moment to point it out to me. "Buckwheat," she says, her arm lifted, and moves on, the flower-filled basket on her arm swinging a little as she walks, bumping now and again against her hip. At the cemetery we attend to the graves of relatives, snipping grass with the shears from the basket, pulling up weeds, arranging flowers under white headstones pink in the low summer sun, and when we start back to the village, it is evening, almost dusk. The air is very quiet now and cooler, the dust of the day settled. Once more we pass the buckwheat field and now, with a start, both of us smell in the air an incredible sweetness. We stop again and breathe deeply the perfume of the buckwheat, standing still in the path for perhaps five minutes, breathing in the heavy fragrance—and then move on toward the village, marked now in the dusk by a dozen yellow-lighted windows, friendly, home.

But now, in the three dark nights, these memories were not strong. In the struggle that went on between the part of my brain that brought them up and the part that knew the boy was in the room, a thin ghost, pale, unhappy, accusing, the memories lost, until, on the third night, I found myself abruptly awake, sitting erect in my bed, perspiring, a scream that must have been mine echoing in my ears. In my fright I knew that I was utterly helpless, that there was no escape from it, nothing with which to fight against it. Then slowly, my fear (and what was I fearing?) ebbed away, and I lay down again in the darkness and thought that now the boy was buried and that on the next day I would call on his mother. I would return the packet of his themes

—the themes I had not dared to read again for fear that now I should see in them a whole (or even half-run) cycle of hysteria that I had missed before, perhaps from careless reading—and then I should be done with the whole thing.

I fell asleep again. And next morning the years of my childhood were still with me, a golden aura, beautiful but, now, very far away. Now I remembered winter nights before the fire and the quiet sound of my father's voice reading aloud, but I *remembered* them only, as one remembers an image or a picture, as something one looks at from afar, not as something one is actually in, actually living. I remembered a pool where one fished for sunfish with a bent pin, a path leading up over a birch-covered hill and down to a strip of sandy beach by the river; but now, in these memories (like pictures) there was something distant, far, something remote, lost and unattainable, and in my nostalgia, which knew itself for what it was, there was the threat of the end of something.

It was afternoon. It was time now to go to the mother. Twice I had taken the rubber band from the packet of themes, twice brought myself to the point of reading them, but now, having decided, I stood by my desk and snapped the band firmly on the papers and thought, I will not read them. I will return them to her now and then I shall be done with this thing forever. I thought that if I read them and found nothing there—I remembered a theme called "War" (Jared Smith had been a pacifist) and another called "My Religious Views"—then I should be free and certain. But if I did find something there, some growing hysteria, some increasing despair (what *had* he said in the theme called "My Religious Views"?) then I might never be free. And I decided that I would rather be

uncertain and slowly forget than know, and perhaps never be able to forget.

The mother let me into the apartment herself. She was a large woman, heavy and strong-looking, standing before me in the dark hall a great hulk of strength. I told her who I was and she said, "Oh-h-h," with a kind of long sigh, and then, "Please come in."

The room was all shadows and through the windows I could see the gray beginning of the winter evening. The woman pulled a chair out of a corner and said, "Please sit down." Then she lighted a lamp so that the light fell on my head and face, and she stood over me, looking down, and said finally, "I didn't think of you as such a young man. I thought of you as somehow older. From Jared's accounts I thought that you'd been teaching for a long time, that you'd seen years of such service. He felt at the end that you were treating him perfunctorily, as if every student were just another student, and not a human being to you—any longer. But that could be true of the very young as well as of the older, couldn't it?"

She smiled then and sat down across from me, her eyes quizzical, interested. It was almost as if I had come to have casual tea with her, as if in a moment we should begin to talk about poetry. Her composure as she sat there made me feel my weakness.

I said, "Try to understand. We meet perhaps a hundred students a week, and we read a hundred themes, and it's awfully difficult to do much with them individually. Especially if they don't come to you. He never did, you know. Naturally then I knew him almost not at all."

She leaned forward, concerned, apologetic. "Oh, I do understand that—quite! I didn't mean—"

"No, of course not. It was awfully good of you to send the other boy to tell me. It would have been a blow

—if I'd just read about it in the papers or heard about it suddenly without some warning."

"Yes," she said. "I knew that."

"I've brought his themes. I thought you'd like to see them, perhaps want to keep them. I can't tell you, really, how upset I am about this."

"But, child," she said, smiling again, "I know you're not to blame. I know you couldn't have done anything about that grade. I told Jared so—"

"It isn't the grade," I said. "It's not having known him. It's not having seen in him the possibilities of the kind of hysteria that must have been behind his suicide. I should have seen that—if it was there. I certainly didn't. And now I don't know if it was there or not. I haven't had the courage to read his themes again, fearing, as I do, that it might be. . . . Here they are." I leaned forward and gave them to her. She put them in her lap and folded her hands over them. I could see how calm she was by the steady rise and fall of her bosom, by the quiet hands in her lap.

Outside it had begun to snow very lightly. Through the window and the thin veil of snow I could see across a gray field to a bare tree standing beside a wooden fence, its empty branches reaching up into the dreary sky. I felt myself wavering away from the room and the woman across from me, to another tree in another place, an elm this, heavily laden with leaves, with great strong branches, with white-clouded blue sky above it, and high in the tree somewhere, a platform with a child—but how far away the child, and how strange!—lying on his stomach, reading, idling through pages of legend, lost in the pages of the book, in the fabulous blue of the sky, in the almost mythical intricacies of branch and green, green leaf.

But the woman's voice wove itself into the myth (for now I knew that it

was a myth, an impossible legend, a dream of bliss that had never been, that could certainly never be again), drew my mind back from the imagined tree to the real tree and the dreary landscape outside, back to the shadowy room, and back to her hands, symbols of her strength and quiet. She was saying, ". . . and of course, you must not let this disturb you, it might have happened to anyone. It was by the merest chance that it should have happened to you. I hope that you will be able to see it that way. . . ."

"Yes, it might have happened to anyone else. But someone else might have seen what I failed to see, might have thought of Jared Smith as a person who was living too, who was alive, not just a hand that wrote themes, but a human being, with desires and a life to live. . . ."

(Oh, the green of the tree, the fabulous strength of its branches, and the lost child lost in the legend!) . . . with a home to go to and a childhood to remember, with burdens to bear (but he bore them!) and a manhood to come to (but he came to it!) . . . for if Jared Smith had ever had a childhood, he had put it behind him; if he, now and again, had escaped into the marvellous dream, he knew that it was not that dream that he would meet in the hissing gas, knew that in breathing in those fumes he was not losing himself in an impossible bliss but was taking on his burden, coming into his manhood. . . .

The quiet voice again, ". . . always unstable, really, highly-strung, neurotic, I suppose, taking his disappointments terribly hard . . . no sense of proportion at all. . . . It was something I always feared. . . ."

Outside, the barren tree was lost in the winter evening. I got up to go, said, "I think I must go now. It's quite late."

The mother rose with me. She put

the packet of themes on a table and walked into the hall with me. I struggled into my coat. Then she put out her hand. "Thank you for coming," she said.

I took her hand. It was cold. I said, "You're quite wonderful. Your strength, your composure—I can't help admiring you."

I felt her hand tighten in mine, heard her voice struggling to speak, and then, in a sudden, fearful sob, heard her voice drowned in grief. Her whole body shook in a spasm of weeping as she sat abruptly on a little bench in the hall, weeping violently, sobs torn from her body with a fearful violence. She clamped her hands together between her knees and, swaying back and forth on the bench, spoke between her sobs, "Oh-h-h," (the long sigh, tragic now) "I loved him, I loved him . . . you don't know, you don't know . . . there have been terrible moments . . . *you don't know!*"

The weeping of a frail, small woman I could have borne. But the racking violence of the grief in this woman, large and strong, as she sat rocking back and forth in the gloom, was more than I could bear. For a moment I had an impulse to throw myself at her feet, to share her grief, to weep in her arms with the same violent sobbing, to relieve myself as a child does in exhausting tears. But the second impulse was to flee, to leave her behind, to avoid at all costs the confession that tears from me would mean. For I was *not* to blame!

I did that. I opened the door and went quickly out. In the street I ran through the snow and kept my head up, so that the wind would strike my face and tears could not come.

Blindly I ran through the streets, in no direction at all, and ran until I was exhausted, until my feet dragged reluctantly along and yet would not stop, would not try to find the way. I

pressed my eyes shut against the wind, reeled sometimes like a drunken man, stumbled through little drifts of snow that the sharpening wind was piling across the sidewalks. It was cold, I knew, but I was not feeling the cold; and the wind was biting, but I did not feel the wind. My body was an empty place and in my brain was only the picture of the grief-stricken mother and in my ears the violent sound of her sobbing. I came at last to a church, and saw it, dark, towering up into the sky, blacker than the night. For a moment I stood looking up at its great doorway and its steeple, and then, without will, without thought, I climbed its steps and sat down in the wide stone doorway, out of the wind now. I had never been in the church, but out of some remote time I was remembering nuns moving quietly across an altar, lighting tall candles, suffusing the white, glistening altar with a luminous warmth, giving to the stone images of pedestalled saints a soft, deceptive life. I had never knelt in a church, but now I thought that if I went in and knelt on a rail worn into grooves with many kneelings, if I could bury my head in my arms and empty my ears of the sound of weeping, I should find a penitent's peace. Then, over and over, I began to say, "God, I am not to blame, God, I am *not*, I am *not* . . ." but no such peace came, and I wondered in despair what I should do with the burden of this blame, which was not mine but which I could not lose.

I thought of the confessional inside, at one side of the altar. If I could go in there and confess, and be forgiven, then I should be free again. *Confess! Confess!* something cried to me, some voice from the lost years, from the fabulous tree, from the fires on winter nights, some voice that came like the wind, sweeping across the sunny meadows, rippling the water of a child's dammed creek, *Confess!*

If I could confess, pour out my sins, empty myself of the pain of this load . . . if I could!

Confess! Confess! the voice whistled, blowing through the branches of the unknown, the mythical tree, driving great billows of white cloud over a dream-blue sky.

But what? Confess what? I called back to the voice.

The voice answered (sadly now, soughing through the tree's branches), *Confess . . . confess . . .*

But what, what?

Then, like an echo, weakly, from afar: *Confess . . .*

Yes, yes, but *what?*

And then the voice did not answer (*Oh, now the branches of the tree are bare and still, no longer the voice like the wind in the marvellous tree!*) and the silence tore me from the madness of that hoping dream. I sat in the doorway, oblivious of the cold, of the wind, straining forward, trying to hear an answer. But there was none and, suddenly ashamed, sobered, I leaned back against the door, wearied with hope.

Something was ending. The desire to confess, the urge to relieve myself of the heavy burden—what was it but the

flight into youth, what but imagining that tree with its wonderful foliage that had never been? It was to say, *Oh, take from me this burden which I am not strong enough to bear, because I am a child and weak!* And that was like saying, *Let me be a child so that I need not be strong!* But the tree was dead, its branches bare, and all the lost years were dead, and the voice from the years was dead with them.

Then something had ended.

I stood up and went down the steps. The wind, sharper now than ever, came with a blast up the street, sweeping the snow before it, striking me sharply, keenly in the face. I stood still in the empty street and let it blow at me, blow through me, blow the ashes of the years away into the dark sky.

Then I started back through the cold night, shivering now, but resolved; resolved to find the way I had come and the woman's house. Something had ended, and now I could go back to her, fearless, and say that the blame was mine and that I took it, that, like her son, I had found a place to lay the burden.

The wind blew strong, scattering the years across the sky.



BIRTH CONTROL AND THE DEPRESSION

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

"NOBODY wanted Jimmy, but he was born anyhow." This caption appears, not on propaganda issued by the American Birth Control League, but on a flier recently distributed by the Cincinnati Committee on Maternal Health. The story told by Dr. Elizabeth Campbell, Chairman of the Medical Committee, is a graphic one. At the time Jimmy was born his father had been out of work for seventeen months, and the parents with five children were subsisting on a five dollars a week relief allowance. His mother, sick with worry before he came, did not want Jimmy. The community did not want him, as the city was already spending \$350,000 on relief. Jimmy himself, had he had any say, could hardly have wanted to be born, for his short life meant only misery to him. His home was so cold that in four months' time he died of pneumonia. His brief and painful life had cost the community a total of \$130.02 for hospital, nursing, and medical care, for milk, for baby clothes, and for his burial. Was it fair to Jimmy to be born at this time? And was it fair to the community, which was already taking care of 21,380 families, that he should have been born?

Half of the women, Dr. Campbell says, who have applied during the past year to the Maternal Health Clinic of Cincinnati for contraceptive advice had unemployed husbands and all of them, for some good reason, feared the

birth of another child. Dr. Campbell's arguments are frank and to the point. "Every child," she says, "has a right to be wanted. Hunger and fear cannot create a wholesome life for a baby. During this crisis the birth of those babies whose coming is a cause of dread, should be postponed until a better time, since the community cannot keep in health and decency the children that are here."

The situation in Cincinnati is no different from that in other cities. Proof is to be found in an economic health survey recently made by Milbank Memorial Foundation in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service, covering 8000 urban families in the lower-income groups living in ten different localities. Investigation showed that in 1932 there were 48 per cent more births in families without any employed workers than in families with one or more full-time workers. Families that were actually receiving relief had a birth rate 54 per cent higher than those not on relief. The study further showed that families who were poor in 1929 and continued in that condition in 1932 had the highest birth rate of all, while those who dropped below the \$1200 a year level during the depression had a considerably higher birth rate than those with an income of from \$1200 to \$2000 a year. Summing up their conclusions, Messrs. Perrott and Sydenstricker, the authors of the study, say:

"Low social status, unemployment,

and low income in 1932 went hand in hand with a high illness rate and increased malnutrition among children. It was in these same groups of families that a high birth rate prevailed. Whatever the broad implications of the findings may be, it is evident that a high birth rate during the depression prevailed in families which could least afford, from any point of view, to assume this added responsibility."

It might be supposed that there is a causal relation between men's idleness and their procreative activities, if the study did not show that the couples who were prolific in 1932 were prolific in 1929. The explanation of the differential birth rate in these 8000 families would seem to be that the man who shows no judgment about the number of children he sires is likely to be the man who loses his job in a crisis, perhaps because he lacks judgment all along the line. In this connection it is interesting to hear from Professor James H. S. Bossard of the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance, University of Pennsylvania, that in 1932, when the depression was perhaps at its crest, the highest marriage rates in Philadelphia prevailed in the areas of greatest unemployment.

The findings cited above are paralleled by another Milbank Fund study, recently made under the direction of the famous biologist, Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University. This survey concerned contraceptive practices among 4945 hospitalized urban women of all classes, living in thirteen different States. The results showed, as was to be expected, that a much higher percentage of well-to-do and rich women were practicing birth control than poor white and colored women. But the study also showed, contrary to expectations, that the women of the well-to-do and rich classes who took no preventive measures were as fertile as the women of

the poorer classes, colored women included. In other words, the failure on the part of the poorer classes to practice birth control appears alone to be responsible for their too rapid propagation.

Dr. Pearl had for many years questioned the social value of birth control. But his findings now lead him to the emphatic conclusion that "the national policy of prohibiting the free dissemination of accurate scientific information about birth control methods is adding definitely and measurably to the difficulty of the problems of poverty and unemployment with which our children and grandchildren will have to deal."

Dr. Pearl might have gone on to say that our national policy regarding birth control has added definitely and measurably to the enormous relief load which burdens the country to-day. It is as ironic as it is tragic that parents who cannot take care of the children they already have should have no choice but to bring more into the world. In one year's time—between October, 1932 and October, 1933 according to the Federal Unemployment Relief Census taken last October, there were as many as 233,822 children born to families who were receiving public relief. These families, 3,134,678 in number, also had 1,589,480 children from one to five years of age or, all told, 1,823,302 children under six years of age. Unfortunately we do not know exactly how many of the one-to-five-year-olds were born after 1929. But there can be no doubt that the majority of them were depression babies. Their entry into the world increased the strain on public health and hospital facilities as well as on the agencies that provide clothing. Their presence in over-large families has brought, as the Milbank study suggests, malnutrition and privation for existing children, since relief expenditures

per child have been far from adequate.

The future will probably show that the children have borne the brunt of the depression. Of the 12,500,000 persons who were found in the October Census to be receiving relief, 42 per cent were under 16 years of age. This is a disproportionate number, since the 1930 Census showed that children of this age comprised only 26 per cent of the population. It is a tragic fact that over a third of the children subsisting on relief were under six years of age, or in their most formative period.

The ill health and hardships so often suffered by members of over-large families are argument enough for birth control. As Margaret Sanger has said, "There can be no justification for violating the right of every married woman to decide when and how often she shall undertake the physical and far-reaching responsibilities of motherhood." The argument that large families among the indigent are an additional burden on the taxpayer is hardly a generous one. Yet it may have its effect on legislators and their constituents who have so far been unmoved by humane considerations.

Unfortunately there is no way of estimating the cost of relief for the million or more babies born during the depression to families that were living on public funds in October, 1933. The sum total of relief expenditures, however, is sufficiently appalling. For the year 1933 all forms of public relief reached approximately \$800,000,000. For the same year combined public and private expenditures are estimated by the Monthly Bulletin on Social Statistics, published by the Children's Bureau, to have been three times as great in 120 cities as they were in 1929. Professor James H. S. Bossard considers this a conservative estimate. In his forthcoming book

Social Change and Social Problems he presents figures to prove that relief expenditures in the country at large have increased by a geometric ratio and that they were 16 times as great in 1933 as in 1929. The Children's Bureau figures also show that as the depression has progressed, the proportion of public, as against private, expenditures has increased from 74 per cent in 1929 to 94 per cent in 1934.

The moral of these figures is that the comfortable and well-to-do can no longer remain indifferent to the fate of the indigent. We have reached the point that England reached in 1919. Families and individuals in want are admitted to be a charge on government, and it is not likely that even a reactionary administration, should one come into power, would dare to discontinue public relief so long as there is unemployment on a large scale. Given present-day conditions in industry and increasing technological unemployment, there appears slight possibility that the relief problem will disappear. Mr. William Hodson, Commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare of New York City, predicts that "it will be many years before we pull ourselves out and have families, now on relief, restored to independence and self-support."

II

No one who believes in democracy would suggest that married couples who are supported by public funds should be forced to practice contraception. Mgr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America says with passion, "That is Toryism, the belief that the more fortunate classes have a right to put on the poorer classes the burden of lessening their families." But Father Ryan is bandying words. Surely he is enough of a realist to recognize that poor people, far from

looking on family limitation as a burden, are crying out for some charm by which they can avoid too frequent pregnancies. The testimony offered by Dr. Campbell and other medical directors of clinics, leaves no room for doubt on that score.

Father Ryan is right in saying that "the causes of economic maladjustment go much deeper than birth control." The stamping out of poverty depends upon a more equitable distribution of the nation's wealth than we have to-day. But pending that millennium—which after a year of the New Deal is no closer—shall we go on blindly "adding to the problems of unemployment and poverty," in Dr. Pearl's words?

A composite picture of 212 families of the so-called charity class in Huntington, West Virginia, was presented by Dr. James S. Klumpp last January at the hearings before the House Judiciary Committee on the proposed Federal law to amend the provisions of the penal code regarding contraceptive material. The families averaged 4.7 children, with 1 dead child, and 1.4 abortions per family. Pregnancies occurred on the average every 14 months. In 88 of the families the supporting member had been without work for more than two years, while in the other 124 the breadwinner had averaged 2 days' work weekly since the beginning of Federal relief—hardly sufficient to support a family of four children.

The thousands of people who write to Mrs. Margaret Sanger and to the American Birth Control League every year have sorry tales to tell. A girl of twenty-one, who already has five children and whose husband has been out of work for a year and a half, is expecting another child. Another woman whose husband is idle averages two abortions a year "which are gradually ruining her health." An-

other says "she will commit suicide if she has any more children, and if there is no other way out she will leave her husband." . . . In studying the problem of broken homes sociologists seem to have neglected the correlation between unwanted children and desertions by one spouse or the other.

III

With the individual need so great and the relief problem so acute, it might be expected that birth control would have become during the past few years a recognized phase of public health work. It has hardly reached that point, although several milestones have been passed. The clinic established under the ægis of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine set a precedent as the first to be sponsored by an organized medical group, apart from the scattered hospital clinics that confine their contraceptive service to patients. Throughout the country the total number of clinics has increased from 28 in December, 1929, to 145 at the time of writing this article, and more are being organized daily by local groups and state branches of the American Birth Control League. These clinics, or mothers' centers as they are often called, are all staffed by physicians, and are playing a very useful role, although a number are now running on a part-time basis for lack of funds.

A number of years ago Los Angeles County established a precedent by opening twelve mothers' centers where contraceptive advice was given. These centers have unfortunately been reduced to a part-time basis, but the Welfare Department of the County sensibly provides that the mother of every family on relief shall receive birth control instruction either in a private or a county clinic at public expense. More recently the city of Grand Rapids,

Michigan, has provided the same kind of service for its relief cases.

The Kent County Relief Clinic, now located in Butterworth Hospital, Grand Rapids, has served 1500 women in the past year, numbers of whom had been on the relief rolls or had received prenatal or obstetric care from the city.

The entire State of Michigan is to-day taking a progressive and eminently sane attitude toward the problem of birth control. The State Conference of Social Work at its last conference voted to co-operate actively with the Maternal Health League of Michigan, formerly the Michigan Birth Control League. There are now 12 clinics scattered over the State and they serve a large number of families whose average wage runs from \$2.21 to \$10 a week.

In New York City the picture is not so encouraging. The most interesting development during the past few years has been the establishment of mothers' centers in twelve different settlement houses. Here the over-burdened women of the immediate neighborhood are advised as to approved methods of family limitation. One of the large settlement houses that has maintained such a center for more than two years reports that "mothers who were formerly worried and fearful of recurring pregnancies, are now enjoying their children and their homes." In this particular locality the women are largely of foreign extraction and of eighth-grade level in education. Yet more than a few of them are learning to plan their families as intelligently as do women of the more fortunate classes. A Porto Rican woman, whose chauffeur husband was out of work for a year and a half but who is now employed, returned to the center recently for a medical examination. She and her husband felt they could afford another child now and she wanted to make

sure that she was in good condition to have one.

If there were clinics of this kind within easy reach of all classes in New York City, and if indigent women knew of their existence, a long step forward would have been taken. As matters stand, there are not enough clinics scattered over the city, and the existing centers cannot hang out a sign or advertise in any way. The good word must be carried to the poor by the social workers and visiting nurses who to a certain extent take the place in the large cities of the family practitioner.

The general run of social-service organizations in New York City are still timid about recommending birth control. Yet the depression has made realists of many well-meaning workers who formerly believed that the same Providence which sent little children into the world would see that they are taken care of. With their funds nowhere equal to the demands upon them and their sympathies stretched to the breaking point, numbers of social workers have overcome their scruples, or their fear of criticism from contributors, and taken the responsibility of sending over-burdened mothers to clinics. In most instances this is done on the worker's own initiative, not as a settled policy of the organization.

One of the largest family welfare organizations says that they never suggest resort to birth control, although they will supply the names and addresses of clinics if asked. The director of another reports primly that "we have no settled conviction about the inadvisability of pregnancies in indigent families" and that they consider birth control "a medical matter."

The majority, however, with the exception of the Catholic charities, take a middle-ground position. They are careful not to let their right hand know what their left hand is doing.

Only two large family welfare organizations in New York, the Jewish Social Service and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, instruct their field workers to send women to contraceptive clinics wherever the need seems real. The AICP, which has been pursuing such a policy since before the depression, sends graduate nurses into the field who are competent to judge family situations, and it is careful not to give advice that conflicts with religious convictions. Their wise policy should serve as an object lesson to overly cautious organizations.

So far as the city authorities are concerned in New York, birth control does not exist. The Department of Health, which in every other field is active in safeguarding the health of mothers and children, has studiously turned its back on the need for contraceptive advice, as has the Department of Hospitals. Yet there is perhaps no city in the country where the relief situation is so acute. Last year as many as 19,623 women were confined at the expense of the City in free maternity beds, at an average cost of \$45 a patient, and between October, 1932 and October, 1933 there were 9,827 children born to families on public relief.

In the 22 States that have no clinics at all, and in practically all rural districts, the situation is infinitely worse than in New York City. In localities where new clinics have been opened, they have had to fight an uphill battle. Wherever there is strong Roman Catholic sentiment, or where the medical profession is unco-operative, welfare organizations feel that they must act cautiously in the matter of birth control in order not to lose financial support or damage their standing.

In a certain Eastern city a joint report was made not long ago by 20 organizations that have for 16 years

been trying to rehabilitate a problem family. The mother is slightly abnormal, six of the children are defective, all of them are crippled as the result of rickets, and the oldest boy is tubercular. Thousands of dollars have been spent on this family, and the report ended with the helpless statement that "some more adequate method would have to be found for meeting such situations." The obvious first remedy, birth control, was nowhere mentioned. It is a little hard to forgive such timidity. Social service workers should be the leaders, not the followers, in a community, as they have shown themselves to be in Michigan.

It must be admitted that the results so far obtained by the birth control clinics are only partially satisfactory. No contraceptive method has yet been discovered which is one hundred per cent effective, and methods prescribed by the clinics call for intelligence and care on the woman's part. There are numbers of women, as the social workers say, who will make no consistent effort to help themselves, and who want something as easy as a charm. Funds for research in the development of some method that will be as simple as a household remedy are badly needed, as Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson, Secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health, has pointed out.

The current approved methods, however, have positive value. Professor Norman Himes, writing in a recent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, says, "In the modern clinics a follow-up in several thousand cases for two years or more shows the methods recommended to be effective, when properly used, in 90-95 per cent of the cases." Marie E. Kopp, Ph.D., after studying 10,000 case histories at the New York Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau, says, "The women are of predominantly foreign back-

ground, of limited means and slight educational opportunities. Despite these facts they are able to use the methods prescribed by the clinic successfully. These methods are shown statistically to be more successful by a wide margin than those used before coming to the clinic. In summary, though present methods may not be ideal, they are good enough to go on with, since they show a large percentage of success even when used by people of the under-privileged class."

IV

While the medical profession as a body hangs back, the advance guard, including such men as the late Dr. J. Whitridge Williams of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson, New York; Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, Professor of Public Health, Yale University Medical School; Dr. Milton C. Winternitz, Dean of the latter school; Dr. Fred J. Taussig of Washington University, St. Louis; Dr. Alexander M. Campbell, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Dr. Foster Kennedy, leading New York neurologist, have endorsed the principle of birth control. It is generally recognized by these and other specialists (a) that pregnancy is dangerous to women suffering from certain diseases, (b) that spacing of children is essential to every mother's health and conducive to the child's, (c) that marital continence is not to be advised, and (d) that approved contraceptive methods neither injure health nor cause sterility.

The depression has had its effect on the thinking element in the profession. An increasing number of medical schools are giving contraceptive instruction, texts on the subject now have a wide distribution in medical libraries and schools, and lectures are solicited by county societies and in

some cases by medical students. A number of important medical groups, including the New York and the Cincinnati Academies of Medicine, the American Gynecological Association, the American Neurological Association, the Connecticut and Michigan State Medical Societies, and the Section on Obstetrics and Gynecology of the American Medical Association have taken definite action. The vote of the Michigan State Society in September, 1933, shows that in this State at least the profession is aware of the public-health implications of birth control. The committee of investigation reported that the "response to the questionnaires to the medical profession indicated a favorable attitude held by a large majority." The committee found further that "by careful use of contraceptive procedures the health of certain individuals afflicted with disease can be maintained at a higher level, and also by the proper spacing of children and limitation of their numbers a higher health level can be maintained by society in general."

It is the younger men, Dr. Dickinson says, "who are developing the courage of their convictions and frankly advising their patients or allowing their names to be quoted in a way that did not happen even five years ago."

These are the bright spots. Many of the older members of the profession are still curiously indifferent if not antagonistic. It is not at all unusual for a doctor to say to a woman patient, "Tell your husband to be good." A woman who has had phlebitis since her last child was born is told by her doctor that another pregnancy within a year would be dangerous. He advises her "to be careful or adopt total abstinence." A woman of twenty-eight, with seven children, says that she is "thin, anæmic, and always feels mean."

"My maternity specialist has said several times I should have no more children, but he never mentions any specific preventive." A man living in a Southern city, whose wife has just had a Cæsarian operation, says that "she was advised not to have any more children but was not given any contraceptive information due to our State laws. She was told that should she become pregnant to report at once." (Presumably for a therapeutic abortion.) "I am asking how to secure the information," he concluded, "as I can see no object in locking the door after the horse is stolen."

It is hard to understand how a doctor with any conscience, any regard for his Hippocratic oath which obliges him to protect life in every way possible, can send a patient home without contraceptive instruction when he knows that a pregnancy may endanger her life.

The medical profession's continued obscurantist attitude toward birth control is to blame for a great many criminal as well as therapeutic abortions. Dr. Fred J. Taussig, who prepared a special report on "Abortion in Relation to Maternal Mortality" for the White House Conference in 1930, estimates that at least 811,000 abortions occur annually in this country, and that the large majority are among married women. More recently, in reviewing the New York Academy of Medicine's impressive study of 2041 cases of maternal mortality, Dr. Taussig gives it as his opinion that "429 or $\frac{1}{5}$ of the deaths due to induced abortions, therapeutic abortions, chronic nephritis, cardiac disease, tuberculosis, Cæsarian section, and fibroid tumors, could have been prevented by the use of contraceptive measures." If these 429 mothers had had birth-control advice they might still be alive to take care of their families.

The hospitals themselves must take the blame for a certain number of

deaths from abortion. Women suffering from the diseases mentioned by Dr. Taussig are still discharged in some instances without having been given contraceptive information, with the result that therapeutic abortions have to be performed later. The ideal method would be for a hospital to have entries on case histories of all women patients suffering from such diseases as heart and kidney complaints, to show what contraceptive advice had been given. This is done by one large New York hospital, where in addition every therapeutic abortion is investigated to determine whether such advice was given.

Instruction in contraception should be routine hospital procedure, as it is in the Woman's Hospital of Pasadena, California. Before a patient is discharged from this hospital after childbirth, she is told how she may time the coming of her next child.

Doctors who refuse to advise their patients point in self-defense to the restrictions of the law. The Federal law, it is true, makes it illegal for them to secure contraceptive supplies or literature through the mails. But they must know that this law has never been invoked against a private practitioner save one who was hardly in good standing, or against a hospital. There are a number of State laws which seek to regulate the sale, advertisement, distribution, etc. of contraceptive materials; but the latest legal opinion is that "in any State except (possibly) Mississippi, physicians may lawfully prescribe (orally) and probably druggists may lawfully dispense, upon prescription, the material which they cannot receive through the mails under the words of the Federal statutes." Connecticut alone forbids the use of contraceptives.

The State laws as they stand have the effect of confusing the medical mind, while the Federal obscenity law makes a bootlegger of the doctor who

considers it his duty to secure contraceptive supplies for his patients. A bill drafted by Mrs. Margaret Sanger and designed to amend the Federal law so as to admit to the mails "contraceptive information or devices intended for the use of private practitioners, hospitals, or licensed clinics," has been introduced in Congress, and was reported out by the Senate Judiciary Committee on April 23rd of this year. Impressive hearings have been held before the House Judiciary Committee, and there is reason to hope that the Congressmen are beginning to see the economic if not the humane aspect of the problem.

While the laws have a bad psychological effect on the doctors, it is a mistake to assume that the laws and the laws alone are responsible for the profession's failure to do the scientific thing.

V

The active and determined opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to all proposals to amend the laws affecting the dissemination of birth-control information is an even greater stumbling-block than the inertia of the profession. Yet the Church, forced by circumstances, is to-day shifting its position. In this country it has fought the oncoming tide of birth control for very practical reasons. But its authority is not great enough to impose the burden of large families on its communicants.

Face to face with the depression, the realistic leaders of the Church, one gathers, have been looking for a way of retreat that would not mean loss of face. Some of them seem to think they have found it in the researches on the "safe period" published during recent years by two scientists working independently of each other, Dr. K. Ogino of Japan and Dr. Herman Knaus of Austria. The idea of the "safe period," promulgated by the Dutch doctor Capellmann in the 19th century,

has been common folklore for a great many years. But Capellmann had no scientific basis for his theory, while Knaus has. Their theories are set forth for Catholic readers in two books, *The Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility in Women*, by Leo J. Latz, M.D., and *The Sterile Period in Family Life*, by the Very Reverend Valere J. Coucke and James J. Walsh, M.D. The first of these books is published with ecclesiastical sanction and the second with the imprimatur of Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. Still another publication, in pamphlet form, called *Legitimate Birth Control, According to Nature's Law, in Harmony with Catholic Morality*, by the Reverend John A. O'Brien, Chaplain of Catholic Students, University of Illinois, with an introduction by Bishop John Francis Noll of Indiana, has recently been published.

Apart from the instructions it prints for the guidance of women, the latter booklet discusses at length the Church's present-day attitude toward birth control. The author attempts to refute the common criticism that the "stand of the Catholic Church against birth control is harsh, oppressive, and reactionary," by showing that the Church condemns only artificial forms of family limitation. He points to the paragraph of Pope Pius XI's Encyclical on "Christian Marriage," issued on December 31, 1931, which reads:

"Nor must married people be considered to act against the order of nature, if they make use of their rights according to sound and natural reason, even though no new life can thence arise *on account of circumstances of time* or the existence of some defect."

Father O'Brien realistically grants that the problem of family limitation is "an intensely real and personal one to-day." "It becomes impossible," he says, "to strike a pose of unreality, assuming that all is well. . . . There

is unemployment, lack of sufficient means to provide food and clothing for the children already born, worry . . . and at times the depletion of the mother's vitality and strength from a recent childbirth."

The author seems to have taken more than a few of his arguments from the book of the birth-control advocates. He refers to "the many benefits that physicians and psychiatrists picture as flowing from the conjugal relationship in the way of emotional tranquillity, mental serenity, and the zest to achieve." He frankly admits that "the practice of birth control within the Church is much more widespread than most of us are willing to admit." And finally he assures his Catholic readers that "there is no obligation on any couple to beget any number of children, much less to give birth to the largest possible number."

Ecclesiastical sanction for such books as this would seem to suggest that the fight had been won and that the Church had accepted birth control. This conclusion might be drawn if the "natural, rational, and ethical" method recommended were as truly scientific as claimed, or if it could be practiced successfully by the average man and woman. But the calendar which is provided is difficult of interpretation even for a layman who is familiar with medical matters. The medical authorities, furthermore, are not yet convinced that the method is infallible, for there is a good deal of evidence against it. And as Dr. Eric M. Matsner, Medical Director of the American Birth Control League, says, "The method is doomed to failure when applied to the type of woman most frequently seen at contraceptive clinics, the type who cannot depend upon the co-operation of her husband."

The Roman Catholics blame the birth-control advocates for the flood of

commercial contraceptives which are on sale in corner drugstores, gasoline stations, and cigar stores, peddled from door to door, and advertised in thinly veiled terms in the most respectable magazines. It is quite true that the honest propaganda of the birth controllers has served to create a market for many products of dubious merit. But it is also true that these products have the field almost to themselves because of the passive if not antagonistic attitude of the medical profession. So long as doctors generally are not equipped or willing to give advice the peddlers and advertisers will profit.

Quack remedies are no new thing in this country. The only way for the medical profession to combat them is to put its seal of approval on proper remedies as it does on standard drugs. Legislative action, such as is contemplated in the Tugwell bill, is badly needed to stamp out grossly misleading advertisements. Manufacturers of chemical preparations appeal to women readers with such seductive captions as "Calendar Fear," "Can a Married Woman Ever Feel Safe?" "Young Wives Are Often Secretly Terrified," etc. Few of the products advertised, when used alone, are safe contraceptives; a number of them are badly compounded, and at least one product that has been widely advertised in the past few years, has elements of danger when used as a contraceptive. The extent of the use of such products may be judged from the fact that two well-known companies spent \$171,150 and \$308,436 respectively in 1932, at ordinary space rates, in national magazines. None of these magazines, with two exceptions, has to my knowledge touched on the subject of birth control in its editorial columns. So the only information which their readers get is from the misleading suggestions in the advertisements and the pamphlets which are mailed on request.

VI

The country has become birth-control-conscious. Economic conditions make family limitation in both the white-collar and the working class imperative. There can, therefore, be no turning back. It is only a question whether the setting up of clinics shall be left to lay organizations with limited facilities, and the wholesale distribution of doubtful products be further tolerated, or whether the medical profession will awaken to its clear duty. Mrs. Margaret Sanger and the American Birth Control League are ready and willing to turn over their self-imposed task to the profession, for they realize that only through wide medical practice and extensive research will better and simpler technics be evolved for the future.

The profession is at present in an anomalous position. Dr. J. Prentice Wilson, President of the Washington, D. C., Medical Association, points out, "At the 1933 meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Barton Cooke Hirst, chairman of the section on Obstetrics, Gynecology, and Abdominal Surgery, listed birth control as one of the four major problems in gynecology. At the same meeting a resolution asking that a committee be appointed to study the subject was defeated. Thus the A.M.A. placed itself on record as refusing to study one of the four major problems affecting the women of America."

A similar resolution was voted down in June of this year by the House of Delegates, despite the fact that it was favorably reported by the Committee on Public Health and Hygiene, as well as by the Council of the Section on Obstetrics and Gynecology. At the same convention a commercial exhibitor was allowed to feature a misleading film on the "safe period," which took no account of the doubts which sci-

entists have expressed concerning it. Such action on the part of the A.M.A. is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in its devotion to scientific ideals.

The women of the United States are waiting for the medical profession's help. All of the clinics in the country have in the past ten years taken care of probably not more than 160,000 women, while the number advised by private practitioners would hardly bring this figure up to half a million. It is quite possible that the majority of married people are using some more or less crude form of birth control. But only a small minority are instructed in reliable methods.

It is absurd that the legislators should wait for the doctors and the doctors should wait for the legislators to correct the situation. A movement is now on foot, started by Dr. Prentiss Willson, President of the District of Columbia Medical Society, to organize a National Medical Committee on State and Federal Contraceptive Legislation. It is to be hoped that the influential men on this committee will be able to break the deadlock that has so far been the fate of all contraceptive legislation.

There is no reason why the Roman Catholic Church should attempt to dictate either to the legislators or the A.M.A. Father Coughlin admitted, in testifying against the proposed Federal legislation before the House Judiciary Committee, that "63 per cent of the American population today profess no affiliated religion." "I recognize the fact," he went on, "that those people are favoring practical birth control. If that is their morals . . . I have no criticism to offer; that is their business."

But Father Coughlin had a criticism to offer or he would not have been testifying against the proposed bill. Amendment of the Federal law so as to admit contraceptive materials to the

mails will hardly force "practical birth control" on the communicants of the Roman Catholic Church. Its priests will still be at liberty to lead their flocks as best they can. Because the Church is uncertain of its authority over its own members, it is attempting to dictate on a very vital subject to the majority of Americans, who *are not its communicants*. There could be no better proof that it is seeking to invade the domain that belongs to the State.

The only other opponents of a change in the laws are such Protestant fundamentalists as Canon William Sheafe Chase, who believe with Father Coughlin that birth control is synonymous with prostitution, and those population theorists who are alarmed by the falling birth rate. But these latter gentlemen have not proved that we should be any the worse off for having a stationary population. Over a

century ago Malthus tried to alarm the world with his theory that human beings were increasing by a geometric ratio while the means of existence were increasing only by an arithmetic ratio. To-day Mgr. John A. Ryan and others argue that this country and the world at large need more and not fewer consumers. They ignore the fact that we also need fewer and not more workers.

Far more impressive—and alarming—are the Milbank Fund findings showing that the highest birth rate prevailed in 1932 (and doubtless still does) "in families which could least afford, from any point of view, to assume this added responsibility." It would be hard to deny that the drain on women's health, the broken marriages, the toll of abortions, the hardships suffered by over-large families subsisting on relief, are a medieval disgrace to a twentieth-century civilization.





FRANCE TRIES THE LOTTERY

BY L. M. HUSSEY

EARLY in November of last year, for the first time in ninety-seven years, the French government collected a huge tax without complaint from the taxpayers. Not only was there no complaint, but the levy was accepted with enthusiasm. It had been paid by two million volunteers; no one wishing to evade payment was in any way forced to contribute. Those who did contribute were given something more than a tax receipt or a comfortable sense of virtue; they were given as well a hope of sudden wealth and the excitement, the unquestionable thrill, of submitting an issue to chance.

At half-past eight on the evening of the 7th of November, those of the taxpayers who could crowd into the great auditorium of the Trocadéro at Paris were presented with a further compensation. For the government, about to make the first drawing of the newly authorized national lottery, was putting on a dramatic show for them.

Upon the stage of the Trocadéro, six latticed, golden globes hung like huge birdcages from six green tripods. In each of the great cages, visible behind gleaming bars, there was a sort of urn. From five of the urns, at the pressure of a button, a golden ball, bearing a number, would drop into a basin. From the sixth urn, the ball that dropped would bear a letter.

Outside the Trocadéro close-pressed crowds of men and women waited for announcements from loud speakers. Inside, in all the enormous audito-

rium, no place was vacant. As a band played, six youths and six girls, keeping step, crossed the stage and took their positions beside the globes. Monsieur Mouton, president of the lottery committee, surrounded by other functionaries of the government and of French finance and business, spoke to the audience. He wished luck to the men and women there to see and hear him, to the crowds of ticket purchasers in the streets, in the towns and villages of France, and in all regions of the colonial empire. The lad attending the first globe released the mechanism, a numbered ball dropped and was held out at arm's length, and with the announcement of the number, 200,000 ticket holders had each won a consolation prize of 200 francs.

As the value of the prizes mounted, excitement mounted as well. On the second operation of the globes, 2,000 winners of 10,000 franc prizes were established. Through a succession of prizes, each more substantial than the last, the moment came for the final pair of drawings from which the holders of 15 tickets would have the right to a million francs apiece, and one last darling of fortune would pocket the grand prize of five million.

At the end of the evening the French government, after selling two million lottery tickets at 100 francs each, had turned back 120,000,000 francs—approximately \$8,000,000 at the present rate of exchange—to something over 200,000 lucky Frenchmen. And

through this scheme of voluntary taxation, the government had pocketed a gross revenue of 80,000,000 francs. That government was already selling 2,000,000 fresh tickets for the second lottery. It had committed itself by parliamentary act to a means of raising revenue that French governments of no matter what political tincture had avoided for nearly a century.

Here in our own land there is talk of governmental lotteries—city, State, and national. For instance, there is Representative Kenney's bill, already aired at a hearing of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, for a billion-dollar veterans' lottery. In this airing, a significant statement was voiced by Horace J. Donnelly, assistant solicitor of the Post Office Department. Donnelly said that in 1932 a check was made on money being mailed abroad to foreign lotteries; the opening of misdirected letters inclosing lottery money gave facts to surmise that half a billion dollars flowed away during the year to European and other foreign lotteries. Does this astounding figure approximate the truth? Cut it in half if you will, and there still remains a huge bootlegging of lottery tickets, an eager appetite for lotteries, in the United States.

Then there are the current State and city proposals for lotteries here at home. Governor Horner of Illinois has been looking into the matter but finds himself balked by the State constitution. Supported by Mayor La Guardia of New York City, Borough President Lyons is trying to engineer a lottery for unemployment relief. Governor Lehman turns an amiable ear to this scheme; the needed legislation is actually being drawn up. And as a final example, it seems certain that before long there will be a legal lottery in operation under the American flag; for just as I write, Governor Blanton Winship of Porto Rico has put his

name to a law restoring the lottery that was abolished on that island when the Stars and Stripes were raised there.

So what has happened in France may happen in the United States for the same reason that has led the French government to tax its people through lotteries—a desperate need of revenue. It is a pleasant method of taxation for those taxed, but it has its reprehensible side; in modern times the moral objections to lotteries have restrained many governments from turning to them, no matter how hard pressed for money.

But the rigor of any moral point of view is modified by circumstances. Absolute morality, as most of us will now admit, is as fictitious as the absolute motion of old-fashioned physicists. Theft is immoral; but the act of the starving man who steals for bread is not difficult to forgive. Murder is immoral; but murder done in defense of a native land conventionally loses the name of homicide and takes on the name of heroism.

The morality or the immorality of lotteries has been disputed. Not every modern government has accepted the 19th Century admission of their harmfulness. In one form or another, the Italian States continuously profited from lotteries since the year 1642, when the Genoese Republic began to take funds into the public treasury from a lottery system which had already existed in Genoa for two hundred years. Holland has had a state lottery since 1726 and Denmark since 1754. The Spanish lottery is so old and so popular that to prohibit it would prove as fruitless there as to prohibit the bullfight or the wine shop.

And, at last, lotteries have been considered or sanctioned in lands where moral pressure has for a long while outlawed them as a means of revenue. Even the British, for years inveterately opposed to state lotteries, two years

ago yielded to the point of setting up a royal commission to report on the question.

II

As for the French, they have been playing with the notion of easy money from a government lottery ever since the War was over. The first parliamentary proposal was made by Albert Meunier early in 1923. During the following ten years Georges Bonnefous and Louis Proust tempted the Senate and the Chamber with detailed plans. Meanwhile, year by year, although moral prejudice against lotteries still bolstered French legislators from yielding to temptation, the condition of French governmental finance grew steadily more lamentable.

But it took the pressure of demands from two classes, war veterans and farmers, to turn what had been so long immoral and forbidden into something quite the contrary. I pause to wonder whether the same classes, equally hungry in the United States for government bounties, may not in our own land stand a moral judgment on its head. Representative Kenney's bill for the billion-dollar veterans' lottery is a straw which shows a new trend in the moral wind.

To understand how the French lottery came about, it must be remembered that no French government for more than a year before the lottery law was passed had been able to solve the problem of an unbalanced budget; its ghastly teeterings had overthrown ministry after ministry. What new taxation would meet the mounting deficit?—an accumulated total, since 1930, of more than twenty-five billion francs. But with the presentation of specific proposals for new taxes, French parliamentarians, terrified by hair-raising roars from the electorate, withheld their vote of confidence from no matter what ministry.

Then if there were to be no new taxes, where was the alternative of government economy to be applied?

What about the *fonctionnaires*, the government employees? Their number was enormous; if some of them could be got rid of and the salaries of others cut, heartening savings would be possible. The enormous number of them—there was the terrifying rub for the French politician! In France the *fonctionnaires* have long had an organization and a political power beyond anything known to our own huge body of government workers. Well, if meddling with the number and pay of *fonctionnaires* was foolhardy, what about veteran cuts? What about being less liberal with grants to farmers?

I need not dwell on the fact that France, after four years of war, was saddled with a gigantic financial obligation to disabled soldiers. What she does and has done for many years to aid her peasants is not so well known. Here is an example: five or six winters ago in Provence a freeze came, a short stretch of cold weather beyond the experience of any living farmer. There in the south of France tillage of the land goes on all year. Many garden vegetables are harvested in January; fruit trees show their blooms in February. But that winter, from a few days of astounding cold, there were incalculable losses of winter crops and especially of future fruit crops. Among other things, the autumn olive crop was wiped out. In stepped the kindly government. One of my friends, without a great number of terraces planted with olives, was reimbursed to the extent of 6,000 francs. All over the south of France, like payments, smaller and larger, must have summed a formidable total.

With the proposal for veteran cuts, there was then a proposal to tighten up on these calamity grants to peasants. But once more the parliamentarian

asked to support any ministry behind these proposals faced the bitterly disheartening snag of organized voters. Veterans and farmers—what an appalling opposition!

In a proposed French budget for 1933, introduced by Monsieur Chéron, fear of the farmer prevailed over the obligation to save; but this budget did contain a provision to cut veteran payments by five per cent. It was then that necessity and years of agitation for a lottery had their effect. Chéron's proposed budget also proposed a lottery, and out of the profits of this lottery the veterans were to be reimbursed for their cut.

The Chamber of Deputies would have nothing of Chéron's five per cent lopped off the pensions of veterans. But his lottery idea—that was another thing! Here apparently was a new tax the voter would accept, and with enthusiasm. Not only would the public at large welcome a lottery, but through a lottery the votes of veterans and farmers could be gained instead of alienated. When the lottery law of May 31, 1933, with a provision for five drawings, was passed, a clause stated that all profits above 100,000,000 francs were to apply against agricultural calamities and veterans' pensions.

It seems clear that the present French lottery was born by a certain amount of political chicanery out of a pressing need for money. So its parentage is not entirely reputable. The political shifts behind it are certainly nothing to admire. And although necessity may excuse many a moral dereliction, it remains true that the hungry man who may get bread honestly, yet prefers to steal it, loses the excuse of his need.

After all, the lottery was unnecessary. Veterans could have been cut, certain help could have been held back from the farmer, and new taxes could have been imposed. In committing

themselves to such harsh legislation the legislators might have been thrown out at the polls—but if the lottery is an immoral enterprise, unworthy of a great government, that immoral enterprise would have been avoided.

There now comes up a question significant for the French politician, and, with current talk of lotteries in the United States, significant for the American politician. Is a state lottery, honestly operated, immoral? Obviously, the emphasis on its immorality cannot be so strong, so undeniable, as the emphasis on the immorality of certain other enterprises. There has always been a doubt, there has always been a strong case for lotteries as well as a strong case against them, else there would not have been continuous government lotteries for centuries in such enlightened lands as Holland and Denmark.

My first experience of one of the effects of a lottery, openly and legally conducted, upon the citizens of a nation came to me in South America. I had gone to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. And at once, in the handsome Plaza Bolívar, outside the cafés, in the turns of narrow streets, everywhere in that old city, above the unceasing din of motor horns pressed by chauffeurs with a quenchless enthusiasm for noise, and above the sharp clatter of little, trotting Arabian horses driven by shouting *cocheros*, I heard the cries of ticket vendors of the lottery.

For the most part they were old men or old women. They carried bundles of paper tickets in strips over their arms. The cost of a single ticket, as I recall, was a *real*—the equivalent of ten American cents. And all day long the vendors cried the numbers of these tickets.

Apparently, submitting yourself entirely to chance, you did not buy a number at random. You had a fixed

choice. And your choice was determined by consulting a Dream Book or some other mystic device. For, in general, you, the purchasers, were poor, unlettered men and women—laborers and servants and badly paid clerks.

Now as you could rarely hope to win anything by buying a ticket, it was plain that in money return your daily *real* put on the lottery might almost as well have been flipped into the street. But what I quickly noticed was a return that had nothing to do with financial profit. It was a return in amusement and in a quickened life.

I have seen groups of Venezuelan lottery followers with heads together over café tables, while absorbing and labored calculations were executed to derive a certainty from the mystics of the numbers. These men were amusing themselves, and every day they were giving themselves hope. I have heard voluble servants in rear patios arguing about the same mystical numbers. These women, as well as the men, were amusing themselves and giving themselves hope.

I do not know what sort of a case a statistician might have made against this Venezuelan lottery, but from my own observation, I came away from Caracas thinking well of it. Undoubtedly many a *real* put upon a ticket was needed for something else, but the gift of amusement and hope, although less tangible than bread and shoes, might often have fulfilled a very pressing need.

I did not even quarrel very vehemently with those Dream Books and mystical mathematics. There has always been too much harmful and base superstition in the world, but there has also been, in our day, too much arid and cocksure materialism. After the first drawing of the French lottery, the *Paris-Soir* published the photograph of a winning sailor who was in the act of presenting himself at a pay window

in the Pavillon de Flore to collect the money on his lucky ticket. The girl clerks behind the grille were reaching out to touch the pompon on the sailor's hat—for this fingering of the pompon might bring luck to themselves in the next drawing. In a materialistic world, there was something to be said for their gesture, trifling and ignorant as it was.

But the relation of lotteries to superstition and mysticism, although interesting, is not a significant item in any case for or against lotteries. Really significant are the hopes, the quickened interest in life, that flow out of participation in a lottery.

Thus in the Caracas lottery of which I spoke, the price of a ticket was so little that no great prizes went to the winners. Hope could not be exaggerated. On the other hand, the French lottery, as at first organized, gave 200,000 consolation prizes amounting to double the price of the ticket, and after that distributed among 2,436 winners sums ranging from 10,000 to 5,000,000 francs. Although there was but one 5,000,000 franc prize, no more than fifteen 1,000,000 franc prizes, and only twenty 500,000 franc prizes, certain French moralists complained that both the number and the amounts of the big prizes were excessive.

III

One of the arguments against lotteries, as against all other games of chance, is that the winner has done nothing to deserve his gains. It is difficult to support this argument in any respectable philosophic scrutiny of it, for in that scrutiny the platitude will come out that very few of us do anything to deserve what may be called our good fortune. But there is a more defensible corollary argument which holds that large and abrupt gains by those who have lived humbly may up-

set all that is worthy in the lives of these sudden favorites of fortune.

In the French lottery, where the three groups of big prizes are distributed to only 36 ticket holders out of 2,000,000, it is clear that a poor man may win as easily as a rich man. No rich man is likely to buy up enough of the 2,000,000 tickets to throw chance perceptibly in his favor.

Indeed, it has already happened that some very poor men have won great sums in the French lottery. On the night of the first drawing, a little, black-mustached, lean-faced barber in the town of Tarascon had been in bed for an hour when he started out of sleep with a pounding on his shop door. Monsieur Bonhoure raised his tired, fifty-five-year-old body from the bed and went to the window. He was astonished to see a group of his friends below in the street. "*Tu as gagné les cinq millions!*" they shouted to him. He had won the 5,000,000 franc prize! At first he imagined that his friends were joking. But in the crowd was Monsieur Poujol, the town tax-collector, from whom Bonhoure had bought his ticket. The fact was confirmed; he had truly won.

Bonhoure got up at once and proceeded with the crowd to the Café du Commerce. He ordered champagne for everyone; there was no trouble about credit. Turning to the women present, he said: "*J'offre l'indéfrisable à toutes mes clientes*"—a free permanent wave for every woman. It was the best thing he could think of at the moment.

Interviewed the following day in Tarascon by a reporter from the Paris *Intransigeant*, he was asked what he would do from now on. "Nothing new," he said. "I am going to keep on working. I'd be bored to death without that. Of course, I'll improve the shop—and I'm going to do something for all of my employees."

It would be interesting to follow up the case of Monsieur Bonhoure and see how sudden riches might change his life. It would be interesting to follow the case of Louis Ribière, of Avignon, a poor charcoal-seller who won the 5,000,000 franc prize in the second drawing. If wealth benefits anyone, then I have the idea that coming at it suddenly may, in general, be better than coming at it slowly. The sudden gainer is less likely to suffer from that peculiar atrophy of the emotions that too often afflicts those whose preoccupation has been gain over a long period of time.

Nevertheless, the principle is widely held that lottery prizes should not be too big or the bigger prizes too many. This principle is embodied in Representative Kenney's bill for the veterans' lottery. The former top French prize was equal to about a third of a million present dollars. Representative Kenney's top prize would be \$120,000 and not all of this would be paid in cash. Part would be paid out by the government as an annuity.

I have been unable to find anything in the newspaper stories so far published about the big winners in the French lottery to indicate that sudden gain has brought them ruin rather than benefit. Too little time has gone by; it is not yet possible to judge. But the French, without any definite experience of their own to influence them, have lately yielded to the notion that prizes should not be too big and big prizes should be few. Early in May of this year the number and amounts of the prizes were changed. So was the number of tickets to be issued.

Hereafter the ticket issue will be doubled—it is now to stand at 400,000,000. The number of 200 franc consolation prizes has also been doubled. There is a new winning group of 40,000 prizes at 1000 francs. (In the

original law, there was a jump from the 200 franc prize to a 10,000 franc prize. Although the number of tickets has been doubled, only one fat prize of 5,000,000 will be awarded, and the number of 1,000,000 franc prizes has been relatively lowered.

In this revision of the law, presented under cover of correcting a quite debatable abuse, I detect not so much a yielding to moral pressure as a determination to extend the scope of the lottery. It is difficult to see how morality is being greatly served by reducing the relative number of big winners. Under the new law the amounts of the prizes and the number of winners have been rearranged. These changes are essentially without much meaning. What is meaningful is the fact that the number of tickets to be issued has been doubled. The lottery taxpayers will still get back in prizes 60 per cent of the money paid in; but if the government is able to sell 4,000,000 tickets instead of the former 2,000,000, it will turn 160,000,000 francs into the treasury instead of 80,000,000.

Clearly enough, from the standpoint of tax collecting, the French lottery has been a success; the people like it, and the government believes that it can double the tax. Indeed, so vividly does the lottery capture popular attention, that its existence may have been deeply influential in averting a revolution in France.

For more than a year now the French public has looked upon each new, short-lived ministry with an increasingly skeptical eye. Many causes contributed to this want of faith in the government—the unbalanced budget, the economic depression, the threat of new taxes, the threat of curtailed benefits to certain groups such as *fonctionnaires*, peasants, and veterans, the inability of any ministry to command a parliamentary majority, the fear of

Hitler Germany, and the widening popular conviction that all governments, of no matter what ministerial complexion, are of one stripe—that is to say, dishonest. Popular lack of faith in the government was crystallized when the astounding corruption of the *affaire Stavisky* unfolded itself early this year.

Rioting began in Paris. And it happened that on a February night of very serious rioting indeed there was a drawing of the lottery. Royalists and communists, for the moment joined in a common cause, battled with police and gendarmes in the streets of Paris. But in the great amphitheater of the Trocadéro, a capacity audience watched the golden globes and the golden balls as they fell from the urns. Outside, another crowd, forgetting their grievances against the government, listened with drawn breath to words blared forth from the loud speakers. In theaters, in cinemas, in cafés, and in homes there was the same tense listening. A few thousand royalists and communists were at that moment engaging police and soldiery; dead and wounded men were dropping in the streets; but the great public of Paris, who might have joined the rioters and made all police resistance futile, had ears and thought for nothing but the lottery.

This popularity of the lottery, so dramatically exhibited in a moment of impending revolution, reveals itself in other, less theatrical guises. For example, a vast number of little lotteries turn like satellites about the great, central luminary of the national lottery. One may reasonably predict that if a legalized national lottery appears in the United States, we shall witness a similar phenomenon.

What happens is this: a newspaper buys up a large number of tickets. Since, mathematically, there is always one winner among every ten ticket holders, the purchase of a sufficient

number of tickets reasonably guarantees some sort of return. For each new subscription the newspaper offers a ticket of its own, this ticket representing a certain share in whatever is won by the lottery tickets already purchased.

I have cited a newspaper as an example; but the satellites of the national lottery are thrown off from all imaginable enterprises. Butchers, grocers, bakers, department stores, even cinemas, have taken up the practice of issuing private tickets that guarantee some fractional participation in the possible gains from lottery tickets. Indeed, the ramifications of the national lottery are so extensive, that it is not exaggerating to call them a new French industry. I have no statistics to back this statement, but I surmise that activities directly and indirectly associated with the lottery have perceptibly cut down unemployment in France.

IV

There is no reason to believe that a legalized American lottery would not equal the popularity of the French. Years ago Cavour said: "The lottery is a tax upon imbeciles," and Say criticized the French lottery of other days by declaring that, "The national lottery is supported almost entirely by the needy, whose want only makes them brave the disadvantages of an unequal play. It is almost always the bread of misery that is risked there, when it is not the fruit of crime."

However true these opinions may have been of former lotteries, they no longer do justice to the ticket buyers of the present. Unless we are to assume that virtually the whole French Republic is made up either of imbeciles or of the miserable poor, one of the older moral objections to lotteries no longer holds water. A whole nation now plays at the lottery in France and might

well play in America. When a government nowadays taxes its people through a lottery it no longer taxes merely the fools and those who want for bread.

But if it is now untrue that lotteries are vicious because of the character of the people taxed, the very fact that people of all classes, all conditions, currently buy lottery tickets, immensely reinforces the chief of all moral objections against lotteries. This is that lotteries permit and encourage gambling.

Now I do not wish to think in sophistries when I say that there is no activity in life that does not reveal the face of chance, some gamble. This philosophic platitude does not do away with the objection to lotteries as a game of chance. But it must underlie any reasonable examination, and judgment, of the gambling element in lotteries.

First of all it permits us to understand the willingness of nearly everyone to play at some game of chance. That widespread appetite comes out of a conscious or unconscious recognition that not only in games hedged about by easy rules, but in all the complex affairs of living, where the rules are difficult or impossible to discern, issues large and small are submitted to chance.

But it would be silly to argue that there is no difference between the man who risks crossing the street because his business calls him to the opposite side and the man who risks a stack of chips in a poker game. A reasonably sharp practical distinction is easily drawn between the necessary games and gambles of living and the games of chips and cards and wheels and tickets. Nevertheless, the two are so intimately related that out of the larger game comes the almost universal appetite to play at the smaller.

Compared with the popular appetite for gambling, the popular appetite for

alcohol is trifling. It is as easy to find a man who never takes an alcoholic drink as to find one who does. It is nearly impossible to find a man who does not play some game of chance, if it be nothing more disreputable than dominoes, and who does not risk something in the play, if it be nothing more grave than dashed hopes at losing. I make these obvious statements to point out that an attempted and absolute prohibition of all games of chance would be measurelessly madder than the late, attempted prohibition of alcohol.

But we will restrict the character of games of chance and say that those to be prohibited are those in which money is gained or lost. To a degree it is indeed this gain or loss of money that determines present prohibitions of games of chance. But here again complete prohibition is mad and impossible. Imagine an attempt to outlaw the game of bridge, for example, on the grounds that it is commonly played for some stake per point. Yet bridge, in that the player cannot control the cards dealt to him, is a game of chance.

On the other hand, there are certain kinds of gambling games which by common agreement should be or have been outlawed at one time or another. These are the games in which there is too unfair a risk. The unfairness of the risk may rest in dishonesty—the game is not decently conducted by those who control it. Or it may reside in the temptation offered by the game to risk far more than the player can afford.

Thus gambling on the game of bridge is widely countenanced because the risk per point is fixed beforehand and cannot rise with the rising excitement of the play, whereas the game of poker is frequently condemned because the risk is not always fixed and rises with excitement.

Recognizing the universal appetite for games of chance, the impossibility of wholly prohibiting them, even perhaps an emotional need for them, the reasonable man will grant that a gambling game should be legal, should be openly permitted, if it fulfills the conditions of honest operation and restricted risk.

Now does a lottery fulfill these conditions? Apparently, in the opinion of some European peoples, it does, or so commonly fulfills them that in Spain, Italy, Austria, Denmark, and Holland, we have had uninterrupted legal lotteries for centuries.

Yet in the past lotteries have been subjected to dishonest manipulation, in both the drawing and distribution of prizes. It was no doubt the dishonest conducting of the royal lottery that caused its abolition in France and set the face of French governments against national lotteries for nearly a hundred years.

In 1700 the King, entering into competition with private lotteries, declared: "His Majesty, having observed the inclination of the majority of his subjects to put money on private lotteries, and desiring to provide them with an agreeable and easy way to make a sure and considerable income for the rest of their lives and to enrich their families . . . has judged it appropriate to establish a royal lottery. . . ." This lottery, offering nearly 175,000 tickets at two louis each, proposed to recompense the winners with annuities amounting to the gross sum of 500,000 livres. The tickets were sold, the money collected, and the winners were given their annuity certificates. But on these annuities the King's Controller paid neither interest nor principal!

Thereafter lottery scandals mounted in France; either those who conducted them were accused of dishonesty or the risks were unfair to the players. Dur-

ing the five or six years preceding its abolition in 1836, the royal lottery issued so many tickets and turned back so little money to the ticket holders, that popular clamor at last forced its suppression.

When the recent French lottery was legalized the rules to govern it were laid down after a careful study of lotteries past and present. First, it was determined that the government would accept less than it gave back in prizes from the money had by selling tickets. Second, the governance of the lottery was put in the hands of an eminent committee, which included chiefs of the greatest banks of France. Third, cash payments of the prizes were to be immediate. Fourth, the method of drawing the lots was made simple and visible, yet was provided with the mechanism of the globes, which virtually defies dishonest manipulation.

If lotteries are to be legalized in the United States they might very well follow the modern French model. As a means of taxation lotteries are obviously popular. The taxpayer looks upon them, as a writer in the *Matin* of Paris put it, with *yeux doux*. A lottery can be honestly conducted, and for most participants it is, by its nature, free from risk, built up by excitement, of unwarrantedly large play.

The excitement of a lottery lies in the hope of winning and the drama of the drawing; but the play is over once a ticket is bought. There is no fatal doubling, trebling, of the stake on the chance of recouping losses. A na-

tional lottery, properly run, satisfies the universal instinct to gamble without tempting a sane man to ruin himself. Indeed, I half suspect that had a comparatively harmless participation in a national lottery been possible during the boom days, the public instinct to gamble would often have flowed into this channel and not so frequently into the disastrous channel of the stock market.

But a lottery is a game of chance, is obvious gambling. Earlier in this article I mentioned the report of a British royal commission to investigate lotteries. In that report, the Commission declared against a national lottery on the grounds that the Government should not practice anything contrary to the morals of many citizens.

In England and the United States, lotteries, without very great reason it seems, have for so long been looked upon by many citizens as an especially vicious form of gambling, that it might be well for neither of these governments to countenance them. Yet one could wish for a little more consistency in the moral viewpoints of governments. Our government, for example, may decide to keep its hands unsoiled by taxes raised in a lottery. Or at least the left hand. But with the right hand it will continue to accept taxes raised on gambling in the stock market—a kind of gambling which, unlike the play of lotteries, may ruin not only the man who plays, but the very nation itself.*

* The author thankfully acknowledges the extensive assistance of Mr. Hervé Schwedersky in gathering the factual material for this article.



THE VERSATILITY OF GENERAL JOHNSON

BY JONATHAN MITCHELL

SINCE he has been head of NRA General Hugh S. Johnson has averaged nearly one full-dress speech a week, a record unapproached by any other member of the Administration. These speeches have been intended to form the only official, souvenir, illustrated program of NRA and its future. The General regards the Blue Eagle as his special chick, and with justification, since he managed the incubator in which it was hatched. The General came to Washington in the chaotic days of Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, and assigned himself—in his own phrase—to the task of “taking the bugs out of” the multiform plans proposed for recovery. Except for two brief, inadequate vacations, he has been on the job ever since.

The General has also devoted a good part of his speeches to abuse of his critics. Sorrowfully it must be recorded that a number of people, despite the General's eloquence, have remained unbelievers. They have suggested that the General didn't, in fact, know where he was going, and that both he and NRA have been jerked along by concealed wires in the hands of big business. Some months ago he scarified one such critic as “this writer, in whose veins there must flow something more than a trace of rodent blood. . . .” Whatever you feel about NRA, you must agree that this is handsome invective. In the same speech, February 20, the General railed at those “who pick up some highly

perfumed conjecture of some pundit who never did anything in his life but read some books and write others. . . .”

He had no patience, the General said, with “the canned, generalized comment of professional critics about matters in which they have no part, about which they know next to nothing, and from which they stand as far remote in practice as a mail-order and correspondence-school cowboy from the sweat and effort of a Wyoming round-up.”

A significant thing about this tirade is that General Johnson—part of the time—is not nearly so sweaty and effortful as this sounds. Frequently his speeches have been more like the perfumed conjectures of a pundit. One of his favorite descriptions of himself has been “a student of business affairs.” A number of his speeches have been devoted largely to abstract economic reasoning. In a speech on January 18th he explained in detail the economic logic which enabled him to be one of the few fortunate people who anticipated the 1929 crash. In his press conferences he has occasionally mystified his listeners with dissertations on industrial engineering which have all the learned sound of annual papers read before the Taylor Society.

The record of his speeches, indeed, seems to show that when he is addressing “dumb” business men or Middle Western housewives he can be as much a perfumed pundit or mail-order cow-

boy as the next person. Only when he has to answer economist critics of NRA does he appear to retreat into sweatiness and dust. A possible, if unkind, explanation of this change of character may be that the predictions of professional economists at the time of NRA's establishment have proved largely right, while the General's original promises for NRA—and particularly his three most important ones—have remained unfulfilled.

NRA began life with Dr. Alexander Sachs, internationally known economist, as chief of its research and planning division. From his office were supposed to emanate the coldly scientific blueprints according to which a new economic society would be constructed. What apparently happened was that the General's exuberance, and faith in his own economic perspicuity, overflowed the NRA research and planning division like a spring flood, carrying Dr. Sachs's precision apparatus away in a confused mass of flotsam. At any rate, the General was soon turning out sweeping, free-style prophecies. These prophecies may now, after the passage of considerable time, be fairly checked up.

About the time the General swung into action, in June of last year, a shrewd economist from a New England college submitted a memorandum on NRA to Mr. Roosevelt. The economist, then one of the circle of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, earnestly pleaded that General Johnson be called off. The economist argued that the tendency of NRA would be to increase industrial costs and to freeze prices, and consequently to hamper recovery. He begged that General Johnson be instructed to move slowly and gingerly until it was certain that substantial recovery was under way.

This was wholly contrary to the General's ideas. Shortly thereafter we find him making wholesale predic-

tions that NRA would be found to be recovery's chief hope. In one of his earliest speeches, June 25, 1933, he stated:

Theoretically, if all would pull together we could do this job to-morrow, and if we did it to-morrow that would be the end of the depression. That isn't any hifalutin' theory—that isn't even an algebraic formula like $X^2+2XY+Y^2$ =the square of $X+Y$. It is just plain horse sense and barnyard figuring like 2 plus 2 equals 4.

The next month, July, saw the start of the Blue Eagle campaign, and in an excited press conference the General made his famous prediction that "that bird," meaning the Blue Eagle, would put six million unemployed back at work by the following September 1st. This was obviously a wild guess by the General, and it would be unfair to use it against him. However, on August 23, he stated in a formal speech:

It is that "Blue Eagle" confidence that is putting people back to work by the hundreds of thousands. It is raising payrolls by the millions. It is a promise of recovery and it has proved its worth.

On September 4th, he prophesied that if everyone did his or her part, according to the Blue Eagle's legend, "we shall be on our way out of this depression before snow flies." And on November 10th, speaking in Tulsa, Okla., near his boyhood home, he exulted:

I am asked daily: "Will NRA succeed?" That question is easily answered. NRA has succeeded. It is far ahead of its time schedule of accomplishment and the Federation of Labor shows a reemployment of 4,000,000 people which exceeds by 1,000,000 our estimates at the outset.

In this and other speeches about the same time, he declared that NRA had brought business back twenty-five per cent of the way to recovery.

If the black art of business statistics has any truth in it, such claims that NRA had brought recovery were simply wrong. Recovery, if it means any-

thing at all, must mean increased business activity. When Mr. Roosevelt took office in March, 1933, the business activity index of *The Annalist* stood at 58.5. Because of the successful overcoming of the banking crisis and the speculative excitement caused by our abandoning gold, *The Annalist's* index rose until, in June, it touched 89.5. In that month General Johnson shoved through his first NRA codes, and promulgated the Blue Eagle campaign. Thereupon the index sank rapidly until by November, when the General was speaking throughout the Middle West, it was down to 68.4. After November, it should be added, the index showed a gradual increase, but it was generally agreed that this was due, not to NRA, but to a combination of causes, chief among which were President Roosevelt's decision in January to return to the gold standard, and the vast, direct distribution of Federal funds through the AAA and CWA.

The second of General Johnson's prophecies to turn out badly concerned the amount of reemployment which NRA was to bring. You will have noticed that during the summer and autumn of 1933 the General asserted repeatedly that three million workers had found jobs under NRA. In one instance, in his Tulsa, Okla., speech, he claimed four million. The ostensible justification for these claims was a survey then being made, at the General's request, by CWA enumerators. On the basis of this survey the NRA research staff later calculated total reemployment at 2,750,000. The General refused to accept this figure, which he maintained was much too low, and criticized the statistical methods that had been used. Although Washington newspaper correspondents asked to see the CWA report many times, it was never released. However, according to estimates of the American Fed-

eration of Labor, the figure of 2,750,000 was itself absurdly high. The A. F. of L. compilations, which are widely accepted as authoritative, give total reemployment under NRA at the first of this year as between 1,700,000 and 1,900,000. Thereafter, during January and February, total employment decreased; later, the figures showed a small improvement.

The third important, if unfortunate, prophecy in the General's speeches was that NRA would bring about a vast, speedy increase in real wages and purchasing power among industrial workers. As the General many times stated, this was NRA's reason for being. When wage totals during the following months, instead of rising, slightly declined, with no compensating fall in the cost of living, the General tried to bluster his way out of his predicament. In a speech, February 27th, he offered the following extraordinary argument in defence of himself and NRA:

If yesterday approximately three million people were out of work and to-morrow they are put on steady subsistence wages, and if in the meantime the cost of living has gone up five per cent, are those people better or worse off than if nothing at all had been done for them? If I have no money to buy a beefsteak dinner, does it make much difference to me whether it costs \$1 or \$1.05? I say—and I think these three million reemployed will all agree—that I will take the \$1 and buy liver and bacon with it. The claim of all this criticism (that purchasing power among wage earners has not increased), even before we consider its truth, is cruel, cynical buncombe.

The General then pointed out that the cost of living index stood at 77.9 in September of last year, and at 77.5 in January, and continued:

In the meantime the NRA increase in payrolls was \$3,000,000,000. In other words, with the cost of living stationary, NRA reemployed three million people, who were without jobs before, and added \$3,000,000,000 to the annual wherewithal of workers to live. It must be remem-

bered, too, that all this happened during a downward cycle of production when, without NRA, we would probably have had a fresh deluge of unemployment. That, as I have said before, was why we hurried. Now there are the cold, hard facts of this NRA job, and of these underhanded, tricky and dishonest criticisms of NRA. I ask you—can you beat it?

Here you are supposed to envisage the bluff, honest General as a sort of New Deal Horatius, guarding himself and Rome from the thrusts of sly Etruscan pundits. Nevertheless, despite the General, the "cold, hard facts" are very different. As we have just seen, there is no evidence whatever that as many as three million workers were reemployed under the Blue Eagle. Second, you cannot assume, as the General seems to do, that the wages of the reemployed form a *net* increase in consumer purchasing power. If, at the same time that these new workers were finding jobs and being enabled to buy the General's liver and bacon, old, more highly paid workers were having their wages cut or were being fired, consumer purchasing power was not being increased, but lowered. It is notorious that exactly this happened under the early NRA codes, particularly in the textile industry of the South. In short, the only legitimate test of whether NRA increased purchasing power is whether *total* payroll disbursements rose. According to Miss Perkins's Department of Labor, the index of total payroll disbursements decreased from 53.3 in September of last year, to 49.4 in January. The General's critics were not underhanded, tricky, or dishonest; they were simply stating statistical facts.

The chief purpose to be served in dragging out this recent, melancholy NRA history is to establish from his own speeches the General's worth as a prophet. On the basis of his past record the General's current prophe-

cies for NRA ought to be listened to with a certain prudent skepticism. But if the General's speeches are not of value for their deep insight into our industrial and business organism, they are extremely fascinating for the view they afford of the General himself, by all odds the most highly-flavored, curious personality thrown up by the Roosevelt revolution, and of his fitness to be NRA Administrator.

II

We have already observed General Johnson's faculty for quick changes. We have seen him appear as the exponent of the new economics of co-operation and industrial self-government, and we have seen him, when his theories were brusquely punctured by professional economists, suddenly shift into a sweating, dusty business man, a man who Gets Things Done. We have even seen him, in his wages-liver-and-bacon argument, reappear as a great humanitarian, for whom human values stand above either sordid profits or perfumed hypotheses. This faculty for squeezing out of tight places possessed by the General—his Protean quality, shall we say—is a vivid characteristic of his speeches. Proteus, the veteran Greek impersonator, you will recall, had an act the routine of which included an even thousand changes. The General's act approaches, if it doesn't quite equal, this record.

It must be considered that the General has had, in fact, a varied life. Born a poor boy on the Oklahoma frontier, he attended West Point and was commissioned second lieutenant of cavalry. Then followed a period of orienting himself in the large, outside world, during which he wrote two boys' books, *Williams of West Point* and *Williams on Service*. Still remaining in the cavalry, he enrolled himself in the University of

California, studying law. Completing his course, he was transferred to the Judge Advocate General's division. At the coming of the World War he was assigned to the legal aspects of the draft. When this duty did not give him sufficient outlet for his energies, he became a sort of liaison officer between the army and the nation's industry, as represented by Mr. Bernard M. Baruch's War Industries Board. After the War, in association with Mr. George N. Peek, the present head of Mr. Roosevelt's export and import banks, and with the encouragement of Mr. Baruch, he became a business man. He and Mr. Peek obtained control of the old, respectable Moline Plow Company, at Moline, Iowa, for which the General formulated ambitious plans. Unhappily, at the end of about a year, a reorganization of the company was forced by its creditor banks.

In one of his speeches, March 7th, the General was discussing the then recent action of the Federal Trade Commission in publishing the salaries of great corporation heads. At the moment the General happened to be impersonating a practical man of business. Said he:

A man may be entitled to a hundred-thousand-dollar salary from a corporation in which labor, consumers, and stockholders are all interested. But he ought not to object to having everybody know about it. That is the only bitter pill to swallow. As far as I am concerned I am willing to swallow it. I have made more than that in my time and (with my abundant faith in what is being done here) I'll bet I will make it again.

Soon after the unlucky Moline Plow episode, General Johnson went to New York City as an associate of Mr. Baruch; and since it is to be assumed that he did not make his one hundred thousand dollar salary in the brief interval before his creditors intervened in his business, it is presumably the

New York period with Mr. Baruch to which he refers.

The majority of people, after a period of shifting about in their extreme youth, ordinarily assume what may be called a work identity. Whether they run a candy store or a Wall Street investment bank, that's what they are. But the General is any one of a half dozen people, depending on what seems most appropriate at the moment. When you try to put your finger on him you find he is somewhere else. A fair amount of the time he is still a cavalry officer. He maintains his interest in the Army War College and has a profound admiration for the methods of the Army. Recently he brought in Lieut. Col. George A. Lynch to be assistant head of NRA, describing Col. Lynch as "one of the best brains in the Army," which must be the furthest something-or-other in encomia. Much of the time he is the professional lawyer, absorbed in the constitutional questions raised by NRA. Intermittently he is the "minor industrialist" he has called himself in speeches. Again, he is the theoretician, viewing the nation's economic structure from afar and above, holding in his hand the plans for a new industrial order. Finally, he is the government administrator, reconciling in the name of the public the quarrelsome interests pressing around him. Sometimes in the space of a single speech or code hearing you can watch him run through these roles of cavalry officer, business man, economist, government administrator. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, who believes that people in fact wear masks and change these masks whenever it is convenient or prudent to do so, and who doubts that anyone ever acts in his real self, would presumably take delight in meeting General Johnson.

This quality of make-believe is not, it should be emphatically stated, the

General's only quality. Equally conspicuous are his great heartiness, his energy, his ability to charm other people and get them to do things. There is hardly anyone who has been able to resist his slow, sleepy smile, his rapid, sizzling "wisecracks," his unexpected, apt quotations from Scripture, his childlike trick of abruptly holding little muttered conversations with himself. It has been this gift that he has of utterly captivating those about him that, as much as anything else, has made possible the prodigious labors he has performed since he has been in Washington. Whether or not you believe that NRA definitely delayed national recovery, you must admire the show the General has put on. Ninety per cent of American business and industry is under NRA codes, code authorities are dizzily meeting all over the United States, an immense body of industrial and trade law has been brought into existence, and the General remains the most discussed, best known, and most powerful figure of the Administration after President Roosevelt.

It must be said that the General's gift for character transformations has been to some extent of aid to him. Notably this was true in the case of his impersonations of a cavalry officer at the start of NRA. NRA offices in the Department of Commerce in Washington that summer greatly resembled the headquarters of a marching army. The building was a jungle of office equipment, packing cases, furniture. Clerks and stenographers, lacking steeds, spurred themselves at full gallop through the corridors. In the center of wild confusion, the General sat at ease, coat off, blue shirt opened at the neck, red-faced, and looking uncannily like Captain Flagg in Stalling's and Anderson's "What Price Glory?" Like captured peasants, squads of sweating business men—lit-

erally sweating in this case, and not necessarily from the Washington heat, either—were led in before him. The General was courteous, with the schooled courtesy of a West Pointer dealing with civilians, but his voice had the hard ring of a man who knows that his troops, with bayonets and artillery, hold the countryside. Fat manufacturers were thoroughly intimidated and in agony of spirit began to consider raising wages and holding down profits. Unhappily this cavalry-officer attitude never lasted very long at a stretch, and the business men, who were watching him as intently as mice watch a cat, would breathe easier and hastily start revising their codes to their own advantage.

On the whole, however, the General's multifarious nature has served him badly. It has, fundamentally, prevented him from taking a consistent, realistic attitude toward business and industry. In his role of New Dealer the General has at times assailed business men as chiselers, witch-doctors, tom-tom beaters, men of the Old Stone Age. But in other roles he has invested business with the qualities of medieval knighthood. In a speech on August 13, 1933, he thus described the taking away of a Blue Eagle card from a store keeper:

As happened to Danny Deeever in Kipling's regimental hanging—NRA will have to remove from him his badge of public faith and business honor (the Blue Eagle card) and "tykin' of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away" and break the bright sword of his commercial honor in the eyes of his neighbors—and throw the fragments—in scorn—in the dust at his feet.

On November 7th, again condemning violators of the Blue Eagle agreement, he compared business men during the depression to the heroic defenders of a besieged city:

Military history has shown that battle is not the most effective test of chivalry and manhood—a siege is. There is little ex-

citement and less glory. Rations are slowly cut down so that men may share and live. Then petty, mean and cheating hoarding shows up—nerves that cannot take it—hidden selfishness in figures hitherto covered with medals and shining repete, supplications for surrender—treachery, desertion, and treason. Well, this is a siege—a terrible siege—and in these few instances, it is running true to form. But these few instances are not even straws to show which way the wind blows with the great, brave mass of the American people.

In a speech, on July 15th of this year, he said:

... We acknowledge the errors and faults of NRA, but if NRA had no other boast than that it had brought chivalry to economic conflict, it would be enough.

Partly, perhaps, this image of business men as knights without fear or reproach comes from the General's remembrance of the old War Industries Board. Or it may come from an intertwining of his images of himself as soldier and plow manufacturer. It makes a pleasing picture, but for both NRA and the General it has had tragic consequences.

In nearly every town and city in the United States a year ago men and women paraded shining-faced in devotion to the Blue Eagle; many of them undoubtedly believed that plenty would straightway descend on the land. The only way in which their expectations could have been fulfilled, and the General's prophecies of increased business activity, mounting employment, and greater mass purchasing power could have been justified, would have been through persuading or compelling business men vastly to expand their production—or at any rate their wage payments—with-out at the same time raising prices. In one of his earliest speeches, on June 25th, 1933, speaking in the character of a New Dealer economist, the General admirably stated the problem confronting NRA:

In the first place, the tendency of higher wages (under the Blue Eagle) is higher prices. If we do a thing like this (permit manufacturers to combine under the NRA codes) and do not also put some control on undue price increases so that prices will not move up one bit faster than is justified by higher costs, the consuming public is going to suffer, the higher wages won't do any good, and the whole bright chance (for recovery) will just turn out to be a ghastly failure and another shattered hope. This does not mean selling below cost. . . . This is a deadly serious matter—this danger of runaway prices. There are still about twelve million unemployed in this country and even those who still have jobs are largely on much reduced incomes. Any wild-cat price lifting will have its first bearing directly on the very creature necessities of these unfortunates—their means to keep out hunger, thirst and cold. This Administration simply will not stand for that. . . .

These were strong words. If they were to be carried into effect the General was going to have to face the ferocious opposition of profit-hungry manufacturers. So in the same speech, he managed to shift round from the role of determined, uncompromising government administrator to the role in which he and the business men appear as chivalrous comrades-in-arms. He said:

Our best people understand that this is no time to get rich quick. It is the time to pull our country out of a hole. We need every good man on the ropes, and nobody is going to do a thing that makes him a peace-profitier by taking advantage of the patriotic unselfishness of his fellows.

This suggestion that business men were prepared to sacrifice themselves for the common good was repeated many times. Almost rapturously he explained that "leaders of labor and industry have been working (to establish NRA) fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen hours a day—not for a day or two—but week after week—to carry out the President's high purpose. Men have fallen over exhausted and more than one has died. . . ."

At the time of NRA's establishment it was altogether unrealistic for the General to suppose that business men, if left to themselves, would refrain from unduly raising prices. American corporations were then emerging from four years of abysmal depression. In most cases their working capital was depleted, their credit at commercial banks was non-existent, and dividends had been unpaid for many months. The one thing which would revive their credit with banks and appease their angry hordes of stockholders was a quick showing of profits. Under currently accepted American business ethics it is a question whether the first duty of business men was not to the corporations with which they were associated, which meant raising prices as high and rapidly as the traffic would bear.

Confronted by this problem of prices, the General showed himself unready to assume any definitive attitude toward business—either that it did require control by NRA or that it didn't. By turns he promised to crack down on business men, and praised them as self-abnegating patriots. As a result he took no action whatever. The weeks passed, and business activity failed to increase, reemployment remained small, mass purchasing power on a wide scale did not appear. Apparently either the codes which had been supposed to bring about increases in total wages and employment were not so drawn as to accomplish this, or else they were being widely nullified or disregarded; and certainly prices were being pushed up. Finally, in a speech on January 18th, the General was compelled to appeal to the National Retail Dry Goods Association:

"If I had only nine words with which to address you . . . I would rise and say, 'Keep prices down. For God's sake, keep prices down.'"

The following month, February

27th, at the opening session of the General's celebrated "field day for critics," he announced a list of weaknesses in NRA needing immediate attention. At the top of his list was "further insurance against increase of prices faster and further than increase of purchasing power." However, neither then nor during the code authorities meeting, which came immediately afterwards, did the General bring forward any realistic method of price control.

III

NRA, as established by General Johnson, faces two vast problems. The first is the extent of the control over industry and business that must be exercised by NRA. The second is the degree of labor unionism that is to be encouraged. The decision finally taken concerning NRA's control of business will possibly affect the whole economic life of this country for a generation. As everyone knows, monopoly and price-fixing existed before NRA, but in most industries monopoly was veiled, limited, cautious. Now, under NRA, the power of many code authorities to restrict production and raise prices is temporarily absolute. If all manufacturers together are permitted to restrict production and increase prices it is not hard to see that, barring the unlikely rise of new great industries, unemployment will not be absorbed; that, while unemployment continues to cause a labor surplus, wages will not rise, and that, without increased wages, mass purchasing power will not be restored. If NRA cannot devise some mode of controlling industry in the interests of the public, we shall be on our way not to the economy of abundance we have been so often promised, but to an economy of starvation.

In one of the moments in which he was playing the part of economic plan-

ner and government official, we find General Johnson, in a speech on October 10, 1933, declaring:

The power of organization is immense. A fully organized and unchecked industry could exploit and dominate a whole nation. A fully organized and unchecked labor could do exactly the same. There must be responsibility in each such organization. There must be a check on these great powers. Our government is the government of the whole people. Its principal excuse for existence is protection of the whole people. These vast organizations of industry and of labor must each be responsible to government and each must permit governmental participation and control. No industrial combination must be permitted to practice monopolistic oppression and exploitation.

You might, if you did not know the General, take this to be the enunciation of a definitive policy. Business and industry, together with labor, cannot be trusted to do as they please, and must submit to government control. But listen to him speaking before the code authorities meeting in Washington, March 7th:

What I want to recall is that (at the establishment of NRA), regardless of popular clamor and by the strength of the candid faith (in business men) that was in him, one man (Mr. Roosevelt) turned over to American Industry what it had clamored for for many years—Industrial Self-Government. Don't forget that.

And later in the same speech:

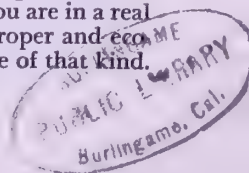
Do you who are sitting here realize that when the President spoke (earlier in the meeting) it was to an economic Congress at which was represented the whole of American Industry? There has been much talk of economic planning. But nothing like it (this meeting) has ever happened in the history of the world. It is as important as the Council of Nicæa or the Treaty of Verdun. Economic planning may be as perfect a guide for action as a sheet of piano music but no harmony will ever reach our ears if there is no keyboard to the piano. Do you realize that we have here, for the first time in history, the keyboard of a complete industrial and commercial system and upon it we hope

you (the business men) can at last produce economic harmony.

From which you bewilderedly gather that the General believes industry should govern itself and not be governed by NRA.

One of the most revealing episodes in the history of NRA was the cleaners' and dyers' lockout last February in New York City. The Cleaners' and Dyers' Code, it should be explained, permitted price-fixing, and the price for cleaning a suit of clothes in New York City had been set by the industry at seventy-five cents. Thereafter one large cleaning chain had established a price of forty-five cents, and a price war had broken out. Some of the smaller cleaning and dyeing concerns had been hard pressed, and had declared a lockout to bring intervention by the NRA officials. General Johnson, in a press conference, February 10th, undertook to comment on the incident:

If you get down below the price level (of seventy-five cents) there's lots of volume that would not exist except at that price. One firm (the offending chain) pays Code wages, observes Code hours and turns out as good stuff as anybody turns out anywhere. They clean suits for, I think, forty-five cents. We have only one case of that kind (where standard service is rendered for forty-five cents) and we've combed the woods. The rest of them (the other price cutters) don't clean the clothes, they run them through. In one case they run clothes through their mechanical establishment eight times as fast as what you'd call high-grade cleaning. That raises the question: if people want to have a low-grade cleaning service, are they not entitled to it? Just as soon as you get the price below a certain level, the volume comes in, but if you get it above that level, people clean their own stuff, or don't clean it. It happens that the business done by these chain operators is probably three per cent of the cleaning business (in New York City) but they are threatening all the rest of the cleaning business. You are in a real dilemma as to what is the proper and economical thing to do in a case of that kind.



In this relatively trivial episode, you find illustrated most of the fundamental problems confronting NRA. As the General says, at seventy-five cents a suit, many baggy-kneed, grease-spotted New Yorkers will be unable to have their suits either well or badly cleaned, or at least not as often as they would if the price were forty-five cents. Here is what appears to be a case of restriction of production through price-fixing to the detriment of the public interest. The fewer the suits that are cleaned, the less employment and the smaller the total wage payments in the cleaning and dyeing industry. And any decrease of wage payments in one industry means reduced consumer purchasing power in the whole community, and ultimately means smaller production and less employment for all industries.

Should not, then, NRA intervene to prevent the fixing of excessive prices? But asking that question means only flushing a whole covey of other questions. Many of the cleaners joining in the New York City lockout asserted they could not make a profit at the forty-five cent price. Was seventy-five cents an excessive price, or wasn't it? How is NRA to find out? What is a legitimate profit in the pants-pressing trade? To what extent is it in the public interest to encourage high-cost firms to remain in business? These are real questions, displayed here in miniature, which demand real solutions—solutions that must profoundly affect the well-being of the United States, a nation of real people. Face to face with this reality, the General said that he was in a dilemma.

The way that the General, in fact, tried to solve this particular problem of the cleaners and dyers was by abolishing all local service codes out of hand. Many of them, however, with their price-fixing problem still unsolved, have since been reestablished.

At about this same time the Darrow Review Board issued its first report, raising, among many other things, the question of price-fixing in general. On June 7, two weeks later, the General announced that thereafter all price provisions of all codes would be invalid. An outraged howl arose from business men across the country, and NRA headquarters were inundated with telephone calls and telegrams. The following day, the General explained that his announcement applied merely to future codes, that in existing codes the price-fixing clauses would be modified only with the freely given consent of the industries concerned. Then, after another few days, he made public an approved model for future codes that contained a form of the open-price system.

A preliminary report of the NRA's own Consumers' Advisory Board provides what is perhaps the most scholarly statement of the urgency and seriousness of this problem of price-fixing:

Industries which our observations indicate may have retarded the recovery program include the lumber industry, where price increases on saw mill products appear to have been about twice as large as would be justified by increased wage payments; the paper and pulp industry, in which the price increases seem to have been about two and a half times the increase justified by wage costs; and the petroleum industry, whose NRA code is now being administered by the Department of the Interior, in which the consumers' annual bill has apparently been increased five or six times as much as the increase in the industry's annual wage bill. . . . Studies not brought fully up to date indicate that, in widely varying degrees, the following industries may also have failed to increase mass purchasing power: bituminous coal mining, knit goods, men's shirts and collars, brick and tile, cement, paints and varnish and glass.

More important, the Consumers' Advisory Board lists more than a hundred NRA codes in which some form of direct or indirect price fixing has

been sanctioned by General Johnson. And yet on October 10, 1933, the General, you will recall, said that "there must be a check on these great powers." What became of the check? Apparently "industrial self-government" had taken its place.

IV

The second great problem of NRA has been labor unionization. When the General first became head of NRA, he showed himself altogether hostile to further extensions of unionism. In a press conference, June 20th, he stated:

There is going to be no countenancing of unionism in non-union plants. This Administration is not going to be used as a means of unionizing any industry.

In his formal June 25 speech, he said:

It is not the function or the purpose of the Administration to organize either industry or labor.

Within a month, however, for a variety of reasons he was compelled to take cognizance of a strike for union recognition that had broken out in the captive Pennsylvania coal mines of the United States Steel Corporation. These mines had never previously been unionized, and the mine company officials bluntly refused to talk with the strike leaders. Thereupon the General, in a speech to the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce, at Harrisburg, August 2, declared:

I would talk to the devil himself if I thought it would make hell any cooler,

and added the Olympian warning:

God help the man or group of men that stands against his (Mr. Roosevelt's) drive on this depression.

Partly because of his association with Senator Wagner, the General became

steadily more and more convinced of the necessity of unionization, until at the code authorities meeting, March 7th, he delivered himself of this remarkable statement:

We have got to accord labor the rights guaranteed by this Act. There is no law prohibiting a company union as such if there is no interposition whatever by employers and if the men freely choose it. But ninety-nine times out of a hundred, you and I know that this is not the case. Let us obey the law. Let's not kid ourselves. Call in Senator Wagner's Board (National Labor Board). . . . Let your men express their choice under those public auspices from which no question can arise. Let's get this troublesome question settled promptly and for all time. We know something about what is toward in this country—the worst epidemic of strikes in our history. Why suffer it? Here is a way out. Play the game. Submit to the law and get it over quickly. I want to tell you this for your comfort. I know your problems. I would rather deal with Bill Green, John Lewis, Ed McGrady, Mike MacDonough, George Berry (all A. F. of L. leaders), and a host of others I could name, than with any Frankenstein that you may build up under the guise of a company union. In fact—take it from a wealth of experience—their interests are your interests and under the law and in this modern day, it is the best and quickest way to economic peace. Here is one cloud that we can erase from our horizons with one stroke. Let's do it.

Two weeks after this speech came the threatened automobile strike, solely to compel union recognition, in Detroit. Overnight the General reverted to his role of minor industrialist, jumped into the strike negotiations, elbowed aside Senator Wagner's pro-A. F. of L. National Labor Board, and brought about a settlement that, although ambiguous in its terms, seems clearly enough designed to preserve the company unions, and to prevent independent unionization. And in the San Francisco general strike, he sanctioned a similarly equivocal formula of settlement.

V

It is altogether impossible not to recognize General Johnson's great gifts and prodigious achievements. There is no one, I think, who has felt his charm and listened to his exuberant humor that does not have immense affection for him. He has given his job the same pure, single-hearted devotion with which the medieval knights, who appear so frequently in the General's speeches, are supposed to have pursued the Holy Grail. While he has been at the head of NRA American industry has crowded a generation of painful adjustment and development into the space of one brief year. That the General has done all that he has done, and has survived, is a present-day miracle. Yet despite all his appearance of decisiveness and despite all his blustering and threats of cracking down, General Johnson has seemed unable to select a course of action and stick to it. Partly because of his indecision, millions of families in this country remain on relief rolls, and

our economic structure is still insecure.

One of the astutest officials of the New Deal has confessed to a recurrent dream. In this dream Mr. Roosevelt had made General Johnson head of the Public Works Administration, and placed Secretary Ickes in charge of NRA. General Johnson was spending money by the billion. With his energy, charm, ability to be whatever the moment required, he had made State and municipal authorities perform miracles of planning; bridges, dams, public buildings, low-cost community housing was spreading out on every side; the nation was humming with activity; unemployment had vanished, private business was finding itself upborne by such a tide of mass purchasing power as never before had existed. Meanwhile Secretary Ickes had been poking about suspiciously in industry. Not one code had yet been signed, but the Secretary had firmly decided what governmental controls would be needed and was prepared—as General Johnson never has been—to fight doggedly for them.



IN DEFENSE OF CAIN

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

ONE of the great advantages of irreligion is that it enables one to read the Bible without prejudice. One does not need to respect the moral ideas of the prophet Samuel or to share the opinions of the patriarch Jacob on the genetics of sheep. Nor need one when the authors of the Bible record an event agree with their evaluation of it. So one can read the Bible as a historical document, and the possibility arises of rejudging the case of Cain and Abel.

We now know the approximate date of Noah's flood, because Woolley has excavated down to the mud which it deposited at Ur, and also below this mud. It becomes clear that the antediluvian history of the book of Genesis is inexact, but it is very unlikely that all of it is pure fiction. It presumably enshrines some historical facts, but in a highly symbolical form. The murder of Abel by Cain probably represents a reality and, I think, a very important reality indeed. In fact it can be argued that no equally important historical event has happened since.

The story of Cain and Abel is presumably the record of a fight between a pastoral and an agricultural people, won by the latter. The Bible states that the conflict occurred on religious grounds. "Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in process of time it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the first-

lings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. But unto Cain and his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell." But an economic reason can also be inferred with high probability, as in the case of other religious conflicts. Cain had planted a section of the territory over which Abel's flocks ranged. The murder occurred "in the field." This is still a normal cause of squabbles between tribes in the regions round Arabia. Naturally enough, the economic system which could support the denser population was victorious.

Still the economic difference between Cain and Abel was not all. It had given rise, in a good Marxian manner, to a difference of ideology. The story very clearly comes down to us from Abel's point of view. This is natural enough; the Pentateuch is written from the standpoint of a pastoral people. Now when one says that the Lord prefers A to B one means that one is quite certain that A is better than B. It is a method of giving greatly added weight to one's moral opinions. Thus it is quite usual to use the Almighty as an ally in war. The German imperial flag bore the motto "Gott mit uns, 1870." (He apparently changed sides during the ensuing forty-four years.) On the other hand, He is rarely dragged into party politics. It does not seem plausible that the Lord greatly prefers Roosevelt to Hoo-

ver or MacDonald to Lansbury. However, He plays a leading role in the internal affairs of Spain and Mexico, and was frequently claimed as a supporter of the late English Liberal party and the American Anti-Saloon League. Should communism become important in England, He will doubtless come to figure in our politics.

The writer of Genesis, like the designer of the German flag, had no doubt as to the Lord's opinions. He preferred a sacrifice of burnt fat and blood to one of vegetable products. But here again, it would seem, He has changed His mind. During the past nineteen centuries Christianity appears to have enjoyed the Divine favor. And on the Christian altars we find bread and wine, the products of agriculture, and not the corpses of animals or men. On the fundamental issue between the two brothers, Christianity agrees with Cain. And inevitably so, for our civilization is based on agriculture, not on animal breeding. The moral appears to be that there is a good deal to be said for us infidels, who do not invoke supernatural support for our opinions, and are beginning to adopt a scientific point of view about them. For we realize that there is only one way of finding out whether an opinion conforms with whatever inscrutable fact lies behind the appearances which we call the world. That is to act on the opinion and see if it works.

How did agriculture begin? Our earliest records of it are in Egypt, Iraq, and the Indus valley, and it has been suggested that it began there. If so we may take it that Cain, or whoever he symbolizes, was the first tiller of the soil. But modern research supports another point of view. The most important relevant work has been done in Russia. Now in Russia biology, like most other things, is run by the state, and the state is naturally con-

cerned with practical results. However, it takes long views, and provided a worker concerns himself with wheat, he may find out almost anything he likes about it, as any such knowledge may be of use, directly or indirectly, some day.

So the bureau of applied botany and plant breeding, in the intervals of improving the quality of Russian seed corn—not a very difficult task—has investigated the origin of the world's main cultivated plants. The most obvious principle to employ is to look for wild plants related to the cultivated types. But this is inadequate for several reasons. The wild plant may cover too wide an area. Or, in the case of hybrids such as the bread wheats, the wild ancestors may not be precisely known. Finally, a much odder thing may have happened. Rye apparently originated as a weed in wheat crops. When a mixed crop of rye and wheat is sown in a colder climate the rye is favored, and finally supplants the wheat by a process of natural selection. Rye as a crop seems to have originated in northern Europe in this way, far from the home of its original ancestors.

So Vaviloff, the head of the bureau, has employed two subtler criteria in his search for the original home of cultivated species. In the first place he seeks for the center of diversity of the plant. We can illustrate the meaning of this term by a simple example. In the whole of Europe there are twenty sub-species of bread wheat, in Persia fifty-two, in Afghanistan no less than sixty. In India, Turkestan, and other surrounding countries, the number is less, so that Afghanistan is the center of diversity. Now in the case of wild species, Willis showed that the center of origin is often the center of diversity; and this is certainly so in the case of cultivated species whose origin is known. Thus the number of

sorts of maize in cultivation increases as we approach its original home in Central America. It would be very strange if bread wheat had originated in Europe but had produced a number of new types on reaching Afghanistan, though it has not done so in other mountainous regions such as Switzerland, the Caucasus, and Chinese Turkestan.

Second, when a wild plant is domesticated the new genes which appear from time to time and form the basis for new races are usually recessive to the wild type. The genes of the wild type are dominant over them, that is to say the hybrids resemble the wild form. Thus in the Chinese Primrose twenty-seven new recessive and only two new dominant genes have arisen since its introduction into Europe a century ago. So in a cultivated plant the presence of dominant genes is the mark of an ancient race. It is not until we get as near to its center of origin as Arizona that we begin to find many of the purple and red-grained varieties of maize, which are dominant over the yellow and white forms, and also older. In just the same way dominant purple varieties of wheat and peas are found in Afghanistan.

On such grounds Vaviloff arrives at six centers of origin of the cultivated plants. The nearest important center to Mesopotamia was in the neighborhood of Afghanistan, and it was probably here, in relatively isolated valleys, that wheat was already being cultivated when Mesopotamia was still swamp and pasture.

Somehow or other agriculture reached the Mesopotamian plain. The Sumerian inhabitants of Southern Mesopotamia said that their ancestors had been taught agriculture by a divine being who came from the Persian Gulf. They represented their gods as standing on mountains, and as there are no mountains in Iraq, they

made artificial hills, or Ziggurats, of which the remains can be seen as mounds, and the legend persists in the story of the Tower of Babel.

All this certainly agrees very well with the idea that the Sumerians did not invent agriculture, but adapted an agriculture already developed in a mountainous area to the conditions of the plains. In the same way it seems likely that the Egyptians got many of their cereals, and particularly barley, from Abyssinia.

II

In so far as Cain represents any actual personage or group, he would seem to typify not so much the first tiller of the soil as the first agriculturalist to come into open conflict with pastoral peoples. There were probably several Cains in the old world. But there was no American Cain because there was no American Abel. The mammals of the New World were such poor subjects for domestication that no pastoral civilization was ever developed. The buffalo was never tamed. The llama is a poor source of meat and milk, and, as a draught animal inferior to the camel, though as a source of wool second only to the sheep. So America produced no pastoral nomads like the Arabs and Mongols. The agriculturalist came into conflict with hunters rather than nomads. In the Old World the replacement of hunters by pastoralists took place in most areas too early to leave any records, even legendary. But it is going on at the present moment in Northern Siberia, where tribes with domesticated reindeer are ousting hunters. No doubt incidents such as that of Cain and Abel still occur there. It is not known whether the breeding of reindeer is older or younger than that of sheep and horses, but it is at least possible that the former is a very old

culture, going back to the last ice age.

The battle between Cain and Abel really went on for thousands of years in the lands round the Arabian deserts. An occasional telegram from Iraq or Transjordan shows that it is not yet ended. The book of Joshua tells of a temporary triumph of Abel, an irruption of wandering tribes from the desert who broke in on the more settled civilization of Canaan and destroyed its fenced cities with their inhabitants. The Jews became agriculturalists in their turn, but preserved the religion of their wanderings, and continued to worship a God who demanded sacrifices of meat and blood.

On a far vaster scale Abel had his revenge on Cain in the great migrations of Arabs under the early Mohammedan Khalifs, and of Mongols under Jenghiz Khan and his successors. The Mohammedans, like the Jews, brought with them a religion of the desert which we children of Cain find over-simple, and whose stark simplicity was later embellished, especially in Persia and Morocco, with a variety of saints. Though the empire of the early Khalifs, which reached from Spain to the Indus, was a transient affair, their religion remains very much alive. It is still spreading southward in Africa to-day.

The even greater empire of the Mongols, which once covered most of Europe and Asia, was not really unified by religion, although many sections of it adopted Islam. The greater part of it was reconquered for Cain by the Russians. In Western Europe and America we are inclined to think of the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the English as the great colonizing nations, forgetting Siberia. The distance from Warsaw to Circle City overland apart from the Bering Straits is seven thousand miles, or nearly three times that from New York to San Francisco, and the Russians traversed this immense

distance, and held their territory together, without the aid of railways, or, save for the last lap, of ships. The elderly gentlemen and bright young journalists who constantly inform us that the Russians are an incompetent people, incapable of carrying out any great plan, appear to ignore this entirely unparalleled achievement.

But we must go back to the original Cain, the Mesopotamian agriculturalist. His battle with Abel was not the affair of a moment, but of many centuries, and he could only defend himself from the desert nomads by means of fortified cities and standing armies. The curse of Cain was not so much remorse as militarism. A nomadic chieftain like Abraham might occasionally mobilize his whole tribe to war, but the tribe did not include a military caste supported by the rest of the population, and developing its own system of morals. There were other curses too. Irrigation encourages the hookworm and the mosquitoes which carry malaria. Urban life offers new opportunities to the microscopic causes of epidemic disease.

When we cast our eyes over the history of civilized peoples we dwell perhaps too long on the periods of high culture when the rulers, though they might take part in wars, were not professional soldiers. We remember Israel, Athens, the Roman republic and early empire, Florence and Venice, and the civilized states of the past few centuries. We forget Nineveh, Sparta, the Asiatic empires of Alexander and his successors, the later Roman Empire, and feudal Europe. These were governed by men who thought of themselves first and foremost as soldiers, and they contributed rather little to the world.

That is not, of course, the whole story. It was very widely believed that a satisfactory crop could only be ensured by the performance of a spring

ritual, which included not only unusual sexual activity, but human sacrifice. Elliot Smith and Perry have contended that the need for a supply of captives for the purpose of sacrifice was an important element in the origin of offensive wars, particularly in ancient Egypt. The more public manifestations of witchcraft in Western Europe, such as the witches' sabbath, seem to have included relics of the spring fertility ceremony. And to judge from the accounts of witches' sabbaths, not to mention Goya's terrific picture of one in the Prado at Madrid, Cain was, after all, rather a nasty fellow.

III

But what has all this got to do with us to-day? We are in no danger of invasion by wandering shepherds. Abel belongs to history rather than to politics. Our dangers are quite different. Just as Cain's agriculture largely ousted Abel's pastoralism, so to-day industrialism is destroying the old civilization built on agriculture and handicraft. And most of us are trying to meet this situation by applying to industry an ethic suitable to agriculture. Quite clearly a change in the type of production should bring with it a change in ideas concerning property. The nomadic tribe may recognize property in animals, but the grazing grounds belong to the tribe as a whole. The moment that agriculture begins, either land and its produce must be owned by individuals, or the community must devise and carry out an elaborate system of apportionment of tasks and division of products. On the whole, private ownership worked better, being simpler and offering more scope for individual initiative. But Abel, we may surmise, regarded it as a gross infringement of the age-old and unshakeable principles of morality when Cain prevented

his cattle from grazing on a wheat-field.

To-day our economic system is proving inadequate for a number of reasons. The idea of absolute ownership which worked well enough for a cow or a field will not work when applied to a public utility. Moreover in a closely knit economic system the number of industries which must be regarded as public utilities is constantly growing. And the efficiency of most forms of production has been so increased that an economic system based on the fact of chronic scarcity will not work.

The most striking attempt to remedy this state of affairs is of course found in the U.S.S.R. It has not been completely successful, but equally obviously it has not broken down. If the first three five-year plans work out satisfactorily, a state of affairs will be reached where the more urgent demands of the population for commodities will have been met, as on the whole they are by capitalism during periods of prosperity. The fourth five-year plan includes a large-scale organization of leisure for education and recreation. The success of this plan is of course uncertain, but it is extremely important to realize that it exists. Further, our civilization appears to be breaking down biologically. In most civilized countries the birth rate is so low that a decline in population in the near future is quite certain. This is not due entirely to contraception, but partially to late marriage and a number of other causes.

Now very large numbers of people regard the communist party as the writer of Genesis regarded Cain. More intelligent reactionaries realize that the real villains of the piece are not so much the communists as the scientists and technicians who created the economic situation which renders a thoroughgoing overhaul of our ex-

isting moral and social ideas inevitable. The communists take the view that the transition inevitably calls for a technic not wholly dissimilar from that which Cain employed on Abel. They may be right. It is also possible, or at least conceivable, that in certain countries the change might take place with comparatively little violence. In his preface to the second English edition of Marx's *Capital*, Engels thought that this was possible in England, though even here he predicted a revolutionary movement directed against socialism.

The extreme form of the reaction is to be found in Germany, where the program of the National Socialist Party includes a considerable replacement of machinery by manual labor. It is unlikely that this quite logical idea will be carried far, for two reasons. It would lower the military efficiency of Germany, and it would ruin a number of the rich men who are supporting Hitler.

In practice we may as well admit that a wholesale destruction of ma-

chines is out of the question. It would only be possible by international agreement, and nations which will not agree to scrap heavy guns and bombing airplanes will hardly agree to destroy looms and railways.

So we may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that a new Cain is on the way. We may hope that the coming conflict will be mollified or at least shortened if it is seen in its proper historical perspective. Some of the party of the new Cain may sympathize with the point of view of the old one, even though they cannot share it. Some of the conservatives may realize that they have sound historical reasons for altering their views.

Two things are fairly certain. One is that our civilization will either break up or go forward to a new form. The other is that if we have learned nothing since the day of Abel and Cain the transition elsewhere will be as bloody as it was in Russia, and the new civilization will start on its career saddled with a curse.





FORCES THAT CONTROL THE SCHOOLS

BY HOWARD K. BEALE

IN CLEVELAND on February 28th Harold Campbell, Superintendent of Schools of New York City, told the National Education Association convention that: "The gods of business and finance had a queer code of ethics and very little knowledge of economic laws or social problems. . . . Yet most of . . . [these business men] were the products of our system of education. This was our failure. If any one thing is clear it is that education has a more important part to play in the realizing of the new social order than has the government itself." Educators may gather in convention, make speeches, and pass resolutions, but, until powerful forces that control teaching are overcome, the schools will never be capable of carrying out the high purposes enunciated by Superintendent Campbell and schoolmen everywhere during the self-analysis which the depression has forced upon us.

There were individual educators before the 1929 débâcle who recognized the need of social and economic reform. But forces too powerful for them prevented the schools from becoming a vigorous and independent factor in our changing social and economic life and made them, instead, what they were—and are—a great bulwark of the *status quo*, of the very system whose ethics and ignorance of economic laws and social problems Superintendent Campbell condemned at Cleveland. Those same forces, at

present a little chastened, are still powerful and merely awaiting better times to bend the schools once more to their purposes.

The creation of a better social order requires critical analysis, great faith, intense labor, and trained intelligence. Our schools are indispensable in the cultivation of these qualities. The creation of such an order also involves change. This would necessarily disturb powerful elements which benefit from the old order. It is these elements that control the schools, and they have always opposed change. They seek to use the schools to "develop character," to instill "respect for law and order," to make "good citizens," and to teach "patriotism," but, when analyzed, these terms all mean to the interested groups unquestioning acceptance of things as they are. Men who control the schools object to teachers who stimulate thought and create critical attitudes. Teachers may express views on questions that do not matter, but on anything that does affect vital interests the schools must be "neutral," which means that they may and inevitably do support present conditions but must not criticize or try to improve them. In the American struggles for religious liberty teachers were forced to uphold religious conformity. Schools are now free to oppose human slavery; but when slaveholders were the nation's greatest property interest teachers were forced either to keep silent on

that most important of public questions or else to defend the slave system. The present ambassador to Germany, an authority on the antebellum South, believes that if it had not been for the shutting off of all "authoritative objection to the dangerous trend of the plantation system" by denying to "teachers and scholars the function of free criticism, one of the most cruel and most needless of wars" might not have come. He urged America of 1932 to profit by the South's folly. "Not many men," he says, "have the vigor to oppose openly the unsocial efforts of their own benefactors. But they must do so in the hope that society may not drift into war or economic collapse."

The subjects that interest them change, but the powerful groups that seek to control education remain essentially the same. Sir William Berkeley thanking God in the 1670's that "There are no free schools," De Bow pleading in Southern commercial conventions of the 1850's for schools, teachers, and texts that would not preach abolitionism, and Samuel Insull and Bernard J. Mullaney organizing the Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information to prevent the teaching of "socialistic" doctrines in the schools were all playing the same role. In our own time it is subjects of war and peace, nationalism and internationalism, patriotism or pseudo-patriotism, politics, history, science, and religion in certain sections, but above all social and economic problems that these interested groups wish to bar from vital treatment in the schools. The non-industrialized South seeks to prevent the schools from discussing evolution and wishes them to inculcate devotion to fundamentalist religion. In the North evolution can usually be freely taught. That does not mean that the North believes in free schools. It merely

means that religion has ceased to interest the groups in control. The test of a free school in a Northern community is whether capitalism can be criticized, whether socialism, communism, or some other system generally considered dangerous can be supported by individual teachers who regard it as providing a "better social order."

The forces that control the schools and seek to prevent their participation in attempts to solve vital current problems are partly outside pressure groups, partly elements of the school system, and partly subjective forces within the educators themselves.

II

Among the noisiest, though not the most effective, outside pressures are those exerted by the so-called patriotic organizations: ancestor-worshippers like the Daughters of the American Revolution, military organizations like the American Legion, and various other organizations set up to further patriotism of the one hundred per cent variety. These groups have several characteristics in common. They stand for a common brand of chauvinism and super-nationalism. They advocate huge armies and navies, imperialism, isolationism. They tend to hold reactionary economic, social, and political views. They are stimulated to panic or patriotic oratory at the mention of anything they consider radical or even liberal. They hate pacifists, whom they regard as traitors. They attack an opponent's ideas by denouncing his motives, his morals, his loyalty to America. They fight "radicalism" in the name of ancestors who were themselves radicals. They deny freedom to opponents and practice repression in the name of early Americans whose great claim to fame was their love of freedom. They talk

freely of protecting American ideals and traditions, but they have never studied the writings of men like Lincoln, Madison, Jefferson, Franklin sufficiently to know that they themselves perpetually violate the ideals for which these men struggled. One wonders if they have ever read Jefferson's first inaugural address or the Declaration of Independence. If Thomas Jefferson were alive to-day and tried in an American school to interpret the Declaration of Independence in terms of modern America, the patriotic organizations would get him barred as a dangerous radical.

Many of these "patriotic" organizations make suppression of freedom in the schools a chief purpose. They seek to use the schools for propaganda for their own views of patriotism, war and peace, economic and political theory. They try to force teachers to indoctrinate children with "correct" views. They go farther and try to suppress as radical or prejudiced any contrary views a teacher may hold. If they are successful education will become a process of memorizing shibboleths, going through outward forms of patriotism such as flag salutes and oaths of allegiance, and then learning to render blind, unthinking obedience to the behests of a small minority who have taken upon themselves an un-American censorship of the speech and ideas of all of their fellow-citizens.

How successful these groups are in controlling the schools is difficult to determine. They have succeeded in getting some of their wishes incorporated into school curricula. They have forced the modification of some texts and secured the banning of others. Occasionally a teacher is disciplined to please them. Thousands of teachers refrain from self-expression because of fear of them. They keep pacifist and liberal speakers out

of many schools. They force teachers to hypocrisy. They keep popular opinion unfavorable to freedom. Yet their influence is small in proportion to the commotion they create. The American Legion is most powerful. The D.A.R. and United Daughters of the Confederacy share second place. In the South feminine patriotism owes allegiance to the Confederacy, not to national heroes. Hence the D.A.R. is relatively inactive, but its position as guardian of the schools is adequately filled by the U.D.C.

Some of the newly organized patriotic groups—not the descendant organizations or the military brotherhoods—are very closely related to reactionary "big business" and are heavily financed by timid men of great wealth who use these "patriotic" organizations as disguises under which to crush reforms that endanger their economic power. Furthermore, some of the professional "patriots" find it quite profitable to feed the fears of these men of wealth by discovering for them a red in every schoolhouse and church. There can be no doubt of the sincerity and the devotion to country of the D.A.R. and the Legion. Their motives are not bad. But they are dangerous to the schools because they will never admit the purity of their opponents' motives, because they depend upon threats and force and are unwilling to allow questions to be settled by free speech and free debate, and because they look upon teachers as automata hired to impose upon the next generation the views of whatever group is powerful enough to control them.

There are other groups who seek to control teachers for specific purposes: anti-Britishers who make political capital or personal gain out of rekindling the traditional hatred of Britain; Irish-Americans who besides twisting the British lion's tail seek to

emphasize in the schools the contributions of the Irish to American life; German-Americans who have added to their old interest in glorifying German-American heroes the new purpose of barring from classrooms all material derogatory to Germany's part in the War and all truths unpleasant to German ears, even official pronouncements of President Wilson; Negro organizations that not only labor tirelessly for fair and equal treatment of Negroes, but when this is attained, like all such groups, go farther and seek to eliminate from the schools all unpleasant reminders of the Negro's past. Religious groups put occasional pressure upon teachers. In smaller communities this comes from Protestant sects that are usually eager to control schools not only in order to serve their own religious ends but to bulwark the present social order as well. In the cities Catholics are often powerful enough to prevent the expression of views "dangerous" to their faith.

For several years the Ku Klux Klan was a power in the schools of the Middle West, South, and Border States in persecuting Jews, Catholics, Negroes, "radicals," persons with foreign names. Teachers and superintendents who would not do its bidding were driven out. To-day the old Klan element is still often the motive power behind attacks upon freedom in teaching, upon Negro schools, Catholics, and the teaching of evolution.

The W.C.T.U. has long been powerful in education. Chambers of Commerce and local bar associations interfere with teaching for the sake of protecting things as they are. The American Bar Association in 1922 appointed a committee on American citizenship, which included Wallace M'Camant, attacker of historians, red-baiter, and anti-Britisher. The citizenship creed drawn up by the lawyers

began, "I believe that we Americans have the best government that has ever been created—the freest and the most just for all the people." "The schools of America," reported the committee, "should no more consider graduating a student who lacks faith in our government than a school of theology should graduate a minister who lacks faith in God."

The American press is one of the worst restraints upon schools. It is largely owned or controlled by wealthy and conservative men. Its keenness for news sometimes overcomes its desire to serve its masters. Occasionally when thoroughly aroused, public opinion must have a victim, and the press turns on a Mitchell or an In-sull. But ordinarily it "soft-pedals" news fundamentally derogatory to the rich and the powerful who continually menace freedom in the schools. The damaging revelations made during the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of public utility domination of the schools got very little publicity except in the liberal weeklies and an occasional independent daily. Cases of violation of freedom are usually ignored or written from the conservative or the administration point of view in all but a few papers like the Scripps-Howard chain.

Besides, the press often leads the attack upon freedom. Frequently it is impelled thereto merely by its appetite for news. The story of some "queer" or "radical" teacher or, above all, a juicy bit of gossip, harmless perhaps in itself but fatal to the teacher, whets that appetite and tickles the public's fancy. Stories that injure teachers are, in short, "news," whereas the fine but quiet work and influence of these same unconventional teachers through long years of service are not "news." In other cases, honest conviction or a desire to please its masters leads the press to attack teachers

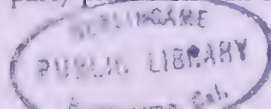
or the schools. The *New York Times*, generally more fair-minded than many, has attacked teachers' unions and radicalism. The *Los Angeles Times* has been a large factor in maintaining business and political control of Los Angeles schools. The Hearst papers not only carried the Charles Grant Miller attacks upon history but have persistently baited "reds" and attacked freedom in teaching in other ways. The *Charlotte Observer* has led attacks on freedom in its State and has carried on deadly warfare against the liberalism of the University of North Carolina. The *Chicago Tribune* rarely loses an opportunity to attack teachers' organizations and "radicalism" in the schools. A newspaper is in a position to publish falsehoods and then ignore the corrections, which it may admit privately. Corrections of misstatements are not news. During the depression a large part of the press has led the cry for economy, not at the expense of business and political corruption but at the cost of crippling the schools and thereby depriving teachers of the economic security that is basic to their free participation in solving society's problems.

III

Abundant evidence exists that schools and their teachers are often the football of politics. All too often attacks on schools, or something taught in them, or the conduct or views of their teachers, make excellent ammunition for the demagogue. Evolution and radicalism would have been much less serious issues if it had not been so profitable for politicians to capitalize on them. When politicians are in danger of losing on real issues or when they wish to turn public attention from their own misdemeanors, socialism or some other bogey serves as a red herring. When once an

appeal is made to emotions of this sort then, whatever their own convictions and however great their regret at the raising of the issue, few politicians dare stand out for the schools in the face of popular feeling. Moreover, schools provide rich spoils for the political bosses. For schools to criticize abuses of local politicians is ordinarily impossible.

Recently A. O. Roorbach was dismissed from the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, schools because he attacked boss control. In 1931 two of the nine machine school directors, dominated by the Republican county boss, had inspired the organization of a High School Teachers' Association. At a secret session hand-picked officers were elected. Then an effort was made to bully all teachers into joining this politician-controlled Association. A blanket dismissal of all teachers sixty days before the close of school was used as a whip threatening refusal of reinstatement to any who refused to join. The Association's president boasted that all teachers who stayed out would be fired. One teacher critic of politician control was demoted. Others were intimidated. Teacher opposition to the Association was so strong, however, that the teachers were finally reinstated without joining. Roorbach led the opposition. He co-operated with leading citizens in obtaining a financial and pedagogical survey of the Harrisburg schools by outside experts who reported that "petty politics of all sorts is ruining the school system." In June, 1933, Roorbach was dismissed. But Harrisburg was aroused. Mass meetings were held. A Citizens' Committee was formed. Members of this Committee were threatened by politicians with business ruin. The Board evaded action and finally refused to restore Roorbach. Then a "citizens' no politics" ticket was entered in both party primaries. In September, 1933,



all of its school-board candidates were nominated on the Democratic ticket; three out of four of them on the Republican. A reform school board was elected in November. Roorbach was triumphantly reinstated in February.

Such temporary defeat of boss control, however, is rare. It was made possible in Harrisburg only by an unusual combination of an aroused public, a friendly press, and unusually courageous teachers.

Labor, too, seeks to make teaching serve its purposes. Labor groups have interfered on a number of occasions—sometimes successfully—with curricular matters. Some of its leaders fought the junior high schools, the platoon system, separate vocational schools, psychological tests—all of which it regarded as devices to discriminate against labor's children. It also sought to obtain from teachers a fairer attitude toward labor and some attention to labor's part in economic development. Unlike most pressure groups, however, labor has aided both the social studies and freedom in teaching. It has insistently demanded that more attention be paid in the schools, even in the lower schools, to a realistic study of economics and social problems of the new industrial order. Furthermore, labor has long fought the teacher's battle for freedom. It has pleaded for emancipation of schools from propaganda and the teachers from pressures of particular groups. It opposed the Lusk Laws and loyalty tests. But it has not the money nor the influence of some of the other groups.

The increasing tendency toward government control of education threatens to become one of the great menaces of the future. The last two decades have seen an appalling increase of legislative regulation of schools. Legislatures prescribe mandatory courses on the federal and State constitutions, on State history, on the federal govern-

ment, on the State government, on "civil government," on citizenship, on community civics, on the Declaration of Independence. Many legislatures require flag salutes, patriotic oaths of children, special loyalty oaths of teachers, the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" or other patriotic songs. The number of commemorative celebrations prescribed by law is sufficiently great to interfere seriously with the educative work of the schools. The identity of the wording of prescriptions in widely separated States indicates that these are sponsored not by the educators of the State concerned but by national lobbying organizations.

Politicians and pressure groups have secured the enactment of laws making mandatory the inculcation of certain qualities of character and conduct such as Americanism, benevolence, business integrity, chastity, cleanliness, common honesty, courtesy, economy, frugality, gentility, good behavior, honesty, industry, integrity, justice, kindness, love of country, manners, moderation, moral courage, morals, neatness, obedience to law, obedience to parents, order, patriotism, piety, politeness, professional integrity, promptness, public spirit, purity, refinement, regard for others, regular saving, respect for government, respect for the home, respect for labor, respect for laws, respect for the national flag, respect for parents, safe investment, sobriety, temperance, thrift, truth, and wise spending. Special instruction is made mandatory in Bible reading, fire prevention, accident prevention, disease prevention, traffic laws, proper conduct on the streets, forestation, kindness to birds and animals. In almost every State, laws sponsored by pressure groups like the W.C.T.U. require instruction in the nature of alcoholic drinks, narcotics, and stimulants and their effect upon the human

system. Many States make special exercises mandatory in observance of Arbor Day, Bird Day, Conservation Day, Temperance Day, Flower Day. Many of these provisions are harmless enough or perhaps highly desirable, but they are so numerous as to interfere seriously with the normal educative process. Frequently, too, the law necessitates a special course on the Constitution or "good citizenship" unrelated to a modern course in the social studies and, therefore, tiresome to the student and contrary to sound pedagogy. Surely if any or all of these provisions are to be included in school curricula, it should be teachers and other experts in education, and not politicians or lobbying groups like the W.C.T.U. or the "patriotic" societies, who prescribe them.

Federal aid to schools, now eagerly sought by educators, is likely to carry with it federal control over schools. A federal Department of Education would open the way for making the schools merely an effective instrument of national propaganda. People who talk glibly of using the schools to put over the New Deal or some particular Utopian scheme of their own need to study the schools of Hitlerite Germany and then pause for reflection. Yet the New Deal is being "taught" in a number of our schools in 1934. The theory that the people who pay the taxes or the State that maintains the schools should control the schools has wide acceptance. Schools controlled by the party in power or the social order of the moment can never help create a better order. It makes no difference whether the controlling power is fascism, capitalism, or a utopian state sponsored by social reformers.

IV

Perhaps the most dangerous, because the most general and most subtle, con-

trol is that exercised by business. Business men dominate most school boards. In his study of school boards George S. Counts discovered that professional groups, particularly lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, representing a very small proportion of the population, control the boards. A recent analysis of several school boards found them to include the wife of the manager of a cement company, a retired hay and grain merchant who said he "was tired of playing golf and wanted something to do," a lawyer whose firm floated school bonds and fought government ownership of utilities, a chemical manufacturer who made a fortune out of government contracts during the War, a manufacturer of cigars, a tobacco merchant, an engineer connected with a coal company from which the board purchased coal, a lumber merchant, a grain speculator prominent in anti-labor fights, a retired mining engineer, a retired storekeeper, a contractor, a traction company president bitterly opposed to unions, a jeweler, several corporation lawyers, several bankers, several wealthy old ladies. Boards of trustees in private schools read like a selected list of America's better known business leaders and corporation lawyers.

The influence of these business men gives them power over superintendents and teachers and subjects taught in the schools. They see that certain subjects are tabooed: government control of railroads in a railroad town; conditions in the mines in a mining town; labor questions and company police in a steel town; criticism of the mill owners in a textile town; the fact that a particular local business is not paying its share of school taxes. In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, for example, no teacher would dare criticize the tobacco industry's practices or advocate a tax on tobacco. Economic views contrary to the business interests of in-

terested wealthy benefactors would not be expressed in most private schools. This power of business men comes partly from the fact that their gifts finance private schools and their taxes pay for public ones. It arises also in part from the respect that schoolmen in a society dominated by material values feel for the man of affairs who has been successful in accumulating wealth. Teachers as well as clerks in business offices looked upon Samuel Insull as Chicago's greatest citizen. This power of business is used to see that ideas are taught that will give the next generation the same uncritical awe of financial success, however unscrupulous, which this generation has had. Business's chief interest in the schools is the indoctrination of pupils and teachers with concepts that will silence criticism of business and its methods and will insure large profits for the future. Business learned long ago in developing the technic of salesmanship that subtle methods are more effective than direct ones in controlling ideas. Business men would not state their purpose in just these terms; they always translate their economic desires into terms of the public good, Americanism, rugged individualism, or patriotism. After all, do not large business profits mean prosperity for all—or at least for all who count? "Prosperity trickles down to the masses" is the doctrine business taught this generation when it was in school. Men are so accustomed to confuse their own desires with fine principles that most men who seek to control schools, in order to inculcate ideas that will protect their business, probably have really convinced themselves that this is an act of pure public service.

"The War taught us the power of propaganda," said business's super-prophet, Roger Babson. "Now when we have anything to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it.

We have the school, the pulpit, and the press." J. M. Brewer has collected quotations from Superintendent Studebaker of Des Moines (newly appointed United States Commissioner of Education), Superintendent Leavitt of Pittsburgh, and other schoolmen on the importance of linking up the schools with business. "We must please the business men," Superintendent Dorsey of Los Angeles used to tell teachers; "otherwise they will not vote the bonds to keep our schools going." Recently, after a lecture of Professor Ellwood's in which he had urged the need of more social studies in the schools, a superintendent came up to say that he agreed with Ellwood thoroughly but that his school board of business men did not regard the social studies as a part of education.

Business seeks to use the schools to train skilled and contented workmen rather than individuals capable of using leisure richly. It not only urges industrial training but seeks to control the kind given. A business association formed to promote corporation schools declared ". . . the chances of having Bolshevism would be decreased about 90 per cent by having education in all corporations as a preventive measure. . . . The United States Steel Company would have lost their strike hands down if they had not run their educational program from the start."

Often business interferes in the choice of school officials. It obtains the dismissal of teachers. In Florida the Chamber of Commerce protested against a geography in use in the schools because it carried twenty-five pictures of California and only four of Florida. The Metal Trades Association circularized schools warning them of the dangers of the closed shop. Speakers representing business are frequently sent into the schools to speak, whereas opponents of questionable

methods of business are excluded. One ever welcome speaker in Illinois was Samuel Insull; but the few daring men who pointed out the practices for which he was recently a fugitive from justice were barred as "radicals." In many places schools are owned by great corporations, which control whole villages on a feudal basis. This is true in the mining towns of Colorado and West Virginia, parts of Kentucky, and Tennessee; in the steel and coal towns of Western Pennsylvania; in the mill towns of North and South Carolina. In Southern mill districts teachers are called together for "pep" meetings and are given instructions what to do. Houses, streets, police, schools, and teachers are all owned by the mills. Columbia, South Carolina, has free schools partly because the mills, which might have controlled them, are outside the city limits in a mill village where they "own" schools of their own. In the large plantation areas of some parts of the South the planter owns and rules the schools and is not enthusiastic about education for his hands.

Manufacturers' associations and other business groups have been successful in concealing most of their activities. In 1928 an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission brought the activities of the utility companies into the open and revealed an amazingly well organized and extensive set of controls by which teachers' freedom of thought and teaching was being restrained, often in subtle fashion. Committees of "education" were set up all over the country which, under the guise of "helping" the schools, put utility propaganda into the hands of teachers and pupils, sought to control texts and curricula, sent propagandists into the schools as "lecturers," supplied material for the private ownership side of debates and distributed an enormous amount of

printed matter. The purpose was to obtain higher rates and effectively to prevent government control by creating "good will" in the coming generation while their minds were still "plastic." "Future generations of Americans," the American Gas Association was told, "will be staunch friends of the public utilities . . . if the work of the information committees continues to function in teaching the youth of the land that the utility men are neither bugaboos nor bandits, but public servants." "Working the schools," said one utility agent, "is something that must be handled very carefully. . . . You cannot afford to let the public think . . . that the . . . companies are trying to circulate propaganda through the schools." Pleased with his shrewdness, one utility propagandist wrote, "Will not the public look upon us as educators rather than as propagandists before the year is over?"

In general, the outside forces that shackle the schools are not vicious persons but almost always the community's "best citizens," its good church members, its civic and business leaders, the most "respectable" people.

V

Inside the schools, various forces operate as checks upon teachers of unconventional views. No one is more conservative and conventional than the average high school youth. Dread of student opinion can silence teachers as effectively as administrative order, and desire for popularity with pupils has ruined many a course which the teacher could have made valuable.

Fear of the paymaster is a serious restraint, whether he be a legislature, a tuition-paying parent, or a benefactor of the schools. Actual direct interference by any of these holders of the money-bags is rare. Nevertheless, they often have decided views, particularly

about things they do not like. Teachers are well aware of the attitudes of people from whom they must get money and are effectively silenced by fear of giving offense that will cost the school appropriations or endowment gifts.

Other teachers, particularly older ones made conservative by the passage of years and long-established habit and routine, exercise a powerful restraint upon a fellow-teacher. Supervisors, principals, school board members, and superintendents all have great power, which they usually exercise in the direction of conformity. The school board member is generally a politician, a business man, or his lawyer satellite, or an ordinary good citizen with neither social ideals nor knowledge of educational problems. There are occasional administrators of vision and courage capable of leading the schools in the creation of a better social order—the superintendents of Bronxville, Winnetka, and Denver are of this order. But generally the men who succeed in rising to administrative posts are those who know best how to curry favor in powerful places or at least how to avoid trouble.

The administrator's position is exceedingly difficult. With higher rank, not only power but responsibility and danger increase. If anything goes wrong in the schools, the administrator is blamed. He must even bear the brunt of attacks upon what one of his teachers has said or done. Although he has power over teachers, his head is more likely to come off than theirs. He has to keep lazy teachers at work and get rid of incompetent ones without raising the cry of violation of freedom or bringing down upon him the wrath of influential friends of the teacher. He must keep the school running smoothly in spite of jealousies and clashing personalities. He must overcome inertia

and win unwilling teachers to any educational reform he wishes to institute. All the conflicting elements in the community push or pull him about or try to, or battle with one another over his head. Where teachers do have freedom it is often because the administrator has made himself a buffer between them and parents, politicians, local business, patrioteers, and the school board. If he wishes advancement for himself, or even safety, he must accomplish all of this without making too many enemies. If, besides, he should try to make the schools a vital force in the community, his task would become difficult indeed—at least until the power of the forces about the schools is curbed, and men are raised to administrative positions whose chief purpose is something better than the holding of their jobs by avoidance of all courses that may cause them trouble. The administrator's post is difficult, but, in any case, the psychology and training of most men holding those posts are such as to make them seek to repress any teacher eager to become a leader of social betterment or of anything else. As to the educators' great association—the National Education Association—which the administrators control, it is one of the greatest forces of inertia and reaction in the whole field—utterly incapable of helping the teachers provide the leadership so badly needed or of even protecting them against these other forces.

These various pressures upon the schools usually operate upon the teacher indirectly. They are most effective when he is unconscious of them. The really important problem in obtaining freedom is not that of securing the rarely courageous or so-called "indiscreet" teacher against loss of job, but the much more difficult problem of protecting the average teacher against the countless small, sometimes imperceptible forces that

gradually destroy his individuality, his enthusiasm, his idealism, and his independence, and make him completely subservient to those within and without the schools who seek to control teachers. Most efforts to protect the schools content themselves with tenure laws, which are both ineffective and relatively unimportant. The best tenure law on the statute books contains plenty of loopholes like "unprofessional conduct," "inefficiency," "economy," to make possible the dismissal of any teacher the authorities really wish to oust. But dismissals are relatively unimportant anyway. The threat of dismissal is just as effective. One dismissal will keep a whole school system cowed for years. But there are more effective controls. Suspension, even for a brief period, bears all the stigma of punishment, costs the teacher money in lost salary, and creates less protest. Demotion, transfer to a less desirable position, extra duties, persistent unpleasantness, depriving a teacher of a course he likes in his own special field and forcing him to teach a subject he dislikes and knows little about, turning in poor ratings unfairly arrived at, withholding promotions, are all effective. Henry Linville of the Teachers Union says that in New York City a teacher can believe or advocate almost anything, even communism, provided he is willing to relinquish all hope of advancement and be content to remain right where he is, satisfied with the knowledge that he has been honest with himself; but if a teacher wants promotions then he must not get the reputation of being radical, for "radicals" never get moved up into better positions.

Warnings or even just the known views of officials are usually enough to deter teachers. A superintendent of a large city writes:

A teacher in X-ton was asked in economics as to the probable growth of X-ton. He

replied by having pupils list factors which make for community growth. The next day an officer of the Chamber of Commerce reported to the superintendent that the teacher was being disloyal to the community. I think the mere fact that the superintendent inquired of the teacher about this matter has caused the teacher to refrain from answering such a question again.

John L. Tildsley, District Superintendent of New York, with similar understanding says, "The teacher in the lower schools learns that heads of schools are tyrannical and that he gets on better if he conforms. Whether this is always true to facts or not, the philosophy prevails among teachers. Therefore, the people who succeed in working up get to be just drill masters. This in turn increases the tendency to require conformity." Discipline or even threat of discipline is unnecessary, when teachers generally realize that nonconformity injures them and that conventional ideas and implicit obedience are the means to professional advancement.

Teachers are too likely to accept the best families' condescension, the business man's contempt, and the community's "he's only a teacher" attitude as valid appraisals of themselves. Teachers, like other human beings, are extremely sensitive to community opinion. They want the community's respect and good will. Often they compromise with their own best instincts and their intelligence in order to win the good opinion of men whose good opinion they know has no value. Before the schools can assume leadership, the teachers in them must be freed from control by the ideology, the prejudices, the conventionalities of the community he is now urged to lead.

The fears of teachers and school officials are among the most stubborn restrictions to overcome. There is good reason to be afraid, yet one of the worst limitations on teachers is their

own lack of courage. Courage to try would make possible many of the things that we are told are impossible. Nevertheless, the fear of teachers, which has dogged the present author's steps throughout his investigations, has a valid foundation, for the same forces that control teachers might inflict punishment if teachers exposed them. Time and again teachers have told of violations of freedom and then, as sober second thought, have asked the author not to relate the incidents for fear they would be recognized and would lead to discipline. Fear dominates other groups than teachers, but if teachers are to be leaders they must develop courage.

Inertia, complacency, and indifference of teachers are among the worst enemies of the schools. Most teachers want above all else a chance to earn a livelihood in peace and quiet. They will yield to almost anything rather than have a fight. Often they grumble among themselves and protest—not too loudly lest it be heard by somebody in authority. But anyone who has tried to organize these protesters behind a cause and to lead them in action that would remove the object of their protesting and attain the end they profess to desire knows how few can be counted upon not to run to cover and submit when the issue must really be joined. Few care enough for any cause to risk a comfortable position, little official favors, or an increase in salary for it.

VI

Jeffersonian democracy encouraged intelligence and ability and sought to give each individual free play for his own development. Jacksonian democracy replaced this with an equalitarianism that was contemptuous of intelligence. It believed one man's opinion as good as another's. Hence the majority view was always right and the indi-

vidual intelligence that differed from the majority was wrong and subject to suppression by the majority. This mob theory of intelligence all too often has replaced Jeffersonian ideals in the schools. Besides, our business leaders perverted Jeffersonian individualism, which sought to protect every individual's equal opportunity, into a "rugged individualism," which established the cut-throat law of ruthless competition. In reacting against the unsocial, exploitive individualism of business toward a socially responsible, collectivist society of some sort—if that is whither we are headed—educators of this generation need to avoid the pitfall of a collectivist intelligence, which will crush out freedom for the individual and once more make wisdom a process of counting noses.

A tendency in American schools to use terms carelessly, to profess in theory what one violates in practice, to accept catchwords without analyzing realities, to rationalize practices based on fear or expediency into educational formulæ, is a menace to any program that requires freedom or intelligence. Most educators give lip service to freedom for teachers, but few give it enough thought to realize that they are in reality opposed to it whenever it touches them personally. Superintendents who like to be regarded as liberal defend freedom as long as it remains safely abstract, but find reasons to deny it the minute it is concretely applied. Freedom is excellent for teachers who agree with them on fundamentals but disagree on trivialities. But as soon as anyone expresses views that they fundamentally dislike, such fair-weather friends of freedom run to the cover of "freedom within limits," which, when translated, means freedom of another to hold his own views only so long as they are views which you regard as correct or unimportant. One superintendent who prides him-

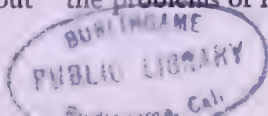
self on the freedom in his schools recently protested vigorously to the speaker against freedom for teachers to use the classroom to impose their "biases" and "prejudices" upon children. He fails to realize that his own views and the views of his teachers whose ideas he regards as safe are merely in turn their biases and prejudices. Who after all is not "prejudiced" by his background and experience? Yet history has often proved that it was the "prejudice" of an extremist and not the orthodoxy of the multitude that posterity regarded as truth. The only freedom that matters is the freedom that allows others to express views you know are dangerous or untrue. The very essence of freedom is belief in the power of truth if left free to overcome error. This makes "wrong" views harmless, yes, even serviceable in determining and strengthening "right" views. Children trained under teachers who are not free will not suddenly attain freedom themselves by graduation into adulthood. Only children subjected from early childhood to the conflicts and buffetings of the perpetual conflict of truth and error will ever live free lives. The dangers inherent in lack of freedom for the teacher are infinitely worse for the child than the most "dangerous" ideas a free teacher may express to him.

Many educators do not think enough to know that they are not free. Teacher after teacher has assured the author that he is entirely free and has then replied, "Oh, of course, we could not do that" to a series of specific applications of freedom. One superintendent wrote, "In this town there is very little restraint put on the teachers' expression of opinion. I believe most anything except communistic, anarchistic, religious, anti-patriotic, or prohibitionist doctrine can be disseminated by a clever teacher without

interference. An unusually disgusting situation obtains as regards politics in school board elections. One teacher's weaknesses are often condoned and another's disregarded as a result."

A certain pedagogic inability to use terms realistically hampers education. The author was appalled at the cowardice and the pretense he found among teachers and administrators. In pedagogical language, "fear" is always euphemistically called "discretion," "tact," or "good judgment." "Economy" is a conveniently vague excuse for anything an administrator wishes to do. Teacher after teacher assures one that he knows better economics or science than he teaches. But he must not offend the community's sensibilities. So he teaches not what he knows to be the truth, but what an untrained public wants to believe is truth. Hypocrisy is called "proper professional conduct." If one instills unconventional views into children that is "indoctrination." If one indoctrinates children, as most teachers do most of the time, with conventional attitudes, it is called "teaching." Educators do not even know what they mean by "education"—whether it means indoctrination with community prejudices, indoctrination with what left-wing educators want children to believe, drilling children in textbook learning, or finally creating a new generation themselves capable of intellectual integrity and independent thinking.

To describe the forces that shackle freedom is one thing. To protect the schools from control by those forces is more difficult. Yet protected they must be if they are to produce an intelligent citizenry. It cannot be too often reiterated that freedom in teaching is important not because it is a right of the teacher but because it is essential to an intelligent solution of the problems of modern society.





THE ONLY NEW VICE

BY PETER VAN DRESSER

THE "physical energy content" of contemporary Western civilization is greater—so far as we know—than that of any other before. Much of this energy expresses itself in motion of a thousand different kinds, from the ponderous glide of a steamship to the flick of a camera shutter. Most spectacular is the endless and intricate maze of motion of all the vessels and vehicles for air, water, road, and rail that carry us about.

The power of rapid and easy travel which first awakened a little more than a century ago with the invention of clumsy steamboats and locomotives has reached a frightening development to-day. In the process it has altered the ways of life of a large part of humanity and is obviously going to continue to alter them.

The logic of the engineer and the economist is on the surface of this vast rebuilding of the methods and modes of modern life; the logic of accelerated efficiency and productivity, of increased prosperity. But, beneath the surface, spiritual or emotional reservoirs must supply the hidden energy; for reason alone has never been able to move masses of humanity for long periods of time.

If this is true, then what is it that has furnished our culture with the vitality for centuries of sustained effort leading to our present mastery of time and space?

In the very phenomenon of speed there are depths of spiritual and emo-

tional experience that yield significant answers to this question.

The airplane, the steamship, the locomotive are far more than machines, mechanisms for conserving muscular power. *They are the symbols, the vessels of expression, of a powerful, deeply seated racial urge.* The automobile in particular is, so far, the most perfectly devised outlet for the average man of that "passion of the third dimension" which has dominated Western culture ever since Norse rovers headed for the open sea or cloistered monks dreamed of wings and fire-driven engines. It and all its kind constitute the real reason why to-day "art" and "religion" have no longer the living, vital, directed strength they once possessed. All the yearning, the striving upward and outward, that in a medieval community was poured into the building of a soaring cathedral now whirls itself out along the highways, beats in the quadruple pulse of fast locomotives, hurls itself into the sky with the desperate strength of exploding gas and hot steel.

The automobile and everything connected with it has assumed, at least in this country, almost a mythic significance. The lavish extravagance with which manufacturers announce their new models, the flights of lyric and epic prose with which copy writers extol their virtues, would be absurd and impossible in a nation not gone slightly hysterical on the subject. The slow and steady and perfectly nat-

ural improvement of this particular mechanical device is transformed by their arts into a series of epoch-making, revolutionary, breath-taking Strides of Progress—a pageant of motion rich with mystic overtones. The annual motor shows are celebrations of the mysteries of the cult of speed, and the new models emerge from them glowing with a radiance of unapproachable excellence that in sober thought is simply not justified.

The automobiles of five or even ten years ago are capable of perfectly satisfactory service. Automotive engineers admit that no really radical improvements have been made; even the latest “streamlining” is nine-tenths trumpery. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who make supreme efforts to avoid the ignominy of driving a car a year or so old. With them a new machine is a *spiritual necessity*, enabling them to feel a vital part of the great March of Progress which has largely supplanted in emotional power the religious sense of the soul’s progress toward eternal bliss.

To many of us this incessant crescendo of motion seems empty and mad—the frantic efforts of harassed minds to escape from thought and reality. Paul Morand, in *De la Vitesse*, describes speed as the “only new vice” and compares its effects to the action of a drug or an intoxicant. There is much truth in this observation, of course. The stupefying, stultifying effect of speed, its substitution of rapid, unseeing sensation for clear perception, its annihilation of old and cultured ways of living, have been discussed extensively.

But there is another side to the question. Sheer speed, and the instruments of it, have a beauty to which we are blind to our own loss. And further, some of the effects of speed are so profound and “real” as to rank certainly as æsthetic, almost as religious,

experiences. If its action may be compared to that of a drug, then according to strict analogy it must be by no means solely pathological; for the phenomenon of mystical experience under narcosis is an established one.

It is a plain fact that when one is face to face with *motion*, one is then in the presence of an ultimate mystery of the universe. There never has been a satisfactory explanation of motion, though philosophers have defined and redefined it since the most ancient time, and the Theory of Relativity embodies the latest attempt of modern physical philosophy. Motion is an enigma because it can be defined only in terms of Matter and Time, each of which is also an enigma. To understand any or all would be to understand the Absolute, or the Infinite, or whatever one calls the final mystery.

Ouspenski defines motion as the effect on our minds of the apprehension of the “real” universe—that is, of the phenomena of higher dimensionality, existing simultaneously or perpetually in time-space, but because of our limited faculties apparently moving and occurring in space and time.

Whether we are able to grasp the meaning of this or not, it is certainly true that in the apprehension of pure motion in its most concentrated form, as it were, one is very close to unknowable things, to the secrets which mystics and ascetics approach from other angles. And just as in other types of experience it is only a few of the more intense spirits who receive illumination, so in the “cult of speed” only those who penetrate to the last extreme of the sensation know its ultimate meaning. The rest of us merely jog along, figuratively and literally, experiencing the milder degrees of exhilaration and æsthetic response. Charles Morgan, in *The Fountain*, has an interesting passage that bears on this subject:

"Newton, seeking a final order in external nature; the saints of the early church, striving to identify themselves with God, and lose themselves in Him; the philosophers who, having no thought of resurrection, devoted their lives to the quest of the absolute truth, the untouchable, the timeless thing—were not all these struggling by different paths toward one end, an ecstasy invulnerable because it is 'out of the senses'? Men of a different temper . . . pursue the same quest in the senses—in the apprehension of speed which, while it lasts, excludes the apprehension of time."

What is it that compels racing drivers and pilots along the course of life they pick out? Their biographies are dogged endurance contests with hardships and with exasperating financial and material difficulties, punctuated by brief and ferocious orgies of speed. They pay in years of drudgery and rigorous training for the hours when, seated in their roaring machines, they taste to the limit the divine fire of speed.

Their cult demands of these adepts austerities not realized by the lay member—that is to say, the average motorist. The forces they control, the tremendous exertion of the struggle against annihilation, demand an outpouring of nervous energy not possible to many people. The late Major Segrave, in his book *The Lure of Speed*, said that not one man in a thousand knows how to "drive"—putting a truly reverential emphasis on the word. One gathers that a racing car in ordinary hands is as incapable of yielding its ultimate expression as a Guarnerius under the bow of a jig-player.

But what is it that these men experience? Campbell, white and trembling so that he had to be lifted out of the cockpit of the *Bluebird*, after setting the world's record of 272 miles per hour, presents a picture of the in-

tensity of the emotional experience undergone. He might have been recovering from an apocalyptic trance. Yet racing men are not facile with words, and they say little. Breaking 200 an hour was for Segrave the "biggest thrill" of his life. Some of them say they "get a kick out of it." Such are the inadequate words with which they describe experiences so powerful that they are worth sacrificing everything to undergo. And these are men of blood and spirit; they have lived profound values of life, though they may not be philosophically articulate. To dismiss them as mere "dare-devils" is begging the question.

In less extreme forms speed may generate emotions of a more endurable but singularly poignant kind. The by now almost fabulous Lawrence of Arabia seems to be a connoisseur of the subject. He used always to have (perhaps still has) a racing motorcycle named *Boanerges*, capable of a hundred miles an hour, with which he performed legendary feats. One of his practices was to let the machine out all the way once every hundred miles, just to keep it and himself from growing sluggish. I quote some of his impressions of speed:

"It's usually my satisfaction to purr along gently at 60 m.p.h., drinking in the air and the general view. I lose detail even at such moderate speeds but gain comprehension. When I open out a little more, as for instance across Salisbury plain at 80 or so, I feel the earth molding herself under me. It is me piling up this hill, hollowing this valley, stretching out this level space. That's a thing the slow coach will never feel. It is the reward of speed. I could write you pages on the lustfulness of moving swiftly."

This seems to me a capital bit of description. I wish he had written more. Once, on a slightly rolling Nebraska plain, I experienced the effect he de-

scribes. I was riding a motorcycle along a road that ran due west and, though I am not a fast driver, the stimulus of a beautiful morning, and the long perspective of the road ahead, gradually coaxed me (or the machine) to our top speed. The sensation was magnificent; one thing especially I noticed was the extraordinary illusion of hanging in space while the whole terrestrial globe rotated beneath me. I can imagine how some such emotion, or complex of emotions, many times magnified, might penetrate very deeply into the meaning of things, in an utterly indescribable way.

From the purely æsthetic point of view, speed may be developing in us a feeling for new values, new dynamic modes of art. How fascinating are the forms and movements of a landscape across a car window; the meltings and flowings of the earth's surface, the march and countermarch of distant trees and hills, the queer rhythmic motions of telegraph wires and fence posts!

And though the criticism that all intimate, charming detail is lost in high-speed travel is perfectly valid, yet something is gained that is new and wonderful. A day's travel in a fast car may be a thrillingly beautiful experience. In it we may literally *feel* the sweep of prairie mounting into foothills, the foothills rounding up into mountains, the mountains thrusting to the clear sky. The sudden grip of a gorgeous panorama opening ahead as the car tops a crest, the lovely little vistas wheeling to one side as it rounds a curve, the undertone of the purring motor and singing tires—all these may be integrated into something that is no less intense and coherent than the slowly absorbed experiences of our ancestors.

II

Perhaps a medium will be devised to interpret and express this wealth of

inspiration. Already the Clavilux, or light organ, can do so to a certain extent, and I believe that stream-of-consciousness writing and some of the recent experiments in moving pictures are results of the influence of a freedom and rapidity of movement unknown to other generations. Certainly these new arts would be next to incomprehensible to them.

But above all I feel that the attaining of motion is itself an art with us, an expression of a spiritual urge. The nostalgia of the open road, of the distant horizon, reigns more or less completely in our hearts to-day. It is one of the most potent expressions of the "drive into infinity" which, according to Spengler, has molded all our arts, our form of government, and even our economic order. And this latest expression of it—speed and its embodiments—can be beautiful in a way that strikes simply and directly to the spirit of the son of to-day. A masterpiece of design in the form of an airplane or a motor car reaches us as effortlessly and obviously as one of Phidias' sculptures must have reached an ancient Athenian, or Cellini's Perseus the folk of Renaissance Italy. No training in "art" is necessary to read its significance. It is an unconscious and people-wide art—as are all in the formative, living stage—appreciated and absorbed by everyone, and mingled casually in our daily lives.

"The age is a spiritually barren one," say the critics. "What is the use of all this hurrying and multiplying and flying faster and faster? What if we shall be able to fly to the moon eventually—what is the use of it all?"

What is the *use* of a Beethoven sonata or a mural by Michelangelo?

It would be far easier—more practical and "useful"—to settle down to an existence of scratching grubs out from under logs and fishing for bullheads than to go through the daily labor of

maintaining our civilization in running order. But we don't do it—we go on making this civilization more elaborate and planning more wonders for the future. We delight in our dreams of supercars and highways and aircraft, in our projects for the vanquishing of space and time in ever more masterly, more Olympian fashion. Emphatically these things are not expressions of practical necessity—they are gigantic works of art—rituals of a vast unconscious religiosity. Far from be-

ing exhausted, spiritual activity in the modern world has simply turned itself into new and unrecognized channels, and is creating effects possibly greater than have ever been known. And who is to say that the average man, fleeing from musty churches and unhappy crowded halls to the open road where he can test the mettle of his fifty magic horses, has not chosen most surely the only way that is open for him to-day for the quenching of his soul's inner needs?

INDIAN SUMMER

BY WALTER BENTON

*SILENT and swift as a shadow the summer passed.
The winds, whippet-bodied, bayed in pursuit—
The panic-stricken leaves, jaundiced with fear,
Swirled screamingly, followed the fleeing mother who
Unveiled her warm body, flung scornfully
The web behind, and vanished in utter grace.
The frenzied hounds assailed the garment,
Shred it into a cloud of flimsy threads,
And laced the earth with spun silver.*



UPHEAVAL IN THE CORN BELT

BY CLIFTON HICKS

"I TOLD you!" The western Iowa farmer glowered at the official. "There's sickness in the family and I got to go away right now. My cattle ain't going to be tested to-day!" But the tuberculin cattle tester had government authority behind him, and *he* declared that the farmer's cattle *were* going to be tested on that particular day and at that convenient time. Thereupon the farmer's fist materially assisted the cattle tester to an undignified position in the barnyard dust. Perhaps not feeling that a fist was thorough enough, the farmer grabbed a shotgun and frightened the official away. Incidents such as this are still news in the Midwest, yet individual and collective resistance to governmental authority is common enough to suggest that it emanates from a widespread sense of righteous grievances.

The great Midwest, the Corn Belt, has been stewing in the acid juices of depression for nearly fourteen years. Just as rural life is slow in contrast to the swift tempo of the industrial metropolis, so has the depression in the Corn Belt advanced slowly, without the pyrotechnics that have illumined every now and then the industrial sections of the nation. Instead of suffering drastic lay-offs and loss of jobs, the Corn Belt farmer has succumbed slowly but surely to low prices and the interest on the mortgage. Thousands of farmers over the past decade have lost their holdings through foreclosures. South Dakota, for example, in 1920

contained 40,000 farm owners and 36,000 tenants; several months ago the count stood roughly at 30,000 farm owners and 45,000 tenants. But the problem of a home in the Corn Belt is not so acute as with the urban unemployed; the dispossessed farmer does not worry over how he will pay the rent; he becomes a tenant.

For both owner-operators and tenants in the States near Lake Michigan, west of the Mississippi to Montana and Nevada, south from the Canadian border to Arkansas, and along the Mexican line to the western boundaries of Texas and Oklahoma, fair prices for farm products in this vast prairie land is the main issue. A large minority, that is constantly increasing, demands "cost-of-production." To put it simply, cost-of-production means a price sufficient to keep up the farm, pay interest charges, allow for proper medical and school expenses, and provide a comfortable surplus that will insure the "American standard of living." The federal government, on the other hand, is more interested in "parity prices," on the theory that when farm prices get back to the 1915 level, everything will be lovely. However, many a farmer who would be delighted to see parity prices will try to prove that, owing to the great increase in the cost of manufactured products such as farm machinery, which to-day costs considerably more than in 1915, parity prices still would leave the farmers' dollar alarmingly depressed

and unable to buy as much to-day as in 1915. Furthermore, he will prove that his taxes are now two or three times as high as in 1915. There are bigger hands reaching for his pocket-book than twenty years ago.

The Corn Belt farmers' reactions to this leisurely but expanding raid on his pocketbook are varied. The majority are confused. For the most part they take a strong interest in their township governments and understand their county politics, but leave State and national issues largely to faith and fate. Much of the farmers' confusion is due to their identification with capitalism. At the time of the World War thousands of them rushed to buy land at from two to three hundred dollars an acre. Money was plentiful (for the borrower), and some farmers were heard to assert that the man who would not borrow was a dunce. The instincts of acquisition and of property have served to confine the farmer's attention to home territory and to accentuate his haziness on vital issues.

Associated with this confusion of mind is the fact that the older farmers knew prosperity prior to 1920. They had good homes and several luxuries. Many of them have their good homes still, but for fifteen years these homes and other farm property have been slowly deteriorating; repairs are made each year, but these repairs are not enough to keep the buildings up to par, and the general effect is that of taking two steps backward for every step forward.

Having known prosperity, the older farmers are convinced that there is something wrong. Many of them believe the solution to be a return to the conditions and methods of 1910. Are trucking charges to-day taking a large percentage of the farmers' livestock or produce checks? Then, they argue, we should go back to the days when the farmer drove his livestock to town or

trundled them marketward with a team of horses and a big wagon. Let the roads fall into a state of disrepair; there are too many automobiles anyway.

However, a large minority of these older farmers are strong progressives. North Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, of course, have been hot-beds of radicalism for a quarter of a century. But the spirit of the LaFollettes is now spreading to the south of these States. Property-minded as many of the farmers are, they vaguely believe in public ownership of the big utilities and industries. The "money question" is an important issue with them, and on this issue they hold to the tenets of Coin Harvey and the Liberty party, though they attempt to incorporate the Liberty party principles into one or the other of the two old and established parties. They are not at all afraid of inflation; like many people who hold to certain principles, they believe in "the principle of the thing" and give little thought to the forces which may have charge of the principle once it is legislated into being. Some of the farmers who are interested in money reform trace their politics back to Populism. The Democrats, having absorbed the Populists years ago, these farmers became and have remained Democrats. But the failure of State and national Democratic administrations, as in South Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and other States, to move toward credit and currency reform, or to lighten the load on the people by other means, has caused widespread disillusionment among the populists.

What has been written here concerning the progressives among the older farmers applies in part to the younger farmers of from twenty-five to forty years old. However, the younger element is much more rebellious. They have known little prosperity or opportunity to borrow themselves into

affluence. They are young, discontented, pushing. In the Farmers Union and the Farm Holiday Association they constitute the "left" wing. A large proportion of them believe in the necessity of force. Peaceful persuasion on picket lines is not their ideal of a strike. In certain scattered sections they are active in the communist United Farmers League. It is a curious fact that the United Farmers League is composed largely of this younger element and of elderly farmers who have become disgusted with the Farmers Union and the Holiday Association. These older farmers in the United Farmers League are mainly old-time revolutionary socialists.

II

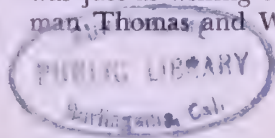
For self-expression on economic affairs and agricultural problems the Corn Belt farmer has five different organizations.

The first of these, the Farmers Union, was organized in Texas in 1902 and to-day has spread to thirty-six States, although only about twenty of these States possess the paid-up membership of five thousand necessary to secure a charter as a State unit. This organization has a strong class basis; in Oklahoma, for example, only farmers may vote in the State union, though certain small business and professional men may pay dues and belong to the union for business reasons and for the sake of the financial savings which they may make through the organization's co-operatives. These co-operatives are many and varied and are largely controlled through the State units. Taken all together on a national scale, they resemble Big Business. There are livestock co-operatives, creamery co-operatives, and brokerage houses.

Conservatives within the Farmers Union place the emphasis on the co-operatives, but the militant left wing

presses the organization to live up to one of its statements of principles: "to discourage the credit and mortgage system." In the late John A. Simpson the left wing had its ideal leader. He was a flaming inspiration and carried many conservatives along with him. Simpson's early experience as a banker and business man qualified him to supervise the interests of the union's co-operatives. But his main claim to fame resided in his militancy and aggressive leadership. Since his first connection with the Oklahoma Farmers Union, over twenty years ago, his record had been one of battle. From first to last, at the risk of his life, he opposed America's participation in the World War. Attempts were made to bait him into brawls in which he would be killed; he was threatened with tar and feathers. The Attorney-General of Oklahoma during the War has stated that more pressure was exerted upon him to arrest Simpson than any other man in war-hysterical Oklahoma.

Simpson's great hobby was money reform, and he was indefatigable in his enmity to international bankers. From the time of his election as national president in 1930, to his death early in 1934, Simpson stumped the great Midwest time and again; his vigorous denunciation of broken political pledges and his explanation of the Farmers Union program attracted thousands of new members to the organization. Simpson, who deserted the Democrats in 1924 to support the presidential aspirations of the elder LaFollette, probably foresaw the failure of the Roosevelt administration to satisfy the Corn Belt; his oratory during the 1932 national campaign was directed toward getting "that Englishman [Hoover] out of the White House." When queried, he agreed that Roosevelt was a good man, but he was just as willing to agree that Norman Thomas and William Z. Foster,



the Communist candidate, were also good men. An able executive, he agreed with everyone to a certain point, but beyond that point he was ready to explain and battle exhaustively for what he considered basic and vital principles. Many farmers recognized his militant honesty and they expressed their love for the man by calling him "Papa." When Simpson died there was a sincere grief among many of the left wing that was almost maudlin; hundreds of left-wing battlers in the union to-day are broken and defeated because of Simpson's passing.

The program of the Farmers Union varies somewhat in its State units, according to whether conservatives or militants predominate. However, the national union has been advocating four principal points: (1) the Frazier-Lemke bill providing for re-financing mortgages with government-printed currency at one and one-half per cent interest and one and one-half per cent annual amortization; (2) the Thomas-Swank Cost-of-Production bill providing for cost-of-production for farm products consumed in the United States; (3) the Wheeler silver coinage bill; and (4) government-printed currency. None of these four principal goals has been won, though the Frazier-Lemke Bankruptcy bill, passed by the last Congress, was a step toward the Re-financing bill. Whether the Farmers Union will retain these planks or advance a more radical program for the consideration of the next Congress remains to be seen.

III

Another farmers' organization which often is confused with the Farmers Union is the Farm Holiday Association. The Holiday Association was formed in 1927 for the main purpose of securing cost-of-production. Its membership requirements do not fol-

low such rigid class lines as in the Farmers Union. Business men may belong to the Holiday Association, as may laboring men. The board of directors of the South Dakota State Association, for example, contains one Chamber of Commerce representative, a State Federation of Labor official, a Farm Bureau man, and a Grange man. The reason why the Holiday Association is so often confused with the Farmers Union is because in many instances the Association is closely allied with the Farmers Union and its prominent leaders, and in some instances is controlled by them. Why should the Farmers Union spend so much energy promoting the Holiday Association, one may naturally ask? For one thing, the Holiday Association owns no co-operatives and, therefore, is "irresponsible"; there would be no point in suing the Holiday in case of a show of force and mass action, whereas, if force or violence were practiced under the auspices of the Farmers Union a subsequent legal action might strip the Union of its co-operatives. Again, the Holiday, which takes in everybody, offers a basis for unity. In the Holiday Association, for example, the pipe of peace may be smoked without loss of face by Union and Farm Bureau men who have been fighting each other for years. (The conflict between the Union and the Bureau will be amplified presently.)

One of the significant trends of the Holiday Association is that toward sectionalism. New York and Washington are both far away, and to a growing number of militant farmers Washington is as synonymous with Wall Street as is New York. This feeling of sectionalism might result in secession by 1940; or, given a period of economic collapse, the midwest States might form an emergency nation-within-a-nation. At the convention of the South Dakota State Holiday Asso-

ciation early this summer a resolution was adopted to withhold the organization's support from any gubernatorial candidate who does not favor the Midwest Governors' Conference, which is a meeting of midwest executives or their representatives at periodical moments of stress or crisis.

The head of the Holiday Association is Milo Reno with his stern, leonine face and great thatch of hair, an astonishing thatch of dark hair for a man of sixty. Reno is as fiery as any radical agitator. He storms, he rants, he denounces; and he does it very artistically and convincingly. One who has seen and heard the evangelist Billy Sunday at his best can form an excellent picture of Reno in action. But Reno, while he will take off his coat in the midst of a hot paragraph, is not the clown that Billy Sunday was in his heyday. Reno's eyes can flash and his finger can point as wrathfully as an Old Testament prophet, but however spectacular he may appear, the effect is that of stern, righteous dignity. While he is opposed to both the Republican and Democratic parties, he nevertheless believes that necessary reforms can be made under our present constitution without so much as changing the cross of a *t* or the dot of an *i* in that historic document. He refers occasionally to Christianity, but has little regard for formal, organized religion. Ninety-eight per cent of the ministers, he once stated with his finger pointed accusingly, to-day are utterly useless so far as the good of humanity is concerned.

Fiery though he may be on the platform, Reno never has possessed the wholehearted trust of his organization as did John Simpson while he was president of the national Farmers Union. He is closely watched by militants and leftists, as he was very closely identified—through his insurance company—with Farmers Union reaction-

aries prior to 1930, in which year Simpson's election as national president of the Union was the Marne of the Union's militants. Reno's life insurance company was not and is not a Farmers Union co-operative enterprise, but it was represented as such to the Union membership by the group in control of the Union previous to the 1930 election. Many farmers in the left wing of the Holiday Association dislike Reno's violent personalities and his vagueness on economic issues. For the past several months Reno's pet hate has been Henry Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture. The leftists do not regard Wallace so much as a deep-dyed villain but more as a tool of the Wall Street interests. Reno's emphasis on Wallace's supposed perfidy obscures the main issue, they believe. Nevertheless, watch Reno closely though they do, the militants admit that he is doing well as the Holiday Association leader.

As stated before, the principal aim of the Holiday Association is to secure cost-of-production. The State units of the Association, dependent on the strength of the Farmers Union element within them, more or less strongly endorse the Frazier-Lemke Re-finance bill, Wheeler's Silver bill, and government-printed currency.

IV

A third organization in the Corn Belt, which exerts a growing but still almost negligible influence, is the United Farmers League. It is strong only in isolated sections, particularly where the old-time revolutionaries were strong. Like all communist organizations, the United Farmers League is bitterly opposed to the "misleadership" of competing organizations, principally the "misleadership" of the Farmers Union and the Holiday Association. Although the United Farmers League makes gestures of arbi-

tration, it places reliance preponderantly on mass action and demonstrations. Within its limited sphere it does stop foreclosures and gain relief by being decidedly aggressive about them, and in such sections this organization sends uncomfortable prickles down the spines of right-wing Farmers Union and Holiday Association leaders. It is no accident that the Northeast Regional of the South Dakota Holiday Association is the best organized and most militant of any section in that State; for it happens that the United Farmers League is stronger in South Dakota than anywhere else, and the Holiday leaders have been stepping lively in order to meet its aggressive competition. During the last Holiday Association strike Watertown, the metropolitan center of the Northeast Regional, was shut up one hundred per cent; the business men agreed to this restriction on commerce rather than risk widespread defections from the Association to the League. Some time ago ninety-two United Farmers League members were arrested for resisting an eviction in northeast South Dakota and a thorough-going injunction was issued against the League; whereupon the South Dakota State Holiday Association convention, assembled at Watertown, in a resolution to Governor Berry denounced the arrests and the injunction. Cancellation of debts is an important plank of the United Farmers League, along with all sorts of drastic demands for relief and security of tenure on the land.

The recently elected president of the United Farmers League is Alfred Tiala, former national secretary, who was sentenced to six months in jail for leading a movement of farmers against a foreclosure in Indiana. This young man—he could hardly yet be called middle-aged—is blessed with a wife who faces sheriffs and gets arrested with him. A grizzled, elderly farmer

who left South Dakota ("overrun with predatory wolves") for the scraggly, stump-dotted slopes of northeast Minnesota ("where the wolves can't see profits and, therefore, do not penetrate") discovered Tiala to be a neighbor; he comments that both Mr. and Mrs. Tiala are splendid types of citizens. His judgment of them may be relied upon, for he is an exceptionally keen judge of character.

V

A fourth organization in the Corn Belt is more familiar to the general reader than are the Farmers Union, the Farm Holiday Association, or the United Farmers League. This organization is the well-publicized Farm Bureau. The other three organizations style it a Rockefeller-founded "company union"; John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had a hand in its formation early in the twentieth century. Its chief purpose has been to teach farmers how to grow two blades of grass where one grew before, and the Farmers Union has condemned it for neglecting the very controversial question of distribution; the Farmers Union insists that it is possible for every honest person in the country to receive enough money to enable him to pay a fair price for the farmers' products, but the Farm Bureau shies away from this issue. Milo Reno, despite the fact that the Farm Bureau is represented in the Holiday Association, likewise berates the organization.

Under the pressure of events the Farm Bureau in the Corn Belt is being forced slowly to the left. In some States the Bureau has united with the Union and the Holiday Association to present a common farm organizations' legislative program. There are progressives in the Farm Bureau who do not desert under fire; and it is only fair to state that there are Farmers Union

and Holiday officials who have succumbed to political patronage and the spoils system once they have been elected to office. The Farm Bureau always has preferred to emphasize farmers' co-operatives rather than anything of a militant nature; it has advanced so far in this direction that it will not be able to back out if ever the co-operatives are attacked by Big Business.

However progressive may be some of the Bureau leaders, the Farm Bureau has a long reactionary record. There is a mysterious lack of rank-and-file control after one leaves the county unit behind. The Bureau claims more members than it actually has; it distributes some of its publications gratis and calls those persons on the free list (who may be fanatical Union men who see red every time the Bureau is mentioned) Farm Bureau members. It is quite apparent that the Farm Bureau has reached its zenith in the Corn Belt. The Farmers Union, the Farm Holiday Association, and the United Farmers League are much more attuned to the growing discontent of the midwest farmers. For example, does the farmer feel the gnawings of class-consciousness and yet still prefer to follow the ways of his fathers? Then the Farmers Union is the organization for him; it preaches class-consciousness with a will, yet it can be very dignified and businesslike at the same time. Or, does the farmer regard his interests as identical with the merchant and the small banker? Then he will feel at home in the Holiday Association, and if the urge is overpowering, he can explode with a fit of violence, which afterward will be extenuated by peace-loving Association officials who yet realize that economic stress of a prolonged nature excuses haphazard sins against law and order. Again, is he thumpingly class-conscious, mad and rarin' to go? The United Farmers League will welcome

such a recruit. And if he is thrown into jail, the League will make such a noise about it that quite possibly the Holiday Association will lend a bit of moral support.

The United Farmers League sees the Farm Bureau as so hopelessly two-faced and behind the times that the rank-and-file farmer who cannot also see the same picture is impossible material for the Revolution. And indeed the fact is penetrating the average man that the Farm Bureau is intimately allied with the United States Department of Agriculture, which in turn is suspected of improper relations with Wall Street. Moreover, it presents the ridiculous spectacle of an organization which has been trying to increase production now turning—through the county agents, offspring of the Bureau—to the promotion of crop reduction under the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Regarding the Bureau as beyond the pale, the United Farmers League concentrates its fire on the leaders of the Farmers Union and the Holiday Association. "Misleaders" and "Wall Street agents": in such fashion are the Union and Association officials harried by the League. And to tell the truth, this method of attack is to some extent effective; one occasionally hears a rank-and-file union or association member ask, "What good is the Farmers Union (or Holiday Association)?" The United Farmers League of course stakes its hopes on such farmers swinging like a raging flood to League leadership in a time of crisis or national collapse. At the present moment a large proportion of the Union and Holiday membership is disheartened by results (or lack of results), while farmers who lately trusted in rugged individualism are increasing the membership of these two organizations. Some Union or Holiday members are turning definitely to the United Farmers League; and so it goes—left!—left!—

left!—from the right, to the center, to the revolutionaries. The Corn Belt farmer to-day is a Jack-in-the-Box; one cannot be sure from what particular box he will spring to-morrow.

VI

Leaving aside the events of the past and the part which the farm organizations have played, we come to the current situation. Farm prices have gone up one-third or more since Roosevelt became President. This has helped to some extent; but if the farmer to-day finds it necessary to be a heavy purchaser, he learns that in the aggregate the cost of what he buys has also increased by more than one-third. There exists a growing dissatisfaction and disillusionment with immediate relief measures. Despite all the ballyhoo about re-financing of mortgages, it has developed that the farmer must be a good risk before he can re-finance. Many farmers have been turned down after paying a ten-dollar filing fee with their application for re-financing. Ten dollars roughly represent a two-weeks' cream check for the average Corn Belt farmer, and his cream check is practically the only ready money he sees; to be turned down is, therefore, a particularly bitter shock.

Then, too, there is the sore spot of crop reduction. At least half the farmers who signed the wheat or corn-hog reduction contracts did so because they needed money desperately. Much of the crop-reduction money promptly went to mail order companies for immediate necessities rather than to local merchants who have been carrying the farmers for years. Even to the conservative farmer who has never had much to do with the wild and woolly radicals of the Farmers Union, reduction of crops in a world where manifestly people are hungry, if not actually starving, has seemed to be

sacrilege. The maneuvers of the promoters of the reduction program have not dissipated distrust of the contract. There were two or three delicate points in the contract, but one clause in particular furnished opponents of the program considerable malicious glee. This clause gave to the Secretary of Agriculture the unprecedented right to change the contract in any manner he wished after the contract was signed. In one midwest State the promoters of the crop reduction program produced a second batch of sample contracts, claiming that this clause had been abolished. But lynx-eyed opponents of the contract found the clause tucked away inconspicuously in another section of the sample contract. Whereupon the promoters brought forth still another batch of sample contracts and insisted that neither hide nor hair of that extraordinary clause could be discovered in the new samples. These promoters of crop reduction evidently regarded farmers as poor sleuths, for fifteen minutes of intent perusal found the questionable clause tucked away in still another inconspicuous section of the contract! Despite such maneuvers many farmers signed the contract in order to wrap their fingers about a goodly sum of cash. Now the money is gone.

Or not yet arrived! Much delay has been experienced in various parts of the Corn Belt. This is due in part to a very irritating carelessness in the AAA staffs in Washington. But largely the delay comes about because many farmers claimed to have produced more corn and hogs in previous years than they actually did. The Federal government of course has statistics showing how much was produced in each county during the years in question. So, when it happens that the claimed production exceeds the government statistics, the United States Department of Agriculture

holds back and insists that each signer of the contract in the county agree to cut down still more on his production in order that the figures for that county may approximate Federal statistics on previous crops. This delay and procedure anger the man who listed his previous production honestly. He recalls how the county agent (who in one territory looked for all the world like a rustic, impracticable Greek scholarship prize winner and who had a very unhappy time when the Trojans invaded his corn-hog promotion meetings and severely questioned the ethics of shifting dubious clauses) insisted that all would be well and that God was in His Heaven. Now that the trick has been turned, the farmer in many cases is resentful that the county agent stays in his quiet office and sends the bad news by mail. Of course, the farmer still may cancel his contract, but having neglected to plant his usual quota of corn, he is forced to go along willy-nilly. By the time this article appears, the situation doubtless will be settled after a fashion, but the next time a county agent with a State agricultural college education comes to explain the glories of a new scheme, more and more farmers will agree with Milo Reno, who with one fell swoop of his hand vigorously shatters the efficacy of college education in general. Reno's inference, of course, is that agricultural college graduates and Federal brain-trusters are less than worthless.

Needless to say, the drought also has played its part in giving the reduction program a distinctly black eye. Heavy rains came too late to assure a production of fair proportions this year, and upon the heels of the rains crept a more terrible drought. Sheriffs are called out every now and then to shoot gaunt, starving cattle. Dry, parched Dakota subsoil is swept up by heavy gales to fill the air and make high noon as dark as night. What once were wheat fields

in western South Dakota now are frequently Sahara patches of worthless sand. States adjacent to South Dakota may be more fortunate; they still may have their subsoil; but Iowa corn and Kansas wheat droop under the fierce sun. In Wisconsin, trees have been chopped down for the main purpose of feeding the leaves to bellowing, suffering cattle. Both God and man seem arrayed against the Corn Belt; but is not the drought, ask some farmers, a supernatural punishment for the crime of artificial crop reduction? And, if government crop reduction was scheduled to raise the farmer's standard of living, why is it that Nature's ruthless destruction bears so cruelly upon the agriculturist? In Oklahoma, in Illinois, in Minnesota, throughout the length and breadth of the Midwest, the drought has accelerated the farmer's education in economics. From objecting to the tuberculin cattle test, engaging in political warfare over the appointment of the county agent, resisting sales taxes, and joining in other special campaigns, the farmers are coming to examine the economic system as a whole very critically.

Another cause of discontent is that President Roosevelt's promise to stop foreclosures has not been realized. There are only dribbles now where once there was a torrent of foreclosures; but the foreclosure menace has not been laid low and the threat remains. The Holiday Association is still busy with arbitrations between creditors and debtors; re-financing of mortgages is a constant worry.

The spread of progressivism and the growth of sectionalism inevitably have turned the minds of the aggressive militant minority toward independent political action. The third-party movement is developing fast in the Corn Belt. Minnesota, with its Farmer-Labor party in control of the State, is setting the pace. This spring

it gave birth to a radical program, and although it did not declare for occupancy and use as the sole title to land and explained that some of its proposals for public ownership would be practical only on a national scale, this platform was greeted by cries of "Socialism" and "Communism." However, in the Minnesota primaries this summer, without any such spicy contests as characterized the Republican and Democratic primaries, the Farmer-Labor party nearly doubled its 1932 primary vote.

Spurred by a widespread demand, the LaFollette Progressives of Wisconsin have abandoned the Republican party and have styled themselves the Progressive party. Whether or not this new party should take the name "Progressive" or "Farmer-Labor" brought forth the hottest debate of the convention, a large minority insisting on "Farmer-Labor." It is already evident at this early date that the new Progressive party must veer more to the left in order to satisfy a growing radical sentiment in Wisconsin.

North Dakota, probably the most radical State in the union, of late has been involved in a broil which may have national significance. Governor (if so he is) Langer has the courage of a strong man; his various moratoria, his embargo on shipping farm products from the State, and other aggressive measures have won him wide support. However, his record is one of personal ambition; party discipline has meant little to him. Progressives and radicals of experience view with suspicion his promise to the President to throw North Dakota whole-heartedly behind *any* war. Without actually opposing the capitalist system, Langer has seemed very energetic in protecting the farmer. His recent bold actions raise an important question: is Langer, perhaps unconsciously, evidence of an American fascist movement? The Sil-

ver Shirts, the Khaki Shirts, and such organizations are too Europeanized, too ridiculous with their religious and racial hatreds to strike root in the Midwest. But an *American* fascist movement would start much as Langer has started. At any rate, attempts to form a third party in North Dakota have been soft-pedaled for fear that the effort might be taken as a disgruntled tactic on the part of an anti-Langer faction.

State boundary lines exert a sectional influence in the Midwest, and South Dakota possesses little of North Dakota's radicalism. The cattle industry in the western part of the State, so reminiscent of pioneer days, long has been an influence in South Dakota in favor of rugged individualism. A Democratic State administration was elected in 1932 on a strongly progressive platform, but every important promise met with complete repudiation. Lieutenant Governor Hans Ustrud, a lifelong progressive, fought for the fulfillment of these promises and opposed Governor Berry in the primary this spring, but received little more than one vote to four for Berry. Farmers Union and Holiday Association leaders claim that the richest gold mine in the world, the Homestake Mine, exercises a very corrupt influence in South Dakota. One important South Dakota progressive demand is for an ore tax which would return to the State some part of the value of natural resources permanently removed from the State. It is aimed primarily at the Homestake Mine. Several months ago the president of the South Dakota Farmers Union, who is also secretary of the State Holiday Association, advocated confiscation of this mine.

In Iowa this spring, Wallace Short, ex-minister, ex-mayor of Sioux City, ex-legislator and editor of the weekly *Unionist and Public Forum*, official

organ of the Sioux City trade unions, ran in the Republican primary as a gubernatorial candidate. He finished fourth and last and a movement is now under way to place him on a Farmer-Labor ticket for the 1934 fall elections. In both Iowa and South Dakota, despite the discontent of the farmers, a very great amount of organization and publicity is necessary if the third party zealots hope to win even in 1936.

Throughout the Midwest, co-operation between farmer and labor organizations is growing. During the Sioux City milk strike nearly two years ago the farmers provided free milk for the unemployed in that city and some of the unemployed went on the picket line. Free beeves were offered to the Minneapolis truck strikers recently by the farmers, but the strikers had no means of curing the animals and could not accept the gift. As a result of the truck strike, closer co-operation has been established between the Minnesota Holiday Association and the Minneapolis labor unions. The most notable examples of farmer-labor co-operation of course take place during crises, but the above incidents have their smaller counterparts month after month. Owing to the friendly contacts between the Midwest State Holiday Associations and the State Federations of Labor, the latter organizations are more radical and militant than the American Federation of Labor as a whole. Midwest labor sees a strong ally in the farmer; but labor must play second fiddle in this alliance because of the farmers' much greater numbers in the Midwest. Co-operation exists also between the Holiday Association and many small business men; but the influence of the business men often is too conservative to suit the left wing Holiday Association members, who say that they sincerely appreciate the moral support of the business men but wish

the retailers would leave important decisions to the farmers.

For the Midwest as a whole there is no hope of immediate relief in the third party movement. And only intensive organization can accomplish anything for 1936.

VII

Conscientious study of the situation leads one to the conviction that a farm revolt this winter or in the spring of 1935 is very probable. Even right-wing Holiday Association leaders privately predict a mass revolt unless present State or national administrations execute an amazing about-face. Week after week passes with its report of farmers long conservative who have lost faith in any upward swing of their financial pendulum. Holiday Association leaders who several months ago were hailing the great "Roosevelt Revolution" to-day are referring to "1776" and to the American heritage of revolution. As a rule these Holiday Association officials do not step out ahead of the crowd but take good care to articulate only what the membership is feeling.

But whatever revolt there is will not be "planned." Dyed-in-the-wool conservatives need fear no seizure of governmental powers nor assumption of industrial control, though the farmers' most powerful weapon may be a mass refusal to pay taxes. The farmers' rugged individualism probably will lead him along rash but futile paths. The best illustration of the meaning of this sentence is a reference to the manhandling of Judge Bradley of LeMars, Iowa, over a year ago. Local farmers—not communists as has often been claimed—during a foreclosure dispute pulled the judge from his bench, blindfolded him, and took him a mile from the courtroom where they first considered hanging him on an ad-

vertising sign. While attempting to extract from the judge a promise not to sign any more foreclosure papers, they forced him to pray, poured oil on his head, and threw sand in his greasy hair. The episode was chaotic, unplanned, vindictive—and rather silly.

Such, to some extent, will probably be the nature of the forthcoming farm revolt. One may expect reports of startling violence or audacity. For, after all, the Midwest farmer regards himself very much as an independent American. He has no such acquaintance with clubs and militia as has the worker in the city. He yearns to express himself, once he gets started, but he has little idea of what he wants to do. Unless he is deeply angered by stupid forces of repression, his revolt will fritter away and take political form in 1936.

Another phenomenon similar to the Roosevelt 1932 landslide is germinating in the Midwest. The recent *Literary Digest* poll on the New Deal gave some hint of it; Roosevelt's popularity was lowest in the Corn Belt. The probability is that in the 1934 elections the expression of discontent will split between the Republican and Farmer-Labor parties in States where Democrats now rule. But meanwhile militant agitators who are respected members of their communities will be busy. The Holiday Association, which in some Corn Belt States has attracted half the farmers, is edging over toward the third-party movement. In 1936 the third-party movement may capture

several Midwest States; and if these victories constitute the sum total of third-party success over the nation at large, the feeling of sectionalism in the Midwest will be greatly augmented.

In connection with the third-party movement in the Midwest there is an interesting possibility which here is offered only for idle speculation. Although the probability is very remote, it is possible that under our rigid State (and federal) constitutions, which make no provision for proportional representation, some States in the Corn Belt may be ruled by a minority. A third party gaining, say, forty per cent of the votes, might lead the other two parties and thus take office. It must be emphasized that what here has been written applies chiefly to an aggressive, substantial minority. However, under the pressure of events the confused majority at present is falling in behind the convinced minority.

The Federal administration may partially stem this tide by inaugurating inflation. Then, too, price-fixing which gives the farmer a fair income would lay the hair which sticks up along his embattled back. But will such measures exert a permanently salutary influence over the fortunes of the Corn Belt farmer? Panaceas which leave the farmer in worse condition than ever are planting explosives in the Midwest. Langer's great popularity should be a warning to those who prate of "constitutionalism" and "law and order" without effectively delving to the root of the trouble.

The Lion's Mouth



AMERICAN VERSUS ENGLISH HUMOR

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

THE efforts of the English Speaking Union to achieve a better understanding between the United States, Great Britain, and the British Dominions are inspired by high purpose and conducted with delicate, if discontinuous, tact. The amount of food which has been consumed, the amount of speeches which have been made, under the auspices of this admirable Union could be computed only in astronomical figures. They have done much good. They are doing much good. And I seriously believe that they will continue to do much good in the years to come.

Yet the difficulties which stand in the way of any understanding between the English-speaking peoples seem to me at times to be almost insuperable. There is steam-heating in the first place, and the surrender of Yorktown and the *Alabama* and the fact that each branch of the English-speaking race believes that the other branch regards it with hostility or at most with pitying contempt. True it is that the Englishman, being optimistic by nature and even complacent, is less acutely aware of the contempt with which he is regarded by the American,

the Canadian, the Australian, the New Zealander, and the South African than are the citizens of these aloof democracies conscious of the fact that the Englishman regards them as emanating from overseas. The latter has a certain central feeling which renders him, in spite of his amazing self-consciousness and his unceasing shyness, perfectly at ease within the casing of his own manner. The American also has his national manner which he takes abroad with him even as the terrapin takes its shell. Yet the English tortoise is happier in his shell than is the American terrapin. And why is this? It is because the national manner of the Englishman is an introverted manner—beyond his shell protrudes only a tip of nose. The national manner of the American, on the other hand, is an extroverted manner—he wants to mix and mingle, to “get together,” to explain, even to express, himself. Not only does a head and neck obtrude from his terrapin casing, but tails and long ungainly limbs flip extendedly beyond it flapping pitifully, flopping amicably.

Of the two methods that of the American is obviously the more human and agreeable: it is also the one which exposes its practitioner to the greatest pain. The English tortoise, if he feels that the environment is unsympathetic, disappears farther and farther within his shell. But the American terrapin, scenting a chill climate, stretches still farther and flaps and squawks in a manner which he would not adopt at home and which gives observers the impression that he is

fresh, insensitive, and clumsy. Only those who have traveled much in America can understand what a warm heart has the terrapin, how much it hurts him should one stamp unwittingly upon his tail. Only those who have traveled much in England understand how warm, in its turn, is the heart of the tortoise, and how, if a small piece of lettuce be tendered gently to him, he will emerge slowly and even feed from the hand. The two animals are not, therefore, essentially so dissimilar as might be supposed. In the end they give out much the same impressions. But at the beginning they do not receive impressions in the same sort of way. There is a difference in their sensibility which is not a difference of degree but one of kind. It is this difference which renders understanding so difficult. And as a symptom of that difference I should take the average sense of humor in England and the average sense of humor in the United States. They are not the same. I cannot define the difference. All I can hope to do is to make some suggestions toward such a definition.

We must first clear from our minds the fallacy that the difference is one of degree. It is not. It is one of kind. The American firmly believes that the Englishman has no sense of humor. The Englishman is equally convinced that the Americans have an appetite for long slow stories dragging onward obviously and endlessly like a freight train. Certain adventitious circumstances contribute to this impression. Let me examine those circumstances.

The Englishman, even when he is much amused, is not inclined to laugh out loud. Being an introvert by nature, he hesitates to expose his mouth and teeth to the gaze of others. His whole training has instilled into him the theory that a gentleman never displays emotion either of pleasure or of

pain. To laugh loudly or long is to display emotion. The Englishman, therefore, especially if he belong to the upper-middle classes, thinks it more gentlemanlike to smile. The American, expecting the ready laugh of the club-car crony, imagines that the Englishman, in that he smiles but wanly, has not seen the point. This is a false impression. He has seen the point for some ten minutes, he has watched it approaching sturdily toward him across the boundless plain, and when at last it arrives he greets it with already acquired familiarity and with polite relief. An American should remember that no Englishman laughs loudly at even one's best stories unless he be a member of the Royal family, or drunk, or Jewish on his mother's side.

The American, on the other hand, is a born orator. He has a gift for monologue. Conversely he is a bad listener, he has no audience-capacity. No American really listens to another American except just at the end. He is trying to remember that tale he heard when he last went to Cleveland, and he is grateful for being furnished with a long space of time in which to think it out. This explains, I think, the extraordinary patience with which one American will listen to another American. He is *not* listening; he is merely going over his own story in his mind and waiting for his own turn to come. And thus the loud laughter with which he greets the end of the story is due, not merely to the warm-heartedness of the whole terrapin tribe, but also to a feeling of guilt at not having listened before. The first thing that an Englishman should remember, therefore, is that the length of American stories is to be explained, not by the fact that the American has a gift for listening patiently, but by the fact that he can never, in any circumstances, listen at all.

Even, however, when we make these reservations, the fact remains that the average Englishman is interested in, rather than amused by, the average American joke; whereas the average American finds the average English joke not only uninteresting but dull. Is it possible, however, to speak of "an average joke" whether English or American? The humor of the *New Yorker*, for instance, is likely to be more appreciated in Mayfair than in Butte, Montana. The humor of Mr. Evelyn Waugh or Mr. Peter Fleming is more likely to be appreciated in New York than in the English Lake District. To the sophisticated of both continents the same sort of jokes is likely to appeal. I should suppose, for instance, that the *New Yorker's* recent parody of *Punch* was relished every whit as much in London as in its home town. Mr. Linklater is as widely read in the United States as he is in England. It is valueless, therefore, to take as specimens for this inquiry the sort of humor which is common to all sophisticated people of the Anglo-Saxon race. One must take the typical American wise-crack as a specimen on the one hand, and one must take *Punch* as a specimen on the other. It should be noted that whereas the more cultured American is becoming bored by the wise-crack, it is only in the more intimate recesses of Bloomsbury that *Punch* is not considered to be getting funnier and funnier every week. Now the average Englishman thinks the average wise-crack ingenious but rarely funny. He regards it as a feat of verbal dexterity, and the puzzled expression which it so often creates upon his features is due, not to any incomprehension, but to surprise at such juggling with phrase coupled with a desire to memorize the particular firework. No American, however, is amused by *Punch*. Here surely is an important difference in

our respective senses of humor. In what manner can this difference be explained?

Far be it from me to embark upon any metaphysical discussion of the nature of laughter. I should be inclined myself to distinguish three types of laughter which are different from the other in kind. The first is provoked by a mere mood of high spirits. The second is provoked by the need of self-assurance (as when an old lady laughs at Cézanne) and is little more than a reflex action. And the third is a real cerebral movement, implying an adjustment of associations, and proceeding from what we call "a sense of humor." It is with this third type only that I am now concerned.

Now there are many types of sense of humor, and two which are easily recognizable and generally distinct. There is the type of humor which is tickled when the real is made to seem fantastic; there is the other type which is stimulated when the fantastic is made to seem real. As an extreme instance of the former, one might take Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*; as an extreme instance of the latter one might take "Mickey Mouse." In both cases laughter is aroused by the surprise occasioned by transferring attention from the plane of reality to that of unreality. In the former case familiar images are made to conduct themselves in an unfamiliar manner; in the latter case unfamiliar images are made to conduct themselves in a familiar manner. I have taken extreme instances, and I should not wish to contend that the average Englishman is not amused by Mickey Mouse or that the average American can see no fun in *Zuleika Dobson*. All that I contend is that the tendency of the best British humor is to render the rational ridiculous, whereas the tendency of the best American humor is to render the ridiculous rational. Each of these

two tendencies implies satire, yet whereas English satire, being based upon the probable, tends to be restrictive or exclusive, American satire, in that it stresses the fantastic, can afford to be inclusive and even extravagant. It thus comes that whereas the savor of American humor lies in what it expresses (I am not speaking of the *New Yorker* brand, which is a specialized development), the savor of English humor lies in what is left unsaid. An American, therefore, approaches an English joke as a concrete business and fails to relish the implications which it holds: an Englishman seeks for these implications in an American joke and (finding none) is apt to look disconcerted and even wistful.

American humor, in that it is more interested in the improbable than in the probable, is apt to base itself upon imaginary structures and to revel in exaggeration, even in overstatement. The similes, the metaphors, the images by which it is illustrated are as far-fetched as possible and seek for analogies between things which are widely different in kind. These analogies are almost always startling and often brilliant. Yet they are sometimes so far-fetched that they create a slight sense of strain. At their best, the contrasted pictures evoked by American humor are vastly imaginative and create a delighted shock of surprise. Yet at their worst they are little more than verbal gymnastics and tend to become a slightly irritating trick of conversation. They then create merely a sense of exhaustion.

British humor, on the other hand, being more interested in the probable than in the improbable is always in danger of becoming pedestrian. The average Englishman does not like to be surprised: such is his mental indolence that he cannot stand more than the very slightest shifting in the

proportion between the familiar and the unfamiliar. That shifting, that descent from the plane of reality to the plane of unreality, is often so cautious, so tactful, that no event results. British humorists, in their desire to spare their compatriots the slightest shock, often deprive their compatriots of even the slightest movement of surprise. Yet at its best (as in Samuel Butler) the very demureness of this approach, the very caution with which the surprise is introduced, is in itself entertaining. It is funny to observe an elderly gentleman descending from the plane of reality to that of unreality upon tiptoe, and (to us at least) it is amusing to see the same gentleman, having reached the plane of absolute nonsense, still behaving as if he were ensconced in the rational.

Obviously all human laughter must be provoked by the same set of causes. It is not, therefore, that the English and the Americans employ different elements for provoking laughter; it is that they employ these elements in a different order. You proceed from the unreal to the real; we proceed from the real to the unreal. We thus consider your humor fantastic and you find ours dull. The fantastic, as was observed two thousand years ago, is always pleasurable. Yet to be effective it requires, not merely great imagination, but also critical control. At its best, I should say that American humor was more imaginative than English humor. Yet our own tentative brand can more safely be entrusted to inexperienced hands. In any case, were each of us to realize that in criticizing the sense of humor of the other we are criticizing method rather than quality, then this joke-controversy might be eliminated from the other causes of friction, such as steam-heating, the surrender of Yorktown, the *Alabama*.



CO-OPERATION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HENRY FORD relies on native Yankee intelligence to solve present problems as it has solved problems past. The American mind, as he sees it, has been equal so far to doing the job of developing the country that fell to its charge and he does not doubt it will be equal to what is ahead.

To be sure, we must all count on that unless we are looking for miracles, and it is hardly safe to look for miracles. What we are, what we have learned, what we know and can learn further, must do the job for us so far as it is visibly done. What we may get out of the invisible—if we can get something—is another matter; but even that we shall owe to our acquired capacities to get it and to receive it.

There are lots of good ideas going to waste because contemporary minds are not ready to receive them. Doubtless Henry Ford knows that as well as anybody, for he is—as men go—an educated man, educated, that is, by performance, observation, reflection, and experiment. Education, as organized, provided and paid for, is abundantly discussed in these times, and most of the high experts agree that it is bad but, of course, they do not agree with one another as to how it must be improved. Henry Ford said he thought so little of it that he had started two schools himself. Owen Young provided a school in which possibly some ideas of his

developed. Indeed, there are many schools that represent ideas of individuals about education and, outside of all organized educational institutions, the whole country is going to school to the Great Tribulation. That school is highly instructive and from it very few people are successful in playing hookey. That school keeps; you can cross the Atlantic, and it is still keeping.

One of the great lessons now being taught in it is the co-operative necessity of our civilization. You cannot cross the street, go anywhere, put your head out of doors or, indeed, sit down in your own house without realizing that a very large proportion of what we see, hear, and can do is provided for us by somebody else. All transportation depends on co-operation. You cannot go and rope a wild horse any longer and ride him where you want to go. You can go afoot, but all the public vehicles have to be under close supervision. They are part of an apparatus of life that is provided, regulated, and at your disposal so long as you can pay the charge. Inside of your house you have light, electricity for various purposes, coal maybe, oil maybe, telephone, radio, Heaven knows what else, all provided out of the organization of current life. When you ride abroad, wherever a chimney smokes there is organization of life on its job.

The great problem of our time is the organization of life so that it will do a decent job. It is the problem of every family, of all business, of labor unions, of bosses, of government, and beyond the seas the problem of the nations of the world. Life as now organized makes them dependent on one another. Most of them are trying to increase their facilities for self-help and self-support. The English, who have not been pastoral or agricultural in a vitally important measure for at least a century, are taking thought to become more so. So are the Germans. In France the job was done years ago. As for us, one of the great problems of the last year has been to help the farmers. Everybody seems to have helped them except the Weather Bureau. Farmers have been paid to raise smaller crops, and what they got for it has helped to relieve them in the loss by drought of what they did try to raise. The government wanted less grain, it has got it; fewer pigs, it has got them. Still people do not seem to be as well satisfied as they might be.

WHY strikes? Why should shipping on the Pacific Coast have been tied up for several weeks at a cost of millions a day? Why the so-called general strike in San Francisco; that mess in Minneapolis; various troubles in Chicago—all useful in demonstrating our dependence on co-operation but in themselves so painful? A bus on the road got out of control going down a steep hill; twenty people or so killed or burned to death and lots more hurt, and why? Because of a little failure in co-operation. Somebody whose business it was to know that the bus was not fit to go on the road had neglected it. Why the strikes? In part, at least, because the law is not sufficiently defined and accepted about what workmen can lawfully do to their employers and the

employers to workmen. Apparently there have to be employers. Perhaps the socialists will have the state employ everyone. The communists may want that. Henry Ford would not approve of it, and what proportion of the laborers in the United States would like it is not ascertained. Laborites do not want the government to control employment; they prefer to control it themselves. The bosses, the employers, the same; but for the sake of peace and for the benefit of the great co-operative organization and of the consumer and taxpayer there must be someone to say what is permissible and what is not in labor matters. The idea of all shipping being tied up on the Western coast because longshoremen and bosses did not agree is nonsense, of course. It affects and concerns too many innocent bystanders.

And what does perfected co-operation mean? Simply loving your neighbor as yourself, a practice highly recommended upward of twenty centuries ago and tried for a good deal ever since, but still very imperfectly realized because of the contrary theory of life expressed as every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. It looks in our day as though this latter theory had fallen down so hard that the other theory might have an inning. The devil take the hindmost means war. To love your neighbor is to realize that your profit is in his profit and that in your relations with him the profit must be mutual. That is true and the practice of it would eliminate hogging and perhaps war. The League of Nations was an attempt to set up a great central authority which would adjudicate the claims and aspirations of rival nations. It has done something, a good deal, for it has maintained a council for discussion; but it has not as yet done as much as was hoped for. If the world had a great central authority which could be trusted to know right from wrong and

do right and uphold it, that would seem to be considerably helpful, and possibly it is toward something like that that we are working. But nothing human is right all the time. Whatever court is set up to regulate human affairs must be progressive and flexible enough to adapt decisions to changing conditions of life. The prospect that the greatest influence in international affairs will be the English-speaking people of the world is better nowadays than the prospect of the domination of affairs by a League of Nations.

BUSINESS, the job of buying, selling, and trading, has all sorts of faults, and sinfulness is attributed to it. But a profit in business is not in itself sinful. Indeed, it is necessary. In the long run, no profit, no business. A business has got to make money, otherwise it will not even be useful, much less profitable. All you can ask of it is that it shall play fair and give good value. Henry Ford says the automobile business is only beginning. Perhaps he sees it more vitally important than it is and doesn't allow for changes in taste; but he thinks that in ten years his beautiful new car will be far out of date. But he derides and has always derided the idea of being in business to make money. He would admit that you have to make money if you are going to do much in business, but the value of money to him is its power to enable an economic or mechanical thinker to realize his thought. He scoffs at the idea of hoarding money to provide oneself or one's posterity with means for idleness.

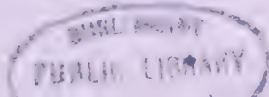
Of course he has reason about that. A large fortune was distributed the other day and the details of what composed it were in the papers. Its late owner was an interesting man, but could anybody think his sixty millions were good for him? He devoted the

income of them quite a bit to providing enjoyment of life and doubtless did enjoy life a good deal while he lasted; but anyone who held that he was really fortunate in inheriting all that money ought to write a book to say why, because it is not self-evident. Accumulators of money often have a good time—Mr. Rockefeller, Henry Ford are good examples—but their accumulations are not so certainly a benefit to their descendants. You can't pick up a newspaper without finding evidence of that.

As one sees humanity going about its business, commuting in and out of town, eating food in clubs, riding in street cars, the impression obtains that most of our fellow-creatures have only a limited idea of what is going on in this world. The outside of them does not as a rule show much evidence of concern about the large matters which destiny seems to be crowding upon us for consideration and settlement. Perhaps in the great mass of the people, particularly of the unemployed who live on the edge of want and are doubtful about their coming meals or already feel the lack of them, these thoughts have penetrated farther than in the minds of people rather more prosperous who get along after a fashion as things now go.

Mr. Root, in a preface to the writings of Alexander Hamilton, published by Columbia University, says that as the license issued by Congress to President Roosevelt to do pretty much anything he thought necessary nears its end there must be an adequate discussion of the course of our government; not a partisan discussion aiming to turn out one party and put in another, but such a consideration as is possible of current affairs and what the government can do to handle them.

Well, bring on those bears by all means; bring Congressmen and Senators if there are any competent to talk



out the great, knotty questions. So far as we can get enlightenment from them, undoubtedly we need it. But the opinion is expressed that the course of the country will be determined more by what comes out of the great mass mind of the American people than by debates in Congress. Both of these great factors, however, are in order and what is in the public mind should and will no doubt find expression in congressional debate.

PRIME Minister Baldwin says the British frontier is no longer the white cliffs of Dover, but nowadays is the Rhine. Events in various parts of Europe, he says, have made defenses and disarmament more difficult and British forces nowadays are not properly equipped. He wants more air defense, more flying machines to stand off what may possibly come out of Germany, which is to-day a force very difficult to measure.

All the nations, including the United States, are increasing air defenses. The Hearst papers recognize at times—part of the time that is—that our relations with the British Empire are the most important national relations we have, yet with a curious kind of naughtiness they wail over our participation in the World War and say it was a terrible mistake and complain with bad words and sneers at the British failure to keep up her debt payments to us.

Nonsense! Destiny put us into the

War. It was right to go in, however expensive, however disappointing in its eventual details. The English debts to us are of small consequence compared with the maintenance of British security. The British Empire is the only powerful and reliable friend we have in the world. That friendship which is sure to come out in times of crisis is based on a common language, traditions and derivations, and a common purpose to maintain self-government in this world. British security is only less important to us than our own security. It is more important that British money should go for airplanes in defense of the British Isles and to maintain British influence than that it should be paid at present to us. In the end there will doubtless be a satisfactory settlement, but the big job now is the peace of the world, the maintenance of forces that make for it, the restriction or control of forces that imperil it.

There is a constant working out of cause and effect, development of processes, payment in ill will for bad treatment, distrust of neighbors. They must all pass away before the nations can feel reasonably safe. Repining because we got in the World War is just bosh. We got in because we belonged in, forced in finally by German insistence; but our problem now and everybody's problem is to help Germany as well as other nations back to decent and stable prosperity.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE BOGEY OF REGIMENTATION

THE PATRIOTS PREPARE TO DEFEND OUR LIBERTIES

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN AND HAWLEY JONES

THE sons of Liberty are with us again. Their couriers speed from city to city, their proclamations fill the papers, the welkin resounds with their cries. But the motions are not quite what they were in '76. The patriots this year ride no horses; the village, the hamlet, and the farm see them not; they hang no lanterns from church steeples. On the contrary. They are to be seen emerging from corporation law offices, their leaders go to meet appointments in the sleekest of automobiles. A philosopher on observing the spectacle might observe one other and more profound difference between the actions of the forefathers and the doings of the descendants. The boys of '76 were after something—the boys of '34 are losing something.

The latest addition to the gallant band is none other than Herbert Hoover, who has just emerged from

retirement—voluntarily—to pronounce, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, a stirring philippic on "The Challenge to Liberty" and the ravages of the New Deal. Though it is widely reported that Mr. Hoover yearns for a come-back and though it is highly significant that the article should appear on the eve of the congressional election, these things need not detain us. Nor need we be distracted by the charge that the article is the howl of an embittered ex-employee who complains about the State because it fired him. The interesting thing about the dissertation is that it is a fair reflection of the current agitation and concern of a considerable body of influential people in this country—the rich.

Though the article discusses in some detail the present Administration's policies—in agriculture, in finance, and in industry—the details are really beside

the point. In Mr. Hoover's own words, "the scope of this survey does not include a full examination of monetary, fiscal, and credit policies. I am here concerned solely with profound departures from liberty." He is avowedly attempting to get down to first principles, and there is no more interesting spectacle than an American politician engaged in such an occupation.

For those who may have had difficulty in grappling with Mr. Hoover's somewhat difficult style, the substance of his argument is this: That in the past year and a half the Executive has snatched dictatorial powers from the people or their representatives and has then proceeded to prescribe rigid rules of business conduct, with the threat that these rules would be enforced by fine and imprisonment if necessary. Under such an executive and such a government, according to the argument, all freedom and initiative vanish and, under a cast-iron regimentation, we must become a nation of helots, saddled with bureaucrats, little better than slaves. "For the first time in two generations," says he, "the American people are faced with the primary issue of humanity and all government—the issue of human liberty." "Regimentation" is the word round which the whole argument crystallizes, and it is worth examination.

Strictly speaking, this article was not the first ventilation of Mr. Hoover's concern with the problem. Hedged about with indirect discourse, the fruits of an interview with him appeared in the *New York Times* on May 27th last. At the time his settled opinion was this: "Some people will take more regimentation than others, and the same people will take more regimentation at one time than they will at another. But in the long run human nature will stand just so much regimenting. Hence, there is simply no sense in overloading a government with a lot of permanent

policies involving more of it than the rank and file will permanently put up with."

How about communism? the statesman then was gently prodded. How about the Nazis? Communism, he observed, was divesting itself every year of as many regimentary features as the face-saving instinct of political rulers would sanction. Naziism would blow up as soon as the sacred emotional sanctions which explained the Hitler evangel began to crack. And, he added significantly, "Before they launch any more new noble experiments, the bright young men in Washington had better remember this."

Not long after this interview came the announcement of the formation of the American Liberty League, an organization, like Mr. Hoover, dedicated to the preservation of our god-given rights—of property. Among its more prominent members are John W. Davis, John J. Raskob, and Irénée du Pont. That these men are Democrats and Mr. Hoover a Republican does not mean that the Liberty League was organized as a party measure to steal Mr. Hoover's thunder. Far, far from it. Republicans and Democrats alike are terrified at the threat of regimentation. Their beliefs are one and the same. They are not strange bedfellows for a single night; over the sort of regimentation they dread they are now and forever in one another's arms.

II

Regimentation, after all, was hardly invented as a war cry of opposition to President Roosevelt's New Deal. I am old enough—and sufficiently recovered from financial shellshock—to remember with some vividness the great libertarian days under that truly forgotten man—Calvin Coolidge. In that sunny economic prime, if my recollection is sound, we were regimented too, but

they called it standardization then, and in the ears of our governors it was good.

We were expected to believe that Mr. Coolidge, who refreshed the nation with a constant stream of economic platitudes and often took five-hour-long afternoon naps in the White House, was a strong, silent statesman, the herald of a new economic order of lasting prosperity, one of our two or three wisest and ablest presidents. We were insistently drilled and catechized in the faith that the summit of the nation's genius, virility, and culture had been reached in the business man. Drill sergeants and a ballyhoo of propaganda bugles summoned us to this archetypal American's frequent orgies of planless development.

Was a subdivision to be opened on trickily manipulated bank loans, with all the comforts of high-pressure salesmanship and inordinate prices for customers? Was a new industry to be floated by a local patriotism "drive" for stock subscribers and without any definite consideration of potential market and shipping facilities? Low persons who ventured to criticize the economic validity of such operations were branded by all the available agencies for inciting mass prejudice as "knockers"—the untouchables of current usage. If they happened to hold posts in the community—on faculties, on newspapers, or in public office where they could be reached conveniently—they were made to realize by silencing orders, by checks to their further advancement, or by summary dismissals that great, economically free regimenters knew how to function as autocratic executives.

In the background loomed further and further projects for making us good automata. Prohibition, with the widespread general blessing of big business men, later hailed as rugged individualists, was busily attempting to regiment personal taste, dietetic

habits, and social customs. The height of the Coolidge Day of Freedom marked also the height of the prohibitionists' effort to make opposition to their regime and its social philosophy impossible in a political leader and to penalize violations with the unusual punishments and fantastically felonious legal definitions of the Jones Act.

Taking up the torch from their superiors, lesser groups pressed onward toward sweeping regimentations of their own. The fundamentalists planned that knowledge of the principles of evolution should be kept from all members of the future generation except the small minority attending private schools; and then launched an attempt, which got at least as far as an enactment by the legislature of Oregon, to see that there should be no more private schools. The Ku Klux Klan darkened social, intellectual, and political life in a dozen States with the intolerances and disorders of a premature Naziism.

In industry, Mr. Henry Ford, announcing that every business was a "little monarchy," decreed how much and when his employes should drink and smoke, indicated where and according to what standards they should live, how they should spend their leisure time, and the size of the gardens they should cultivate. Other industrial titans applauded and went as far in enforcing similar ukases as the authority of more limited pay envelopes would permit.

All over the land the "spirit" of the employed force became the object of almost psycho-analytical scrutiny. In thousands of industrial and sales organizations pep meetings became more common than prayer meetings during a revival. The more it was hailed as the supreme art of civilization, the more salesmanship became a matter of drilling the ranks in routine evolutions. In hundreds of department

stores, for hundreds of thousands of traveling and house-to-house agents, drummers and canvassmen, the very words and phrases of sales argument and dialogue, the very mannerisms of ingratiating, of seduction and conquest were described and prescribed with a solemnity suggesting that stock turnover must be an affair for ritualists. Great artists in the specialty of "making them buy it and like it" dreamed of a day when sales resisters' answers would be equally stereotyped. A San Francisco department store not unaptly caught the flavor of the era by requiring its employes, at opening and closing time, to stand at attention while the notes of a bugle floated down a great central well and in and out forests of counters, from books to lingerie.

While men who were good at boss-buttering, pep meetings, and designing rituals rose more and more toward the top in industry, the really "key men" of the structure laughed at these cruder forms of regimentation. They were rarely personal practitioners of prohibition, and they rated the Ku Klux Klan as about on the level with a silly high school society. "You and I don't give a whoop for this prohibition foolishness but it's a damn good thing for my working force. And they tell me the Klan is gettin' 'em back into church on Sundays." Nevertheless, they were perfectly willing that their highly generous political campaign contributions should fall into the hands of Klan leaders and the prohibitionist college of cardinals. These lesser forms of regimentation were helpless to touch the "key men" personally, but they were of considerable practical help in maintaining the kind of regimentation in which they were genuinely interested.

For the "key men" of individualism's golden age were not interested in individualism at all in so far as it might have any connection with individuality, as

it might have implied any development of the cultural and intellectual differences among different individuals. They were interested in creating, marshaling, disciplining, and ordering about a population of mental and emotional robots who would conduct their lives on two premises:

1. That the American business man was the salt of the economic earth and the rightly ordained dictator of the contemporary economic era.

2. That his acquisitive instincts, which were the essence of the nation's genius and, for all practical purposes, the total sum of that genius, must be left free and unfettered to dominate the intellectual, the æsthetic, the political, and the recreational life of our times.

This is the form of regimentation, or of would-be regimentation—since of course it never was entirely accomplished—which the individualism of the rugged geniuses of the Coolidge age amounted to. These knew the kind of regimentation they wanted; they had it; they intended to extend it and keep it. Now they want it back again.

But such pummellings of the Coolidge era are old stuff and, what is more, they are deceptive. A flourishing depression literature has dissected the carrion of the boom days over and over again and has given the impression that up to 1920 things were doing very well indeed. The facts are otherwise. The only reason why the rugged individualist era is recalled here is because Mr. Hoover and the leading members of the Liberty League were among its peculiar ornaments and because they regarded that era with peculiar complacency. A proof of this complacency, if any were needed, might be found in Mr. Hoover's own inaugural: "We have not yet reached the goal, but, given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years,

we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." The disagreements between the presidential candidates of 1924 were in no sense fundamental; it was only that Mr. Davis, now of the American Liberty League, wanted Mr. Coolidge's job. As for the depression, it has served to throw into clearer light Mr. Davis's agreement with Mr. Coolidge's successor. The liberty which they and their fellows cherish is the liberty of economic license for the fortunate few, even if this is secured at the expense of the helpless many. In their private lives they may esteem many kinds of personal freedom, but the solid core of their faith is the belief in complete liberty of action for those who possess. The regimentation that they fear with a most deadly fear is a regimentation that may lay hands upon their possessions. And this belief and this fear were not born under Coolidge. They are as old as time. They stand forever beside the haves in the eternal war with the have-nots.

III

We have said that in his article Mr. Hoover attempts to get down to first principles. Let us see how far he gets. "Who may define liberty?" he asks. "It is far more than independence of a nation. It is not a catalogue of political 'rights.' Liberty is a thing of the spirit—to be free to worship, to think, to hold opinions, and to speak without fear—free to challenge wrong and oppression with surety of justice. Liberty conceives that the mind and spirit of men can be free only if the individual is free to choose his own calling, to develop his talents, to win and keep a home sacred from intrusion, to rear children in ordered security. It holds he must be free to earn, to spend, to save, honestly to ac-

cumulate property that may give protection in old age and to loved ones. . . . In every generation men and women of many nations have died that the human spirit might be thus free. In our race, at Plymouth Rock, at Lexington, at Valley Forge, at Yorktown, at New Orleans, at every step of the Western frontier, at Appomattox, at San Juan Hill, in the Argonne are the graves of Americans who died for this purpose. . . . When these boundaries of liberty are overstepped America will cease to be American."

After a lengthy discussion of New Deal legislation, Mr. Hoover ends on this note: "There are other channels in which our economic and social life is being regimented which could be developed. These instances are certainly sufficient to show that its very spirit is government direction, management, and dictation of social and economic life. It is a vast shift from the American concept of human rights. . . . It is a vast casualty to liberty if it shall be continued."

The first thought that occurs to the reader is that the passage is not only unrealistic but is profoundly lacking in conviction. Where Hamilton could bluntly say: "The People is a great beast," where the Jacksonians could say: "To the victors belong the spoils," where Tweed could say: "What are you going to do about it?", where a nineteenth-century capitalist could say: "The public be damned," Mr. Hoover is forced to fall back on the Almighty. "The high tenet [of Liberalism]," he says, "is that liberty is an endowment from the Creator to every individual man and woman upon which no power, whether economic or political, can encroach and not even the government may deny." The vigorous self-confidence of past generations is gone, the empire no longer takes its way westward, opening up new fields for conquest. Wealth is old, afraid of the

future, and, calling upon its gods, is walling itself up.

If regimentation be the dread of Mr. Hoover, if liberty be so precious to Mr. Davis and Mr. Raskob, why have we not heard more of it before? "... in the Argonne are the graves of Americans who died for this purpose," for liberty. Did they so? Where then was Mr. Hoover on the 22d of May, 1931, when before the War Policies Commission—under the chairmanship of Patrick Hurley, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of War—there appeared Herbert Bayard Swope who testified as follows: "Enlightened and informed public opinion in war is ideal, but the plan is dangerous. We must have a stencil. If we take the muzzles off the dogs of war, we must put the muzzles on the people. . . . Public opinion must be conscribed. . . . The *regimentation* [our italics] and goose stepping of public opinion is one of the inescapable processes of war making. Thinking along independent lines must be stopped. . . . Censorship must prevail. . . . It is rare—it is never—that a nation is instantly galvanized into the vast emotionalism that is needed in war. The real causes are too remote from the individual. The issues, colored and excitative, must be brought home to each." Here are explicit statements surely, and the word regimentation is not missing. Strange that Americans could have died in the Argonne for something declared dangerous. Were Mr. Davis and Mr. Raskob outraged by Mr. Swope's statement? If so, history records no trace of it. Was there a shout of alarm from the White House, a denunciation from Mr. Hoover? There was not a whisper.

It is easy to call up the memories of dead heroes who gave their lives for liberty, it is simple to take one's stand on the rock of Liberalism; but from a public character who does these things

the citizenry has a right to demand the goods, and the truth is that Mr. Hoover has been a generous advocate of regimentation in the past, has supported it and, on occasion, has applied it himself. If he never fought against Jim Crow regimentation of the Negro, he slept quiet beside the iron business control exercised, in private, by his Secretary of the Treasury. The strait-jacket may be obnoxious but not when applied to a Bonus Army.

There is one modest passage in Mr. Hoover's indictment that ought not to slip by the casual reader. Here it is: "How far the regimentation of banking and the government dictation of credit through various government agencies may extend is not yet clear. *There are national stresses [again the italics are ours] in which the government must support private financial institutions, but it is unnecessary for it to enter into competitive business to accomplish this.*" Not yet clear? Oh, yes, it is. Is it possible that these two sentences are protective coloring for those secret loans which Mr. Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corporation made? Where was freedom, initiative, and individualism when Mr. Dawes's bank was quietly handed \$90,000,000? Was not the fragrant Union Guardian Trust Company of Detroit regimented into accepting a loan of \$12,983,000? Other individualists, Democrats as well as Republicans, were attended to in similar fashion, and all the while the freedom-loving people of this country, who furnished the money for these loans, knew nothing until John T. Flynn blew the lid off in the pages of this magazine.

But enough of illustration. Such argument is academic. Freedom of opinion, of speech, of protest for others interest Mr. Hoover and the American Liberty League not at all. They are interested in property and its control, a control they will try to keep.

IV

It is not to be supposed from the foregoing that if the opinions and actions of these sterling patriots are open to question, those of the New Dealers are to be accepted entirely at face value. The new regimentation—for there is no denying that there is quite a lot of it—has stirred up Liberty's thunderbolt-heavers by striking at the freedom of the acquisitive genius for the potential benefit of certain other kinds of freedom and talent. Only the most fervent believer in the Roosevelt epic would claim that those benefits have been achieved, that the mechanism for achieving them has been developed and brought into action, or that it has been impressively effective even within the modest operating scope which has been given it.

The famous section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, for instance, has occasioned a number of widespread and sensational conflicts between capital and labor over its inner meaning, but it has not, in the more spectacular tests, greatly advanced the rights of labor to deal effectively with its employers under the auspices of organizations of its own choosing. The NRA, having passed the stage of ballyhoo and noble exhibitionism, has been modified and relaxed, both by government permission and by what might be called the inner "sales resistance" of the business heads pledged to put it into practice. On the whole, its primary purposes of "spreading the work" and of raising wages and purchasing power have been nullified. The AAA program of crop limitation, running afoul of the drought, has become less a planned economy than a minor adjunct of natural calamity.

The CWA has been abandoned, and its heirs, the SERA and the FERA, are still resolutely ducking the hazards of attempting any program which might

remotely be construed as putting the unemployed in competition with private industry. Nothing concrete has been done in a single instance to advance the various interesting schemes of some brain trust economic advisers for forcing the wealthy to disgorge their glut of capital resources and convert them into active purchasing power. Stock exchange and labor regulations are largely in the hands of new, and frequently renewed, sets of commissioners, whose tenderness or harshness of mind toward the old acquisitive liberties remains to be revealed.

Drastic regimentation has been in the air no doubt ever since something was said in March, 1933, about depriving the money-changers of the freedom of the temple, but the regimentation from which the great freedom-loving souls of the old normalcy order have suffered and derived inspiration for speeches has been essentially "lick and promise" regimentation.

Nor is there reason to believe that if it were all accomplished and literally enforced, the general public would be any more, if anything like so much, under the heavy hand of the drill sergeants than it was during the gay, libertarian age of the 1920's.

Some measure surely can, therefore, be taken of the individualistic zeal of the opposition by examining the spirit with which they have resisted these comparatively mild assaults upon liberty. The more forensically, not to say politically, inclined apologists for the tried and true, non-experimental order of the pre-power age have confined their activities largely to joining organizations and making speeches against "the revolution."

Mr. Ogden Mills, for instance, in his new role of a metropolitan banker expert on agriculture, has proposed that a return to the old freedom of initiative in business is necessary to set the

farmer back upon his economic feet. Col. Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* has discovered, and tirelessly exploited, the dangers involved in a code body vested with some doubtfully effective authority over minimum wages for grossly underpaid journalists and over the minimum age for newsboys. Colonel McCormick fears that such authority may undermine the freedom of the press and lessen the revered power of newspaper advertising space to stimulate flow of purchasing power. His fellow-publisher, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, has flung his newspapers into a crusade against income taxes and the NRA, on the principle that the genius of the business man, having built America, must be freed from even so much as the fear of "brain trusts" if the building is to go on.

All of these gentlemen and their satellite sub-leaders have done considerable regimenting of opinions and organizations in favor of rule by big business drill sergeants and against the rule of the drill sergeants of government. But none of them has explained specifically, or in anything but vague emotional appeals to the army, how, without considerable future regimenting of such matters as opportunities for employment, distribution of industrial products, and the flow of purchasing power, any active markets can be restored for re-emancipated capitalists to profit in.

But it is on the labor issue that the new crusaders for individualism have shown their true colors. Here, where labor has been attempting to break into the charmed circle of acquisitive genius and acquire some authority of its own in the administration and economic policies of industry, the crisis has demanded something more than the mere mobilization of opinion and the formation of the resistant legions in ranks of fixed prejudice. In

emergencies like the Toledo and San Francisco strikes, and in more specious but probably more tense local crises, it has seemed necessary to fire the regiments of individualists with battle lusts and the massed brutality of actual warfare. The intermittent strikes of the itinerant fruit, vegetable, and cotton pickers of the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys—imported and enforced, wanderers starved almost into madness—offer vicious illustration of employer savagery.

As a Californian, I can report that the job has been done with a military efficiency creditable to the professional competence of the individualist major generals. As a result of organized propaganda, no Californian with the slightest tendency toward weakness in his sense of proportion has been permitted to remember that the strike of the Pacific coast longshoremen was primarily conducted in order to make effective their organizing and collective bargaining rights under Section 7-a.

From one end of the State to the other, solid burghers and jobless white collars, cultists and the orthodox, were drilled like children in their lesson that several score thousand American workmen, with a vague sense of indefinite grievances and no intelligence about their practical interests at all, were seduced by a horde of wily Communists into starting a revolution aimed at the overthrow of the economic order and the American form of government.

Meanwhile, from the right of the line, the shock troops of the combat division performed according to orders. The San Francisco police did their share of shooting and execution. The Los Angeles police intelligence division—locally famous as the "Red Squad"—preserved the sacred freedom of the open shop as prescribed by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, by breaking heads and legs of pickets and their supporters at San

Pedro. Secret vigilantes, recruited from the members of red-baiting organizations, beat individualism into the skulls of dissenters with clubs and brass knuckles. Sweating with zeal, they reinforced the doctrines of economic freedom with kidnapping operations, destruction of property, and wholesale arrests of doubtful legality. No individualists have disgraced more effectively the decencies of American individualism in the lifetime of the republic. Nor can any realistic observer of the mobilizations being now accomplished question the certainty of further disgrace.

I pick up the *Los Angeles Times* the second morning after the primary nomination of Upton Sinclair as Democratic candidate for governor of California. "Is This America?" calls the attacking bugle in an editorial page title. "All of us are either for what we have known as American patriotism, or for some dark unknown chaos of destruction. . . . Mr. Sinclair is not the ultimately important factor. What is eating at the heart of America are a maggot-like horde of Reds who have scuttled to his support. . . . They are eating off the halcyons that hold up the Stars and Stripes in many directions. . . . It has been borne in upon the minds and consciousness of the most skeptical . . . that the wolves are here. . . . We are standing at a fatal crossing of the roads."

I can conscientiously report that true individualism in California to-day lies under the menace of regimentation by dangerous professional agitators. The passage just cited is an excellent sample of their work. One must hesitate before making a confident prediction that California will get through the Upton Sinclair election in November without outrages from a newly fomented American Naziism, sprung from the loins of the red-baiters and their kind.

V

At the bottom, in a complexly inter-related society, individualism and regimentation tend to become surprisingly the same thing. The individual cannot "be himself" in a way of consistently pursuing his own interests, or of writing his ideas of social and economic justice into government, without demanding a considerable amount of conformity from the neighbors. Individually, we want the economic and social traffic of the technological age handled in different ways, and we obviously cannot manage traffic by singing hymns to free initiative.

Yet the traffic must be regulated. Day by day it is borne in upon us by concrete economic experience that the production and exchange system can no longer be made to function, that employment cannot be created and fairly rationed out among society's individual members, that purchasing power cannot be made to flow, merely by leaving that system to the automatic action of its own internal mechanisms. We must regiment ourselves economically or risk the extinction of power-age civilization in a new anarchy. Such an anarchy would be far more dreadful and destroying than the mental pictures of Communism conjured up by the Better America Federations, the Patriotic Societies and Navy Leagues and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Associations.

Stripping off false banners then, two sorts of regimentation are proposed to us. One is the brand which, while seeking to mobilize the American masses into an army of easily disciplined, easily underpaid, and easily junked economic robots, has proved itself complacently callous to the needs of any form of individualism but that of the freebooter acquisitive spirit. The other is the kind of regimentation which would regulate the operations

of acquisitive genius in order to provide an economic security under which, for the first time since the dawn of the machine age, the latent individuality of the many will have some chance to set itself free.

To say this, of course, is not to make simple an urgent problem of grave difficulty. It is inevitable that economic collectivism will bring with it restraints. The task is to see to it that in that collectivism the greatest freedom for individuality may be maintained. Difficult, yes. Impossible, no. If it is impossible, what has happened to the energy, the genius, the initiative that the Liberty boys adore? Have the American people become completely incapacitated?

What Mr. Hoover and the Liberty League sponsors do not seem to understand is that *for most of us these liberties are gone already* and were gone before ever the New Deal arrived. It is monstrous to speak of the right "to rear children in ordered security" when, except for a handful, ordered security is non-existent. If we concede to these patriotic gentlemen the type of liberty they want, the kind of liberty most of the rest of us are likely to get will be the liberty of ignorance, squalor, starvation, and death.

Why prate, for example, over the

evil in socialized medicine which would deprive a man of the right to choose and pay his own doctor, when in accepting medical charity, over seventy per cent of the sick people have lost their privilege of selecting a doctor for the treatment of their ills? The remedy is not to let people die because, in a well nigh jobless world, they cannot pay for medicine. The solution is to make the regimentation of socialized medicine skilful, efficient, and humane. Examples could be drawn from every profession and field of activity. It is not a toothache that afflicts us, but a cancer.

Our affairs are in flux and their outcome cannot be foreseen. Other hands than ours will write the considered history of these times. The philosopher may reflect that the peculiar virtue of our people has not been our collective intelligence but our abounding vitality. We have come through a succession of revolutions and may do so again, accepting regimentation and punching it into shapes now undreamed of. But the philosopher is human also, human enough to feel a burning rage at those who, in the presence of such misery, sorrow, and desolation as our people have never known, have the assurance to stand up and slap a nation in the face.



POLICY BY MURDER

THE STORY OF THE DOLLFUSS KILLING

BY JOHN GUNTHER

LITTLE Dr. Dollfuss is dead and Europe is still jittery with its worst war scare since 1914. The Nazis murdered the Austrian Chancellor on July 25th, and only because of a couple of miraculous accidents did their plan to seize and sack Austria fail. The story is worth telling both from the human and political points of view. It is the story of an organized conspiracy to murder. I saw some of it, and I should like to set the record down.

The situation is quickly outlined. The Nazis, who are pan-German or nothing, and whose leader, Hitler, is Austrian-born with deep feelings for his motherland, thought that Austria would fall into their lap when Hitler became German chancellor in January, 1933. Indeed, it almost did. The reason it did not was Dollfuss. Therefore the Nazis hated and attacked him. They adopted assassination as a policy when other methods to defeat him had failed.

Dollfuss was a peasant, an illegitimate farmer boy, who became Chancellor in Austria in May, 1932. He was tenacious, nimble, devout, parochial, simple-minded, and sincere. During 1933, David against Goliath, he aroused admiration almost everywhere by his fight to keep Austria independent and to avert the international catastrophe which Nazi *Gleichschaltung* (assimilation) of Austria might have caused. In February, 1934, he

gravely weakened himself by ruthlessly and stupidly bombarding the Vienna socialists out of existence. The Nazi onslaught meantime was continuing. The Munich radio station poured out incessant vituperative propaganda; bombs, supplied mostly by Germany, spluttered all over Austria; an "Austrian Legion," thirty thousand strong, composed of refugee Austrian Nazis, was organized within Germany on the Bavarian frontier. By midsummer Austria was virtually in a state of civil war.

This caused serious international tension, because Italy threatened to invade Austria to "protect" it from Germany if the Nazi attack should succeed. Internally it caused a complete dislocation of Austrian life. Austria is after all German, and thousands upon thousands of Austrians were Nazi even without the stimulus of German aggression. A sort of secret state within a state came to exist in Austria. The Austrian Nazis maintained their ranks and discipline. They held meetings and even secret evening drill; they were rigidly if secretly organized; their influence swayed whole towns and provinces. Naziism penetrated the law courts and high government services; labor and industry; even the army and especially the police. Latent discontent practically passed the borderline to spontaneous conspiracy.

But Dollfuss, largely because of in-

ternational support, especially that of Mussolini, was winning. Therefore the July 25th plot was hatched.

Its origins are not yet completely clear because the ringleaders died with their lips sealed, but some details are known. All the Putschists seem to have been members of the 89th S.S. regiment, one of the four S.S. (Hitlerite guard) detachments which secretly existed inside Austria. In October, 1933, it is interesting to recall, Dollfuss had been shot by a young Nazi, Dertil, but escaped with a light flesh wound; Dertil is supposed to have been a member of this same regiment. The rank and file of the plotters were former non-commissioned officers or privates of the regular Austrian army who had been dismissed from the service for their Nazi sympathies. Also among them were active police officers whose secret Nazi activities had escaped detection—an extremely important point.

The plotters looked for spiritual sustenance in three directions: (1) In Germany there were Frauenfeld and Habicht, the exiled leaders of the Austrian section of the Nazi party. (2) In Vienna there was a group of high police executives and officials, who have since been arrested or have fled the country. (3) In Rome there was "King Anton" Rintelen. There was another leader, a mysterious civilian whose *nom de complot* was Kunze, of whom more later.

Dr. Anton Rintelen, a white-cropped man of fifty-eight, who looks less like a conspirator than almost anyone I have ever met, was promoted by Dollfuss to be Austrian Minister in Rome in order to get him out of the country. He was too powerful to be overtly sacked, or else Dollfuss was too timid or slipshod to sack him. For ten years Rintelen had been Governor of Styria, the turbulent province south of Vienna. He was clever and cold and ambitious

and, though named by the Nazis as their chancellor, he was not a Nazi. He was Rintelen. Years ago he flirted with the socialists hoping to reach power by a socialist coalition. When the socialists faded and the Nazis rose he intrigued with the Nazis. It is not the least of the tragedies of July 25th that this chief actor in it should have been motivated by such unspiritual aims. He ran with the Nazis not because he loved Hitler but because he wanted a job and loved power. The Nazis, on their side, needed him. He was "respectable" and they knew they could most easily gain Austria through the medium of a transitory coalition government. Rintelen was their Austrian Papen.

Various Styrian industrialists were friends of Rintelen. In their factories, like the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft, the largest industrial concern in Austria, the workmen were secretly organized on an S.A. basis. Here the Styrian rebels hid their arms.

Germany fed the springs of dissatisfaction and treachery with a powerful stream of gold. I have it on what seems to be indisputable authority that the Germans spent seventy-five million marks in Austria for propaganda in the seventeen months between January, 1933, and July, 1934. Of German moral responsibility for the Dollfuss murder there can be no doubt. Munich day in, day out, preached violence. And there was not only moral responsibility. No one knows if people in Germany were aware beforehand of the exact manner in which Dollfuss was to be killed. But they knew beyond doubt that *something* was going to happen in Austria July 25th, and the death of the Chancellor was indissolubly connected with their plans. There is plenty of indication of German foreknowledge. As witness:

(1) The Munich headquarters of the Nazi party, according to the official

Wiener Zeitung, had a special airplane ready at 9 a.m. on the 25th for the victorious flight of Habicht and Frauenfeld to Vienna.

(2) As early as July 21st a Berlin photo agency sent out pictures of Rintelen marked "New Austrian Chancellor—Hold for Release."

(3) A Nazi named Abereger, arrested in Innsbruck and later sentenced to life imprisonment for bomb smuggling, testified that on July 22nd, three days before the murder, he was informed by courier from Munich that an armed rising was scheduled in Austria for the 25th.

(4) Italian secret agents reported movements of the Austrian Legion (Austrian Nazis on German soil) to the frontier on the evening of the 24th. The legion was to take posts two miles behind the border.

(5) Most striking of all, the official German news agency, the Deutsches Nachrichten Buro, issued at 10:45 a.m. on July 25th instructions to all German papers to use only official German accounts of the news anticipated from Austria *that day*. Later this same agency prepared and distributed a story of the "successful" Austrian revolt although at this time the Putsch had barely started.

We do not yet know the precise interrelations of Germany, Rintelen, and the actual Putschists. Rintelen came to Vienna on July 20th, ostensibly on a holiday. The Putschists were in a hurry because Dollfuss planned to go to see Mussolini in Riccioni later that week, and the Nazis feared that some new agreement between Mussolini and Dollfuss would finally beat them. There is a story that Dollfuss planned to go to Riccioni on the 23rd but received a mysterious telephone call from someone in Rome purporting to be an official personage who told him to delay the trip two days. Another story is that the Putsch was first planned for

July 24th, but was postponed a day when inside information came to the plotters, possibly from Rintelen, that Dollfuss's last cabinet session in Austria would take place on the 25th, not on the 24th as first believed. It was the intention of the conspirators to capture the whole cabinet.

So much for the setting. The actual events of July 25th began as follows:

At about 11 a.m. the conspirators assembled at various points in the streets of Vienna. Their organization was excellent and they acted with the utmost smoothness and precision. One group gathered, man by man, on the sidewalk of the Kolowat Ring. They had received weapons from their leaders the night before, and some had found cards in their letter boxes notifying them of the rendez-vous. Not all the plotters knew who the higher-ups were; the password was the number "89." Fourteen started from Kolowat Ring for Ravag, the radio headquarters, where the signal for the Putsch was given. They were not disguised and they went on foot. Loitering on the Johannesgasse, where the Ravag is situated, were two uniformed policemen, members of the gang, who "covered" them and led them to the door.

A larger group meantime assembled at the gymnasium of the German Athletic Club on Siebensterngasse (Seven Stars street). This building, it is interesting to note, directly adjoins an army barracks. The plot had been organized with such care that one of the conspirators confessed later to having been informed by telegram where to come and what to do. The group numbered 144, of whom no fewer than 106 were former army non-coms or privates, and ten were *active* police. The hour of attack was chosen with beautiful precision so that the plotters would reach the chancellery at the moment of the changing of the guard, when it was most vulnerable.

At about 11:15 a spy telephoned Major Wrabel, the aide-de-camp of the Heimwehr * leader, and minister of public security, Major Emil Fey, that some sort of action was being prepared at Siebensterngasse. Wrabel sent a trusted detective, Marek, to investigate. On arrival, Marek saw the plotters, but the presence of uniformed police threw him off the track. Nevertheless, his suspicions grew and three times he telephoned to Wrabel between 11:30 and 12:30, once from a public 'phone booth, once from a coffee house, once from a furniture shop. It seems that Wrabel did not transmit the alarm to police headquarters until 12:35. Meantime the loyal police had been misled by clever and daring spies who told headquarters that an attack on Dollfuss was being prepared in a different part of town.

After his third call Marek was spotted by the conspirators and they seized him. He was dragged into the hall, where he saw the men changing into army uniform, the uniform of the crack Vienna "Deutschmeister" regiment. The rebels clambered into three private trucks which they had hired, one marked BUTTER AND EGGS, and started for the chancellery. They did not know what to do with Marek and so (amazing cheek) they took him with them. When they were a block from the chancellery Marek jumped out, and none of the Nazis, for fear of raising the alarm, dared shoot him. The reader may well ask how three trucks full of "soldiers" could traverse a dozen blocks of a crowded city at noon without attracting attention; but troop movements were not uncommon in Vienna at this time, and the uniformed police on the running boards allayed suspicion.

The plotters reached the chancellery at 1:02 p.m. The scene was set for

dramatic and terrible events. But first there is the Ravag episode to tell.

II

July 25th was a hot day, though not sunny, and I wanted to go swimming. I had finished my morning's work and put on my hat to leave for lunch when at 1:07 the telephone rang. One of my tipsters said in a low voice, "Have you heard the radio? The Vienna radio has just given this announcement: '*The government of Dr. Dollfuss has resigned. Dr. Rintelen has assumed power.*' It may be a joke. I don't know. I'll check it up and call in a minute."

I put in a call for Paris at once (we send our stories by 'phone) and while waiting for it I telephoned (a) the American legation, (b) a friend, Fodor of the *Manchester Guardian*, with whom I work closely, (c) the Bundeskanzleramt or chancellery. The legation had heard the radio announcement and was investigating. Fodor rushed to meet me downtown. The Bundeskanzleramt — interesting! — did not answer. Then Telegrafien-Compagnie, a local news service, called with the radio announcement and said that a Nazi Putsch was in progress. I wrote a brief story and finished it just when the Paris call came through. It was 1:19. I still had my hat on.

I lost about ten minutes because a police officer stopped me and made me drive him to his headquarters. A general alarm had been sounded, he said, but he didn't know about what. I got to the Bundeskanzleramt at about 1:35. The tawny oak doors were shut and a few policemen were outside, but otherwise nothing seemed wrong. I assumed that the government had locked itself in, preparing defense.

An armored car passed by and with a couple of the newspaper men I followed it. It turned away from the

* The Heimwehr is the auxiliary armed force that supported the Dollfuss government.

Bundeskanzleramt and lurched round the Ring to the Johannesgasse, the Ravag headquarters. The locale is comparable to 43rd or 44th street in New York. The car got into position and the police on the turret ducked inside the steel shell. Then I heard revolver shooting and machine-gun fire. The police were storming Ravag to blast out the Nazi Putschists there. I had a feeling that it was all monstrously unreal. The police pushed us back, but we were eager to see: it isn't often you get a pitched battle in the heart of downtown Vienna. Then *prprprffbum* we heard exploding hand-grenades. A waiter in a white-duck jacket slid through the crowd with a platter of beers.

What had happened at Ravag was this. At two minutes to one the fourteen plotters from Kolowat Ring entered the building. They shot the loyal policeman on guard and the chauffeur of the Ravag director who were lounging in the doorway. Four Nazis reached the studio, where a broadcast of phonograph records was going on. They grabbed the announcer, put a gun in his ribs, and made him give their message. This was the signal for the Putsch.

But a courageous telephone girl had had time to sound an alarm, although all the lines to police headquarters—an interesting point—were “busy.” And an official with great presence of mind cut the wires to Bisamberg, the sending station, so that the Nazis were unable to give a second message. Their plan had been to repeat “Dollfuss has resigned; Rintelen is Chancellor,” every ten minutes, interspersing this aerial tattoo with instructions to the country, false news, and so on, which would have paralyzed any defense action of the government. I remember that a British radio man told me years before how marvelously a revolution might be organized by radio.

An unfortunate actor rehearsing a

broadcast skit became hysterical with excitement, started to scream, and was shot. The police broke into the building and another policeman was killed, also the Nazi leader. Of the five who died, three bled to death because no doctor was available. Outside we waited till the police, victorious, began to drag out their captives at about 3:20. I proceeded home and wrote my story, longer this time, and put in my Paris call.

I went to the Bundeskanzleramt again at about 3:50. On the way I ran into Gedye of the New York *Times*, who was returning from Ravag, and we stopped a second, both saying, “Well, it seems to be all over.” We certainly were wrong, but very few people knew then that anything was amiss except at Ravag. I had passed the Bundeskanzleramt myself before, and it looked entirely normal except for the closed doors. Feeling a flicker of doubt, I said to Gedye, “You know, a government doesn't usually lock itself in at a moment of great crisis.” He agreed. “Funny.” And we remembered that the telephone had not answered. I walked toward the building. A patrol had been flung round the area and I couldn't get in. Then the story burst.

III

The Bundeskanzleramt, or Federal Chancellery, is the old Metternich palace where the Congress of Vienna met in 1815. Certainly from that day to this it can have witnessed no more dramatic and agitated a situation. A stately baroque building, its cream-colored façade opens on the Ballhausplatz. Grilled balconies of graceful iron project twenty feet over the sidewalk. Directly opposite is a post office built into the heavy walls of the Hofburg, the former imperial palace, and on the west side a high gate leads to the green meadow of the Burg garden.

The 144 Nazis from Siebensterngasse, sweeping into the courtyard, had seized those members of the government within, Dollfuss, Fey, and Fey's assistant Karwinsky, and about 150 members of the staff, civil servants, clerks, and so on. The guards in the building, 60 strong, suspected nothing or at least put up no resistance and were disarmed and arrested. The police plotters knew well the corridors and rooms of the complicated building (some of them, indeed, had previously been posted there on duty), and the occupation was quick and thorough. The analogy for America would be the seizure of the White House, since the Bundeskanzleramt is the central ganglion of government in Austria.

Nothing whatever of these events was known to the small group outside the building. Among the newspaper men who, having heard the radio signal, had arrived by 1:15 and stayed till nightfall were Nypels of the Amsterdam *Handelsblatt*, Diez of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, two Hungarians, one Albanian, and one Czech. They did not succumb to the temptation to follow the armored car which led me away to Ravag. They saw the whole story, and from a correlation of their records I have made the following chronology.

The very first arrival on Ballhausplatz after Nypels was a tall, blond, youthful, German photographer, who—remarkable coincidence if coincidence it was—had arrived in Vienna from Berlin the day before. Calmly he set up his tripod. At 1:25 some plain-clothes detectives and four uniformed police wearing steel helmets and carrying rifles arrived. A shout pierced the basement window, "Go away or we shoot." At 1:55 a Heimwehr lieutenant arrived, unarmed and alone, and smashed his fists against the door, shouting with quixotic magnificence, "I give you five minutes to open the door, or I will blow it up." This ges-

ture accomplished, he went away and was not seen again.

(Dollfuss was already bleeding to death by this time, the blood pumping from the hole in his throat, but no one knew. . . .)

Several other officers arrived, looked about, decided that nothing was wrong, and went away again. Traffic was still entirely normal. Then, at 2:05, came Dr. Funder, the venerable editor of the government organ *Reichspost*. A voice from inside was heard, "*Machen Sie keinen Sorgen*. (Don't be alarmed.) Rintelen is Chancellor and a new police chief is coming from Berlin." Funder hurried away. Many Heimwehr men and police had now arrived. At about 2:30 began a series of ultimatums that lasted the whole day. A Heimwehr officer knocked on the door at 2:35 and said, "We give you twenty minutes and then we blow up the building." "Go away or we shoot" a voice, distorted and hollow, answered through the door. The impression was now general that the whole government had been taken prisoner.

At 3 Major Baar, a Heimwehr officer and vice-governor of Lower Austria, arrived. A police officer shouted to him, "I don't know what to do. I am awaiting reinforcements and orders." The Heimwehr was now massed along the garden road to the Burg Theater, but the police pushed them back. "Who is inside?" Baar was asked. He answered, "Dollfuss, Fey, and Karwinsky are inside, prisoners of the Putschists. A new government has been formed and is meeting at the War Ministry on Stubenring." Police reinforcements came and a courteous officer said, "Look here, gentlemen, this is not a good place to stand because here you are in the direct line of fire." At 3:45 traffic was finally stopped and the little group of onlookers were a compact island in the broad empty pond of the square.

At 3:57 Major Fey, who has a face

like a battle-axe, appeared for the first time on the balcony. He was pale as paper. He wrung his hands as if to free them from dust on the doorhandle. With him was Holzweber, the leader of the rebels, a meager, bespectacled little man who looked like a clerk on a stool despite his captain's uniform, blazing with decorations. The crowd started to shout, and Fey called in a low voice, "*Ruhe!*" (Quiet.)

Everyone thought at once, "It is a Putsch made by Fey and the regular army."

Fey called, "Where is the commandant?" He could not be found, but a policeman walked up and saluted respectfully. "Who are you?" Fey asked. "I am Captain Eibel awaiting orders," the policeman said. Holzweber whispered to Fey and Fey said, "Come without weapons to the back door." Eibel nodded and Holzweber called after him, "Be sure you are without arms and come alone."

Heimwehr men in the square had recognized Fey and they began to shout: "Fey! Our Fey!"

At 4:08 Eibel returned from the back door on Metastasiogasse. He was running hard, his helmet was off, and his hair was damp and disorderly. He grabbed an open alarm 'phone. Everyone heard what he said, talking to headquarters:

"I've been inside, I've spoken with Fey. The Bundeskanzler (Dollfuss) is apparently badly wounded. He has resigned. There is a new government, and Fey remains vice-chancellor." Headquarters asked something and Eibel replied, "They are disciplined and look like the military. The staff of the chancellery, one hundred and fifty men and women, are under guard in the courtyard."

By this time the commandant, Hofrat Humpel, had turned up and he said to Eibel, "If the Chancellor is wounded he should have a physician. Run to

the back door and offer to bring a doctor." Eibel came back and said: "I knocked and the sentry said, 'No need for a physician any more.'" So it was known to this limited group that the Chancellor was dead.

At 4:20 Fey appeared on the balcony again, Holzweber at his elbow. The idea that it was a Putsch with Fey in charge was exploded because obviously Holzweber was in command and giving Fey orders. Fey called "*Ruhe!*" (Quiet.) Then, bending over the balcony, he called, "Where is Rintelen?" The Heimwehr started to shout to the Nazis inside:

"Woe on you if you harm our Fey. Touch our Fey, and we will hang every one of you on these trees."

Fey shouted: "*Nichts unternehmen!*" (Take no action.) Nothing may be done until I give the order. I am in command here." He beckoned to Humpel and ordered him round to the back door. A big Heimwehr man, just under the balcony, crossed his hands like a seat and gestured to Fey to jump. Humpel came back in about twenty minutes and shouted, "Rintelen is chancellor, Fey is vice-chancellor. They are waiting for Rintelen, who will come in a few minutes."

IV

But it was not Rintelen who came; it was quite another person, Neustädter-Stürmer, delegate of the rump (loyalist) government in the Ministry of War. He waited a few moments and then Fey appeared on the balcony again and called, "Where is Rintelen?"

Neustädter-Stürmer shouted, "*Rintelen kommt nicht!*" (Rintelen is not coming.)

Astonished, Fey turned to Holzweber at his elbow and a Heimwehr man called, "Shall we storm the building?"

Fey said, "No, nothing is to be done. Take no action without my orders."

Neustädter-Stürmer answered, "A new government has been formed and I represent it. In the name of the government I promise a safe conduct to the rebels. They will be conducted to the German frontier. If you do not surrender in twenty minutes we storm the building."

Fey said, "No. You will not storm the building. I am state secretary of public security, and you are to take no action without my authority."

Neustädter-Stürmer (sharply): "*Sie irren sich*, Herr Fey! (You are mistaken!) The members of the government who are prisoners are under duress and are not competent to give orders. It is now 5:28. At 5:48 the building will be stormed."

When the ultimatum expired everyone took cover but there was no shooting. Neustädter-Stürmer kept pacing up and down and Fey had disappeared. "It was just an Austrian ultimatum," someone joked. But the tension was terrific. At 6:04 Fey came out again and said that the rebels agreed to surrender but asked what guaranty there was of safe conduct. They wanted military protection to the border. "That can be arranged," Neustädter-Stürmer replied, and Fey, speaking for Hudl (another rebel on the balcony), called, "Can we have fifteen minutes more?" A civilian shouted, "They mustn't harm anyone in the building."

At 6:30 Fey came out once more. He tried to talk to General Zehner, the undersecretary of state for war, who had taken charge. There was such a tumult that no one could hear. Police, journalists, Heimwehr, lookers-on were all under the balcony shouting. So Zehner and Neustädter-Stürmer went round to meet Fey at the back door. Then Dr. Rieth, the German Minister, arrived. At about 6:50 Zehner reappeared and announced, "They will get military protection to the frontier under the command of a staff officer."

At about 7:30 Fey came out the back door. He walked up to Neustädter-Stürmer and said, "Give me a cigarette." A journalist called, "*Pfui* on their safe conduct!" Fey, lifting his voice with effort, said, "Quiet!" Neustädter-Stürmer asked him, "Is it true that Dollfuss is dead?" Fey said, "Yes, I spoke to him just before he died. When I came in he was lying on a divan wounded and bleeding." He crushed the cigarette in his hand and said, "Give me another cigarette."

At 7:40 Rieth and Karwinsky came out. Schuschnigg, the new Prime Minister, arrived and led Fey, Zehner, and Neustädter-Stürmer into the Burg garden. The police closed the gates behind them and, standing there on the grass, in the dusk, they held a cabinet meeting. By now twenty military trucks were lined up along the Ballhaus, and police streamed into the building to disarm the rebels and conduct them to the frontier. The rebels came out cocky and confident. Everyone thought their free passage to Germany was assured. They thought so too. But they were wrong.

V

Dollfuss had opened his last cabinet meeting at eleven. Among the items on the agenda were—of all things—regulations governing a famous Vienna theater devoted to comic opera. The warning did not reach the cabinet till about 12:50, although Major Wrabel, Fey's aide, had conveyed the alarm to the police at about 12:30. Vienna *Schlamperei* (slovenliness), as well as treason, is probably responsible for the fact that the chancellery doors were not shut. Once he got the alarm, Dollfuss acted with great energy and coolness. He instantly dismissed the cabinet and ordered the ministers to scatter to their separate offices, only Fey and Karwinsky remaining. This saved Austria, be-

cause if Schuschnigg and Neustädter-Stürmer had not been outside the building the Putsch would probably have succeeded.

At 1:02 the rebels were inside the gates, 144 of them. "We arrest you in the name of President Miklas," they falsely shouted.

Officials at the chancellery told me the next day that they first thought a surprise military drill was in progress. The uniforms seemed genuine and the men were disciplined. Then, along each tier of offices, rude voices shouted, "Come out! Hands up!" Doors were battered down and the staff herded into the courtyard. The more prominent officials were imprisoned in a small room and told that they were the first batch of hostages who would be shot if the plot miscarried. A second batch was then chosen to be shot after the first batch. It became clear that the men were Nazis when the first thing they did was to open the telephone switchboard and get in touch with the German legation. And one rebel told a friend of mine, "Curious, are you? In half an hour you'll hear all about it on the Munich radio."

Immediately on entrance one detachment of rebels went up the main staircase, ignoring other objectives, to search the state departments, find Dollfuss, and murder him. There is little doubt but that this group was specifically charged with this duty. It was led by an ex-corporal in the army, Planetta, with a chin like a boxing glove. Dollfuss was given no chance to escape. He might easily, like Fey and the others, have been captured alive. But the rebels had one main aim, to kill him. They entered the building at 1:02 and by 1:10 at latest he was shot.

Having dismissed the cabinet, Dollfuss retired to his private study, a small room bound in yellow silk. His valet, Hedvicek, looked out of the window and saw the rebel trucks unloading in

the courtyard. He told Dollfuss to try to escape through a passage that led through the complicated web of archive rooms upstairs. Briskly the Chancellor left the yellow room and started across an oyster-white room toward the famous Congress hall. The oyster-white room has three doors. One gives on the main staircase, and here the rebels entered. The door to the Congress hall was locked and Hedvicek fumbled with the key. Dollfuss, a small man, reached up for the knob and at a range of about twenty inches Planetta shot him in the exposed armpit. Dollfuss reeled and Planetta fired again, this time in the throat, at about a distance of eight inches. The Chancellor fell. ("How his head cracked on the floor!" Hedvicek said.)

"*Hilfe, Hilfe!*" Dollfuss muttered. ("Help, help.")

Planetta said, "Stand up."

"I cannot," Dollfuss whispered.

They picked him up and laid him on the rose-and-cream Louis XV divan. Servants were still sucking up the dust and blood with vacuum cleaners when I saw the room next morning. On the embroidery of the divan were three large blood spots, almost exactly the shape and color of large oak leaves.

Fey, who was detained nearby, had heard the shots but did not know their meaning. At about 2:30 a group of Nazis summoned him and led him to the room where Dollfuss was still dying. The Chancellor recognized him and whispered weakly:

"I charge you to take care of my family if I die."

The rebels had a revolver in Fey's ribs and permitted him to say nothing. Dollfuss went on, very faintly:

"Where is Schuschnigg?"

Fey shook his head and, mustering strength, Dollfuss whispered, "Try to settle this without bloodshed. Tell Rintelen to make peace."

Fey was hustled out of the room. He

appealed to the rebels to get a doctor or at least a priest. They refused, although they asked the prisoners if a doctor were among them, and one of them gave the dying Chancellor a glass of water. Dollfuss must have thought he had been betrayed by his own army; not only that the Putsch had succeeded but that his own men had killed him. Later (in delirium?) he apparently believed that loyal troops, not rebels, were surrounding him, staring at his shrunken face, because he whispered, "*Kinder* (children) you are so good to me. Why are the others not as you are? I wanted only peace. May God forgive the others." The last blood was now streaming from his small body. At 3:45 he died.

The rebels thought they had won until about 5 p.m. At 4:30 Hudl, the second in command, told the prisoners in the courtyard that a new government had been formed and that Rintelen, the new chancellor, would arrive in a few minutes. Thereupon about twenty officials gave him the Hitler salute and others called out, "Heil Hitler." Hudl testified at his trial that Wrabel, who was caught inside the building, gave him his card and said, "Call me *du*." (The German familiar form of the second person.)

After five, when Neustädter-Stürmer was outside, the rebels began to crack. Holzweber went to Fey and said frankly, "There has been some hitch. I do not know what to do." Fey shrugged. Then, a characteristically Viennese touch, Holzweber proceeded, "Ah! I shall telephone the Café Eiles and ask if Herr Kunze is there." So with the Chancellor dead, the government disrupted, Austria convulsed, and Europe at the ragged edge of war, the leader of the rebels rang up (of all things) a coffee house, to ask if a man who *might* be there could tell him what to do.

Kunze was a civilian who had been

at Siebensterngasse. Holzweber led the first truck and Hudl the second and Kunze was to have been in the third. But he never arrived. No one knows exactly what happened to him or who he is or where. He is one of the central mysteries of the whole story. The Viennese police think he is a Nazi lawyer who fled to Germany.

The Putschists were more light-fingered than disciplined "idealists" have a right to be, according to the Austrian government. They stole gold watches from desks, sixteen schillings from the bureau of President Miklas, and Dollfuss' pocketbook, it is said.

After six the rebels decided to surrender, following the promise of safe conduct. All the one hundred and fifty prisoners would be shot, Holzweber declared, if free passage was not given. Fey said to the government negotiator, "Do not allow considerations of my safety to influence you one way or another." Then Hudl suggested telephoning to Dr. Rieth, the German Minister, as witness for the safe conduct. Fey explained the proposition over the telephone, and Rieth asked him whether or not to come. Fey said, "It is not my business to give you orders or dissuade you. I have only to pass on these men's demand." Rieth came, the negotiations were completed, and the exodus began.

Still the mass of the imprisoned hostages did not know the Chancellor was dead. Leaving the building, one of the rebels called out, "We've left a dead one in the corner room upstairs." An official rushed up and found Dollfuss there. The body had completely shriveled like a raisin and was clammy blue. The face was uncovered and wore an expression of extremest agony. A piece of canvas covered part of the body. There was a terrible wound in the throat. Underneath the divan, spilled beyond the basin, was a lake of blood.

VI

And now about Rintelen. Why did Rintelen not come? Why did the Putsch fail?

He did not come because he was arrested. He was arrested not by the police or government, but by his old friend Dr. Funder, the editor of the *Reichspost*, who, leaving the chancellery at 2:10, went straight to the Hotel Imperial where Rintelen was staying and on his own responsibility persuaded him to give himself up at the War Ministry, in order to avert scandal. Owing to his position as a minister, Rintelen was not searched. It is said that the Ravag had telephoned Rintelen at about 1:50 and asked him to deny the radio report naming him chancellor. "I have no authority to do that," Rintelen answered, and rang off. At midnight that night Rintelen shot himself. The wound was not mortal, though so dangerous that the actual heart had to be stitched up.

When Rintelen left the hotel with Funder he told the hall porter, "I will be back in half an hour." The fact of Rintelen's basic association with Nazis is indisputable, but it is possible, just possible, that the Putschists may have used his name without his knowledge. . . .

About the position of Fey there will probably be dispute as long as the story is told. I do not think he knew anything about the plot. He was not a traitor, but he behaved like a poltroon. No one knows yet exactly what passed between Fey and the rebels when they first arrested him; but the evidence of both police officers who entered the building is that they understood (from the rebels?) that Fey, with Dollfuss dead hardly a minute, was vice-chancellor in the new Rintelen regime. On the other hand, Fey can hardly be blamed for telling the loyalist forces not to bombard the building. He had not

only his own life to save but he was responsible for the safety of the one hundred and fifty other hostages. If Fey had shouted early in the afternoon, "They have murdered the Chancellor; storm the building even if we die," it would have been a magnificent gesture but it would have cost much bloodshed. One must remember that Fey knew nothing of what was going on outside. He thought Rintelen *was* chancellor. Even so, if he had greeted Neustädter-Stürmer's appearance with a whisper of pleasure instead of a reiterated demand for Rintelen his reputation for loyalty, if not for courage, would not have suffered such a severe setback.

There is much bad feeling about the withdrawal of the safe conduct. The rebels were shipped, not to the German frontier, but to the Marokanner police barracks hardly a mile away. The government defends what was certainly bad faith by saying (a) Fey was not authorized to give a safe-conduct, and (b) Neustädter-Stürmer gave it unaware that the rump cabinet at 5 o'clock made it conditional on no casualties. I imagine the final decision not to free the Nazis was taken at the cabinet meeting outside the chancellery at 7:30. Here Schuschnigg was informed for the first time of the circumstances of Dollfuss's death and he decided simply not to let the murderers go. Neustädter-Stürmer said at Holzweber's trial, "Yes, I gave my soldier's word of honor. But a soldier's word of honor is given to other soldiers, not to men who deny medical aid and priestly services to a mortally wounded man."

Another reason for the failure of the Putsch is that the country as a whole did not rise. In Styria and Carinthia, where the Nazis had arms, there was severe but brief fighting, but nowhere else. For a year all of us had been deluded into believing that the Nazis were sixty per cent, seventy per cent, eighty per cent of the country. Possi-

bly, even now, this is true, but at the critical moment the Nazis did not take action. The rebel signal had reverberated through the land; for four hours there was no regular government; but nothing happened. The Nazis had not bothered to arm their adherents, feeling sure that the army would mutiny and provide weapons; but the army remained loyal. Thus they lost their supreme chance.

Above all, the Putsch failed because Hitler welched. The one hundred and forty-four conspirators were betrayed three times on July 25th: by their own higher-ups, chiefly Kunze; by the promise of safe conduct; above all, by Germany. For a year and a half the Germans had incited their Austrian cousins to violence and rebellion and then, at the crisis, they let them down. The Austrian Legion did not march; instead, as soon as the Putsch was seen to have failed, it was disbanded. Habicht was dismissed from his post as Hitler's "Inspector" for Austria, and Frauenfeld has disappeared. Dr. Rieth was summarily fired, to give way to the ineffable Von Papen. Instantly it was known that Mussolini had mobilized and would march into Austria if the Putsch succeeded, and this was clear by 6 p.m. of the 25th, the Germans wretchedly crawled and washed their hands of the whole business and ever since have sought to evade responsibility, to get out from under.

So far nine of the Putschists have been hanged, including four of the traitorous policemen, and, of course, Holzweber and Planetta. I have seldom seen a courtroom more stirred than when Holzweber, just before his sentence, rose and said:

"I was assured that there would be no bloodshed. I was told that I should find Rintelen at the chancellery and that the new government was already formed. Not meeting the leader of the operation (Kunze) at the chancellery, I disclosed myself at once to Major Fey. I told him, 'Here I stand, and I do not know what to do.'"

Three hours later he and Planetta were hanged. Both died bravely, and both with the words "Heil Hitler" on their lips.

The death of Dollfuss marked the entrance of gangsterism into European politics on an international basis. On June 30th, inside Germany, the Nazis went Al Capone, and on July 25th these methods crossed into a neighboring land. The great majority of Austrian Nazis knew nothing of the plot; now they will suffer for it. The plot was a failure because gangsterism, in the long run—in this case the short run—always defeats itself. "You murder yourself, not those you kill."

No one can predict the future, and it would be a grave mistake to think that the Nazi issue in Austria is permanently settled. Yet for the time being it seems that Austria is safe. The Schuschnigg-Stärhemberg government is not one to make democrats rejoice, but it is better than a Nazi government. The first assault of the Nazis in Austria has failed and this failure will make subsequent assaults more difficult. Already the Germans have changed their tactics. The death of Dollfuss is a heavy price to pay for temporary security, but he died to keep anarchy out of Central Europe, and this is his best memorial.



THE DESCARTE PEARL

A STORY

BY THOMAS ROURKE

Six fathoms down, it was something like walking along a mountain path picking mushrooms. But the oysters were very hard to break away from the coral rock and the basket you carried in your hand was made of iron and the walking was very slow, dragging the lead shoes through the water. But there was the nice clean path before you, narrow and white, twisting away among piles of rock and overhanging green stuff that swayed as though breezes were playing with it. And there was a green haze over everything too, just as you get sometimes in the woods in the morning when the sunlight slants in through the tree-tops. The green was different though; there was more blue in it, and it was a pigment of some body too, for it limited your length of vision. It hung a blue-green curtain round you. Everything inside the curtain was quite clear, washed with green, but your vision ended abruptly with the curtain. As you moved along the paths, picking your oysters, the curtain moved with you, and it was like going along in the center of a circular room hung with green curtains; a room that managed to manipulate itself so that you were always kept in the center of it.

It was very pleasant down there in the first hours before you got cold. You had nothing to do but wander along the paths among the coral rocks, filling your basket with oysters. You could

look at the scenery to your heart's content and think about pleasant things if you were able to do that.

I thought of Elena and imagined her down there with me. I imagined her running along ahead of me on the white path, losing herself among the high rocks and reappearing somewhere else, her hair drifting off her head in swaying strands, all those queer fish playing around her. Her blue dress would be wet, the pressure of the water holding it tight against her, showing her fine legs and the fine rise of her breasts, and her teeth would show very white from her brown face through the green haze. She would be laughing at me because I couldn't keep up with her. She would be laughing at me because she knew so much more than I did about everything in the world and she would be laughing at me because she knew I was afraid to love her.

There I was, down on the bottom, and Armando was up there, wanting to kill me. Overhead the roof was brilliant gold, almost too gold to look at, and that was the surface of the water and the *Holy Infant* floated there, making a black oval in the gold. You could see her very clearly, up there, moving gently to the swells. You could see the barnacles on her keel and garboard and her rudder flapping and the cable coming off her bow down to the anchor and the short ladder dangling from the

stern and the red rubber hose and the rope snaking down to me through the green water. You could see the turn of her sheer when she heeled over, the white of her hull shimmering above the water line, and you could almost see the letters on her bow, *El Niño Santo*. Armando was up there, pumping away, wanting to kill me. That's what Ernesto said anyway. I didn't put much stock in it myself.

Ernesto said Armando wanted to kill me because he thought I'd had Elena. That was ridiculous. Armando would know better. He would know from how we acted that there was nothing in that. You can always tell by the way people act. I didn't put much stock in it. I never saw any signs of it in Armando anyway. He never showed any signs of being suspicious of us or of wanting to kill me; he just seemed quiet and natural.

Well, if he did want to kill me he had me in a nice spot, down there at the bottom, with him in the boat pumping me air. Of course he'd have to take Ernesto first. Ernesto was there pumping with him, and the German would be hard to take. I wasn't worried about it anyway. Ernesto was the one who was worried. He was always worried about something. He was one of those serious young Germans.

It was weeks before this that the thing had begun. One morning the sun woke me, burning my eyeballs, and I turned on my side very slowly and tried to shield my eyes with my arm. I fought away consciousness, clinging to sleep, the way you do; but it was too hot there in the sun and I gave it up. I opened my eyes carefully, and raised myself up on an elbow, very carefully, so I shouldn't jar my head. My head felt like a drum and there was the feeling that something was going to sock the drum pretty hard any minute now.

I was on the beach at Guaraguo and

the German was sitting beside me, running sand through his fingers.

"Oh, good morning, sir," he said.

"Why aren't we at the *pension*?" I asked.

"Why, you insisted that we come here, sir. You said it would be a shame to waste such a beautiful night in a room all closed in, where they left things standing under the bed for weeks at a time. You said some very beautiful things about the moonlight and the stars last night, sir. Are you a poet, sir?"

"Ernesto, I knew the first time I saw you that you had no sense of humor. Don't tell me any more about last night."

"How do you feel, sir?"

"Well, I have the clanks, galloping, and a dago family spent the night in my mouth."

"A dago family?"

"A wop family."

"A wop family? What is that, sir?"

"A guinny family."

"I don't understand, sir. What is a guinny family?"

"You'll never learn English, Ernesto. You have no sense of humor."

"Oh, I have, sir. I have quite a good sense of humor. I laughed all evening at the things you said. You said some very amusing things last evening. And I know some very funny jokes, some of which I told last night. Don't you remember? Shall I tell you some now, sir?"

"No, no! Never mind."

I brushed the sand from my ears and shook it out of my hair. It was a gorgeous morning. But all mornings are gorgeous in Margarita. Maybe that's why I stayed there. The water was the color of a heron's wing with the sun making little flickering gold sickles on it and the sky was yellow quartz, dusted with fish scales. Down the beach the headland curved out to the crumbled lighthouse and behind it were the

houses of Porlamar, all colors, like a patchwork quilt. Up the other way, closer to us, was Guaraguao, the fishing village, sprawled on the beach; grass huts with nets drying on frames and boats pulled up on rollers. There was no surf in the cove but out on the headland you could see it rolling up and smashing, white, on the rocks, and the roar of it came over faintly. It was Sunday and the pearl boats lay in the cove. The diving suits were drying in the riggings, hanging by the toes, stretched out, all bright red, like red giants standing on their heads.

Ernesto undressed to his undershirt and shorts.

"Aren't you coming in, sir?" he asked.

"No," I said, "and I don't know if I can stand watching you. Even the contemplation of exertion produces a quivering in my middle."

"Last night you wanted to swim. Do you remember? You wanted to swim out to the pearl reefs. You said there were mermaids out there. Of course I knew you were joking and anyway it's a long swim, so I dissuaded you."

"I asked you not to talk about last night."

"I'm sorry, sir. I forgot."

"Someone did a terrible thing when they christened you. You've molded your personality to your name."

He ran down to the water and I lay there watching him with my eyes half closed. He dived and snorted and plunged and walked on the sand on his hands. He was a fine-looking young German—a fine body and a lot of blond curls and his blue eyes looked out so seriously at you. He came back to where I lay and went through a lot of calisthenics, drying off.

"The New German Youth," I said.

"I'm not a Nazi, sir," he said, "not exactly. I believe in the absolute equality of man, regardless of race or creed or—"

"Never mind. Look coming up the beach."

It was the first time we ever saw Elena. She was coming toward us, up the beach, carrying a jug of water on her head. She wore a short dress of pale blue, the very beautiful blue that some materials become after many washings, and the jug on her head was burnt-orange and her skin was golden. Her legs and feet were bare in the sand. She walked as a pine tree might walk and her high breasts moved in the tight dress.

It was Ernesto who spoke to her. I shouldn't have been able to do it. I've always been bad at that sort of thing, afraid of a rebuff maybe, but not Ernesto. He had a theory about it—something about self-assertion or aggression or something of the sort. He spoke to her very politely.

"Good morning, my little daughter," he said. "Do you carry sweet-water?"

"*Buenas dias, señores,*" she said. "Yes, sir, at your order."

She swung the jug to the ground and we drank from a *totumo*, a kind of half-gourd, which she carried on top of the jug.

"Do you live near here?" Ernesto asked.

"*Por aqui, mismo.* Right here," she said.

"Let me carry the jug for you," he said.

She laughed at his efforts to raise the heavy jug to his head. He got it up, holding it tightly with both hands, and the three of us walked toward the fishing village. Ernesto stepped very carefully in the sand, holding the jug tightly, making quite a job of it, being very serious about it.

"I passed you early this morning," she said. "You were both sound asleep."

We went to pearling then, Ernesto and I and Armando, Elena's brother.

I had been looking about for something to do for the few weeks I'd been in Porlamar, and when I found out that Manuel, Elena's father, had a pearling outfit I offered to take out a permit and work on shares. Manuel had lost an arm and couldn't work much, and what little Armando could make fishing was all they had to live on, so he seemed glad to accept the offer. He hadn't had the money to take out a permit that season and it wouldn't have paid him anyway for he should have had to hire a crew. The pearls were running small. An outfit was doing only about thirty bolivars a day—six dollars: an outfit of three men, one diver and two at the pump. Ernesto and I figured it was something anyway, and what money I had was getting low.

So, we beached the *Niño Santo*, caulked her at low tide, scraped and painted the bottom, overhauled the sails and gear and the air pump, patched up the diving suit, and went to pearling. We sailed out to the near reefs every morning. We worked the bottom all day till we had a load of pearl oysters and sailed back to Guara-guao about sunset. It was a pretty nice life. Better than hanging round Porlamar drinking anyway, and we made a living. The pearls were running small and ill-shapen, nearly all descarte, and the descarte price was very low. But once in a while we'd get a pretty good one—a round pearl of good color, running four or five grains—that would bring maybe fifty bolivars, and then we'd celebrate a little. We'd get some wine and rum and celebrate in the evening at Manuel's grass hut on the beach.

The diving fell to me. Armando had bad ears and couldn't stand the pressure and Ernesto had that crack-pot idea that Armando wanted to kill me because of Elena. He wouldn't hear of me being in the boat alone with Armando. So I worked on the bottom

and he stayed in the boat so he could keep an eye on Armando. It didn't make any difference to me. I'd just as soon work the bottom, although it got pretty cold down there after the first few hours, even with the wool jumper you wore under the diving suit. I'd walk along filling the iron basket with oysters, and when it was full I'd tie the rope to the handle, give the rope a jerk, and they'd pull the basket up, empty it and toss it over again. It would come streaking down through the green, leaving a trail of white bubbles.

Ernesto and I moved our stuff from the *pension* in Porlamar and went to live at Guara-guao to be close to work. We slept in hammocks outside Manuel's hut, and Elena cooked for us all. You couldn't rightly say that Manuel's family lived in the hut, for they slept outside and took their meals squatting in the sand and Elena cooked at a stone fireplace outside. The dark interior of the hut was used only for storing things, and Elena dressed in there, dropping a goat-wool blanket over the doorway. It was a nice life. At least you were busy and you were tired at night and could sleep. You could almost forget those things back home.

At first Ernesto made quite a play for Elena. He gave it up suddenly. It was funny how suddenly he gave it up. He was about her all the time and then, suddenly, he wouldn't go near her. It was when he found out she was a virgin. He'd gone straight to the point and she'd just laughed and told him she was a virgin and he wouldn't go near her afterward. He had a theory about it. Some sort of theory about virgins: it wasn't worth it, the complications, the worries, weren't worth the pleasure received. He had everything weighed out that way, everything he did. All his pleasures and other affairs too were balanced beforehand against the troubles involved, the possible con-

sequences, the cost in money, and he gave it up or went ahead doggedly, according to the way his scales dipped. It was funny too how well Elena knew just how to stop him.

Armando usually went to town in the evenings to loaf around the peon gambling places or the dance places, but Ernesto and I stayed at home mostly and listened to old Manuel. Sometimes I'd walk with Elena on the beach or sit with her on the rocks at the headland, under the old Spanish lighthouse. It was very pleasant except when the Greek was there. The Greek wanted to marry Elena and he made us all uncomfortable.

On Sundays we stayed in the water nearly all day and those were the best times. The whole village would be playing in the water, men, women, and children. The women, in underslips, stayed by themselves, up the beach a way, and the men, in underwear, played with the naked children, tossing them about or teaching them to swim. The boys paddled about on shark bladders, using them as water-wings. The fishermen were always bringing in sharks in their nets and they'd cut them up to get the livers and throw the rest into the water, so there were always flocks of birds swooping, boobies and gulls and frigate-birds. They'd dive right beside you. You could go under water and watch them coming in, breaking the surface, streaking down through the green, getting a bit of shark-meat or maybe a live fish. The water was cool and calm and the brown bodies glistened in the sun. Elena stayed with the women, but I was always conscious of her. I watched her fine body slip through the water, the black hair gleaming, the teeth flashing.

Manuel told us stories of the sea. Sitting by the cook-fire in the evening, he'd tell us about sailing and fishing, sharks and giant rays and big, fine pearls, and Elena would sit, tailor-fash-

ion, shucking pearl-oysters, scraping out the little descarte pearls, wiping the knife on the heel of her palm where the pearls would stick, looking like a dab of fish-roe. Her hands worked very fast and the pink bodies of the oysters slipped into the bucket at her knee in a quiet procession. Manuel talked like an old man. He wasn't old, really. He was still in his fifties. But losing an arm had taken a lot out of him, as a crippling will do when it happens to a man who is getting on. He talked like an old man, rambling along, getting his time all confused. And he talked like a blind man, not like a man who had lost an arm. His eyes stared ahead, into the fire or out over the water into the dark, as though they were blind. It had taken a lot out of him.

Sometimes though when we'd had a little rum he'd shake off a few years and the screens would drop from his eyes and he would talk with animation and he wouldn't seem blind. He wouldn't even seem like a one-armed man. He'd talk brightly, like a whole, strong man, and he would begin to gesticulate with his stump of an arm. He would move the stump about as though it were a whole arm. But then, suddenly, he would notice it. He would see it suddenly moving in the air. He would stop for a moment and look at it in surprise. Then he would move the stump down to his side and look at us apologetically, as though something had gone awry and he would go on talking again, wandering, talking vaguely, quietly, talking like an old blind man.

A moray had bitten his hand. One of those snaky, green and yellow things. Infection set in and they had had to chop off his arm. Armando did it. Armando chopped off his father's arm with a machete. He got the machete red hot over the charcoal brazier on the deck of the *Holy Infant* and chopped off Manuel's arm, just below the elbow.

They were pearly in the far reefs and infection started before they could get back to Porlamar. The water is deep on the far reefs—round fifteen fathoms—and it's dark down there, feeling round for oysters. Not much light gets down, even in that clear water, in fifteen fathoms. Manuel hadn't seen the moray. He was reaching for an oyster growing on a rock and the moray got his hand. He didn't see it twisted up there in all that mess of coral. He didn't feel it either, when the long teeth went into his hand, for his hand was numb with the circulation cut off at the wrist by the diving suit. He didn't know he'd been bitten till he climbed up on a big hill of coral rock where it was lighter and he could see his hand. If it had bled a lot at first, if the circulation hadn't been stopped at the wrist and the wound had bled, he probably wouldn't have lost his arm.

Armando had tied a rope round the arm above the elbow. He had placed the arm on the gunwale and chopped it off and flicked the severed part overboard. I asked him if the arm floated but he said he hadn't looked.

The Greek came two or three evenings a week. Everything was strained then, stiff and polite, and Ernesto and I would say good-night and set out for town as soon as we could without being rude. The Greek wasn't unpleasant at all or boring. He was very polite and quiet and his remarks were always intelligent and often amusing. It was just that we knew he wanted to marry Elena, I guess. You couldn't help knowing that. It stuck out all over.

He seemed to radiate that one fact. The air round him seemed charged with it—as though a loudspeaker kept constantly repeating it. He wanted Elena. He wanted that girl. It was so loud it made you self-conscious for him.

It was in his eyes maybe, the way they followed her, the large, bulging, brown eyes. They followed her lips when she talked and even moved with her breathing, it seemed. Darting from side to side, up and down, slight, quick little movements, like an electrical instrument connected by induction to Elena's body, responding to the vibrations of it as the diaphragm of a telephone to the surges of current. They almost never blinked, those eyes. It was fascinating to watch them. You could watch them for a long time, the round, white balls with the little brown centers, darting about in slight jerks, and it would seem as though they'd never blink. Then, at last, slowly, deliberately, the covers would come down over the white balls, hiding the brown circles. The covers would stay down a long time and then, very slowly, move up again.

He was the richest man in Margarita. That is, in the sense of ready cash. There were Spaniards, old families, who owned land and cattle, but the Greek had the cash. He had all the paying businesses—the botaquin, the sugar mill, the cinema—and he owned nearly the whole pearl fleet. He had a large, tile warehouse on the shore by the seawall and a lot of women working all the time shucking oysters. He sold his whole pearl crop direct to Paris.

He was round and smooth and white, even his hands. His head was bare of hair except for gray fuzz at the ears and some damp black strings in the back. He let some of the strings in the back grow very long and he combed them forward over the bare dome, parted them and curved them on his forehead. There weren't enough of the black strings to cover but they were spread very evenly over the whole white surface in parallel lines like ruling on white paper. I wondered how he would look when they were out of place, when he'd slept

on them, when the long damp strings fell back off the dome and hung down his neck.

I could never tell how Elena felt about him, so I asked her.

"Are you going to marry the Greek?" I asked.

"Some day, I guess," she answered. "Why not? He'll be good to me and I won't have to work. I won't grow old too soon like the other women. And I could no more love one of the peons. There's no one else I could marry."

"Don't you ever think of leaving here?"

She laughed. "I should be a sorry figure away from here," she said. "I should be very unhappy."

I wondered how she could be so wise. She understood her condition of life, saw its limitations. She appreciated the full life away from there and knew she would never know it, but she was too wise for bitterness.

"Why doesn't the Greek help you?" I asked. "Why didn't he get a permit for your father's boat?"

"The Greek wants me."

"That's what I mean. Why doesn't he do something for you?"

Elena laughed and touched my hand with her fingers. "You wouldn't understand that," she said. "That's why I like you so much."

I think she was the wisest woman I ever knew. Maybe you won't believe that. Maybe you won't believe that a woman who'd spent her life there on that island, who couldn't read or write, who'd never known or spoken with another foreigner, who hadn't even any deep experiences of her own, could seem wise to an American. But I tell you it was so.

You come to expect certain things of girls in those places. You expect shyness, blushes, a deference to your words, a peasant stupidity. But Elena was wise. She had knowledge and opinions of many things and she asked

eagerly of things of which she didn't know. Sometimes, sitting on a rock beside her, looking out over the water, I would look up at her, her raised chin, the faint smile about her mouth and I would see contentment and assurance there and feel very clumsy, very ignorant. Maybe, even on Margarita, an intelligent person can learn all there is to know by watching other people.

She was always laughing at me. She seemed always to know what was in my mind and she was amused at my disconcertion. One night we were walking along a salina. We had gone beyond the headland, climbing over the jumble of rock that was there and out onto the salina that stretched in a great, flat curve inland to the foot of the mountains. The moonlight washed over it like phosphorus, brightening the still, shallow pools that streaked it, and the mountains were flat purple ribbons bordering it. The breeze swept in from the sea, crisp with the smell of the sea, and sent little swirls of salt whispering over the hard crust, and a rustling came from the millions of gulls nesting on the pools. The moon seemed very close and the plane we walked on seemed wide as the universe.

"You know," Elena said, "I like you better when you're drinking."

"I've noticed you're always ready to serve me."

"You're much more fun. You say much nicer things when you're drinking."

"Don't pay any attention to anything I say when I'm drinking," I said, sharply. I was annoyed and a little startled. "I don't mean anything I say."

She laughed. "You say very beautiful things sometimes. You told me I was beautiful. Didn't you mean that?"

"I might say it to any girl when I'm drinking."

"You don't think I'm beautiful then?" I could see her smiling in the moonlight.

"I shan't take another drop to drink so long as I'm here," I said.

"Then you do think I'm beautiful but you're afraid to tell me when you're sober. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid for myself."

"Oh, you're so sure I'd fall that you're afraid for me."

"I'm not sure at all. I just talk crazy when I drink, that's all."

"But I like to hear it. Why don't you talk crazy when you're sober? You're much happier when you talk crazy."

"If you did fall, as you put it, it would do you a lot of harm and if you didn't, I should just be ridiculous."

Elena laughed again. "Why should you be more afraid for me than I am for myself? I'm not afraid for myself at all, you know. And you're not afraid for me either, really. You're afraid for yourself. Someone must have hurt you badly. Will you tell me about it?"

"You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Not at all. I don't even think about it. I know that I should do anything that I wanted to do badly and that I shouldn't regret it afterward."

After that I was always very careful what I said to her and she teased me about it, knowing the effort it was.

The pearl business began to go badly. For some reason or other the pearls became smaller and fewer. Poor as the hauls had been before, they became worse, till sometimes, after we'd shucked a whole load and Ernesto and Armando and Elena and I had scraped the roelike dabs of tiny pearls from our hands and put them all together on the scales, there'd be only ten or twelve grains—worth, at the descarte price,

maybe ten bolivars—two dollars, for a day's work for three men. It was the same with the other pearlers too. They all had the same story to tell. The Greek said that his boats were averaging about eight bolivars, not enough to pay for the permits. The near reefs had gone bad.

You heard lots of different theories about it. There wasn't the right sort of food in the currents that swept around the reefs to produce pearls in the oysters; the water was too warm from the long dry season; there were too many steamers going by these days and the oil they left on the water killed the germs that produced the pearls. It wasn't a grain of sand, you heard, that produced pearls, for natural pearls had hollow centers; it was a germ, a disease of the oyster, that caused an irritation and made pearls with hollow centers. Anyway the pearls were falling off on the near reefs. From the far reefs, off the island of Coche, three days' sail to the northeast, big pearls were coming. One after another, the Margarita boats were leaving the near reefs and sailing off toward Coche in search of big pearls. We talked it over round Manuel's cook-fire and decided to go ourselves.

We decided on a month's trip—all that was left of the legal pearling season. We would build a shelter on Coche, for the rains were beginning, fish the reefs alternate days, spending every other day on the island, shucking. Coche was a small island and no one lived there, but there was a sweet-water spring. We should have to take enough food to last us the month, though we could depend somewhat on fish and crawfish. And there were always the pearl oysters to boil and eat if you got really hungry.

Elena didn't say anything when we talked it over. She sat quietly, weaving a hammock of moriche palm. It

was afterward, when I was alone with her, that she spoke of it.

"You'll be gone a month," she said. "I'll miss you."

"I'm rather looking forward to it," I said. "It will be fun to have a chance at some real pearls."

"You know the water is deep there and it will be cold down there all day. Do you think you'll be able to stand the pressure?"

"I think so. It hasn't bothered me here at all, in six fathoms. I'll wear two jumpers against the cold."

"When you come back the season will be over. I suppose you'll be leaving then."

"I suppose so. Ernesto was talking yesterday about the gold strikes in Guiana. Maybe we'll go down there."

"You'll be leaving for Coche in two days and when you come back you'll be leaving for good. We haven't much time, have we?" She smiled and rose from the bank of sand where we'd been sitting. She took my hand and led me up the beach toward a group of fishermen who were playing guitars and singing around a fire.

The day before we were to go we brought the *Niño Santo* in from her mooring in the cove and loaded her. We brought her up close to the beach at high tide so that we could wade out to her and spent all afternoon putting supplies aboard. All the children from the village helped us and we had a lot of fun, splashing through the water. Elena helped too, wading out to the boat with the rest of us, laughing a lot. There was quite a bit of stuff to be put aboard. There were wooden casks of water, big discs of casabe wrapped in palm leaves, stalks of plantains, net slings of oranges and mangoes, baskets of sapodillas, dates, and guanábanas, sacks of cornmeal and charcoal, bottles of coconut oil, chunks of dried goat meat—a mess of stuff that had to be stowed and lashed down on

the little sloop. It was something like preparing for a picnic. We made quite a lark of it and that evening, after dinner, the fishermen came to Manuel's hut with their guitars.

Ernesto had gone into Porlamar for rum and wine and *ponche crème*, so the fiesta was pretty lively. The purple night was all about, the firelight gleamed on the dark faces of the men and women, on their ragged clothing and bare feet, on the bright guitars and flying *marracas*, and the sounds went into the night like spray from a fountain—the dull rhythm of the guitars, the swish of the *marracas*, the chants of the Margariteños, high, cracked voices, clear, young voices, singing, cackling. The bottles went round, the *arepas* toasted on the fire. You had to drink with everyone. You had to tell everyone what a fine fellow he was and you had to listen interminably while he chanted what a fine fellow you were. You had to tolerate his arm about your shoulder, his dark, snaggle-tooth face against yours; but after awhile, as the liquor warmed you, you liked it. You tried to follow along with the songs, you waved your drink, slapped the thighs of the girls, and stood up and tried to jig with the others.

Ernesto stood with his arm round a girl, his blond hair mussed, his face red from the sun and the firelight, singing, very seriously, in bass monotone, German words to the music. Armando was stretched out on the sand, dead to the world. Manuel squatted on his haunches, moving his head to the rhythm, a smile on his dark, wrinkled face. Elena was everywhere, laughing and singing and filling cups. She kept mine always full.

So it was, the thing came about that night. After everyone had straggled off or fallen asleep, Elena and I were alone in the firelight. It is all confused, just how it happened, but there are some things that I remembered

about it, as you will about things that happen at a fiesta like that. I remember that I took her by the hand and ran with her to that spot at the headland just under the lighthouse, that little sandy spot with the rocks piled up round it. I remember that I looked at her laughing face and that it came to me then that she'd planned all this. And I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. My mind refused all control. It cast out what shreds of sober self-control remained there and poured out a wild, happy stream of words. I remember sitting on the sand with my back against the rocks, talking, talking, singing even, English, Spanish; and Elena laughing, stroking my face with her fingers, kissing me.

I remember her dancing on the bit of sand there. I remember the moonlight on her body, the long curves of her body that I knew so well, that I had never dared think about. I remember her head thrown back, her abandoned laughter.

It is dark and cold in fifteen fathoms. Your hands are so cold you can scarcely break an oyster from the rock when you find one. The pressure on your eardrums feels like sharpened stakes driven into either side of your head. It seems as though you'll never get the basket filled. It seems as though the rope will never jerk to tell you it is noon and you can drop the lead belt and drift up to the dangling ladder, feeling those stakes drawing out, drawing the pain with them, as you go up, feeling the warmth of the water soaking into you. The dark-green curtain is still there, in fifteen fathoms, but you are groping around in it, lost in its folds.

I stumbled along in the semi-darkness, groping for the rocks that rose round me, feeling for the jagged, protruding shells. I wore leather tips on my fingers, but the sharp shells cut

through them. I was cold and miserable and worried. I was miserable because of Elena and I was worried because of Armando; because Armando wanted to kill me. I wasn't sure of that even now, but Ernesto kept harping on it and at last it began to worry me, there in the dark. It hadn't bothered me before, working in the shallow water, but here, in the dark, I kept thinking about it. Of course I'd been innocent then. That was the answer. When I thought of that I felt relieved. It was all in my mind. Armando was just naturally quiet—a big, good-looking, quiet chap, not overly bright.

We were getting some big pearls though. The day before, shucking, Ernesto had turned out a nice one—a yellow pearl, almost perfectly round. Armando had rolled it to test its roundness and held it on the tip of his finger and judged it ten grains—worth forty dollars. There were pearls here all right.

And you could make money in Margarita. Not much, but enough to live on and maybe enough to get away once in a while—to the States or Europe. There were other things besides pearls too. You could try coconuts and rum and manganese. There was manganese up in the hills. Ernesto and I had seen it, lots of it, when we were scouting up on the bare hillsides. It wouldn't be a bad life at all.

Elena was beautiful. She was wise too. It would be fun teaching her and taking her about. She would be beautiful anywhere. And we should never go home. My family, my father and that woman he'd married wouldn't know anything about it. I'd write once in a while and they would be satisfied. They would be glad to be rid of me. Their consciences would be clear if I wrote them once in a while. They would think they were "keeping in touch" with me. They would be able to say, "Bill? Oh, yes. He's doing

fine. We just heard from him. He's in—where is he, dear?"

It's odd how fine you feel when you've decided upon something that's been worrying you. I went to Armando's hammock and shook him awake. He lay there blinking at me.

"I'm going to ask Elena to marry me," I said.

His face didn't change at all. He went on blinking.

"You don't say," he said. "I wish you luck. I was afraid she'd marry the Greek."

It seemed we'd never get home. The trade wind was fresh and the *Holy Infant* put her nose into the billows, throwing a nice spray, foamed down the sides of the billows, making ten knots, the sails bellied out, wing and wing, but we seemed to be going very slowly. The seas rolled astern of us, and it seemed as though we stayed in one place. Then, at last, when we rounded the headland, trimmed the sheets, and came quietly to the mooring in the cove, and the grass huts of Guaraguao were before us, I saw Elena standing on the beach. She was all dressed up so that I scarcely recognized her. The Greek stood beside her, smiling and waving to us.

Ernesto and I were packing our things when she came into the hut. Ernesto swung his cheap, tin trunk onto his shoulder and carried it out to the two-wheeled cart that waited at the door and I went on tamping things into the duffel bag.

"Armando told me," she said. "I ex-

pected that, that's why I didn't wait till you got back. I thought you'd think you ought to marry me."

"I didn't think I ought to. I wanted to."

She didn't say anything and I went on packing. It was dark in the hut and her body shut out most of the light from the doorway.

"I wish you would move out of the light," I said. "I can't see to pack."

"I told the Greek about us. I told him the next day."

"And he married you anyway."

"I knew he would. He raved a little to satisfy his pride."

"Won't he hold it against you?"

I could see the shrug of her shoulder by the shadow on the wall. "He'll always bring it up when he's angry. But he can never hurt me much."

"You don't seem to expect much happiness," I said.

"I have had more than I'd ever expected."

We rode on top of our baggage, piled high on the cart, and lurched along, over the sandy road toward the dock in Porlamar. The burro nodded his head and the driver prodded his narrow little rump with a stick. Ernesto had his nose in the *Mining Engineers' Handbook*.

"Is the gold alluvial in Guiana?" he asked.

When we got to the dock, I gave the driver a handful of small, misshapen pearls.

"You're paying him too much," the German said.

"They're only descarte."



HOW BRITAIN REVIVED

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

NO VISITOR to London these days can withstand its comfortable good cheer or be unaware that here, at last, is a city not beset by fears and tormented by phantoms. London is the most prosperous metropolis in the world. The statistician can prove it with figures on wealth, employment, and consumption, but the foreign visitor needs no such proof. The mood of London gives him mental repose. If he has come from a long stay in Berlin he relaxes his tense nerves and speaks of controversial matters with a normal voice; if from Paris, he forgets the riots and parliamentary scandals and the shadow of danger over the Chamber of Deputies; if from America, he experiences what he may have forgotten—a great community imbued with quiet confidence.

To be sure, London is not typical of Great Britain, for in the north and in Wales are areas of desolation unvisited by tourists where despair is as rife as confidence is in London. But, on the whole, Great Britain has experienced an unmistakable revival, even if London has enjoyed more than its share. The revival may not be quite so complete as is widely believed. The depression in Great Britain is not over, for the normal level of production has not been reached. But even if it is a revival and not a recovery it is not to be belittled. It has brought work and courage to great numbers. Moreover, it is one of the few outstanding achievements of leadership in an era of failure.

The revival is due to a combination of good fortune and a series of drastic national actions which demonstrate how a modern democracy can co-operate with destiny in times of danger. A myth is current, particularly in America, that the British have recovered by "letting nature take its course." No one, of course, can say that the results would not have been still better if nature had actually been allowed to take its course. If the National Government had not been formed, if the decision had not been taken to abandon the gold standard, if the British market had not been enclosed by the double wall of tariffs and a depreciated currency, if the conversion loan had not cut the income of the rentier class by thirty per cent, if agriculture had not been forced to thrive on subsidy and regimentation, British history would have been strangely different. Suppose, for instance, the last sovereign in the gold reserves had been shipped abroad in October, 1931, and the gold standard had not been suspended but jettisoned, that indeed would have been letting nature take its course. Only the economists of the "monetary school" would have welcomed it as bringing on the universal demonetization of gold, and with it the dawn of a new day of wisdom in the vital matter of money. Again, suppose tariffs had not been resorted to, and the British market, the largest in the world, had remained accessible to other countries. Only orthodox free traders can

argue that the resultant benefit to foreign countries would have so quickened world trade as to bring still greater British prosperity in its train. But such arguments are purely theoretical, for the fact is that nature was not allowed to take its course.

The history of the British people since 1931 is curiously like the history of an individual. A man makes decisions: some of them may be wise; some may be blind but turn out happily because of circumstances which he had not foreseen; and then he may be helped by a mere whim of events. Similarly, some of the national decisions in Britain have been intelligent, some have been fortunate, and there is at least one instance of sheer romantic luck. Let me tell first about the luck.

Luck is not unknown in economic history. The discovery of a great gold field can modify the economic fate of a generation. But the discovery of a mine is an incalculable occurrence, and this occurrence was not incalculable. It simply was not calculated or predicted. For the whole British nation it just happened.

It occurred after the suspension of the gold standard. The National Government had been elected as a bulwark against inflation. MacDonald had made people's flesh creep with tales of the billions of marks it took to buy a postage stamp in inflationary Germany. Between Great Britain and inflation stood only her gold reserve and the determination to balance the budget. (I admit, this is a story only for the orthodox.) The gold reserve had been pledged to the last sovereign to New York and Paris for the credits raised in the last frantic effort to remain on gold. The credits soon would fall due. The country had no export surplus with which to buy dollars and francs to repay them. The Treasury had no funds abroad, and could not obtain them by any known way unless it im-

pounded the foreign investments of private citizens. This had been done during the War in the white heat of patriotism. The operation could hardly be repeated in the face of financial disaster. If the gold reserves were shipped abroad London would lose its place as the financial center of the world. If the credits were not repaid the Bank of England would be degraded. Some new gold came to London regularly from the Rand and could be bought, but it was not enough. Nobody knew what was going to happen. MacDonald, who had promised sound finance, did not know, nor did Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Permanent officials at the Treasury were in despair. Not even a sub-clerk was inspired to write a memorandum pointing out how the country was going to be saved.

A trickle of gold started flowing into London from an unexpected source. The trickle swelled to a stream, the stream to a river. Within two years this river brought gold worth \$350,000,000 to London. The Bank of England could repay the French and American credits before they were due, with a triumphant flourish, without a mention of luck. Everyone was allowed to suppose that the traditional soundness of British institutions had been demonstrated once more. British prestige, shaken by the suspension of the gold standard, began to rise. The world over people said again that the English are great financiers, great business people.

The trickle of gold had not come from any newly discovered mine but from India. For decades the vast sub-continent, with a population nearly three times as great as America's, had been absorbing and hoarding gold. Some of it went into bracelets and bangles to adorn the women of India, some of it was hidden away as coin; for such is the technic of hoarding in the

Orient. No one could say just how much gold India had received, and no one foretold that what had been hoarded might be restored to circulate again in the arteries of finance.

When the gold standard was suspended the paper pound did not deteriorate in purchasing power, either in Great Britain or India. Thus the gold of India commanded a premium; the hoarder could sell at a profit. Indians, like everyone else, were pressed for funds, so the gold coins came out of hiding, and the bracelets and bangles were melted into bars to be shipped to London.

The Treasury was quick to see what was happening. The Exchange Equalization Fund was set up to provide the means to buy gold, both from South Africa and India. The fund had the further purpose of keeping the paper pound from rising inconveniently high or falling dangerously low on the world exchange markets. But its primary aim was to restore Great Britain's gold reserves. And this it did. Chiefly thanks to India, British gold reserves already a year ago were the largest in the country's history.

Most of the British people have missed the mental adventure of realizing that their economic security to some extent lay waiting for them in the bangles on dark arms in India. Most of them cherish the thought that issues of such moment are under the exclusive control of the mysterious governor of the Bank of England and the coldly realistic Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now India could not have played this decisive role except for another happening, which also was not clearly foreseen. When the British went off gold, it seemed like a toss-up whether gold or paper-money prices would rise. Judging by the experience of Germany, Italy, and France, the suspension of the gold standard must be followed by an immediate depreciation of paper

money in terms of goods as well as gold. Paper prices would have to rise, and the painful cycle leading to printing-press inflation would set in. MacDonald must have thought so, or he would not have formed the National Government for the primary purpose of defending the gold standard, and he would not have frightened the country with his reminiscences of German inflation.

The world now knows it was no toss-up. When Britain went off gold, it was gold prices which were depressed, not pound prices which rose. Other countries likewise suspended the gold standard, and the sterling area became too large to be dominated by the minor power of gold. The British now will tell you that they did not go off gold at all, that it was gold which went off sterling. They have forgotten their fright in 1931. Then they knew they were taking a leap into the dark. What they feared as a long fall turned out to be no fall whatever. The paper pound kept its value, and the British did not suffer in the least. The real suffering came in lands where gold prices prevailed, for these at once began declining, with all the dangerous consequences of further deflation. Britain on the contrary found herself in a surprisingly favorable position. Her exports were stimulated by the cheapness of the pound in gold countries. The steadiness of the pound in India set into play the unforeseen forces which disgorged for London's benefit the vast horde of Indian gold.

II

Those who proclaim that "nature" has been allowed to take its course in Great Britain are not thinking of the elements of romance in British revival. They are capitalists of the pure type who know their theory better than their Britain. One may in passing pay

tribute to their purity. No doubt the chief trouble with capitalism is that people insist on interfering with it. They have been doing so progressively for well nigh a century. Humanitarianism has made it impossible to grind down wages to the starvation point in the economic interest; misguided capitalism has insisted on postponing bankruptcies and capital losses; nationalism has erected mountainous barriers against the free movement of trade. Pure capitalism relies on starvation, bankruptcies, and the free market in order to survive. These are the "natural" forces which must operate if depressions are to be brief. Anyone who prefers them to the compromises of capitalist democracies can make out his case. But the last place to look for supporting evidence is Great Britain. For decades, interference with natural forces has been carried there to egregious lengths. Great Britain is the land of trade unions and national wage agreements—in other words, rigid wages. These have been made still more rigid by the British system of social insurances. On the capital side of the ledger, the British banks, which no British government would allow to default on a penny of deposits, are stuffed with the debts of industries which in a pure capitalism would have failed years ago, and many of which will never earn profits again. Until these industrial invalids are allowed to die recovery must be limited.

Those who look to Great Britain for "natural" policies may be keeping alive the illusion that *laissez-faire* is the current British economic philosophy, and that the defunct Manchester School teaches the City of London, and that the British know more about capitalism than any other people. What British conservatives know better than American conservatives is that pure capitalism cannot live in a democracy, and that compromise after compromise

must be made if it is not to perish altogether. Hence British conservatives cheerfully accept trade unionism, while limiting its powers, and they even take the initiative in making concessions to humanitarian interference, as when Winston Churchill, as Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, added widows' pensions to the social structure, and British Tories this year widened and liberalized unemployment insurance. As great a proportion of business men in Great Britain are in favor of the "dole" as are opposed to it in America.

Where the British have differed from America in interfering with "natural" forces is first of all in their lack of effusiveness. When America has a program it becomes the lively concern of everybody. The nation paraded for the NRA; it debates each new policy in countless periodicals and over every radio station. Washington correspondents dramatize events and personify their news in a way impossible in England. Every figure in the New Deal belongs intimately to the whole country. But Prime Minister MacDonald is as great a genius in concealing his thoughts from newspaper men as President Roosevelt is in revealing them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is as hard to interrogate as the Grand Lama of Tibet. The British Treasury believes in secrecy almost as much as in gold. Public opinion in Britain is canalized in orderly channels. It flows from the cottage to the House of Commons through local meetings and the local and national press, in a leisurely and recognizable stream. In America public opinion has the force and body of a flood.

This American effusiveness is a democratic attribute, and the British certainly are less democratic in this respect. President Roosevelt has been given vast powers, but he is being watched, weighed, and checked by the entire nation. The National Govern-

ment, with actually fewer formal powers, rules with far greater aloofness and authority. Nor is this an affront to the British people, who for a time enjoyed the sense that the National Government had been given "a doctor's mandate" and knew best what needed to be done. When the National Government made its first appeal to the country in 1931, the weak little Labor opposition, consisting of the plucky few who had not followed MacDonald into the coalition, was pilloried for its want of patriotism. The country did not realize that without this opposition, not only the gold standard but democracy itself would have been suspended. Had MacDonald carried his whole party with him, the democratic system of opposing political forces would have lapsed. MacDonald did not realize this at the time, neither did many others. If an austere cabinet oligarchy, supported by a rubber-stamp House of Commons, was put into office by popular vote this was said to be democracy. Much satisfaction was expressed over the "elasticity" with which British democracy was adapting itself to a modern emergency. It was not until the Hitler regime swept into power by popular vote that skepticism arose over the superior value of one excited referendum to the lively operation of the rest of the democratic system.

I have spoken of decisions in Great Britain which turned out fortunately because of unforeseen circumstances. Suspending the gold standard was one. The formation of the National Government was another. The Government was formed with the intention of saving the gold standard. When that had to go, the National idea had already taken hold, and an election could be fought on the new basis. Thus an emergency improvisation was converted into a system. This was fortunate from the standpoint of business revival, for the

National Government has been a substantial factor in it. Faith in the National Government helped the country pass through those hopeless weeks after the suspension of the gold standard when no one knew for certain whence rescue was to come.

Thereafter the concentration of power made it possible for the Cabinet to take the immediate measures essential not so much to revival as to the avoidance of complete disaster. The British people were living beyond their income. They were buying more abroad than they were selling in goods and services. This lack of balance, along with the growing budget deficit, was the fundamental cause of the crisis which led to the heavy withdrawals of gold in the summer of 1931 and the decision to abandon the gold standard. Balance had to be restored, both to the budget and in trade.

The budget did not present great difficulties. The Labor Government had been ready to balance it, only some of its members had balked at the reduction of unemployment benefits. The National Government swung its economy axe upon its own employes, teachers, police, and relief recipients alike.

There was nothing revolutionary in this. But to achieve a balance in trade there was only one method, and it was a revolutionary one for the British. It was the general tariff. At the election the country had not voted specifically for tariffs. Had there been a straight issue over the taxation of the breakfast table the election might have been lost. But the "doctor's mandate" provided the blanket formula. And the passive trade balance was an illness which even free traders were ready to treat with exceptional remedies. No national debate on the issue was encouraged to prepare the wide public for the change, startling though it was. The Government quietly went to its House of

Commons and as quietly obtained its rubber-stamp approval.

Here was the one interference with the capitalist system which the British as a nation had most bitterly criticized in others and which they had held to be the cardinal sin against the common good. If it was a sin to close smaller markets, the greatest sin must have been to close the richest market in the world. Yet tariffs were applied without a sense of guilt, and without apology to the communities throughout the world which had been living from their work for British customers.

British revival must in part be ascribed to tariffs. It gave home manufacturers most of the home market which had been supplied from abroad. The benefit was not uncompromised, for the fall in imports was offset in a degree by its effect on exports. Foreign communities which could not sell to Britain could not buy from Britain. But exports were enjoying the subsidy of a depreciated currency in part of the world, and at this time a slight improvement in world trade was setting in, so that the penalties of the tariff were obscured. Home manufacturers began to take on more workers. A spectacular revival in particular was made by the languishing steel industry. After having been swamped for a decade by its better organized rivals on the Continent, it soon was operating all up-to-date plant at ninety per cent capacity.

Tariffs, however, are not enough to explain the revival. They are at best a limited stimulus. British export industries, now no longer enjoying a subsidy of depreciated currency in most markets, may increasingly suffer. Tariffs are a permanent benefit only for countries which are ready permanently to abandon exports to the same extent as they abandon imports. The present mood in England is that tariffs have done a lot of good and ought to be retained. But no steps are being taken

to reorganize British industry to adapt itself to decreasing exports. Normally thirty per cent of Britain's industrial production is disposed of abroad. The increase in home manufacture from tariffs is nothing like thirty per cent, and one day manufacturers for the home market either must be penalized to benefit manufacturers for export, or some way must be found to make the home market consume a great deal more. The home market already is taking about all it wants from home producers, and the gain from tariffs has reached its maximum effect. Revival to the point of prosperity through tariffs is improbable if not impossible. Indeed, the tariff wall may have to be rebuilt into an array of gates before full recovery can be attained.

III

Moreover, tariffs do not account for more than a part of the revival. As much of the actual improvement in trade is due to the highly technical operation known as conversion. Stated in its most obscure way, conversion did this by reducing the interest on the five per cent war loan to three and a half per cent. It was a delicate operation requiring the utmost skill. It had the widest social implications. For conversion meant that the rentier class of Great Britain, the richest in the world, voluntarily accepted a reduction in income of thirty per cent.

The value of the outstanding five per cent war loan was around ten billion dollars. Affairs had to be so managed that the owners of these bonds agreed to exchange them for bonds paying thirty per cent less in interest. On the face of it the operation appears impossible. What conceivable appeal could be made to so large a class to agree to a reduction of its own income? But it was not impossible, and the appeal made was the only one which could

have been effective—self-interest. Its success lay in the conditions prevailing at the time of the appeal. Industry at home was stagnant; investment abroad offered no allurements whatever and was being officially discouraged. Money for investment was piling up without an outlet. Conversion could succeed if the field for home investment looked hopelessly gloomy and if the one safe security in the world appeared to be a British Government bond even at a low rate of interest.

The National Government found itself blessed with a gloomy enough home outlook. It set to work to balance its budget and restore its prestige as a borrower. And then it proceeded to rig the market as brazenly as ever the most malignant operators in Wall Street. It announced a ban on any new capital issues which did not officially receive sanction, it forbade all new issues to foreign borrowers. Having made sure that the use of capital must remain unprofitable, it waited for the value of Government securities to rise. They rose. The market responded by accepting it as a fact that the days of five per cent returns were past. Government bonds began selling to return four, three and three quarters, finally three and a half per cent.

At this point the Government announced the conversion scheme. Under the terms of the war loan its bonds could be called at par. The Treasury made known that on a given date it would repay the loan in full, or it would exchange all outstanding bonds for new ones bearing three and a half per cent. A slight premium was offered to those who converted, but it was a fractional part of the loss they were asked to accept. Since conversion was going to reduce the weight of the public debt and would help maintain the national credit, the Treasury accompanied its offer with an appeal to patriotism. But it was not patriotism which

influenced bondholders. They had to decide whether to accept new bonds or ask for their money back. If they got it back what could they do with it? The answer was nothing. In the London market, rigged as it was, nobody of any standing but the Government would borrow money at even as much as three and a half per cent.

The upshot was that nine-tenths of the bondholders converted their bonds and only one-tenth had to be repaid at par. Even this payment was quite a transaction, as it meant supplying the banks with a billion dollars in cash on a given day. But it was wisely managed and caused no trouble.

The greatest single financial operation of its kind in history had been a brilliant success. It does not detract from its success to point out that here too good fortune played a part. A government cannot announce that it will convert its national debt to a lower interest rate and proceed to do so simply by the weight of determination. Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Labor Government itched to convert the five per cent war loan. It would have been a feather in his cap to have slashed the income of the wealthy capitalists of Great Britain. But he was not favored by suitable conditions. Industry had to be still more stagnant and government credit still better than during his regime.

It remains to show how conversion contributed to British revival. There was a certain gain from the reduction of the weight of debt and the decrease of income tax which followed. But that was not the primary effect. When Government securities as the best in the market sold at par and above on a three and a half per cent basis, other low-interest bearing gilt-edged securities also rose in value. It was boom time for gilt-edged bonds. Day after day they rose, and as they rose the value rose of the investments locked up in the safes

of British industries, whose reserves were confined chiefly to such securities.

Earlier in the depression, gilt-edged securities had been weak, and some of the profits of industry had had to go to restore the loss in the book value of industrial reserves. Now the value of reserves rose without actual money being added to them. They rose simply as an effect of the conversion loan. In consequence, industries which had been unable to replace depreciated plant, keep up their inventories, or pay profits found themselves enabled to do one or another or all these things. Orders began coming to the machine industry for new machines and to manufacturers for fresh stocks. And the payment of industrial dividends was resumed, which put spending money into circulation. Deep within itself the capitalist system was beginning to heal, beginning as it usually does when a depression is passing, by the orders of industry itself rather than of the ultimate consumer.

It is difficult to estimate what share of revival resulted from the conversion loan, what share from tariffs, what share from the beginnings of improvement in other countries. Probably half the improvement can be written down to the conversion loan. That half is the more important half, for in it were the forces which might develop into full recovery. Improvement from tariffs could at best be limited in volume and time.

IV

I have left little space to discuss the one further drastic interference with natural processes to which the British have resorted, the agricultural policy of Walter Elliot. It is not one of the key chapters of revival, though the purchasing power of British farmers has risen somewhat. Mr. Elliot is what the English call a "young man" in office; he is under fifty. He has a sense of adventure and an unmistakable flair

for ideas of state planning. As Minister for Agriculture, his intention is to make the British Isles as nearly self-supporting in producing food as possible. To this end he is intent on organizing the British farmers so that they compete successfully with foreigners and cease competing with one another to their ruin. He makes no bones about it that he wants food prices to rise. And when free traders tell him that British export industries will languish if the great food-producing countries cannot sell to the British market he retorts that the exporting industries can sell instead to the British farmers, if they are making a profit at last.

Mr. Elliot has set up national schemes for marketing nearly all the chief agricultural products of England. A scheme for hops was in force before he took office. He quickly added bacon, pigs, milk, and potatoes, and made ready to tackle the meat problem. He could not meddle with wheat, which was already being directly subsidized out of a processing tax and a straight government bounty.

These Elliot schemes are nothing less than a nationwide organization of farmers under government guidance to plan production, fix prices, and regulate marketing. Theoretically the farmers have to want to be organized, and they first must come to Mr. Elliot asking his co-operation. That is easy enough to manage. Once they have come, Mr. Elliot can write the scheme himself. He then goes to Parliament for legislative sanction, which must be given or withheld without amendment. Parliament naturally concurs as a matter of routine. Mr. Elliot can get a scheme legislated in about thirty minutes of parliamentary time and come away with the happy sensation of having put the quietus on another "natural" force. For Mr. Elliot does not like natural forces; he calls them anarchy.

Mr. Elliot is something of an anom-

ally in the British Cabinet, and all British policy is not to be understood in the light of his philosophy. MacDonald is not a national planner, nor is Baldwin the real leader of the British nation to-day, nor is Neville Chamberlain at the Treasury. But neither are they empire "free traders" of the Beaverbrook school. A minority of the Conservative Party wants Britain to form an exclusive customs union with the Empire; and no doubt the policy would be adopted if only the Empire really wanted it. Walter Elliot keeps the Empire free traders at bay; in his fight for the British farmer he makes no more distinction than he must between the farmers of Denmark and the Argentine and those of Australia and Canada.

The significance of Mr. Elliot to be noted here is that he stands for the logical fulfilment of the doctrine of interfering with natural forces. Tariffs having been adopted as a medical measure, he converts them into a system of regimented agriculture. He rules over the once free food markets of the country like a despot. Are Danish farmers selling too much bacon for the good of British farmers? Mr. Elliot politely warns them that unless they voluntarily cut exports he will have to apply a quota. He issues a similar warning to Chicago; and in both cases a voluntary agreement is negotiated. Finding the British market flooded with cheap butter and cheese from Australia and New Zealand, he even asks restrictions here, as though time had not sealed the sacred right of the dominions to sell as they pleased in the British market, and the Ottawa agreements had not enshrined the right.

Mr. Elliot has a host of admirers who see in him a future prime minister. He also has his critics, some of them because he is a danger to Empire relations, some because the administration of his schemes has not been altogether happy. But their case against him is

not that he is hindering "nature." The British know well enough that nature, if unhampered, would permit their agriculture to die outright.

V

The resemblance between Great Britain and America during the crisis does not go much farther than a common belief that democracies can do much to save themselves. The spirit of the Elliot schemes is not dissimilar to that of the A.A.A., yet they have widely differing aims. While Britain has solved some of her major problems by daring to defy nature, by daring even to gamble, her measures are wholly foreign to America because they are applicable to peculiar British circumstances. The National Government had to meet certain fundamental issues squarely; it had to end reckless importation, balance the budget, and reduce the dead weight of debt. Beyond that it did not feel inclined to venture except in the Elliot policies, and in such minor matters as a modest national housing scheme. There was no call as in America to weave a new social fabric; unemployment insurance and relief, health insurance and old age pensions had been operating for two decades as part of the accepted scheme of modified capitalism. There was no need to censure the trusted financiers of the City and frame new legislation to curb their activities, since the issue of securities already was safeguarded by laws which had long demonstrated their efficacy, and the City already lived up to a high standard of trusteeship. There was no need to equip labor in its struggle for a fair share of the gains of industry, since the trade union movement was seasoned and sound in the main. The country already had its social security and could look first to fundamental matters of national finance and then to the future.

The National Government, beyond doing its immediate task, has not committed itself definitely. If the trend of the times is toward economic nationalism, it has shown its sympathy in the Elliot schemes and in encouraging manufacturers, now protected by tariffs, to rely more on co-operation than rugged individual competition. But it is not convinced about economic nationalism. It believes a time is coming when world trade will revive, and nations again will freely exchange their goods. If world trade is to be a much more conscious process, carried on by larger units, the British will be prepared with better agricultural and industrial organization.

The National Government has not tried to map out the future, nor has it felt the time has come to do so. The revival has brought economic activity back to the 1929 level, but it still does not employ the entire population. More than two millions are out of

work, and it would be folly to talk of recovery either until this number is cut in half or until the national income has passed the 1929 figure of twenty billion dollars. But it has been a triumph to achieve so much of a revival. The non-democratic countries can show nothing to parallel it, and no other democratic country has done as well. It is the good fortune of the British that they have been able to function in an air of relative social peace and security. But this is a fortune they created for themselves. The good fortune which attended their abandonment of the gold standard was not ordained by the human will, but it is not cited to their disparagement. The most unwarranted disparagement is to say they have not acted, and to pretend that they have been saved by the curative powers of pure capitalism. To say this is to betray a strange ignorance of Britain, of democracy, and indeed of pure capitalism itself.





THIRTY MILLION NEW AMERICANS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

WITHIN its population of one hundred and twenty-five million, the United States has to-day about thirty million citizens—the overwhelming majority of them young citizens—who are the American-born children of immigrant parents of various nationalities: German, Italian, Polish, Czech, Slovak, Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian, Bulgarian, Jewish, Russian, Carpatho-Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Finnish, Hungarian, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, Flemish, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Armenian, Syrian, Lett, Albanian, Greek, Turkish, and, of course, English, Scotch, and Irish. The country as a whole is but dimly cognizant of this fact, which, in my opinion (held for some time, but lately much strengthened), is of fundamental and urgent importance in our contemporary social and cultural scene. It should perhaps particularly interest those Americans who consider themselves of the old Anglo-Saxon stock: for here is a tremendous new element—what will it do to the old stock?—to the country?—how will it affect the development of civilization and culture, of racial types on this continent?

Early last spring I spent seven weeks on what some people believed was a lecture tour, which took me to the great industrial centers of New York State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, where the population is preponderantly "foreign"; actually, my trip was not so much a series

of speaking engagements as an attempt—a device—to get some clear idea, if possible, of this immense mass of so-called "second-generation" citizens, numerically predominant in some of the most important cities and towns, whom I choose to designate the New Americans. I spoke, or rather tried to speak, more or less on the subject of this article, to more than fifty audiences of anywhere from one hundred to twenty-five hundred men and women and young people, in big towns like Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, Chicago, South Bend, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Duluth, and smaller communities like McKeesport, Canonsburg, Ambridge, Farrell, and Sharon, Pennsylvania; Lorain, Ohio; Flint, Michigan, and Hibbing and Eveleth, Minnesota. Some of my audiences were almost wholly "foreign," others mixed "foreign" and old-stock American. At the time I knew very little about the subject; I merely sensed its importance; and, to keep going for an hour or so, I discussed things more or less akin to it and at the end, admitting my ignorance, invited my listeners to get up and say anything they liked in relation to my remarks. Those who were too bashful to talk in a crowd, I asked to speak to me after the lecture or call me at the hotel or write me a letter. Many of them, both old-stock Americans and New Americans, responded to this invitation. Some of them then asked me to their homes. Others wrote me

long letters. And the result was that before my tour was half over I began to think that these New Americans—twenty-six millions of them in 1930 and increasing at the rate of perhaps more than a million a year—constituted one of the greatest and most basic problems in this country; in some respects, greater and more basic perhaps than, say, the problem of unemployment, and almost as urgent.

This problem has existed, in nearly the same proportions that it exists today, for a long time, but few people have shown eagerness and ability to deal with it in a broad, fundamental way. Much attention has been paid to the problem of the foreign-born—but not to that of their children, the American-born second generation. Even to-day, as already suggested, there is no acute or intelligent appreciation of it. Very little is being done about it; and the longer it is neglected the worse it will become, both for the New Americans and for America as a whole.

In this article it is not my ambition to present the problem in all its details, ramifications, significances, for it is a vastly complicated one and different in every locality and in every racial group; and, frankly, in spite of my seven weeks' study, I still have a great deal to learn about it. My purpose here is merely to give as strong and broad a general suggestion as I can of its character and what I think might be done concerning it.

On my trip I came in close personal contact largely with New Americans of Slavic origin, but also with a few of Finnish, Lithuanian, Scandinavian, Italian, Hungarian, Jewish, and Rumanian parentage, and what I say in the ensuing paragraphs applies, of course, particularly to the Slavic groups. I have no doubt, however, that what is true of them is, to a

greater or lesser degree, true also of some of the others.

II

The chief and most important fact (the only one I shall stress here) about the New Americans is that the majority of them are oppressed by feelings of inferiority in relation to their fellow-citizens of older stock, to the main stream of American life, and to the problem of life as a whole; which, of course, is bad for them as individuals, but, since there are so many of them and their number is still rapidly increasing, even worse for the country.

These feelings of inferiority are to some degree extensions of their parents' feelings of inferiority as immigrants in a country so drastically different from their native lands. The fathers and mothers of these millions of New Americans were naturally at a disadvantage even in the most friendly surroundings, and the surroundings were seldom wholly and continually friendly. As foreigners, in many cases not speaking the English language, they occupied inferior positions in the country's social, economic, and political life. Most of them were workers, performing, by and large, the meanest tasks and receiving meager wages. All too often in one form or another, they bumped up against racial or general anti-immigrant prejudice. Old-stock American workers looked askance at them. Many of them lived in the worst sections of their cities and towns, and were called Hunkies or Bohunks, Dagoes or Wops, Polacks or Litvaks, Sheenies or Kikes. They were frequently—and unavoidably—discriminated against. And, in the face of all this, they inevitably felt, as individuals and as members of their immigrant groups, somewhat inferior in their relation to America and to

other people here, and their tendency was to segregate themselves and mingle as much as possible only with their own nationals. And, just as inevitably, that feeling and that tendency were extended to the children, these New Americans, who shared their parents' lives and experiences, and who too were (and still are) called Hunkies or Dagoes by children of Anglo-Saxon origin, and whose names—names like Zamblaoskas, Krmpotich, and Wojciezkowski—were (and are) subjects for jokes on the part of ignorant teachers, at which the whole school laughed.

But in this respect the majority of New Americans, as individuals, are in an even more unfortunate and uncomfortable position than were (or still are) their immigrant parents. The latter, even if they were uneducated peasants or laborers, living here on the lowest social-economic levels, had in them a consciousness, or at least a powerful instinctive feeling, of some kind of racial or cultural background. They knew who they were. They remembered their native lands. They were Italians or Croatians, Finns or Slovenians; and that meant something to them. Many came from countries which culturally and perhaps in some other respects were superior to the United States, which as a new country had not yet had time to develop along those lines; and when oppressed by feelings of inferiority induced by their circumstances in America, could take partial refuge in their racial and cultural backgrounds. Some of the better educated ones, who did not have merely instinctive feelings about the culture and history of their old countries, but were also intellectually conscious of their heritage, could even look down upon America and consider themselves superior to old-time Americans, thus counterbalancing or compensating themselves for the unpleas-

ant feelings about their immigrant status in the New World.

Unlike their parents, who are (or were) aware not only of their European background but of having made the transition from Europe to America and gained a foothold here, most New Americans have no consciousness or instinctive feeling of any racial or cultural background, of their being part of any sort of continuity in human or historic experience. Some of them seem almost as if they had just dropped off Mars and, during the drop, forgotten all about Mars. I know this to be so; I talked to scores and scores of them in more than a dozen different cities and towns. In the overwhelming majority of cases, the immigrant parents—uneducated working people or peasants from the various European countries—were too inarticulate to tell their sons and daughters who they (the parents) really were, and thus transmit to them some feeling or knowledge of their background.

The average Slavic peasant, for instance, who came to this country during the last twenty or thirty years in nine chances out of ten is unable to inform his offspring adequately who he is, what his old country is like, what his background (which, *ipso facto*, is his children's background) consists of. He tells his numerous sons and daughters that he is a Pole, a Croatian, a Slovak, a Slovenian; but that is about all. The children do not know what that really means. The man acts as if he were proud of being what he is, at least in the privacy of his home; for his instincts and his memories of the old country occasionally make him act that way. To his children, however, who are growing up under anything but the best influences of American life and who do not know that behind their father's pride is a rich and vital past, he very often seems not a little ridiculous, certainly not worthy of

their respect. To them he is just a Hunky or Polack, a "working stiff," a poor, pathetic creature constantly at somebody's mercy and repeatedly stepped upon, and as such not much according to American standards—standards which they picked up in the movies and from other powerful agencies in American life. Often they are half ashamed of him. The immigrant mother frequently finds herself in the same situation. And the results are unsatisfactory family life, personal tragedies of all sorts, maladjustments, social perversities.

It is not unusual for boys and girls in their late or even their middle teens to break away from the homes of their immigrant parents, and eventually to repudiate entirely their origin and to Anglicize their Polish, Croatian, Finnish, or Lithuanian names, which old-time Americans find so difficult to pronounce and so amusing. But that, of course, does not solve their problem. In most instances it only makes it worse, though as a rule they do not realize that. I met New Americans of this type; they were invariably hollow, absurd, objectionable persons.

However, the situation of many of those who do not break with their parents, change their "foreign" names, and wholly repudiate their origin is but little better than of those who do. They were born here and legally, technically, are citizens of the United States; but few—even in the most fortunate homes—have any strong feeling that they really belong here and are part of this country. For, by and large, the education which is inflicted on them in public schools and high schools and in parochial schools fails to make them Anglo-Saxon Americans or to give them any vital and lasting appreciation of the American heritage, while their Anglo-Saxon schoolmates, purposefully - by - accident stumbling over their feet and calling them Hun-

kies and Dagoes, and their teachers, making fun of their names, increase their feeling that they are not indigenous Americans, but outsiders who are more or less tolerated. Their instincts, if they have any, are at cross-purposes. They are bewildered persons, constantly oppressed, as I have said, by feelings of inferiority.

These feelings of inferiority manifest themselves variously. Some of the New Americans turn them inside out and become chauvinistically patriotic; only their chauvinism has no basis in any vital feeling. It is insincere, empty, mere lip-service, intended only to impress the dominant Anglo-Saxon element, with which they have to cope; and hence worse—for the development of their own characters—than chauvinism that has some basis in conviction or feeling in racial or national background. And where there is any sincerity in this sort of "patriotism," it is based solely on shallow materialistic concepts, which they have picked up in school and elsewhere. "This is the greatest country . . . we have the biggest buildings . . . the best ice-cream . . . more bathtubs than all the rest of the world," etc. Without realizing it, these New Americans are ready for almost any sort of shallow, ignorant nationalist or fascist movement which will not directly attack the new racial strains in America's population; and some of them perhaps would have no great trouble in bringing themselves to deny their parents, pose as old-stock Americans, and serve even a movement which would terrorize the immigrants and their children as the Hitler movement in Germany terrorized the Jews.

Other New Americans turn their inferiority inside out in another way. They become loud and tough, sometimes actively anti-social. But let me hasten to say that this last group is not so numerous as generally imagined by

those who occasionally glance at crime and juvenile-delinquency statistics. The surprising thing to me is that there is not more delinquency and crime among the New Americans. And I should add too that the chauvinists mentioned above are not very numerous either. These categories together include perhaps less than five per cent of the New Americans.

The majority of the grown-up New Americans just hang back from the main stream of life in this country, forming a tremendous mass of neutral, politically dead citizenry; while their younger fellow New Americans, boys and girls in their teens (about twelve million of them), now attending public and parochial schools and high schools, show dangerous signs of becoming the same kind of neutral, unstimulating citizens, unless something is done about it. There is among them little aggressiveness, little spirit of any sort. Without a vital sense of background, perennially oppressed by the feeling that they are outsiders and thus inferior, they will live outside the main stream of America's national life. This is especially true of groups which linguistically and culturally are farthest removed from the Anglo Saxon, and still more of groups which, besides being unrelated to the Anglo Saxon, are (or till lately have been) suppressed or subject nationalities in Europe.

And these widespread personal inferiority feelings are producing in large sections of this New American element *actual* inferiority in character, mind, and physique. There is no doubt that, by and large, in bodily and other personal qualities many of the immigrants' children do not favorably compare with their parents. They cannot look one in the eye. They are shy. Their limp handshakes gave me creepy feelings all the way from New York to the Iron Range in Minnesota. Those handshakes symbolized for me

the distressing tendency on the part of this vast and growing section of America's population toward characterlessness, lack of force and spirit, and other inferior personal qualities.

From whatever angle one looks at it, this is a serious matter for the New Americans as individuals and for America. Thirty millions—or even twenty millions, a probable number to which most or all of my generalizations here are directly applicable—are a lot of people, and this "second generation" will be (many already are) the fathers and mothers of the third generation, and it is not impossible that in two or three decades more than half of the population of the United States will be of these new cultural and national strains.

III

What then should be done—what can be done about it? I think I can make a suggestion.

In going about the country last spring I met several New Americans of whom most of the things I say above are not true. None of them was totally free of personal inferiority feelings (in fact, I find that even very few old-stock Americans are entirely free of them), but they were, nevertheless, fine-looking young men and women, boys and girls, keen and alert, articulate, ambitious, personally charming. Some were still in high school, one or two in college, and doing well as students; in fact, rather better than old-stock American students. Their handshakes were firm and they looked me in the eye. A few had a lively sense of humor which they could apply to themselves. Their laughter had a healthy ring. They knew something of what was going on in the country, in the world. Some of them, although still very young, seemed to know what they wanted from life. Two or three

had literary ambitions. One told me he would try to get into politics "in a big way," by which I understood that the United States Senate was not beyond his gaze; and his name was Wojciekowski. Another, attending the University of Pittsburgh, thought he might get a job in a steel-mill and become a labor leader. In a bleak iron town in Minnesota I met a pretty girl of Slovenian parentage who was the best student in her school, had a vivid personality, and seemed entirely normal in all her attitudes. And so on, and so on. They impressed me as real, solid persons who would be an asset to any country.

Nearly all of them, in their childhood and later, had been unpleasantly affected by their parents' humiliating experiences as immigrants and industrial workers, and had had disagreeable experiences of their own which touched them vitally. They had been called Hunkies, Polacks, Litvaks, Dagoes. Many of them had had (and were still having) difficulties with their names. A young man of Lithuanian parentage in Pittsburgh, and attending the university there, who was attractive, "clean cut" in the best American sense, but whose surname was Lamblagoskas, told me that when he was a young boy in McKeesport the teacher had been too lazy or too indifferent to take the trouble to pronounce his name, so she had called him only Johnnie, while almost all the other children in class had both a first name and a surname. Then the two-name children had begun to call him "Just Johnnie" or "Johnnie the Litvak," which annoyed him very much. As in hundreds of thousands of similar instances, this, in conjunction with other experiences of that nature, produced in him an acute inferiority complex which oppressed him for years—"until," as he put it, "I sort of worked myself out of it."

A young man of Slavic origin, whose surname also was difficult for Anglo-Saxon tongues, told me that in his boyhood he had suffered a great deal because old-stock American boys called him "Sneeze-it," because in school one day the teacher had said that his name could not be pronounced but thought that she could maybe sneeze it. "But now," he said to me, "things like that don't bother me very much."

Others in this category with whom I came in contact had had and were still having—inevitably, let me repeat—other troubles on account of being immigrants' children; but these troubles were not seriously affecting them, were not preventing them from developing into balanced, strong and healthy, charming human beings.

Why? There are at least two explanations. One is that most of them lived, during at least part of their lives, in comparatively favorable economic circumstances, and their parents managed to give them some schooling in addition to the legal requirement, which helped them more or less to work themselves out of their various second-generation complexes. The other explanation (probably not unrelated to the first) is that, in all cases without exception which came to my attention, their fathers and mothers were wise and articulate enough to convey to them something of their backgrounds in the old countries; tell them what it meant to be a Finn, a Slovenian, a Serbian, a Croatian, a Slovak, a Czech, a Pole, or a Lithuanian, and inspire in them some respect for that meaning; make them conscious of their backgrounds and heritage, give them some sense of continuity, some feeling of their being part of America, in which immigrants like themselves played an important role—part of something bigger and better than the bleak, utterly depressing existence led by them and their neigh-

bors in the grimy steel-mill and iron- and coal-mining towns where they lived.

During my seven-week trip I met, as I say, scores and scores of these New Americans. Among them were some of the most attractive people I have encountered anywhere. Some of these I already have mentioned. Another was a girl born and still living in Cleveland whose father and mother were Slovenians; and there is no doubt in my mind that much of her charm issued from the fact that she was keenly conscious of her parents' native land and culture. Two years ago they had taken her on a visit to Slovenia or Carniola, now a part of Yugoslavia, and she had discovered a tiny country which is physically as lovely as anything she had seen in America, with an old, mellow culture, a rich folklore, a considerable modern literature, and interesting folkways behind which there are centuries of wisdom and a long, unbroken chain of experience on the part of a quiet, peace-loving little nation that has lived there for a thousand years.

Still another of these exceptional New Americans was a young six-footer of Finnish parentage on the Iron Range in Minnesota. He had never been to Finland, but knew a good deal about the basic cultural qualities of that country from his mother's word-pictures of it, had a fluent command of the Finnish language which did not interfere with his English, knew dozens of Finnish folk ballads and lyrics and sang them well, and had read and re-read in the original the great Finnish epic-poem "The Kalevala." He was quietly proud of his people's achievements on the Iron Range both in the mines and on the land, and thought that Minnesota was his country. Despite the bleakness of the region, and the hard life there led by most of the people, especially the Finns, he loved

the Iron Range. His people had worked and suffered there for decades and converted great parts of it into farming country, although before they came nobody had thought it could ever be made suitable for anything.

In short, he was conscious of his background; he had a sense of continuity, of being part of a great human experience, which was part of the still greater American adventure. Largely, I think, in consequence of this, a strength of character was discernible in his every move and utterance.

I could give a few more such cases of exceptional New Americans, but that would be, in the main, repeating what I tell of the girl in Cleveland and the boy in Minnesota. All of them—representing, however, but a small minority—were conscious and, in a greater or lesser degree, proud of their racial groups' background in the old countries, and some also of their racial groups' background and history in this country. They had a sense of continuity, a feeling of being a part of something. And they, I think, are the answer to the question: What should be done about the problem sketched in this article?

The answer is that the New Americans, whose inarticulate and otherwise inadequate (through no fault of their own) parents have been unable to give them much along these lines, should be helped to acquire a knowledge of, and pride in, their own heritage; and this help should come, in very large part, from already established and functioning social and cultural institutions and agencies—schools, libraries, settlement and community houses, newspapers, lecture forums, and so on—in co-operation with a central organization which should be formed for the purpose of devising ways to disseminate information about the several racial or national groups represented among the thirty million "second generation"

citizens, of studying the problem and working out programs of action for its gradual solution or amelioration, from the point of view of honest, intelligent patriotism—patriotism in the highest, broadest sense of the word which implies concern for the country's future, not in the corrupted or narrow group sense in which it is usually used.

By now it is obvious to many people interested in the problem that it is impossible and, what is more, *undesirable* to make the offspring of Lithuanians or Serbians into Anglo Saxons; that the aim should be rather to help them become real men and women on the pattern of their own natural cultures. There is no doubt that in the few places where no attempts have been made by "patriotic" old-time Americans to force immigrants' children into the old-stock American mold—as, for instance, in the Bohemian communities in Nebraska and Texas, where Bohemians already are in the fourth generation; in the little city of Hamtramck near Detroit, where the public school system consistently encourages the large Polish group there to keep its individuality; in O. E. Rølvaag's Norwegian settlements in the northwest; in some of the foreign "colonies" in New York City, notably the Ukrainian one on the Lower East-side; or in several small Polish, Italian, and Finnish rural communities in New England, up-state New York, and elsewhere—the development of character, mentality, and physique in the New American element has been vastly more felicitous than where such attempts have been made.

Social and cultural institutions and agencies in various cities and towns where the problem stares them all in the face wherever they turn already are beginning to do things to help New Americans develop more or less on the pattern of their backgrounds. To

give a few examples: in Cleveland the excellent public library organization, with its scores of branch libraries, has begun to help the New Americans to learn something about themselves, their parents' native lands and their national groups' history in this country, particularly in Cleveland. All three of the big newspapers there have special reporters covering the "foreign sections" of the city, and occasionally print feature articles about the various foreign groups' contribution to the growth and development of Cleveland. Three years in succession now, the *Cleveland Press* has sent to Europe a competent journalist who more or less understands the problem discussed in this article, to write from there "stories" about things in Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia—things which interest the immigrants from these countries and their American-born children. Public-school and high-school teachers in Cleveland, as in one or two other cities, whose classes in late years are anywhere from forty to eighty per cent "foreign," are becoming eagerly interested in "second-generation problems" which face them in the form of numerous neurotic and backward or "problem" children who, for no apparent reason, burst out crying in the middle of a lesson. Of late teachers nearly everywhere, I am told, have advanced so far that they take the trouble to learn the correct pronunciation of difficult Polish, Yugoslav, Lithuanian, Czech, Finnish, and Slovak names, and to caution the old-stock American boys and girls not to call the New American children Hunnies, Wops, and other such names of derision.

In Pittsburgh, the university, with its colossal new Cathedral of Learning, is developing an educational program or movement for that vicinity which, if carried out with force, cour-

age and wisdom, is apt to become a great factor in the upbuilding of character, mentality, and physique among the New Americans, who already form well over half of the Pittsburgh metropolitan area's population.

In more than half of the cities and towns which I visited I found the so-called International Institutes, some of them part of the Y.W.C.A., which—with their club-rooms, reading-rooms, lectures, social affairs, exhibits of European peasant arts, and printed matter—are beginning to attempt to do something for the second generation, especially the girls. In Flint, Michigan, and in one or two other places, I came upon purely local organizations, some of them officered and run by such exceptional New Americans as I have described above, aiming to help the general run of New Americans to fight their feelings of inferiority.

I came upon professional social workers who were doing elaborate researches in certain phases of the problem and knew a great deal about the local departments thereof. The directors of most of the settlement-houses in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee were more or less awake to the situation as it existed locally and—in most cases, however, without having any real understanding of it—were also trying to do something about it. The same could be said of various settlement-house workers, teachers, a few ministers, and other agencies elsewhere.

All these efforts or, rather, beginnings of efforts are local, however; usually honest enough but very restricted in scope. The International Institutes, for instance, appeal largely to girls. There is no central or national organization interested in the thing as a countrywide problem, which it undoubtedly is, and, as I have tried

to show here, a tremendous and important one—important to old-stock Americans and to Americans of the third and fourth generation no less than to these New Americans, and to America as a whole.

IV

The organization I have in mind, which let us designate here as XYZ, would have, during the next fifteen or twenty years, a vast and complicated task to perform—namely, to give these millions of New Americans a knowledge of, and pride in, their own heritage, which, to some extent, would operate to counteract their feelings of inferiority about themselves in relation to the rest of the country; and, simultaneously, to create a sympathetic understanding toward them on the part of older Americans, so that the latter's anti-"foreign" prejudice, which is just now on the rise and is partly to blame for inferiority feelings in the new racial groups, would tend to lessen and ultimately be reduced to a minimum.

It would be a great educational-cultural work, the basic aim of which would be (1) to reach, in one way or another, almost everybody in this country with the fact—I hate the word message—that socially and culturally the United States, as it stands to-day, is an extension not only of the British Isles but, more or less, of all Europe; and (2), with constant reiteration and intelligent elaboration of that fact, to try to harmonize and integrate, so far as possible, the various racial and cultural strains in our population without suppressing or destroying any good cultural qualities in any of them, but using and directing these qualities toward a possible enhancement of the color and quality of our national life in America.

Probably the first group to be

reached by XYZ are the public-school and high-school teachers in communities with large "foreign" populations. They should be helped to find out who these youngsters filling their classrooms and responding to such names as Adamovicz, Kotcka, Amblaoskas, Hurja, Balkovec, and Pavelka really are. They should be informed that the children of Yugoslav (Serbian, Croatian, and Slovenian) parents, for instance, have, by virtue of their birth, a great heritage which reaches a thousand years into European history and almost five hundred years into American history—that there is good reason for believing that Yugoslavs were on Columbus' ships when he bumped into this continent—that Yugoslav marines touched this continent in their own ships only a few years after Columbus—that Yugoslavs were in California before the Yankees arrived there, and were pioneers in two of California's now most important industries, fruit-growing and fishing—that in the last fifty years Yugoslavs, hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of them, were among the most competent workers in America's most important industries, mining and steel-making, and as such have contributed enormously to the upbuilding of this country—that two of the most important men living in America today (important from the point of view of constructive, permanent achievement) are two electrical scientists, Nikola Tesla and Michael Pupin, both natives of what now is Yugoslavia—that Henry Suzallo, one of America's most important educators, was a second-generation American, born in California, of Yugoslav parents—that Ivan Mestrovich, the sculptor, whose works are to be seen in Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, New York, and elsewhere, is a Yugoslav; and so on. I mention here what the teachers should be helped to

find out about the Yugoslav strain, because I know more about it than any other; but they should be informed also about the Polish, Czech, Slovak, Lithuanian, Hungarian, and the other strains—so that occasionally, preferably at some dramatic moment, as, for instance, after a clash between an Anglo-Saxon boy and a "Hunky" boy, they could talk about them in class.

The XYZ might develop a special literature on the subject of New Americans, addressed to teachers; it might have competent speakers able to address teachers' conventions, college student bodies and faculties, women's clubs, and other groups.

It might start a campaign for the revision of history text-books, giving recognition to recent immigrant groups from Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and elsewhere for their contributions to the upbuilding of America as she stands to-day. Such revisions should mention, perhaps, that in this upbuilding of modern America at least as many "Hunkies" and "Dagoes" died or were injured as early American colonists were killed in subduing the wilderness and in the War for Independence. The part played by the newer groups should be fitted into the history of the American adventure as a whole. This revision of text-books might, indeed, be among its first and most important tasks.

It might start a press service for English-language newspapers published in cities and towns whose population includes a large proportion of "foreigners" and for English pages of foreign-language newspapers. This service should include vividly written, authentic material on the backgrounds, history, culture, and contributions of the different "foreign" groups to the upbuilding of America, and stories of individual and group achievement.

It might publish pamphlets in Eng-

lish dealing with various phases of the problem; start a library of all available literature and material on the subject; make special efforts to stimulate interest and participation in the folk arts.

It might utilize the radio for this work, with special programs including, let us say, music and folk-songs of the various nations. Eventually it might arrange essay contests dealing with the history and contribution of the different "foreign" groups and other appropriate topics, open to New Americans in high-schools and colleges, with suitable prizes such as scholarships or trips to the native countries of the contestants' parents. It might organize group tours to European countries on which New Americans could discover their parents' old countries.

But enough of these suggestions. I make them largely to elucidate the problem further. Perhaps, if the national XYZ organization is not formed in the near future—though I feel certain that eventually something like it will be formed—local groups already interested in the matter possibly will find them helpful.

V

I realize, of course, that the problem I sketch above is closely tied up with the socio-economic system under which we live; that, next to their being more or less strangers here, the worst factors behind the inferiority feelings of these millions of New Americans are poverty and its sister-evil, ignorance, both of them brought over by the immigrants and then fostered by

conditions here; and that the cure for most of the second-generation ills lies, ultimately, in the solution of our socio-economic problem. I doubt, however, whether the latter problem will be quickly and satisfactorily solved in this country if we permit to develop in our population a vast element, running into tens of millions, which is oppressed by acute feelings of inferiority and, largely as a result of those feelings, is becoming actually inferior human material—bewildered, politically neutral, economically unaggressive, prepared to live meekly, slavishly on the dole, and culturally nowhere. If this element is left alone in the face of its growing economic difficulties and rising prejudice against it on the part of "patriotic" older Americans, there soon will be no help for it. I imagine that hundreds of thousands of New Americans already are hopeless as potential constructive elements in any sort of vital, progressive civilization and culture; and if their number is permitted to increase, they will—let me repeat—profoundly affect the future of this country in a way that no one would want to see it affected.

On the other hand, if something is done about the problem in the spirit of the above general suggestions, I believe that the majority of the New Americans and the generation that they will produce will have an opportunity to become a great body of self-respecting, constructive citizenry; and that, with the diverse racial and cultural backgrounds they inherited from their immigrant parents, they will enrich the civilization and deepen the culture in this New World.



RUSSIA AFTER EIGHT YEARS

BY STEPHEN P. DUGGAN

IN THE year 1926 I visited Russia on my way home from the Philippines via the Trans-Siberian Railroad. I visited it again last spring. On both occasions I was invited by the Soviet Government to be its guest, and on the latter occasion I accepted the invitation. This article is an attempt to describe the changes that struck me as having taken place in the interval.

Before proceeding I feel I ought to emphasize the fact that Russia cannot be measured according to Western standards; not materially, because its standard of living in almost every respect is low compared to ours; not spiritually, because Russia has been shot through with the Asiatic attitude toward life, in which there has been a mixture of fatalism and mysticism, in which life has been held comparatively cheap; in which amazing hardship has been borne with little complaint, hardship that would have caused revolt in the West. Particularly is it true that the value of the individual as a person is simply not understood. If, therefore, one describes conditions in Russia that shock us and actions that repel us, the differences in historical evolution must not be forgotten.

As I walked about the streets of such cities as Moscow and Leningrad I was struck with the atmosphere of intense activity which prevails to-day as against 1926. Building is going on everywhere, building of factories, workmen's houses, the new underground in

Moscow, etc. Moreover, whereas in 1926 Moscow and Leningrad were largely paved with cobblestones, to-day they are to a great extent asphalted. The number of workmen's houses that have been built is astonishing, and they are superior to the old ones. But as Moscow had less than two million people at the time of the Revolution and now has nearly four million, the congestion is still very great. A person with a room to himself, and a family with two, are lucky. Privacy is not a virtue highly regarded by Communists and is almost impossible of attainment in the great cities of Russia.

Whatever may be thought of the machine age in the West, the machine is the god of present-day Russia. The number of factories that have arisen since 1926 is very great, and they seem to be provided with the latest machinery. Attached to most factories are technical schools for the training of factory workers (and also crèches in which mothers place their infants while at work, for, as in bourgeois countries, women work in factories as well as men). The machine is the instrument by means of which the Communists hope to realize one of their objectives, namely, to make Russia as nearly as possible a self-sufficing state. They have borrowed from the bourgeois countries not only the most recent types of all kinds of machinery but also practices in factory organization, such as piece-work, overtime, and bonuses for unusual accomplishment, all

of which they scorned a decade ago. Moreover, though the discipline of a factory is much freer than with us, those responsible for its administration are also those in authority. Attempts at running factories by Councils have been given up. The Soviet government is in a hurry, and what counts with it are results.

The average wage is small, barely sufficient to support the people upon the low standard of living to which they are accustomed; but the more intelligent and able can live better with the aid of their higher wages. What I have said about wages is also true of hours of work. The work-day is legally seven hours, and the week one of five days. But that is ignored, especially when time is pressing. In some instances I came across cases where men, and women also, had worked very long hours.

Then there are the *Subotniks*. *Subotnik* means literally sabbath, but the technical meaning to-day is voluntary labor on the Rest-day, the sixth day. All good comrades are supposed to devote part of their free day to voluntary work. In the case of the enthusiastic young Communist this is a fact, and it is really an inspiring sight to see groups of them marching in the pouring rain to some factory, or public work singing lustily. But human nature in Russia is like human nature everywhere. Most people would be only too glad to enjoy their Rest-day undisturbed, and it is true that they perform their *Subotniks* largely because of social coercion. It does not look well to refuse to give some time, and it is not good to have a reputation of doubtful loyalty or enthusiasm. When I was in Moscow this spring it was estimated that one hundred thousand people were engaged in *Subotniks*. I watched them on one day working on the new underground. I did not think it very productive labor. They were

chiefly young people and apparently looked upon it as a kind of lark. I was told by unbiased non-Communists, however, that in time of stress very hard work was done.

What was the appearance and what the attitude of the people? In the great Cathedral of St. Isaac in Leningrad, which is now an anti-religious museum, there is a striking poster depicting the mass of the people, the peasants, supporting upon their bended backs the bourgeoisie, above whom are the aristocracy, and above them the Tzar. That picture is still true to the facts. It is upon the peasantry that the weight of the new regime falls. They support the proletariat and the bureaucracy; and in hard times they suffer most. In the winter of 1932-33 famine raged in the Ukraine and the Kuban. It was due to the drought primarily, but also to sabotage on the part of the peasants who had been outraged by the forced requisitions needed to supply the army in the Far East. How many died of starvation no one outside the government knows with accuracy, for the government has published no statistics. No one associated with the government in any way admitted to a greater number than one million. Some foreign correspondents placed it as high as ten millions. The person within Russia whose word I have always relied upon most put it at four millions. The peasants flocked to the cities, but the passport system was introduced for residents of the cities, and the peasants were ordered to go home and till the soil, little, if any, help being extended to them because of the anger of the government at the results of partial sabotage. Of course the people in the cities suffered also, the *déclassés*, the bourgeois most. There is a saying in Russia that the proletarian eats, the bourgeois starves. In time of stress that statement is certainly true.

Since 1926 the farms have been collectivized, the individual plots of the peasants abolished, and farming organized as a large-scale industry with the use of machinery. To what extent productivity has been increased it is difficult to say. Only now has the total crop equaled that of 1913. But unquestionably, except in times of famine, the peasant is eating more. Whether he is more satisfied is a question, opinions on the part of experienced observers varying greatly. The kulaks, the richer, abler and more intelligent peasants, who naturally fought collectivization to the utmost, have been "liquidated," *i.e.*, they have either been shot, exiled to Siberia, or condemned to forced labor in lumber camps, or on the Baltic-White Sea Canal. This is also true of many of the middle peasants, though some of them became leaders in the Kolholz (Collective). There remain the landless and poorer peasants, usually the least able or the shiftless. This may explain why collectivization has not measured up to the expectations of the Communists. The Collective I visited was admirably organized and administered. The people seemed well fed, and fairly well housed. The two schools were filled with bright children, and a goodly number of cattle were in evidence. The peasants in that Collective were apparently content with collectivization. But it must not be forgotten that as a guest of the government I was naturally not brought to one of the poorest Collectives.

Many Communists would go farther than mere collectivization. They would thoroughly communize the peasantry, compelling them to live in barracks with common kitchens, dining rooms, etc. While I was in Russia this spring, however, Stalin made a strong pronouncement against this, insisting that the peasant keep his own house,

with its plot of ground round it and with his chickens and pigs as his personal property. This pronouncement will probably end any movement in the direction of a more extreme form of Communism. As far as my inquiries among non-Communists went, the general impression seemed to be that, though there was very great dissatisfaction expressed by the peasants, when asked directly whether they preferred a return to the old regime, the answer was generally in the negative.

Russia is certainly now almost exclusively a land of workers and peasants. As one walks the streets of the cities he may see some strong faces, but few that might be called refined. Moreover, except among the young, the faces look sadder and more anxious than in 1926. It is difficult to overestimate the effect upon the people of the tempo of the Five Year Plan. For all that time they have been keyed up to the highest pitch of work and expectancy. And their hopes have not been realized. The promises of the government have not been fulfilled, not because they were insincerely made but because they were the results rather of hope than of experience. As the five years were devoted to producers' goods, *i.e.* machinery of all kinds with which to produce in turn consumers' goods, the people have had to go without many of the necessities of life. Moscow is a drab city. The Kremlin will always be a splendid architectural pile and Red Square a striking spot. But there are few others. There has been no time for beautification. The Palace of the Soviets is rising on the ground formerly occupied by the Cathedral of Christ, and in the windows on one of Moscow's main thoroughfares, Gorki Street, are displayed the plans of the future Moscow. But the generation of the middle-aged will never see it. They have been and are now being sacrificed to the future,

some willingly and even enthusiastically, others in a spirit of discouragement and depression.

Practically everything that the Soviets export, such as grain and oil, has fallen greatly in price, and hence they have much difficulty with the exchange problem. To get *valuta* they established the Torgsins—stores where only foreign money is accepted, whether dollars, pounds, marks, or any other national currency. These Torgsins, which are numerous in the cities, are well stocked; and though they are patronized chiefly by foreigners, Russians whose friends abroad send them money can buy things not to be obtained in the ordinary store. Legally the exchange value of foreign monies is with the gold rouble, which does not exist; for example, a dollar exchanges for only one rouble to-day, whereas it is really worth forty roubles of the money in actual use. But severe penalties exist for anyone who exchanges at other than the legal rate. Hence speculation, which was not to exist among the transformed human natures under Communism, is rife. The Black Exchange is patronized by practically all foreigners who have been long enough resident in Russia to be acquainted with a speculator who can be trusted. The system is the cause of much inconvenience and dishonesty, and is too fantastic to be maintained indefinitely.

Though more stores are open than in 1926 and they are much better stocked, the Russians still present a pretty drab appearance from the standpoint of dress. Practically no Russian, man or woman, wears a hat. Men wear caps; women, berets. To be well dressed means that one is a foreigner. In 1926 it was *comme il faut* to disdain to be well dressed. The good Communist looked upon good dress as bourgeois, and most of the rest of the people had none to put

on. But to-day even Communists aspire to bourgeois dress. At the opera and theater, filled almost exclusively by proletarians, silk stockings of inferior quality, an incongruous array of colored shawls and shirtwaists, and necklaces of great variety gave evidence that the extra money made by piecework and overtime was used by many women for personal adornment. Even many men try to make a better appearance in dress. However, I made the great mistake on the night of my arrival in Moscow of attending a dinner given in my honor in a dinner coat. It was the only time I used it!

Speaking generally, therefore, there was a marked increase in the production of material things during the period 1926–1934, but they were of a kind that did not add to the comfort and happiness of the people. The people were not much better fed, few were better clothed, and in the great cities all lived in congested quarters. Were there other attributes of the regime to justify its existence?

II

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the spiritual transformation that has taken place in Russia since the Revolution. The old culture in practically every aspect was scrapped and a deliberate effort made to produce a new man. The movement has slowed down since 1926, however. In some respects there has been even a reversion to old types. But nowhere is the objective lost sight of, or the determination to realize it at any cost—a classless society in which there will be no exploitation of men. To attain the objective any necessary measure will still be employed and ruthlessly employed. Property rights have been abolished and hundreds of thousands of men have been exiled or put to death. And, if necessary, that process will continue.

In no sphere have there been greater changes than in education. Even as late as 1926 propaganda played havoc with discipline and real education. I was asked in 1926 by Mr. Lunacharsky, then Commissar of Education, what I thought of the Rabfaks, the Workers' Colleges. I answered that I thought they should be shut up, that they were filled with young men and women only a part of whom were fit to be there; the rest, good comrades, not really understanding what was going on. There were no entrance examinations, no tests during the school term, none for graduation. "You know," said Mr. Lunacharsky, "that you have politics in your country, and we have politics in ours. Just now our politics do not admit of shutting up the Rabfaks. But I shall emphasize what all foreign educators say about discipline and examinations." In all probability the reports of the foreign educators would have had but slight effect. But it was discovered, particularly after the introduction of the Five Year Plan, that the technicians graduated from the schools did not know their job. The result has been a great change in the entire educational system.

It is unnecessary to speak at length about the accomplishments of the Soviets in the spread of education among all ages from infancy to adulthood and of their use of the most modern devices for educational purposes, like the radio and the cinema. Others have done that adequately. But it is worthy of mention that since 1926 ill-considered experiments in elementary education have been discarded. The Dalton Plan and the project method have gone the way of the Dewey system and of others, and the Russians have stabilized their elementary education according to their own ideas. All children are taught the same things: boys are taught sewing, and girls manual

training. The teacher has had his authority returned and, except for a greater freedom in discipline, a visitor to a Russian school would see little difference in methods from those of the West. While I was in Russia this spring, Stalin gave the *coup de grâce* to propaganda in the elementary school by prohibiting the teaching of Marxism in the first four years on the ground that the children were not old enough to understand it. Pedagogics has made great strides in Russia, both in materials and methodology. I visited an Institute of Children's Books which was of remarkable value, and that is but one of many illustrations that could be cited.

I have already stated that to-day the machine is the god of the Russians. This is reflected in their educational system. From beginning to end, but particularly in secondary and higher education, applied science and technical subjects almost monopolize attention. The humanistic subjects occupy a very inferior place. I asked a young woman student of engineering to let me see her program of work for the present semester. There were 160 hours each of mathematics, physics, chemistry, and mechanics, 120 hours of "philosophy," and 40 of foreign language. When I asked her whether she was studying in philosophy Plato and Aristotle or Descartes and Leibnitz, she answered, "None of that nonsense. I am studying Leninism." The girl was thin and obviously was working too hard. She was an enthusiastic Communist and in addition to her studies performed her Subotniks. When I asked her whether she studied history or literature, she told me that she took them as voluntary subjects at night—when she was too tired to appreciate them. Education, of course, is free, and students receive stipends from the government in addition to board and lodging in dormitories.

But many must also work, for family and other reasons, and these are obviously overworked, as are some such students in the West.

There is no university in our sense of the term; that disappeared in the Revolution. The First Moscow University consists of a group of *Instituts*, chiefly of a scientific and technical character. For the first time, certainly since 1926, history will be brought into the University this fall. Not all *Instituts* are in or part of the University; for example, the Institut of Law is not. Some of these *Instituts* are doing remarkable work. Probably nowhere in the world are more fruitful studies being made in anthropology than under the Institut of Anthropology in the distant parts of the U.S.S.R. And everybody in the academic world is familiar with the fine work done by Pavlow at the Institut of Psychology in Leningrad. I had the good fortune to have a talk with that remarkable old scholar of eighty-five, who is still to be found daily at the Institut supervising the work of a group of chosen disciples. In public health great progress has been made and the sanatoria, particularly in the south, are among the finest in the world.

But I doubt whether the physicians now being graduated will measure up in value to those of the West. In fact, despite the excellent work done in a few of the fields of science and the undoubted scholarship of some of the professors, I do not believe that higher education even in science can be compared to that in the West. Nor do I believe that advanced research students can do profitable work in Russia except, as mentioned before, in a few fields of research. I am opposed to our undergraduates studying abroad anywhere, and certainly for an undergraduate to go to Russia for purposes of study would be futile scholastically and a hardship from the standpoint of living conditions unless he has plenty of

money. In the humanistic branches, which have been subordinated anyhow, history, economics, politics, sociology, and philosophy, a student going to Russia would quickly discover how the material of these subjects can be used to justify Marxian dialectics.

In no field of culture has the attitude changed more since 1926 than in religion. That is not due to any lessening in antagonism towards theistic religion, but to the abatement of fear of the Church. The Church was regarded as the greatest bulwark of the old regime and was to be harried out of existence. At first the sectaries, particularly the Baptists, were favored as competitors of the Orthodox Church; but when it was found that the peasants were flocking to the sectaries and especially were being taught such bourgeois virtues as individual thrift, the sectaries were as bitterly opposed. The results of ten years of persecution are now evident. Moscow was formerly known as the city of forty times forty churches—undoubtedly an exaggeration. To-day there are one hundred and forty-six left and fifty of these have been turned into museums and headquarters for *Komsomols* (young Communists). But the flaring sign that I saw in Red Square in 1926, "Religion is the opiate of the people," has disappeared. So have the disgusting anti-religious posters with which the city was plastered; and the Anti-Religious Museum, instead of being the site of merely ridiculous propaganda, has been turned into a place for really scientific study of the evolution of religion.

To what extent religion has disappeared from the lives of the mass of the people is a question that only time can answer. Every instrument of propaganda has been employed to discredit it. On the stage, from the platform, in the school, the priest and the nun are still the butt of ridicule. Seventeen years of such propaganda have unques-

tionably had their influence upon the youth of the country. In the Collective which I visited a young peasant showed me with pride his house which was unusually clean and attractive. In the corner of the main room were a number of ikons. "These are for my mother," he said; "I have no use for them." I attended a service one Sunday in a village church and was quite surprised to find it about half full. It was evidently baptism day and, though the majority of the congregation was composed of old and middle-aged people, nevertheless there were some fifteen mothers who had brought their infants to be baptized. This shows that religion is not wholly dead, for it takes courage to oppose the prevailing attitude. Neither is superstition dead, as was made evident by the kissing of the ikons that took place in the church after the service.

When the Tzarist police state fell in 1917, religion, as we have seen, was almost extirpated. Its sanctions for morality likewise disappeared and the early years of the Soviet regime were characterized by much licentiousness. Faced by intervention, civil war, and famine, the Soviet leaders, very few of whom approved of the prevailing license, had little time to devote to moral problems. It was the existing immorality that permitted the myth of the nationalization of women to be accepted in the West and with it the belief that the Soviets wished to destroy the family. With greater stabilization came a sterner attitude toward immorality. The Soviet leaders are Puritans. They frown upon drunkenness, debauchery, and graft as great obstacles to the realization of their objectives. Like America, they introduced Prohibition, but it did not take them so long as America to discover that Prohibition brought other evils in its train. I saw but two drunken men during my visit this spring. Divorce has been made easy.

I visited the marriage and divorce bureau to see how it worked. It was merely a matter of filling out forms, whether one wanted to be married or divorced. Probably the ease of obtaining a divorce, as well as the frowning upon sexual license, may account for the diminution of the latter that was supposed to exist. In the case of divorce the father of children must, according to law, give a certain percentage of his wages to their support. But Russia is to a considerable extent a land of migrants, and an inefficient administration sometimes has difficulty in following the changes of residence of divorced men. As far as my personal observation enabled me to judge, there is very little danger of the disappearance of the family as an institution. The pronouncement of Stalin, to which reference has been made, is an evidence of that. Family life appeared to be about the same as in the past. The peasant does not beat his wife as formerly, partly because he does not get drunk so often. Children are much freer in their attitude toward parents. But the family picnics that one saw along riverbanks and lakesides seemed to indicate about the same recreative solidarity as in the West.

In the arts also great changes have taken place since 1926. The traditions of excellence of the old regime still govern the stage. There is no theater, opera, or ballet in the West to compare in excellence and magnificence with the Russian. Even the most insignificant parts in a drama are played by artists. The staging, the equipment, the lighting are wonderful. And this is true whether one attends the Moscow Art Theater, where the older dramatic tradition holds and where the seventy-year-old Stanislavsky still supervises, or the more modern and simple Bolshai Theater supervised by Taireff. Nothing could be more stimulating than the two Children's Theaters that I at-

tended, at one of which I saw a splendid performance of "Tom Sawyer." In 1926 most of the plays were purely Communistic propaganda, excellently staged and performed, but made to order. That could not keep up forever. The best of the propaganda plays, like "Red Bread" and "Fear," continue to be performed, and that they still have their effect was evident by the thunderous applause that always greeted the success of the Communist hero; but there has been a steady drift toward other subjects for plays, and toward the older dramas like the "Cherry Orchard," which was performed during my visit. The rapt attention given by the proletarian audiences, not only at the theater but at such operas as "Prince Igor" and "Lohengrin," would put to shame audiences in the West. The people forget their troubles.

What has been said of the drama is equally true of the novel and the poem. In 1926, Rapp, the official organization whose approval was needed in order to secure a hearing for a new book, was practically in absolute control. The result was a literature that became so stereotyped that no one read it. Two years ago Rapp was disbanded, and a literature of greater verisimilitude is in process of evolution.

III

In one field of spiritual life, namely, intellectual freedom, there has been no change since 1926. There is no freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, of teaching. To the casual visitor this may sound strange, for there is an astonishing amount of criticism in the press of governmental departments and officials. Moreover, in the local Soviets the objections and grumblings of the peasants receive a good deal of open expression. These are conveyed to Moscow by the representative of the government (always a party member),

which in this way keeps informed of the feeling of the peasantry. But all this criticism is within certain definite limits. Criticism of Communism or of the Soviet regime is regarded as counter-revolution. Whereas ten years' imprisonment is the maximum penalty for any other crime including murder, death is the penalty for counter-revolution. Hence it seldom raises its head.

The result of this censorship, as of censorship everywhere, is that the mass of people, even intelligent Russians, are ignorant of the true interpretation of what is taking place outside of Russia. They are kept fairly well informed by the press, but the facts are presented in such a way that they focus on one conclusion—the superiority of the Communist regime. This has led to a real and widely spread belief in Russian superiority. While in Moscow I gave a lecture in the Hall of Science entitled, "The Psychology of the American," and among other things I stated that I believed Americans had been the greatest boasters in the world, but that since 1929 they had acquired the virtue of humility and bequeathed this boastfulness to the Russians. My lecture was followed by a full hour of questions, few of which were devoted to illuminating the psychology of the American. Most were asked as leading questions to bring out the evils of American capitalist civilization. To the question whether it was not shocking to burn grain in the United States while there were millions of hungry unemployed, I answered that it was, but that I wondered whether it was any more so than for Russians to sell grain abroad while peasants were starving at home. To the question as to my views on the fact that twenty thousand rural schools had been shut up during the depression for want of support while hundreds of millions of dollars were being spent on the army and navy, I answered

I considered it a scandal, but no greater scandal than the fact that a considerable proportion of Russian children were still without any schooling and yet the Russian government was spending enormous sums upon its army and navy. Not at that lecture, but in an interview with the Director of one of the Instituts, who expressed his horror at the lynching of twenty-three negroes in the United States last year, I assured him his horror could not exceed mine but that I wondered whether less than twenty-three kulaks had been shot in Russia last year.

I have no pride in these answers. They were inspired by the *argumentum ad hominem* which seldom illuminates any problem. Moreover, I disliked to appear to be criticizing a people whose guest I was, and finally I disliked even more to be considered as even appearing to defend the glaring evils of our own civilization. Perhaps some allowance will be made for the weakness of the ordinary mortal, who may grow tired of having these evils constantly thrust in his face by foreigners who cannot themselves be considered white saints.

IV

I have stated that the Soviets are in a hurry to realize their objectives. This has had a profound influence upon their foreign policy. In 1926 a great struggle was going on within the Party between the Trotsky faction and that of Stalin. Trotsky insisted that the primary aim of the Soviets should be the world revolution and that it was impossible to build a Socialist state in a sea of Capitalist states. The Trotsky faction was much encouraged by the success of Borodin in China. But in the following year Chang Kai Shek ruthlessly suppressed the Communist movement wherever the Chinese Nationalist Government had control. The Com-

munist Party convention thereupon decided in favor of Stalin's views, and Trotsky, who engaged in subterranean propaganda, was exiled. It was decided to begin in 1928 an intensive scheme of industrialization under the Five Year Plan. For its success peace with the outside world was essential.

Peace has dominated the foreign policy of the Soviets ever since. They gladly acceded to the Kellogg-Briand Pact, though they had little faith in its efficacy. To maintain peace they have been willing to yield their control of Northern Manchuria and to suffer repeated insults from the Japanese. They have witnessed the ruthless suppression of five million members of the Communist party in Germany and of the Communists in all the neighboring countries without extending aid, even without official protest. In the meantime they have feverishly devoted themselves to strengthening the army in every branch of the service, in infantry, in cavalry for service in the Far East, in artillery of the most modern types, in aircraft of the swiftest kind. One who witnessed the military display in Red Square on May Day, as I did, could have little doubt of the strength of the Red army. Military men in other countries have assured me it is second in power only to the French army. For the first time since 1926 the Soviets this year have felt safe in defying the Japanese. Nevertheless, they would avoid war with Japan if possible, partly because they are not ready. There still remains a part of the Trans-Siberian Railroad that has not been double-tracked, and the munitions plants in Siberia are by no means complete. Moreover, despite the hatred of the Japanese in China, they know that little reliance can be placed upon help from that quarter; and despite the fact that in all probability American sympathy would be on their side, they know that the sympathy would not be trans-

formed into assistance unless American interests were directly assailed.

But they wish to avoid war chiefly because war would be a terrible calamity in deferring the realization of their plan of socialization. The mere threat of war with Japan two years ago was one of the chief causes of the famine in the winter of 1932-33. The requisitions of grain made upon the peasants not only deprived them of necessary seed for planting the new harvest and feeding their cattle, but angered them in many places into a policy of sabotage.

Neither, for that matter, do the Japanese want war now. They are thoroughly aware that war against an army with the equipment and morale of the Red army to-day would be a very different thing from war against the inefficient Russian army of 1905 which, nevertheless, brought them to the verge of exhaustion. They are also aware that their successes in Manchuria and China have been against Chinese bandits or Chinese armies whose commanders could be bribed. Foreign military authorities have assured me that, despite its excellent morale, the Japanese army has by no means the strength that it is assumed to have in the West. The realization of this by the Japanese may explain the enormous increase in their military budget for the coming year.

Despite the attitude of the two countries in wishing to avoid war now, the opinion this spring, both among Communists and foreigners in Russia with whom I talked, was that it will be deferred only for a year, or at most two. This was because of the danger of incidents that might bring about conflict, but particularly because of the growing belief in Japan that the conflict is inevitable anyhow and that every year's delay means added advantage to the Russians. The Russians are convinced that if war comes it will be a fight to the finish, that either Russia or Japan will be thoroughly defeated. What vic-

tory for either side means for the West is an interesting problem. Would a Russian victory mean an attempt to communize China and possibly to extend the attempt to other places such as India? Would a Japanese victory mean the establishment of a real hegemony over China and the attempt to exclude foreigners from competing in its markets?

If Japan fears an unfriendly China on her flank in case of war with Russia, Russia has felt herself even more vulnerable on her western frontier. To be compelled to divide her forces to face an enemy in the west at the same time that she had to fight Japan in the east, might mean defeat, would certainly mean indefinite postponement of socialization within Russia. Hence the effort since the beginning of the Five Year Plan to safeguard herself in the west by non-aggression agreements with her neighbors of a most explicit nature including the definition of the aggressor. Until the rise of Hitler Russia was the strongest advocate of disarmament and of the release of the defeated nations from the shackles of the Versailles Treaty. From the date of the Rapallo treaty she regarded Germany as her one friend among the great powers, and was loud in her denunciation of the imperialistic victors of Versailles. Hitler's success in a campaign based upon the communistic danger changed all that. Formerly the Soviets appealed to the Russian people for support on the ground that the capitalist nations were determined to intervene to prevent the success of the first workers' republic. To-day that appeal is concentrated against Germany. The Soviets are convinced that Germany is now their greatest enemy in Europe; that Germany is determined to dismember Russia and to detach the Ukraine, which has a great deal of local patriotism and is of doubtful loyalty to the U.S.S.R. These facts have caused her

concern about the ten-year peace treaty that Germany made with Poland despite the fact of her own non-aggression treaty with Poland.

Hence the complete re-orientation of Soviet foreign policy toward co-operation with France and her allies of the Little Entente, whom she regarded as her worst enemies a decade ago. The Soviet leaders are realists. They have decided that disarmament is a failure. From being the strongest supporters at Geneva of British advocacy of disarmament, they have made a complete right about to strong support of French advocacy of security. To them disarmament means German rearmament, and a rearmed Germany the Soviets now consider as great a menace to them as to France. Despite their extreme denunciations in the past of the imperialistic system of alliances, the pacts of mutual assistance that M. Litvinoff is attempting to develop are little less than the same thing under another name. But in the case of war with Japan a French alliance would in all probability immobilize an enemy in the west. In 1917 the Soviets announced that they had broken completely with the diplomacy of the past. Now they are leaders in that same diplomacy.

M. Litvinoff's skillful diplomacy in offering in conjunction with Germany to guarantee the integrity of the Baltic states—an offer which was declined by Germany—made a deep impression on the Baltic states and the Little Entente. The members of the Little Entente have finally recognized Russia and entered into non-aggression pacts with her. Nevertheless, a great deal of distrust remains, and the Russian proposal for pacts of mutual assistance roused little enthusiasm unless it were to be accompanied by a Russian agreement to join the League of Nations. This Russia will probably do very shortly despite the scorn she formerly heaped upon the

League. But Litvinoff's suggestion for an "Eastern Locarno" to include Russia and Germany with the group of states that are their neighbors in the south and east will probably fail. An "Eastern Locarno" containing a pact of mutual assistance Germany regards as weighted against her. She might be willing, though even that is doubtful, were Great Britain and Italy to participate as they have in the Locarno treaty. But Great Britain will certainly make no further commitments in Europe with sanctions attached to them.

V

My observations and experiences this year lead me to the conclusion that once more history is repeating itself. We have witnessed a tremendous upheaval in human affairs in which old traditions, old values, old attitudes toward life were all thrown into the discard. Only seventeen years have passed and already some of the fundamentals according to which men must live in order to survive, together with some of the evils resulting from the weaknesses of human nature, are slowly regaining recognition. In industry, in education, in administration, in diplomacy discarded practices are being resumed. Many evils have been extirpated, and certainly some benefits destroyed. Communist Russia is slowly receding from extremism. But Russia will never again be anything like what it was before the Revolution. Neither will the capitalist West, for Russia has given an impetus to state control that is being felt in every corner of the globe.

I do not want to give the idea that the Russian Communists have relinquished their objectives. Where they have yielded it has been from necessity, not desire. If the world revolution has a minor place in their program now, it is not only because they found it does not pay, but also because they have con-

vinced themselves that as capitalist society is in process of decay, they have but to wait for the realization of their objective.

They are entrenched in power. The Party numbers three million, and though undoubtedly some self-seekers are found in it, the party-worker's enthusiasm, determination, and ruthlessness are maintained by the difficulty now experienced to become a member, by the strict discipline enforced, and by the periodic purgings that take place to get rid of slackers. Not only the men at the top, but the leaders below in the ranks are sincere and devoted. They are all overworked. They are all trying to do too much in too short a time. The result is a great deal of inefficiency in administration. Promises are not kept, commitments are not honored, delays are interminable. But I believe these faults are not due to insincerity in promising, but to attempting more than is humanly possible.

Moreover, they have still the faith of religious fanatics. I discussed their ideals with some of their intellectual leaders with the greatest frankness, pointing out that other great idealistic movements such as Christianity, the Reformation, and the French Revolution were of necessity seriously modified with the passage of time. Their answer was that those movements never got down to fundamentals, that their leaders, unacquainted with the philosophy of economic determinism, were unaware that the profit motive was at the bottom of practically all human evils. I discussed especially their belief that they were transforming human nature. I pointed to the illicit trading and speculation which were quite general, and they answered that seventeen years were a very short time to eradicate such

entrenched evils. I asked whether they expected such human traits as ambition and pride and envy and hate to disappear, and they answered in the negative, but insisted that they could be directed to better purposes. I asked whether they did not believe that, generally speaking, those endowed with superior talents would eventually gain control. They answered that we in the West confused individualism, which they despised, with individuality, which they approved. As an instance, they pointed to the fact that as soon as they discovered superior musical or artistic talent in a child they withdrew him from ordinary education to receive special training. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that a new governing class was in process of development, the bureaucracy. Despite the fact that Communist politicians, like politicians everywhere, were sometimes rewarded with office, administrators appeared to me to be men of ability. As such they and their families live better; their children go to the higher schools, and inevitably opportunities will be found to place them in positions of responsibility and authority. But all that is a matter of time.

To sum up, a classless society in which there will be no exploitation of mankind is a splendid objective. One can only hope it may be realized. The progress toward that goal which has been made in Russia so far has been made at terrible cost of human life, human suffering, and human freedom. And one thing we can be assured of, the methods used in Russia to bring about a great social reform would be hopeless in this country. They could be used with a debased and illiterate peasantry. They cannot be used with an intelligent and liberty-loving people.



WALL STREET AND THE INVESTOR, 1934

WHEN IS A TRUSTEE NOT A TRUSTEE?

BY MAX LOWENTHAL

THE assembled bank officials were hushed, expectant, tense. At long last, the fair name of their bank, the greatest in the United States, was to be retrieved. Its new head, Mr. Aldrich, was to expound to the Senators and to the throng in the huge hearing room in Washington a reform program for his bank and for all banks. The rescue of the bank came none too soon. Week after week Ferdinand Pecora, the lawyer of the Senate Banking Committee, had been presenting evidence of the bank's doings under its former chief, Albert H. Wiggin. The bank, The Chase National Bank of New York, had been held responsible, in the view of the entire country, for all sorts of deals. The shock of the exposure was all the worse because the bank's lawyers had spent so many years, and written so many documents, to preserve it from responsibility. This also had been held against the bank, the more so because for months the testimony about many bankers and many corporation executives had been showing their exercise of great power with a minimum of responsibility.

This problem of irresponsibility in high finance was one of those on which some of Mr. Aldrich's auditors were hoping that he would speak when he expounded his new creed for that select company of big financiers who govern the savings and investments of the whole nation. Mr. Aldrich rose to the

occasion and met the question squarely. He said:

"The immediate and direct responsibility for preventing the recurrence of faulty conditions which have been disclosed here and elsewhere rests upon those of us who are engaged in the management of commercial banking institutions. . . . The officers of our commercial banking institutions should have constantly before them a realization of their great responsibilities to the public."

The banker pledged his bank to the principles he had laid down, including the principle of responsibility commensurate with the power exercised by great institutions. Turning to the Senators, he tendered his unconditional pledge in these words: "As for the Chase National Bank, I can say without qualification that it is our purpose to be governed at all times by the standards I have just outlined."

His words were spoken as the year 1933 was drawing to its close. Within six months his bank had the chance to make good on his promise, and other great Wall Street banks also had the chance to show whether they would subscribe to the necessary new doctrine—the doctrine that big bankers and corporate directors who control the billions of dollars of assets owned by the public should give up their former irresponsibility and should accept full responsibility, equal to the power they

exercise. Let us consider what they did in this, the first year of the new reform era for big-scale finance.

In May the Chase National Bank had to deal with the question of the responsibility of directors of large corporations. It had been approached by the officers and directors of an \$80,000,000 company, Virginia Electric and Power Company. This company wanted to get bondholders to accept certain of the company's bonds in exchange for other bonds they held. The Virginia company already had a good many bonds outstanding in the hands of the public, and proposed to issue some \$8,000,000 additional for the purpose of the deal it wanted to make. In order to do all this, the Virginia company had to make arrangements with the Chase National Bank, which is trustee for the owners of the Virginia company's bonds.

The Chase Bank had become trustee in 1925. At that time one of the questions before the corporation and the Chase Bank was whether corporation officials should be personally subject to liability on the bonds in case the corporation should later be unable to pay. The usual attitude with respect to this question is that if the corporation's officials manage its affairs properly they ought not to be personally liable on the bonds. Provision was made for this protection of the company's directors and officers. However, in doing so the company and the Chase Bank used words much broader than necessary for that purpose, words broad enough to throw grave doubt on the right to have recourse for the benefit of bondholders against directors and officers for wrongs to the corporation such as mismanagement. It is important for bondholders that this right shall be clearly available to them at all times.

When more of the bonds were to be issued in 1934, the Virginia company

and the Chase Bank had to decide whether the words used in 1925 should be reaffirmed, so as to bind also the investors in the new bond issue. Between 1925 and 1934 the financial community had received ample proof of the value of holding corporate officers and directors subject to ordinary liabilities. During those years many corporations had gone into receivership, and there had been clear testimony showing the mismanagement of some of them by their directors and officers. Particularly had this happened where the corporation issuing the bonds was part of a public utilities chain. In such cases there have been holding companies, operating companies, and management and service companies, and there has been in some cases considerable siphoning of assets out of operating companies into holding and service companies, in order to enable them to survive the depression. The Virginia Electric and Power Company is part of a chain in which are holding, management, and service corporations. The problem with which the Chase Bank was dealing, therefore, should have recalled recent instances of the need for granting the clearest possible protection to bondholders against the results of any possible mismanagement of the type described above. The bank was thus called upon to decline to repeat in 1934 the unnecessarily broad language to which it agreed in 1925. The Chase Bank decided, however, in the post-Wiggin period, to reaffirm all it had done before. As in 1925, so now the bank agreed that the company's promoters, officers, and directors should be freed from various types of liability, including *"any and all personal liability of every name and nature, whether . . . by statute or by constitution or otherwise . . . to respond by reason of . . . any act of omission or commission on his part or otherwise, for the pay-*

ment for or to the Company or any receiver thereof or for or to the holder of any bond or coupon issued or secured hereunder or otherwise, of any sum that may remain due and unpaid upon the bonds. . . ."

The bank did the same for all the directors, officers, and promoters of every corporation controlled now or at any time in the future by the Virginia company. Even if the Virginia company owned only a minority interest in any other company, the directors, officers, and promoters of that company were also to be exempted. Nor was all this deemed enough. The charter of liberties thus conferred on directors and financiers was not to be limited simply to those in office this year. The bank decreed that the exemption should apply to everyone who had ever been a director, officer, or promoter of any of these companies, to everyone already in office, and to everyone who might hold any of these offices in the future.

A bondholder may ask how any bank can have such power. All that he need do to get his answer is to go behind the scenes and watch the financial wheels go round. He already knows that when a man buys a bond he is simply lending money to the corporation that issued the bond. If the bond is part of a large bond issue the buyer is merely one of thousands who have similarly lent their money to the same corporation. To protect every such concourse of bondholders, financiers decided many years ago that the borrowing corporation must be subjected to limitations, much as is a motorist driving among thousands of pedestrians. Whenever a bond issue was created, or is created to-day, rules are customarily made to govern the behavior and activities of the company, so that the bondholders shall be safeguarded, and so that the company may do nothing to damage their investment at any time

during the period until it falls due and is paid. These rules are printed, in practically every case, in a book called an indenture.

These rules books are the product of the joint authorship of large borrowing corporations, large investment dealers who sell their bonds to the public, and large banks, mainly the dozen biggest in New York City. The role of the banks is the dual role of legislator and policeman. They help to make the rules to protect the bondholder, and then see to it that the borrowing company obeys those rules. Whenever a large bond issue is to be created by such a company, it selects a bank, generally a mammoth New York institution, to perform this service for the people who are going to buy the bonds or to receive them in exchange for other bonds. The bank is named the trustee for the bondholders. In the making and enforcing of the rules they are its wards; it is their guardian.

Unfortunately, in the past, some financial lawyers changed the nature of these rules books. They put limitations on the buyers of the bonds, even more than on the companies selling the bonds. The bonds were made subject to the indenture, and the indenture said plenty to protect, not so much the bondholders from the directors and officers of the corporation, as the directors and officers from the bondholders. In the topsy-turvy financial world of recent times the rules in these indentures often provided not safety but jeopardy for the owners of the bonds.

Unfortunately also, some of the banks acting as trustees fell in with the views of a number of lawyers drafting such documents. Some of the banks departed in other ways from the high level of carefulness and faithfulness to which trustees have for hundreds of years been compelled to adhere, both by their own consciences and by the

courts. To be sure, when they drafted the indentures, they plastered these documents with a great deal of talk about trusteeship and trusts and the trust estate, and much of the other language that lawyers and judges have used for some centuries in connection with the work and the duties of trustees. But somehow or other, on occasion after occasion one bank or another had become during the evil days of the past somewhat slack in the performance of these trusts. Indeed, there crept into the talk of some financial lawyers the suggestion that these banks, which had been announcing to the world for so many years that they were trustees for the bondholders, were not trustees at all, or at any rate were trustees quite different from the old-fashioned kind.

In 1934, the big banks were in a position to show whether they were going to treat themselves as real trustees or merely as paper trustees. If they drafted the indentures or rules books for the thorough-going protection of the bondholders, the public would get considerable evidence that it was going to be in much safer hands than before. If, on the contrary, the banks reissued practically the same rules books as before, the public might be inclined to feel that the old spirit and the old practices from which it had suffered would reappear.

In the case earlier mentioned, that of the Virginia Electric and Power Company, the Chase National Bank showed that it was inclined to cling very closely to the type of indentures that had formerly been used. The bank arranged, by a method well-known in Wall Street, to require the new bondholders to grant the same immunities for corporation officials as in the past. The bank agreed with the company that any man who received one of the bonds should by that very act make a contract. They put words to that effect in the bond,

which reads that "it is part of the contract herein contained" that each bondholder "by the acceptance" of the bond frees the corporate officials from liabilities "all as more fully provided in the Indenture." The indenture specified the liabilities from which the officials were to be exempted. Such documents are construed by financial lawyers as creating a contract on the part of the bond buyer, in which he agrees to the exemptions of the directors, officers, and promoters. This is the traditional method of maneuvering security holders into surrendering rights they may have against the men in control of large corporate properties.

This thing was done, not by one of the worst, but by one of the best banks. To be sure it had got a black eye at the Senate Committee hearings, but it emerged from them repentant and re-deemed. Its new chief had confessed its old sins and had dissociated the bank forever from its recent past. He was in a position to speak for it. Indeed, he told the Senators that, though the directors of the bank had not yet seen the statement of reform he was about to read, they would support everything he said. His reform program, therefore, won for his bank almost as high a standing as his words conferred on himself. Such was his achievement, on that memorable occasion a year ago, that some of the coldest intellects in the inquiry room, some of the hardest-hearted newspaper men at the press table, calloused and disillusioned by the story of the Wiggin regime at the bank, hailed Mr. Aldrich as the outstanding friend of the investors of America.

It is, therefore, to be assumed that his bank proceeded in its work this year on as high a plane as is to be found in Wall Street. Such is, in fact, the case. What it did, the other banks did. The spirit animating the Chase Bank in its deal with the Virginia Electric and

Power Company is the spirit that ran through all such deals in the financial district this year. For example, some three weeks after the Chase Bank did the job just described, there was a comparable transaction between another public utility, Atlanta Gas Light Company, and another New York bank, New York Trust Company. This bank like the Chase, is one from which bondholders may expect the best that Wall Street has to offer. For years the directorate of New York Trust Company has included partners of such firms as J. P. Morgan & Co. The head of the bank, Mortimer N. Buckner, is among the leaders in high finance, high up in the New York Clearing House Association, and much in demand as a director of corporations when things are going well and as a member of protective committees for security holders when things are going badly.

His bank agreed, in an indenture prepared in June, that the directors and officers of the Atlanta public utility company should be protected, as follows (the quotation is from the language of the bond, as printed in the indenture):

"No recourse shall be had for the payment . . . of this bond against any . . . officer or director . . . either directly or through the company . . . under any rule of law, statute, constitution, or by the enforcement of any assessment, or *otherwise* [my italics], all such liability . . . being released by the holder hereof by the acceptance of this bond . . ."

II

While New York banks have during this year of reform been conferring upon corporate officials such rights as have been mentioned, the banks have also been giving themselves certain rights. This readiness of the big banks to treat themselves as well as they treat

corporation executives may be illustrated by a deal made in June between Illinois Central Railroad Company and the Bank of Manhattan. This, also, is a great New York institution, like the Chase, under the leadership of a financial reformer. The vice-chairman of the Bank of Manhattan is James P. Warburg, a banker who has been urging the government and the people to avoid monetary practices which he strongly condemns. He has written articles, published a book, and made speeches in order to persuade the country to follow monetary principles he deems sound. Meantime his bank was accommodating both itself and the Illinois Central Railroad in the manner now to be described.

The railroad company was at the time unable to pay off what it owed to the holders of \$20,000,000 of its notes that were falling due. To meet the difficulty, it borrowed \$7,500,000 from the government, offered this money to the security holders as 37½ per cent part payment, and asked them to take \$12,500,000 of new securities for the balance. The railroad selected Bank of Manhattan as trustee for the owners of the new securities.

The bank recognized that it would have the duty of acting for the security holders in the event that the railroad company did not perform the various promises it was making for their protection. This might be troublesome for the bank. It would be troublesome not to act, because the bank might be sued by a security holder if it failed to act.

The bank's attorneys resorted to methods well-known among financial lawyers. Under the provisions of the indenture, the bank could in effect put on blinders and refuse to see what it actually did see. If it saw that the company was violating its promises, the bank could assume that the company

was doing no such thing. Nothing could make it take off these blinders until the owners of 5 per cent of the securities ran and told the bank what it already knew. This is usually a first-rate protection against the ordinary investor. He is not in a position to know when a big corporation breaks its promises, and even if he does learn this fact, he is usually unable to get the names and addresses of other holders of the securities, so as to line up the owners of 5 per cent of the bonds.

The bank did not take even this risk. It provided for itself another avenue of escape from liability to its wards. It put into the indenture a provision that it should be free from any obligation to act unless some of the security holders would give it "reasonable security and indemnity against" the expense of taking action. The average security holder could not do this. Bank services and bank lawyers come high when they are paid by their wards. Any investors hardy enough to go up to the bank and deposit the amount the bank might ask would have to be ready to pay more as often as the bank required them to do so. The bank did not need these provisions to insure its getting paid for what it did. It provided in the indenture that the railroad company should pay all the bank's fees and expenses. The bank may have felt, however, the need of these provisions in order to be protected against the obligation to act and against liability if it did not act.

Even this protection was deemed insufficient. The indenture had a provision that the bank should not be required to act unless the holders of 25 per cent of the securities asked it to do so. How would so large a number of ordinary investors know that there was anything wrong and know how to get in touch with one another?

Still the men who wrote this document were not satisfied. One of the

great distinguishing characteristics of these indentures, now as well as in the old days, is their triple-proofing whenever they discuss safeguards for bank trustees or for corporation executives. The lawyers for the Bank of Manhattan conceived the possibility that by some extraordinary combination of circumstances, owners of 5 per cent of the securities might know one another's names and addresses, might get together, and might tell the bank that things had gone wrong; that the owners of 25 per cent of the securities might get together and ask it to act; and that they might be ready to give the bank indemnity and security as often as it required. The lawyers put something else into the indenture. The bank, unless it wilfully misconducts itself or is guilty of gross negligence, is not to be liable "for anything whatever in connection with this trust." Liability for losses caused by the bank's plain negligence (which lawyers and judges recognize to be quite different from gross negligence), plain incompetence, the sort of liability that would compel the ordinary trustee to reimburse his wards for any losses he caused them, is washed away by the indenture.

Still, this was not deemed enough to protect the Warburg bank from its wards. So the indenture said that the bank should have the right to consult a lawyer. If it followed his advice in good faith it was to be free from any liability to bondholders for what it did. To quote the indenture: "The trustee may advise with counsel and shall be protected in respect of any action under this indenture taken in good faith by the trustee in accordance with the opinion of counsel." The need for caution, for skill, for judgment, for knowledge of what was going on could thus all be blown out of the window by a lawyer's breath. No ordinary man, still less a trustee obliged to protect others, could get such

absolution by a word from his own lawyer.

The Bank of Manhattan also, of course, freed the directors and officers of the railroad company from liabilities, by various provisions, one of them reading as follows: "... any and all personal liability of every name and nature, either at common law or at equity, or by statute, of, and any and all rights and claims against, every ... officer or director, as such, are hereby expressly waived as a condition of, and as consideration for, the execution of this indenture and the issue of the notes."

III

The bank was called upon to act as trustee for another set of railroad security holders, some two months after it signed the indenture in the Illinois Central securities issue. The new job it got was a big one. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was selling \$50,000,000 of securities, one of the biggest corporation securities flotations in the year 1934. About three-quarters of the new securities were distributed to the public by three of the most important investment or banking firms in the country, Kuhn Loeb & Co., Speyer & Co., and Brown Harriman & Co. The first mentioned firm is the greatest creator and distributor of securities in America, since the retirement of J. P. Morgan & Co. from this branch of the business. The investment dealers sold the securities on the assurance that the indenture for the protection of the buyers would have to be satisfactory to the attorneys for the Kuhn Loeb, Speyer, and Brown Harriman firms. This indenture was, therefore, avowedly one that had the sanction of those firms, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and of the Bank of Manhattan.

The indenture protected the bank against liability, in much the same fash-

ion as in the Illinois Central issue and practically all such cases. Protection was also extended to the officers and directors of the railroad company, as in some of the cases already described.

At the time big New York banks were framing the indentures already mentioned, corporate finance still had one foot in the wreckage of the depression. Only a few companies dared to float new securities issues. Others, like Illinois Central Railroad, were unable to pay what they owed and were creating new securities to be offered to their security holders in substitution for what the latter already held. In such cases, the "frozen" condition of the companies emphasized the danger that new securities might be defaulted, and thus required the bank-trustees to be more careful than ever to protect their wards appropriately.

The Illinois Central issue, already mentioned, is one such case. Another in which the bank-trustee took good care of itself is that of a \$16,000,000 bond issue by North German Lloyd, the German shipping company. The trustee for the holders of these bonds is Chemical Bank & Trust Company, one of the biggest New York banks. Its head, like the head of New York Trust Company, has been high in the affairs of the New York Clearing House and has been much sought for directorates of large financial and industrial concerns. The Chemical Bank under the terms of its indenture is not to be liable for any kind of negligence, but only for wilful or intentional default. Other customary safeguards against liability to bondholders are also included in the indenture.

The example of the New York institutions would naturally be followed in those smaller cases in which other banks sometimes get a share of this business. In May of this year a St. Louis bank, the Mercantile-Commerce Bank and Trust Company, par-

anticipated as trustee in drafting an indenture for the bonds of an industrial corporation which was asking its security-holders to give it additional time to pay its debts. The St. Louis bank preferred to adopt the language of those New York banks which free themselves from any liability for anything other than wilful misconduct.

IV

The presentation of examples of what is being done in the year 1934 may be concluded with one of the most important illustrations of all. It arises out of a flotation of \$8,000,000 of bonds by Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation, a New York public utility. The trustee in this case is the Chase National Bank, already mentioned in connection with a bond issue of another public utility.

The directors and bankers of Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit envisaged the possibility of becoming personally liable to purchasers of the new bonds, under the Securities Law passed by Congress in 1933. This law requires disclosure of the facts about securities which are to be sold, so that buyers may be protected better than in the past, and it subjects directors and bankers to liabilities if such disclosure is not made. Congress exempted from this law certain purely intrastate sales of securities, not because it believed that security holders are less in need of protection in those cases, but because it was not sure that it had power to regulate such transactions. The bankers of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation believed that they could so conduct themselves that they would be protected under this exception in the law.

In making use of this loophole, the bankers adopted, according to reports in reliable New York newspapers, extraordinary precautions to sell the

bonds only to investors in New York State. As part of their plan, they refrained from issuing a prospectus or offering circular descriptive of the new securities—the method usually employed in the past to inform investors about bonds or shares offered for sale. Thus the bankers and directors of Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation did not rest content with side-stepping the new law that required financiers to do more than they used to do in disclosing the facts about new securities issues. To avoid this law, they did less than they used to do before there was such a law.

Such a plan was a direct slap in the face for the reform program which many great financiers had urged only a few months earlier. Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and others of its high officials had told the United States Senate Committee that there should be the fullest disclosure. Many bankers, including Mr. Aldrich, had expressed the same view. A statement by him on the subject was especially called for, because the testimony had shown that in some flotations by the affiliate of the Chase Bank the prospectus or offering circular had not told all the facts to investors. Mr. Aldrich said he would have no truck with such methods of doing financial business. He indicated that on the flotation of securities the prospectus should make the fullest possible disclosure, that corporate directors and bankers should go the limit in this respect.

In view of his stand, Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation was confronted with the question whether his bank would sign an indenture which was an incidental requisite of the company's plan. That plan, to sell bonds without any prospectus, became known to Mr. Aldrich's bank at least eighteen days before it signed. It signed without any conditions on this score.

However, despite the precautions taken by the company's bankers, there was the possibility that they might fail in their effort to make use of the technical exception in the Securities Law, about intrastate transactions. Indeed, within two months Washington authorities intimated that the company's officials or bankers may have got stuck midway as they were passing through the hole in the law. The indenture apparently met this contingency, by punching a bigger and better hole in the law. The words, broad enough to cover other statutory liability as well, are as follows:

"No recourse shall be had for the payment of the . . . bonds . . . or for any claim based thereon . . . , or otherwise in respect thereof or of this trust indenture, against any . . . officer or director, as such, past, present, or future . . . , either directly or through the company . . . , whether by virtue of any statute or constitutional provision or rule of law or by the enforcement of any assessment or otherwise . . ."

In other words, Chase Bank, employing phraseology somewhat as in the days before the Securities Law, set up a rule to cancel the rule made by Congress. The bank did this in the very teeth of a Congressional decree that no one should have the power to erase the safeguards Congress had evolved for the benefit of security holders.

Besides conferring immunities on the corporation's directors and officers, the bank secured immunities for itself, phrased more broadly than in some of the indentures already mentioned. For instance, provision was made that Chase Bank "shall not be liable for any error of judgment, nor for any act done or steps taken or omitted by it, nor for any mistake of fact or law, nor for anything which it may do or refrain from doing in connection herewith, except only for its wilful misconduct." This

was in addition to other provisions of the sort described in connection with other indentures of the current year.

Chase Bank also went out of its way to assure special privileges to itself and its own officers. For instance, the indenture in the Brooklyn-Manhattan bond issue entitled the bank to exercise privileges which ordinary trustees deny to themselves. The bank was given the right to make its profit as trustee for the bondholders, and to make a profit also out of business in which it might acquire an interest inconsistent with its duty to the bondholders. Such an inconsistency arises when a bank lends money to the corporation at the same time that it acts as trustee for that corporation's bondholders. Big corporations sometimes get into trouble (Brooklyn-Manhattan was in receivership only a few years ago), and it is then important for the bondholders that no other creditors shall get paid first. Preferential payments leave less for the bondholders. Banks at times try to get their money as soon as they realize that a corporation which has borrowed from them is on its way to bankruptcy. It is the duty of the trustee for the bondholders to prevent this. But if the trustee itself has lent money to the company, the trustee may not be able to withstand the temptation to take care of itself first.

Mr. Aldrich, questioned on this general subject by the United States Senate Committee, recognized, as he put it, that a bank in this dual position is "in a difficult situation. Embarrassment does arise." His bank brushed this embarrassment aside at the first opportunity. In the indenture framed by it and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Corporation, the bank provided that it should have the right to do business with that company just as if the bank were not trustee for the bondholders at all.

Having taken care of itself in this and other ways, and having also protected the corporation's directors and officers in the standard way, Chase Bank also made provision for its own officers, almost as in the time when Mr. Wiggin was head of the bank. During his administration a number of the bank's officers had been allowed to make money on the side, by entering into financial deals on their own hook, and sooner or later damage to investors had resulted from some of these ventures. Much evidence bearing on such incidents was taken by the United States Senate Committee last year. Mr. Aldrich did not like what the bank officers had done. He agreed with Senator Adams of Colorado when the latter said:

"The evil comes from the fact that the judgment of the officer of the bank may be, entirely innocently perhaps, influenced by the fact that he has compensation coming from a borrower or customer of the bank, which might warp his judgment."

In the Brooklyn-Manhattan deal this June the Chase Bank did nothing to prevent such relationships. On the contrary, it expressly arranged that they should be permitted. The indenture reads that any officer of the bank in "his individual . . . capacity . . . may engage in or be interested in any financial or other transactions with the Company. . . ."

V

The Chase Bank introduced into the indenture in this case another provision, one that is fairly common in such documents. It is the provision against self-help by the bondholder. Assume that a man who has bought one of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit bonds learns about the immunities provided for directors and for the bank, and about the privileges accorded to it

and to its officers in the indenture. He then knows that the trustee which is supposed to protect him has neglected one after another of the important safeguards shown by the testimony before the United States Senate Committee and by the misfortunes of many bondholders to be necessary for his protection. He knows that the bank in making rules ostensibly to protect him also made rules not in his interest. He knows that he was relying on a trustee that has insisted on the right to be blind to what it sees, to have its thinking done for it by a lawyer, and, so long as it does not become wilful and wilfully misconduct itself, to do anything or nothing, without obligation or responsibility to the bondholders it is supposed to protect.

An investor who knows all this might conclude that he had better look after his own interests. To do this, he would have to know what is going on in the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation, he would have to be ever watchful, he would have to be ready to conduct a fight for his rights if these should be invaded by the company. He might do this, if he had a large enough block of the bonds to justify such expense, or if he were so rich and so quixotic that he would expend large amounts out of all proportion to his investment. In short, he would have to be what the usual bondholder is not and cannot be.

Even so, this imaginary bondholder cannot safely assume that he has the ordinary man's right to protect his own interests. His situation is different from that of the ordinary creditor in the ordinary case. The bondholder must look at the indenture framed by Chase Bank and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation. It is a lengthy document that not one bondholder in a thousand is likely to see, and not one layman in a hundred thousand could read and understand. Does the inden-

ture prepared by Chase Bank and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation give the bondholder the right to protect himself? One would suppose so. It is almost one hundred pages long, containing some thirty-five thousand words. Somewhere in this wealth of words there must be a word for the bondholder, just a phrase perhaps, saying he may protect himself if he wants to. Everybody else is remembered in this book. One whole chapter is devoted to Rights and Privileges of the Company. One chapter is devoted to Immunity of Stockholders, Officers, and Directors. One chapter is given over to the rights of the trustee, and other sections in other parts of the book are given over to the same subject. There must be something also for the bondholders, who are to put up all the money for this bond issue.

On page 60 of the book there is the beginning of a new chapter. It has a hopeful title, Remedies of Trustee and Bondholders. It has nineteen sections, the largest number of any chapter in the book. The bondholder, having hired a lawyer, waits as his lawyer reads on and on. First, he finds, there is a section mentioning certain rights that the bondholder does not have. Then follow many sections saying what the Chase Bank can do if it wants to, and what it must do if directed by owners of 25 per cent, 30 per cent, or 50 per cent of the bonds. So far it is the bank, not the bondholder, that can take action.

At last the lawyer finds a section. He tells the bondholder that he can sue the company for the interest on his bond. He also tells his client that if he waits until the bond falls due in ordinary course, fifteen years from the present time, and his bond is not then paid by the company, he can sue to get payment. But the bondholder is still a bit worried. He wants to know about all the other obligations of the

company, provided in the indenture, and shown by the sad and even disastrous experience of countless investors to be necessary for their protection. Suppose the company gets into difficulties, keeps its head above water just enough to pay interest, but is daily imperilling the principal of the bondholders' investment, and is doing so in violation of its written promises. Can the ordinary bondholder do nothing? Suppose, in addition, that the trustee, the Chase Bank, will not lift its hand for him. Can he lift his own hand to help himself?

His lawyer tells him that he cannot, except subject to certain conditions that are ordinarily impossible for him. Before he can act he must go out and find a great many other bondholders, enough to constitute a holding of 25 per cent of all the bonds. His search, even if he could get a list of names and addresses, may lead him all over the United States. Having found them, he must tell them what is going on, and persuade them to join with him in asking the bank to act. But if he does no more than this, and the bank refuses to do anything, he is still prevented by the indenture from doing anything for himself. He must also give the bank "security and indemnity," so says the indenture. He must give the bank whatever amount it requires as "satisfactory to it," and if the bank still refuses to move, then at last the bondholder can proceed to protect his own interests. All this the lawyer explains to the bondholder. And, if the lawyer has had any practical experience in these matters, he will add that the obstacles in the bondholder's path are almost insurmountable.

VI

The freedom from responsibility which big banks and corporate directors have double-riveted into these in-

indentures has been achieved with the acquiescence of some of the biggest men in financial America. Among these are the investment dealers or bankers who distribute bond issues. They have long claimed that they protect their customers, and they often have a considerable voice, greater even than that of the corporations issuing the bonds, in saying what shall be put into the indentures. Others among the financially elite who have acquiesced in the reissue of the old indentures for use in the reform era are directors of banks who are influential in guiding their general policies. On the boards of some of the banks which drafted the indentures discussed here are leading bankers and the heads of some of the largest insurance companies.

Financiers have risen in defense of such indentures, saying that they have been drafted in their present form in order to take care of possible contingencies in which they may be needed for the benefit of security holders. It is somewhat difficult to see how such thorough-going safeguards for corporation directors and bank-trustees could ever be used to protect investors.

Financiers have also claimed that they never invoked any such indentures against security holders. Unfortunately, the record tells a different story. One of the many examples to be found in the public records may be mentioned. In the most recent big railroad reorganization, that of the St. Paul Railway, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, second largest bank in the United States, was trustee for the bondholders. A committee, representing the owners of \$18,000,000 of the bonds, wanted to be a party to the court proceedings. Guaranty Trust Company objected. The bond-

holders showed that the Trust Company was under the control in that case of bankers who were trying to use the court proceedings for putting through a deal disliked by these bondholders. Nevertheless, Guaranty Trust Company claimed that under the indenture governing the rights of all the bondholders of the railway, the Trust Company alone could act for them as a party in the receivership proceedings, and that they could not do so themselves. The big bank was successful in invoking the language of the document, the objecting bondholders were defeated.

Some men in the financial district feel, however, that all such past occurrences are no longer in point, that we are now in a reform era, and that no one is going to take advantage of the opportunities for irresponsibility provided in the indentures. Was it then only a taste for old furniture and old ways of doing things that betrayed the biggest banks and bankers into rummaging, in this reform era, among the debris of the discarded past, and dragging out the same old chains with which to indenture bondholders in the same old way?

Would it be overstepping the line of fairness to suggest that self-reform among bankers is not unlike their attitude toward the Securities Law of 1933, while it was still being considered in Congress, and before it was passed by that body? At that time, as one of the Senators publicly recalled when Mr. Aldrich presented his reform program to the Senate Banking Committee six months afterward, "we had telegrams and letters and speeches, all openly stating that they were in favor of the principles of the act, but apparently they were opposed to putting those principles into practice."



THE POISONED SPRINGS OF WORLD NEWS

BY GEORGE SELDES

DEMOCRACIES, growing and unchallenged for a century, have become so accustomed to accepting the free press as the cornerstone of all liberties which are the foundation of the state that their citizens to-day pay almost no attention to the sources and manipulations of world news. On the other hand, what we regard as truisms and platitudes about journalism are the brilliant, magical rediscoveries of the European dictators.

While we read our papers indifferently or regard with mild surprise the sudden demand of our publishers for the reiteration of the constitutional guarantees in the new press code, believing as we do that no government dares curtail the rights, liberties, and special privileges of our daily papers, we are almost unaware that such interference is the first step which must be taken by the new leaders in Europe—duce, fuehrer, commissar—to make a success of their *coups d'état*, to suppress the inevitable counter-revolution of the discontented, and to further the daily terrorism by which they endure. The dictators, not the citizens, have realized the political and social force in journalism, and have completely redirected it.

Jefferson told the founders of our country that he would rather have a free press than a free government. Where the press is free the government cannot become a tyranny. Reverse the situation: in the brutalitarian

states the liberty of the press has always been abolished before all other public and personal rights; this is a fact in the history of the first Workers and Soldiers Soviet in Russia, of De Rivera in Spain, Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, and the rest of the dictators. Kerensky, who dallied with the press, lost his own job.

No one realizes better than a journalist that, since Burke's time, the Fourth Estate, which he then called more powerful than the ruling three, has now become the strongest force in government. It is no coincidence to find that many of the dictators are newspaper graduates. Stalin, editor of the *Pravda* of Petrograd; Lenin of the *Iskra*, the Spark ("from a spark a flame will arise"); Trotsky, the journalist of Siberia, Switzerland, and Second Avenue, New York; Mussolini of the *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan, each in turn destroyed all journalism except that which served his ambitions and his party.

To-day we are told that the greatest menace to the peace of the world is peacetime censorship of the international exchange of news. This was the wording of the declaration which the International Press Conference made at its 1927 congress and has repeated frequently since. Statesmen and politicians have accepted the statement as true, but have done nothing to change conditions. Yet, in addition to censorship, the world now faces the corruption of news at its source. It is

not necessary to censor when the news itself has previously been colored and changed and made into propaganda for a party or a regime.

The march of the dictators has now trampled down the liberties of the majority of the nations and peoples of Europe; it has reached South America and the Far East. Its direct danger to America has been emphasized time and again by Marlin Pew in *The Editor and Publisher*, the house organ of the newspapers of the United States. Three hundred million people in ten European countries, reports Albin Johnson, Mr. Pew's representative abroad, and another sixty million in six additional countries, are in danger of losing their ancient rights. "Less than 26 per cent of Europe's population enjoys anything that remotely resembles personal liberty and freedom of expression and conscience." Britain, France, and the Scandinavian countries alone escape direct censorship and suppression. In other countries the dictators not only control the minds and the emotions of masses and mobs by controlling the press, but they use that weapon to influence the opinions and reactions of the outside world.

This interference with the press and manipulation of news directly affect America.

II

Every day, in dictatorland, the press is given its orders: a reversal on land or sea is to be suppressed; failure at Geneva is to be interpreted as a great diplomatic victory; no mention is to be made of the dictator's automobile hitting a peasant; the visit of a foreign potentate must be editorialized as opening a new era of trade; the deficit in the budget must be interpreted (by figures furnished) as a virtual credit; no mention must be made of the story published abroad that the dictator's sister is a cook in a poorhouse; a gen-

eral campaign must be launched and kept going for a fortnight in favor of a doubled air force; an insult to a consul in a foreign land must be played up as a possible cause for naval action. . . .

From world affairs to personal vanities the news is colored, distorted, and perverted. The daily orders to editors frequently appear ridiculous to American eyes, but there is method in the ridiculous as well as the brutal and the subtle. Without this control of the press there could not be continued control of the people.

Thanks to the official Russian press bureau, the revolution-hungry communists of Moscow were informed that the long-promised uprising of the American proletariat began in July, 1934, in California and failed after a civil war in which the American army was called into action. In 1933 the mid-west milk strike was described in the Moscow press as the revolt of the American peasantry. "Thirty million are literally dying of hunger in the United States," the Russians read; "many farmers are literally starving to death—hundreds of thousands are ill with pellagra, the disease of famine sufferers. The fighting spirit of the masses against starvation is fast flaring up." (For once at least the Bolshevik press turned the tables on the American press, which for years had given space to all sorts of wild and malicious rumors about Russia.)

What we have now in Germany is an intensification of the corruption of the press initiated by Bismarck. The man of blood and iron showed "the utmost mastery in the dosage of his poison" in dealing with the newspapers; his successors originated the *Pressekonferenz*, the daily meeting of government officials with editors and publishers in which instructions were given regarding the treatment of news. During the War printed sheets were handed out as supplements to a secret confidential

pamphlet which, in addition to laying down general rules, informed the editors of the status of the world press: ownership, sympathies, controlling influences. On August 7, 1917, for example, the editors were instructed "not to represent the South American Republics as nigger and monkey states" any longer; throughout that year and 1918 the press was given outright lies about the strength and participation of American troops in France; and on October 26, 1918, the press was told it not only could not question Wilson's note but must not say that he demanded the Kaiser's abdication. The republic which followed continued the daily meetings, the instructions being accepted by all but radical editors.

But the dictatorship to-day makes Bismarck and Stresemann look like dabblers in the manipulation of news. Under the Goebbels ministry of Propaganda and "Enlightenment," every word, whether on international policy or on the theater and prizefighting, is subject to censorship and instruction. The American note to Germany denouncing the moratorium on foreign debt payments was suppressed; the decision of the American Federation of Labor to boycott dictatorial countries, notably Germany, was suppressed; the critic of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* who wrote sarcastically about the dramatic values of a jingo play by Herr Goebbels was suppressed physically; and it was the minister of public enlightenment himself who instructed the press of the Reich to predict the prize-ring victory of the German Schmeling over the Scotch-Irish-Jew Max Baer.

The originator of modern press tactics, however, is not the thin man from Austria, but the stout journalist from Milan who is the present Cæsar of Rome. In 1924 the anti-Fascist leader Matteotti was kidnapped and murdered by five Fascists, one of whom, Dumini, a gangster born in St. Louis,

was an intimate friend of the Mussolini family. In 1926 there was the famous pre-Hitlerian party "purge," when the Freemasons of Florence were assassinated or drowned in the Arno. As to these and other bloody events the press was ordered to remain silent, and when that was no longer possible, to present the statements written by Mussolini's (then) right-hand man, the journalist Farinacci. When, days later, the American cables were released by the censorship, they were too stale to be news.

For the past ten years most of the daily instructions to the Italian press have been written by Mussolini himself. Proof that there is still no real totalitarianism in Italy is evident in the fact that these confidential orders have always been smuggled to the anti-Fascist press in foreign countries by supposedly Fascist journalists.

Whereas in 1921 Mussolini himself wrote that there was no Bolshevism in Italy, in his instructions of July 25, 1932, he tells editors to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the general strike and point out "that the march on Rome was the reaction to revolutionary agitation." Thus is Mussolini perpetuating the myth that Fascism was the destroyer of Bolshevism (a myth invented in 1925 to obtain the support of the American buyers of the huge Italian loans). On July 29, 1932, the editors of Italy are instructed by Mussolini rigorously to obey his previous dictum that no pictures of slim women must appear. "The phenomenon of slim women signifies nothing more or less than a diminution in the birth rate." Much more significant are the Duce's instructions "to play up the defeat of the Weimar (Republican) coalition in Germany and the victory of the Hitlerites." The next day the press is reproved for doubting the medical efficacy of the Montecatini mineral waters and informed that for-

oreign watering places must never receive favorable mention.

An order of July 23 criticizes the *Resto del Carlino* for publishing an article about the fight against flies, because an admission that there is a pest of flies is in contradiction with the interests of the regime and the country. Again, the newspapers are instructed "to emphasize the words spoken by Gorguloff" (the demented man who assassinated President Doumer of France) "during his questioning in which he says, 'All my sympathies go to the socialists,' which proves once more that those who attribute the quality of fascism to Gorguloff lie impudently." The fact that the French police found Gorguloff to be a Russian Fascist and a "national socialist" as well as insane, does not interest the ex-socialist who rules in Rome.

"It is absolutely forbidden to speak of eventual trips of the King." "Make no mention of the automobile accident." "Emphasize the part played by il Duce." Phrases like these appear several times. In the 1933 instructions, warning is given not to display the names of "supreme hierarchs, as the party has only one, il Duce." "Do not speak of America's inflation policy," Mussolini warns on another occasion. No study of the world depression is permitted: "the depression will be examined and studied when it has disappeared." "You are reminded that all the news sent by the press bureau should be enlarged upon and used as a starting point for comments, emphasis, etc." The size of type, the single or double column headline, are sometimes specified.

In France, as in most Continental European nations, there is a press conference where officials of the foreign office set forth the government's view to editors and journalists. Dictatorial orders are not given, but "the needs of the nation" are emphasized. Thus,

for example, in the agitation that followed the February uprising in Paris, and continued during the repercussions of the notorious *affaire Stavisky*, the police were instructed to exaggerate the importance of the *affaire Switz*—the arrest of the American Robert Gordon Switz and his wife, and their interrogation on a charge of espionage—and the press was requested to help distract the muddled and angry population by giving romantic and sensational emphasis to this incident. Generally but none the less correctly speaking, the French press is corrupted not by political dictators but by any and all interests which have private purposes; the influences which affect it range all the way from Tsarist bribes of millions of francs to the usual 1,000 franc note which American opera singers, actors, and artists give each critic for a laudatory review.

In the majority of European countries the main instrument for the suppression and perversion of news is the official press bureau. The dictators, or the heads of these bureaus, issue and disseminate daily orders to the press of the capital and the provinces, and in some countries imprisonment or death (for treason) awaits anyone who disobeys. The press bureau has a two-fold purpose: it not only dictates to the nation's press, but it sends the colored, distorted news and the regime's propaganda abroad. The nation is kept in complete ignorance of what is really going on in the country, of what is going on in the world, and of what the world thinks of its government's policies.

III

Now how does this state of affairs affect us in the United States? Many Americans who regard foreign affairs as sinister entanglements seem to feel that it does not affect us at all. We need not be much concerned, they think, with the fate of these foolish

peoples, and with the tyranny they have brought upon themselves. Why bother ourselves with their newspaper problems?

To such isolationists the following example may be an answer. Several years ago the present writer, discussing the twilight of dictators, contended that under their rule, notably in Italy and in South America (the same to-day holds for Germany), there is an economic strain which threatens the nation's financial stability; and that dictators, thanks to their control of the press, are able to distort their annual budgets and deceive the world about their economic situation. America, isolationist though it may be, holds some twenty billion dollars' worth of foreign bonds. Within a year after publication of this article a reader wrote in to say that, acting on the information given, he had disposed of his Peruvian and Bolivian bonds and other holdings in countries under dictatorial rule, and had thereby saved himself the loss of \$68,000.

But the press situation concerns itself with much more than bond losses: it concerns itself with our war or peace relations and with our own reaction to our own form of government. Dictators are ultra-reactionary (Fascist) or ultra-radical (Communist); their press bureaus are made the official organs of communism or fascism; and the news they send out influences the whole American people in its political thinking and future political action.

Before the Great War the United States was a sort of journalistic autarky: neither importing nor exporting much more than crime news and divorce and royalty scandals. Although most of the foreign news services now functioning already existed, their staffs were small and their production was likewise small. But in 1919 they were greatly expanded. The situation at

that time was paradoxical: there was tremendous interest in foreign affairs, combined with widespread hostility to foreign entanglements. The *Chicago Tribune*, for example, organized a complete foreign news service of twenty or thirty men, five or six of whom came right out of General Pershing's corps of war correspondents and not one of whom had ever been in Europe before the War or understood a single subjunctive in a foreign language. With a "to-hell-with-Europe" editorial policy, the editor sent them fighting through Europe.

In the wild, bloody, and disorganized decade which followed the War a new corps of several hundred American reporters and a handful of other American journalists had the run of Europe. They covered their assignment in the irreverent way in which the metropolitan newspaper representative covers the police route. Unhampered by journalistic canes, spats, and swallow-tail coats, their minds and behavior likewise uninfluenced by European customs and tabus, they crashed into high diplomatic conferences, button-holed sputtering statesmen, bribed their way into royal archives, bought state secrets and treaties, beat the censorship, and risked their hides in street fights and minor wars. Their methods were impolite but effective: they succeeded in getting the news.

But presently strong men arose, journalists came into power as prime ministers and dictators, and in one country after another the screws of control and censorship were fastened on the American typewriters. Reporters were curbed, threatened, jailed, and deported. Those less unruly journalists who learned how to trim sail to dictatorial winds remained at work, calm yet somewhat apprehensive. In time they too, the more serious and trustworthy writers, felt the wrath of the new rulers; for to a dictator, whether

communist or fascist, truthful and objective news is not enough. "Journalism must serve the regime" (Mussolini). "The press must serve the state" (Goebbels). The American journalists insisted on serving their American employers, not the foreign states.

It was only natural that a large number of reporters representing the *Chicago Tribune* (Larry Rue, Vincent Sheean, Lorimer Hammond, John Clayton, and the present writer) should be arrested and expelled by the dictators whom they had detected in corrupting elections, smuggling arms, or planning assassinations of their political enemies. It was quite another matter when Mussolini expelled the representative of the *Manchester Guardian*, when Kemal Pasha threw the London *Times* correspondent out of Turkey, and when the Bratianu brothers forced Clarence Streit of the *New York Times* out of Roumania. These latter men had not been on the lookout for sensational news. And now that Hitler has expelled fourteen journalists, including Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) and Edgar Ansell Mowrer of the *Chicago Daily News*, the charge can no longer be made that reporters are safe so long as they stick to "objective truth," refrain from sensationalism and "combinations"—a favorite word in European chancelleries—and overlook the news of the parties suppressed by the regime. "Truthfulness" and "objectivity," which the dictators professed to cherish in 1924, have become in fact the grounds for deportation in 1934.

But the most important check on the representatives of the American press is the corruption of the chief springs of European news, the press bureaus.

It must be clearly understood that the foreign correspondent assigned to Germany or Italy or Russia cannot really "cover" the country by himself. If you will put yourself in his place for

a moment—or, better still, imagine yourself trying to send to a foreign country the news of America from an office in New York or in Washington—you will realize how much of your information would have to be secured at second hand. The correspondent can, and usually does, attend the main events in the capital; but for the rest, frequently the bulk of his cable to America, he must rely on two sources, the local newspapers and the governmental news bureaus which have their representatives everywhere. The journalist is on hand for the assassination of Dollfuss (although he may have to ride or fly to Czechoslovakia to spread the news); but when Hitler strikes in Munich, or Mussolini in Florence, the reporter in the capital has to rely on others for the story. These others are usually natives, and whether native or not, they are subject to censorship, its excisions and its delays.

The massacre which took place in Florence in 1926 will serve as an example. Correspondents stationed in Rome had no way of finding out what had actually happened until the news was "cold."

A large part of the news America reads comes from our three press associations, the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service. The first is a co-operative organization of some 1300 papers; the second, its greatest rival, is a private enterprise; the third is one of the Hearst organizations. The United Press, which is liberal in its point of view, and which serves all the Scripps-Howard papers, is giving the A.P. a lively race although it may never displace it from its position as the largest and potentially most powerful news organization in the world. It is this very fact, the A.P.'s possession of this vast potential power, that makes its connections with the official and semi-official news agencies of the dictator countries

so important. The Associated Press has exchange arrangements with the following national news services:

Austria:
 Amtliche Nachrichtenstelle
 Belgium:
 Agence Télégraphique Belge
 Bulgaria:
 Agence Télégraphique Bulgare
 Canada:
 Canadian Press
 Czechoslovakia:
 Bureau de Presse Czechoslovakien
 Denmark:
 Ritzaus Telegraphic
 Esthonia:
 Esthonian Telegraphic Agency
 Finland:
 Finska Notisbyran
 France:
 Havas
 Germany:
 Deutsches Nachrichtenburo
 Great Britain:
 Reuters (Ltd.)
 Exchange Telegraph Co. (Ltd.)
 Press Association (Ltd.)
 Greece:
 Athena
 Holland:
 Nederlandsch Telegraaf Agentschap
 Hungary:
 Agence Télégraphique Hongroise
 Italy:
 Stefani
 Japan:
 Nippon Shimbun Rengo
 Latvia:
 Latvian Telegraph Agency
 Lithuania:
 Agence Télégraphique Lithuanienne
 Norway:
 Norsk Telegram Bureau
 Poland:
 Agence Télégraphique Polonaise
 Portugal:
 Havas
 Roumania:
 Rador
 U.S.S.R. (Russia):
 Tass Agency
 Spain:
 Fabra
 Sweden:
 Tidningarnas Telegrambyra A.G.
 Switzerland:
 Agence Télégraphique Suisse
 Turkey:
 Anatolia

The above bureaus, the Associated Press, the United Press, the Hearst service, and a few minor press associations practically control the news which America receives from the rest of the world. All the official and semi-official bureaus listed above supply news to the Associated Press, and control almost all the news appearing in the press of these 27 nations. In addition to the American organizations, the important bureaus are Reuters, Havas, the Deutsches Nachrichtenburo (formed by a merger of Wolff with its former rival, Teleunion, and generally referred to as the DNB), Stefani, Tass, and Rengo. Of these foreign agencies, Reuters alone can escape the charge of being in control of dictators, absolute rulers, and hidden groups which regard the press as an instrument for political and private profit.

The Stefani agency is Mussolini's big stick for the control of Italian journalism. The DNB bureau is always the main source of German news; by his control of it Hitler has made all German newspapers think, act, and print alike, and incidentally has caused 500 of them to die of similarity. Communism and the Soviet government rely on Tass. (Under its former name, Rosta, it had an exclusive agreement with the U.P. for several years.) Rengo represents the royal Japanese house and the interests of Baron Mitsui, reputed sole owner of 60 per cent of Japan's industries and all its munitions plants. Havas claims to be an independent agency, but the official documents released by the Soviet government and the budget of the Tsarist finance ministry show that large sums were paid this bureau monthly from 1905 to 1917. Before Havas—or for that matter, ninety per cent of the French press—can make any claim to honest newspaper reporting, it should at least attempt to answer the Russian documents which Arthur Raffalovitch,

the Tsarist economist and resident official subsidizer of the press, published in Paris in his book *L'Abominable Vénalité de la Presse*.

In addition to these great press bureaus, the Bulgarian, Hungarian, Polish, Roumanian, and Turkish agencies are mere tools of dictators, and the Greek, Finnish, Spanish, and others change colors with democracy and absolutism.

With the best intentions in the world, the representatives of our press bureaus and newspapers cannot escape the flood of biased news poured forth by these foreign agencies. It is physically and mentally impossible. The American correspondent is usually aware that the dictator's official press bureau is unreliable; he knows that every newspaper in order to exist must be a propaganda sheet for the regime; but this awareness and knowledge and even a fighting desire to discover and present the truth cannot, day after day, year after year, keep his reports free from the influence of this overwhelming dictatorial propaganda machine.

Here is an example: between 1920 and 1925 the present writer, visiting Italy for the stirring events of the so-called "red uprising" (the seizure of the factories), the so-called march on Rome, the consolidation of Mussolini's power, the massacre of the Freemasons, the assassination of Matteotti, reported to his paper the following facts: the red uprising in 1920 was bloodless; the labor unions refused to accept militant communism; after the liquidation of the uprising the minority communistic element dwindled; when Mussolini came to Rome in 1922 there was no Bolshevism, as he himself wrote in his newspaper; Mussolini did not march on Rome but came in a Pullman sleeper, as he himself admits in his autobiography; having made public speeches in favor of a "bloodbath," the

dictator did not hesitate to let his followers "purge" the city of Florence; between 4,000 and 8,000 men lost their lives in the so-called bloodless revolution of 1920-1926.

But on advice of American public relations counsel the Fascist government, forced to seek loans in America, created the myth that Mussolini was "the slayer of the red dragon of Bolshevism." The Stefani bureau daily issued nicely colored news. It put the word "Italy" into a speech by ex-Premier Nitti which criticized "Europe," and the result was a Fascist attempt to murder the Nitti family; it suppressed Croce's famous speech in the Senate after the Fascist newspapers themselves had announced that Stefani was issuing it for a later edition; it completely changed the text of Lloyd George's speeches and other speeches in the British Parliament which denounced Fascism as a regime which used "suppression, repression, menace, incendiaryism, and assassination as instruments of government"; it proclaimed the happiness of the Italian people at a time when the labor bureau of the League of Nations reported extreme suffering among Italian workingmen and peasants because Italy had fallen into the next to last place in the table of European standards of living.

What is the result of this perverted, distorted, and colored flow of news from a dictator's bureau, which supplies its wares for cabling to America? One result is that one of the very papers which the present writer represented, to-day—July 15, 1934, to be exact—writes that "Mussolini took a frantic and prostrate Italy and in ten years made it over into a strong, united, and reasonably happy nation, without shedding blood." (Without shedding blood? The editor might do well to consult his own columns of, say, July 15, 1924.) Nine Americans out of ten—an actual test was made by the writer among the lead-

ing citizens of a typical American town, Brattleboro, Vermont, last night—believe that Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism, that he led the march on Rome, that he made Italy a strong and happy nation, that he balanced the Italian budget, that he raised the standards of living, that he is, in short, a great man, and that Italian Fascism is bloodless, non-violent, and noble, and might be a fine thing for America. Brattleboro reads the Boston, New York, Springfield, and other big papers as well as its own *Reformer*. The nine out of ten got their views from the metropolitan press.

America's views on Communism have also been established by the news largely furnished by the governmental press bureaus. In 1919, when the Associated Press stated in its house organ that it would have no traffic with Bolshevism, it disseminated the reports issued by the Latvian, Finnish, and French bureaus; from these and other reports Walter Lippmann and Charles Merz in 1920 compiled their "test of the news" which showed Lenin and Trotsky assassinated seven or nine times, the White Russian generals capturing from three to ten times as many Bolo soldiers as existed, four or five revolutions in Russia, Moscow in flames, and similar fakes and frauds. A large part of the news came via the Havas bureau with the blessings of the Quai d'Orsay; despite two such sponsors, it was not true.

More recently the Tass agency has reported the successes of the 1928-33 Five Year Plan, the general rehabilitation of the nation, and the progress of the second plan. Last year there were rumors that a second famine was claiming many victims. The government denied it, the Tass denied it, the American journalists and press bureaus spread the dictator's denials. Yet a few days ago the *New York Times*, which had printed many dispatches

denying or minimizing a famine, said unqualifiedly, as if it were a generally accepted fact, that "there died in Soviet Russia in the winter of 1932-33 a minimum of 6,000,000 people by starvation, typhus, and other diseases." This statement, which tallies with another from a Vienna anti-Russian propaganda bureau, is in turn denied by the Russians. What then, in this plethora of official statements and paucity of fact, can the average newspaper reader make of the Russian food situation and the successes of Communism?

The point is that the average reader's opinions about Fascism and Communism may profoundly affect the future of this country. Despite the premature explosion of Dr. Wirt, there remains a faction in America that is afraid the policies of the Roosevelt Administration are tainted red—it no doubt prefers the taint of black or perhaps even Hitlerian brown. It is a fact that America has been made conscious of the dictatorship idea, and that citizens are being asked to choose. "Are you a Fascist or a Communist?" enthusiasts ask, and they insist that you answer on the spur of the moment, because "there is no time to lose" inasmuch as (they say) the split second of decision has arrived.

It is certainly conceivable that such a decision will have to be made by all Americans and by the American government. Our choice of Communism or Fascism will then depend on which system we believe to have accomplished more for humanity. Our belief will be influenced by the knowledge which we have gained from the daily press. It is true that the very small minority which reads books, magazines, and weekly reviews understands the aims and methods of the opposing systems quite well; but the decision in America will be made by the masses whose emotions, rather than minds, are worked up by the indirect power of Tass, Ste-

fani, Havas, DNB, and other news agencies. It was the masses who made possible the declaration of war against Germany in 1917, and these masses, we can admit twenty years later, were greatly influenced by anti-German propaganda. In the years 1914-1917 Crewe House, the Maison de la Presse, Reuters, and Havas had beaten Wolff and Amtliche Nachrichtenstelle for America's sympathy and participation. Tass and Stefani and Wolff and other agencies are contending for our support to-day.

IV

From the foregoing the reader may gain the impression that the American newspaper representative abroad is not only aware of the constant attack upon his integrity but is waging a daily battle against the corrupting powers. This is unfortunately not always the case.

It has been the historical custom of European governments, notably dictatorships, to make disciplinary use of rewards and punishments in dealing with American journalists. Nothing is too good for the press representative who represents the views of the foreign office. Between 1914 and 1916, when America was still nominally neutral, European governments were bestowing the ribbons of the Legion of Honor, Order of the Crown, Commendatore, etc., on war correspondents, and Germany came close to giving two men the iron cross. Now, in peace time, such honors, which are a reward for service to a foreign country, are still being sought and still being given.

Yet decorations, flattery, social recognition, the handshakes of dictators, free use (up to a maximum of 5,000 words daily in Italy) of the government radio or telegraphs, and other rewards are minor elements in determining the attitude of American correspondents abroad, compared with the major fact

that newspaper men, like other human beings, are capable of love and hate, of sympathy and revulsion toward men and things and the dictatorial system. It is well known that one writer especially marked in the Lippmann-Merz exposé as signing the worst of the unreliable French foreign office reports regarding the Soviets from 1917 to 1921 became during the following decade the most sympathetic portrayer of the progress of the communist experiment. But that is not all. Two of the many United Press correspondents assigned to Moscow were for years openly sympathetic to Bolshevism. A little incident will illustrate the attitude of one of them:

In 1922 the present writer, employing the usual skullduggery expected and appreciated by the home office, was able to scoop the U.P. man on a big story. The news was obtained from a carbon sheet officially issued by the Rosta and, therefore, passed by the censor. The U.P. man at that time had an exclusive contract with the Rosta, and when he was severely reprimanded by New York for letting somebody else get the news first, he made an investigation and found the "leak." When, however, I asked him why he himself had not sent the item—which he had received hours before I did—he replied: "I knew the Rosta issued it and the censor would pass it, but I thought it was a mistake, that it would harm the communist cause, and therefore I suppressed it myself."

In Italy, on the other hand, numerous representatives of the American press have been and are still, not only native Italians, but open philo-Fascists. For almost twelve years the *New York Times*, which editorially has called the Italian Fascist regime a tyranny which all decent men should abhor, has been printing in its news columns practically nothing but praise of Mussolini and the still non-existent corporative state.

Anyone who desires can clip the *Times* columns and paste them parallel with those of other correspondents. Here, for example, are the papers of November 7, 1933, dealing with the dismissal of Italo Balbo from the air ministry and his "promotion" to the governorship of a small African colony.

The United Press, represented by an American, cabled that Balbo "has been relegated to the colonies"; the Associated Press, at last headed and staffed by Americans, told about Balbo's humbled feelings; but as for the *Times* dispatches, let me quote Robert Benchley (Guy Fawkes in *The New Yorker*), who says:

"Whatever foreign correspondents are thrown out of Germany and Italy for the dissemination of stories 'contrary to the good of the State,' the *Times* can rest assured that its Rome correspondent, Mr. Arnaldo Cortesi, will never incur the displeasure of il Duce. His dispatches couldn't be more favorable to the good of the State if Mussolini had written them himself. [In the Balbo dispatches] Mr. Cortesi went to considerable pains to state the aim had been 'to avoid any act which might give the impression that he (Balbo) had fallen into any disgrace' . . . The only trouble was that the *Times* was careless (or possibly humorous) enough to attach an A.P. dispatch to the end of Mr. Cortesi's state document, saying that Air Marshal Balbo was 'dejected over his transfer.' Possibly he hadn't talked to Mr. Cortesi enough to get the right angle on things."

The newspaper reader who will search the files for the Matteotti assassination, the attacks on Nitti and Salvemini, the murder of Amendola, the status of the Italian budget, the three-times-reported "final liquidation of the Mafia," the trains-running-on-time situation, and the thousand other news dispatches which have formulated

American opinion on Fascism, will find similar comparisons which justify Mr. Benchley in saying that the Cortesi-*Times* correspondence could not be more favorable to Fascism if Mussolini had written it himself. This is exactly the opinion expressed in letters to the writer from the majority of the American press representatives in Rome.

The American foreign news services employ three classes of men: the few—but, nevertheless, tremendously influential—who favor the foreign nation to the extent of joyfully, and usually without flattery or more tangible reward, coloring the news in a friendly way; the great majority who make the best of the situation and retain their American fairness and objectivity but have to trim sail frequently; and the few who fight.

In 1923, when Colonel McCormick sent an "ultimatum" to Chicherin demanding the lifting of the censorship on American correspondents' reports of Russian affairs, there was a crisis. The Associated Press, on instructions from New York, refused to join a united front of the American correspondents. The result was that four correspondents, almost half the American strength, were expelled.

In the following year the long series of troubles between the Wilhelmstrasse and the association of foreign press correspondents resulted in a letter to the government signed by Del Vayo (of *El Sol*, Madrid; now a Spanish ambassador). The government objected to this letter. The American group was able to put through a vote expressing the confidence of the correspondents in Del Vayo—but the representatives of the *New York American*, the *Journal*, and the International News Service refused to join and resigned from the correspondents' association.

In April, 1933, the Nazi government asked Mowrer to resign as president of

the Foreign Press Association in Berlin, but this time the American corps supported him. He had to leave Berlin later because Hitler refused to guarantee safety of life and limb.

Whether or not the Americans stand together, whether they flatter the dictators or defy them, the latter employ espionage as well as censorship and threats of expulsion. There were Cheka spies under the windows of the Savoy Hotel when the Americans made it their headquarters in 1921, and there are Ovra spies spearing letters out of mail boxes in Rome and occasionally dropping a fork. Worse still, there are police spies working in American newspaper offices in Europe, and there are communist and fascist journalists who after their day's work as assistants to American employers, hasten to the political police to report against them. A few weeks ago Mr. G. E. R. Gedye of the *Times* in a somewhat surprised tone reported "evidence of the wide extent to which British and American correspondents here [Vienna] are subjected to espionage." He had obtained a confidential report of the secret police which had been made for Chancellor Dollfuss's press department. He had thus learned that Austria, like Italy, Russia, and Germany, was engaged in tapping correspondents' telephones, steaming open their letters, reading their private telegrams, and inspecting their office wastebaskets. "The inaccurate and scurrilous remarks about individual correspondents are so libelous," Mr. Gedye says of the Austrian document, "as to make it impossible to reproduce them. They show that not even the most intimate side of the private life of newspaper correspondents in Vienna is immune from espionage and eavesdropping." The diplomatic advice in the conclusion of the report which Mr. Gedye found is of great interest. After expressing the hope that "we can easily

win over the English and American press representatives in Vienna" the police author adds: "It should be quite easy so to deal with correspondents that they change their attitude. They offer a fruitful field for systematic manipulation provided they are suitably approached."

V

This, then, is the situation in the brutalitarian states: the dictators "make" the news by controlling the main source of world news, the governmental press bureaus; they control every word in the nation's newspapers, the second important source used by the foreign correspondent; they install an official censorship, as in Russia, or they deny censorship and employ it just the same, as in Italy; they offer financial inducements, such as free telegrams in Italy, or a refund on all cable tolls, as in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, etc.; they have ribbons to offer for those Americans who work for them; while for the others they have the weapons of imprisonment, expulsion, threats of physical violence (Italy and Germany), and a system of espionage which weakens the nerves of any man.

Opposite this black picture of perversion of the free international flow of news there is the bright picture of the Pulitzer foreign service prize-winners, the latest of whom is Frederick T. Birchall of the *Times*. How, readers may ask, can one maintain that dictatorial press terrorism exists in the face of the past year's daily dispatches in which Mr. Birchall has exposed the cruelty, stupidity, and bloodthirstiness of the Hitler regime as fearlessly as any journalist in history?

The explanation of the Birchall case also implies the chief remedy for an intolerable situation. The fact is that the *New York Times* backed Mr. Birchall. It was Napoleon who said, "I fear the *Cologne Gazette* more than

three army corps." Hitler might well say he fears the *Times* as deeply. This same *New York Times* which apparently was so lackadaisical about its Italian news that it permitted that grand journalist William Bolitho to expose the Matteotti assassination in the *World* while its own correspondents merely glossed the situation, and which printed little more than the official apologies for the massacre of the Freemasons in Florence, stood as a great power behind its Berlin correspondent, and this power even Hitler could not smash.

Again, the foreign press association in Berlin, after standing by Mowrer, protested in a body the sinister charge against it made by Propaganda Minister Goebbels, and showed itself at all times united in its fight for the freedom of the correspondents. Birchall could count on its support. In Moscow, in Rome, and elsewhere neither the foreign association, the Anglo-American organization, or the American corps ever united in similar action.

Mr. Birchall came to Berlin rather suddenly, right out of the managing editorship in New York. He and Hitler arrived simultaneously. Birchall was free from the entangling alliances which every journalist must make in order to do his work satisfactorily. Still more important, he belonged to category three; he was the sort of reporter who does not accept favors, who does not trim his sails, and who is by nature a fighter. When the time comes for him to write his memoirs he will have a splendid tale of Nazi threats and intimidations, and how he beat them and became famous.

The three important lessons which will save the few free and democratic countries from the perversion of world news by dictators' press bureaus may be drawn from this one case. If we value the liberty of the press we must have:

1. Correspondents willing to fight for the news.

2. Newspapers which will stand behind their men.

3. A united front of the press corps against the dictators.

It is not enough that the *Times* in this case supported its representative: the three news bureaus and the six or seven great papers which have foreign services should act as a body in the future. The 1300 American editors who support the Associated Press could, if they were interested enough, request that organization to co-operate with the representatives of individual newspapers, such as Mowrer and Birchall, instead of maintaining the usual policy of neutrality. If the A.P. took a stand for freedom of the press the two rivals would join it.

The American editors might also consider canceling the arrangements which they themselves made through their co-operative organization, the Associated Press—with the dictators' news bureaus. If a considerable part of our news comes from these bureaus, and these bureaus are little more than propaganda organs of terroristic states, then they are obviously harmful. If, on the other hand, little press bureau news is sent, as some A.P. men claim, then why look to them for news?

The American public knows almost nothing about the source of the news which it reads and believes, and which makes up the American mind on all great international questions, on war and peace, on Communism and Fascism. Our public believes in a free press. The American editors, in their sensational battle with General Johnson of the NRA, showed their enthusiasm for a free press. They can, if they really wish, easily deliver themselves from the influence of European press bureaus and save the American people from the daily flow of poison on which unfortunate Europe feeds.



I WILL LEAVE THIS HOUSE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I *WILL leave this house, being tired of this house
And too much talk;
I will walk down to the sea where the wind blows
The waves to chalk,
And the sand scratches like a silver mouse . . .
I will leave everything here and walk.*

*I do not know why grass like golden leather
Whipped into strings
Should quiet the heart, or why this autumn weather,
This salt that stings
My eyes and eyelids should heal me altogether—
I do not know the reason for such things.*

*I only know that here are walls that harden
The eyes and brain;
I only know words hiss and hurt and pardon—
Only to hurt again;
And that the sea is like Death's emerald garden
Dripping with silver wind and silver rain.*

my arrival, when a Swede and an Irishman, wounds ragged, came in successively for emergency treatment. The Swede spoke of the hospital simply as a lucky find, whereas the Irishman likened the place to a cemetery—to which there was an entrance but no exit.

The Swede, a Stockholm banker, screwed up his drawn, pale face in serious attention. Every one of my movements registered with him as he lay on the operating table. He hardly uttered a word while I probed a laceration in his scalp for glass that might have remained there. The heaviness of the silence, the utter seriousness of his white face made *me* wince whenever I hurt him. He started to say something. His query: "It's going to be healed soon, isn't it?" came from him with such prodigious concern that I had to return a commonplace with equal concern. Here was a man whose mind dwelt in tones, never in overtones.

The Irishman arrived at the hospital the next morning. As I had spent the better part of the previous night at a café in Montparnasse, and had witnessed some terrifying one-act plays at Le Théâtre au Grand Guignol (having been sent there as doctor on call), I was hardly in the mood to respond promptly to the impatient telephone bell at my bed. Yet the impatience of the successive, staccato rings seemed to warn of something more urgent than another sleeping draught for the Roumanian patient in the West Ward, or a repetition of the usual dose of morphia for the Hungarian drug addict. I lazily raised the receiver.

"*C'est un accident, Monsieur le Docteur. Vite, s'il vous plait!*" the Danish nurse was saying.

White ducks, a dressing-gown, and I was in the Emergency Room in a jiffy—only to be greeted with unexpected laughter.

The patient was seated, his badly lac-

erated hand on a sterile towel. His *eau-de-vie* countenance gave evidence of a brawl. His belly laughter betrayed elemental good humor. There was no doubt about it—it was an Irishman in all his volubility, jocularly, and jumpy nervousness. His crackling monologue, spattered with an occasional oath, was thrown at me the moment I entered.

"Crime to get you out of bed at this time of the morning, Doc. Got a bit of a cut when I bobsledded through the windshield of my car over in the Bois."

There was so much ease in the man's blarneyed words. In contrast to the Swede's, the Irishman's remarks could be disregarded or taken as a target for light rejoinder. I agreed with him that it was a crime to get us all out on parade at such an hour simply to repair a small wound. I went about cleansing the gash and sewing it up with deep plunges of the needle, while he amused us with an account of the way in which he had gone through the windshield.

"You stand pain quite well," I said. "As far as you are concerned, your flesh might be so much cotton cloth."

"Make it Irish linen, Doc," he flashed back with a laugh. "You thought I'd squeal, didn't you? Only doctors and nurses squeal under pain."

He continued to talk volubly about the accident as I guided him out of the Emergency Room, down to the entrance of the hospital, and to his machine. While helping him into it I was surprised to notice that the windshield which my patient had supposedly gone through was intact.

"Well, good-night and good luck," I said. "It was mighty nice of someone to insert a new windshield for you while you were calling on us."

A broad guiltless smile spread over his face.

"Naw, Reynard, it wasn't that kind of an accident. Can't keep a secret from a doctor. It was a fist fight at my

bar," he continued, "and I don't know whether my hand was cut on a beer bottle or by a haymaker to a man's jaw." He thanked me again for my "professional embroidery" and added an invitation to visit the bar of which he was the manager, so that, for once, the Bar could bow to Medicine.

As his car rolled down toward the Boulevard Victor Hugo I made a mental bow to his ability for gainsaying pain, to be able to employ pain as a target for his witticisms. Perhaps it was bravado stimulated by cognac and a droll way of deviating from the truth for his own purpose, but in that way he made pain his servant. Unlike the Swede, who kept his pain half buried beneath the level of expression, the Irishman's more pervious consciousness had been pierced; his pain was tangible. Having spied it, he gambled with its possibilities, reckless in losing, unconcerned in winning.

He had none of the Swede's slow perception nor an atom of the apprehension of an Armenian lying in the East Ward who, because of our watchful attitude while observing symptomatic developments, pleaded hourly with us, "*Do something, do something!*" Anything, right or wrong, would have served the purpose so long as he could see our concern over his condition. Entirely different was the Czechoslovakian nurse who had to be put to bed with a severe case of influenza. She had remained zealously on duty despite her high fever, working overtime. In the ecstasy which she derived from her martyrdom she was hardly aware of the fact that she was spreading infectious germs among the patients. National pain fronts—every one of them.

In speaking of national characteristics, regional differences within nations cannot be disregarded. The legendary John Bull type and the narrow-headed, long-jawed, slender type are essentially of the same mental character. The

Dutch are Dutch; and the Swedes, no matter whether from Stockholm or Göteborg, are still Swedes. But in Germany the Prussian differs widely from the Bavarian; the latter being akin in his *Gemütlichkeit* to the Austrian. The Spaniard belongs either to the Castilian or to one of the less aristocratic bloods—the Andalusian, Catalanian, or Basque. The Italian differs so regionally that one differentiates between nordic Lombards, Sicilians, who are in part Spanish and Moorish, and the Southern Italians, who for the most part still remain Greek.

Neapolitans predominated in the wards of this particular hospital. With them they brought their sub-tropical temperaments—sunny so long as good fortune and health shone upon them, moody, cloudy, fearful and, perhaps, pusillanimous when the clouds of illness overshadowed them. I remember once asking a banana vendor in Naples how things in general were going with him. He pointed to the bright sun and exclaimed with Italian fervor, "*Ecco il sole, la medicina del cielo.*" He went on to say that when the golden rays of the sun, Heaven's medicine, beam down upon him, he feels happy and well; but when the sun vanishes, gloom and desolation reign in his heart. No wonder then that "*O sole mio*" is sung with such deep feeling by the inhabitants of Naples!

The Neapolitan's is the artistic, mercurial temperament. He lives in a state of rugged health—ever bickering, singing, quarreling, playing music. He is, therefore, totally unprepared when illness strikes him. No one ever claimed stoicism or Spartan courage as Italian virtues.

Under the sun these people are most praiseworthy; under a cloud they are irritable children. They are anything but courageous when confronted with pain. They are afraid to die. As a follower of Æsculapius, they desired

three things of me: assurance of getting well, even though the illness might be incurable; immediate relief from pain, even to the point of employing magic or incantation; and, even more important than the other two, they wanted me to be a priest, a sound anchorage for their confidence.

III

I have already referred to the unsymbiotic relationship between the German and the Frenchman lying in bed side by side. The Rhine separating their beds is as wide as the Atlantic. The Frenchman in the street has a gaiety and lightness of touch and an innate ability to convert a commonplace accident into a seething drama. The German in his heavy, serious way sees in an accident only something to which he can attach himself profoundly and extract from it some sort of philosophical observations. In other words, a light thing may easily make a German profound and a profound thing may make a Frenchman gay.

I have in mind a Thuringian German, a railroad official on his vacation in Paris. While there, he came down with gout and its multiplicity of pains. To him his illness was a subject for professional expounding, not a matter to be got rid of. It might have been only subconscious sublimation in order to distract his attention from the fact that he was diseased. The Germans have it ingrained in them that illness is feminine and abnormal and something to be taken seriously only with the ink of erudition.

To this Thuringian drugs seemed less effective in relieving his pain than my discourse upon Paracelsus' idea that gout is a "diathetic" disease. He forgot his pain when Sydenham's masterpiece, *Treatise on Gout*, was shown him. His mind was too absorbed in the *thing itself* to ponder whether his gout could

be cured. When told that his native Westphalian ham and our Old Virginian ham contained gouty flakes of gout-ridden swine, the German accepted the state of affairs rather as a liaison between the two countries than as something for him to taboo. His pain, in other words, was like any phenomenon—to be used to strengthen the sinews of the mind, and for classification. We did just that to two of his drugs, calling them "Quaker Cocktail" and "Oh! Be Joyful." These very names acted as bromides upon him. He reminded me of a remark once made by an Englishman: If a German came upon two portals with the inscriptions *To Heaven* and *To Lectures on Heaven*, he would inevitably enter the latter.

The Frenchman would never risk leaving the Paradise of France for a mere abstract heaven. René Clair's genius for transferring Parisian street incidents to the celluloid is evidence of the fact that the streets of Paris swarm with unlimited raw material for any dramatic purpose. Nothing brings this to the surface so well as an accident. A person is injured, a *cordon* of gendarmes rush him to the hospital, and then ensues a dash toward a climax. Its success depends upon the ability of the chief actor, the patient: in the case of the injured Frenchman the title role is played in a manner *très distinguée*. The gendarmes, scribbling nervously in little notebooks, are minor actors, whereas the doctors and nurses are merely supers in the drama.

I cite an example of a French book-keeper who, colliding with a trolley car, was knocked off his bicycle and pitched headlong into a kiosk. If he had been a high governmental functionary he could not have been transported to the hospital with more solemnity. (After all, did not all injured men bear the seal of *Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*?)

I arrived at the Emergency Room just as the second act was about to

begin. The pale man was apparently unconscious. Subdued expectancy, as I examined him. I soon had a hunch that perhaps this supine, apparently lifeless creature was much alive. But to say so would have broken up a good show too soon. Yes, he was most certainly tasting that exquisite sensation of success—the thrill of holding an audience in suspense. I made a show of examining him again even though I now felt convinced that he was unhurt. Did I not owe it to the blue-and-red uniformed gendarmes who were standing about with catastrophic miens?

"Get up!" I suddenly shouted in French. "You're all right."

The reaction of all concerned was violent, to say the least. I had committed an unpardonable sin—I had smashed their drama.

On New Year's eve excited Frenchmen bravely fire pistols in the air and feminine, high-pitched horns sound from carefree taxis, piercing the brightened night. Accidents pour into the hospital. I was injecting that night tetanus antitoxin into a patient, when a French youth, supported on each side by a gendarme, hopped into a side room. When I came over to his prone form those who came along with him re-enacted the scene of how he had been shot in the leg and had dropped to the ground. Instruments were hurriedly brought and bandages unwrapped. I examined the foot carefully and, finding nothing beyond a small skin abrasion, told him so. His expression of anxiety disappeared to make room for one of despair.

"My God, I'm *not* shot!" he blurted out with the spontaneous horror of a soldier in the trenches crying, "My God, I'm shot!"

The French apply their ingrained sense of economy even to illness. In the Beaujon and Salpêtrière hospitals, for example, bills are itemized somewhat like this: three sous for a daily

napkin, four francs for a bed pan, one franc for thermometer rental and, as an important gesture, a penurious tip for the nurse. A less frequent change of bedclothing can be requested or a simpler dietary regime in order to save a few sous. No matter what the bill may be the point is that they were able to deprive themselves of something and thereby save money. The costs are actually less at a hospital in Paris maintained by another nation, but the fee per day is not itemized. It is the old story of failing to find a distinction between six of one and a half-dozen of another.

IV

Invitations to afternoon teas with the English and to vodka with the Russians came with the summer months when hospital duties slackened. These, and my visits on consecutive Sundays to Westminster Abbey in London and to the Russian Cathedral in Paris, helped expose to me the difference of temperament of these peoples. From the rarefied atmosphere of the Abbey to the Cathedral in Paris, with the religious, vibrant ecstasy of the almost wailing voices of the chanting priests, was a leap from the spiritual to the emotional which left me with a clear impression of the difference between the gray, shadowy naves of the Gothic and the golden, resplendent vaulting of the Byzantine—the difference between tea and vodka!

The peripatetic inclination of the English and the Russian's necessity to flee the OGPU brought both to Paris, and some of them to the hospital wards in Neuilly. Once we knew the incoming patient's nationality we were but a step removed from his symptoms.

The Russian's changing moods never ceased to puzzle us. The ebb and flow of his incongruous nature used to bring forth from his fellow-patients slurring epithets or American "wisecracks." It

was their way of admitting their inability to understand his unstable temperament.

One outstanding trait of theirs was never to say in few words what could be said in many. One particular Russian count (they all had titles) used to spend fifteen minutes daily describing his stomach symptoms and then would add that he had to tell them to me all over again in French as he was certain that I did not understand his poor English. As I would leave the ward a Russian nurse would overtake me with the count's third version—this time in Russian. His descriptions were crowded with Arabian Night-like fantasy and as varied as the *Thousand and One Tales*. He always accepted his medication with childlike credulity, gulped it down, and felt better at once. That gesture smacked of servile worship of the doctor and exaltation of his office.

The Russians, unlike the Irishmen, could never be accused of resorting to subterfuges in regard to medicaments. I asked an Irishman one day why so many of the Hibernian blood hid medicines of their own beneath their mattresses and in closets, taking doses of them surreptitiously. And with a twinkle in his eye he quoted the old Irish maxim: "Fur ev'ry sickness that's known there's an 'erb growin' in the ground that'll cure it. It's a matter of findin' the one that does the trick."

One day a stalwart Russian was duly admitted to the ward. The coat-of-arms on his stationery testified to his aristocratic background, and his manners and candied tongue were those of an old-world courtier. He spoke in enormities. His unharnessed imagination had acted as a double-edged sword; it had gained him fame as an inventor of a super-explosive shell and had set him aloft as a genius through his revolutionary ideas on the nature of primary color; but it had made of him at the same time a virtual slave of his bed.

He used the most bizarre terms to explain what was occurring in his stomach. We percussed him, palpated him, repeated laboratory tests on him, but could find no evidence of organic disease. Since he felt better after these things had been done to him, we continued them as a kind of ritual. We discovered that such procedure often relaxed his clenched hands during sleep, thus preventing his nails from boring deeply into the flesh of his palms. And so the invention of the current usage of the term, "Russian Stomach."

Sometimes in treating this type of patient we were tempted to do what Pliny might have done—namely, let a patient swallow a skinned mouse as a cure for toothache, or resort to the trick of the medicine man of the aborigines—feeding a consumptive boiled lungs of that long-winded animal, the fox. Unfortunately, modern medicine precluded the application over the entire surface of the body of hundreds of leeches, the use of which was so prevalent up to a century ago.

When Russians entered the hospital we found ourselves minimizing their symptoms by a division of ten; in the case of Englishmen it was always a multiplication by the same number. I do not mean to make light of the Russian's real aches and pains. The frequent inability of the physician to make a mental diagnosis lies in the lack of instruments to cope with such work. In attempting to uncover the anatomy of the mind the physician is as yet as handicapped as a person dissecting an eye muscle of a frog with a knife and fork!

Fall came to Neuilly-sur-Seine, and with it our first cases of pneumonia—a disease remorselessly choosing one victim out of every three. The first patient was an English merchant from Exeter whose rapid breathing and livid, staring countenance labeled him *in extremis*.

He had been brought to the hospital forcefully by his wife. In the most emphatic terms he had denied being ill. In fact, he had insisted that he was actually well. There was nothing mysterious about this paradox: he was English, and that was a national trait—a case that required multiplication by ten.

Some say the English simply cannot see through the London fog of illness while others explain it as the restraint of the English gentleman. Galsworthy, on the other hand, thinks that in them the “enforced medium temperature of the soul” is a counterbalance against their most unreliable climate. I should say that the English pain sense (I use the phrase broadly) lies partly buried in the subconscious, just as the other elements of the English mind reside psychologically in that realm. By the time pain pierces the surface of his consciousness it seems blunted.

I search through the pile of clinical case records on my desk for any other phase of English temperament, and find one of a Londoner of fifty-two. I recollect that his cheekbones stood out above the hollows, his prominent orbits framing sunken eyes topping off a shriveled body. His story was vague, consisting primarily of pain in the lower back. Diagnostic report: infectious nephritis with kidney stone. How cold and impersonal! The nurse’s record sheet: a series of bad nights but no complaint.

The nurse was an Estonian, conscientious almost to a faulty degree. I remembered that man (a patient near him had dubbed him “Mr. Weather-beaten”) and the episode of the bad nights. He had been employed as a clerk in a bookshop on the Avenue de l’Opéra for twenty-four years but had lost his job because of the depression. There was no malice in him against the owner. The “dreadful depression” got all his blame.

“How are you this morning, sir?” I would ask on rounds.

“It was a perfectly charming night, thank you, doctor,” was his habitual answer.

When I would press him for particulars he would admit that he did have a slightly unpleasant discomfort (as though some discomforts could be pleasant!) in his back. Professionally suspicious, I asked the night nurse for details.

“His nights are nightmares,” she reported.

The next morning after the Englishman had given me the answer with his usual “perfectly charming” I asked:

“But when did you get to sleep and how long did you sleep?”

With modulated gestures and a speech whose intonation ran in hop-skip fashion over the range of many notes, he related that drowsiness overtook him at about eleven and by twelve he must have been sound asleep. At one-thirty he awoke.

“And then, Doctor, I rolled over. It was a bit tedious, but understand, Doctor, I’m not complaining. I went off again at four and, do you know, I had the most refreshing slumber until I opened my eyes at five, to find the sun streaming through the window and across my bed. The sunrise was glorious! I did have some discomfort in my back, curiously enough—beastly sort of thing, isn’t it?”

“You ought to be getting more sleep at night,” I told him.

“Oh, really, Doctor?” he asked simply.

My extramural duties took me frequently to the former convent of the Cordeliers through whose cloisters Danton’s fiery discourses had once reverberated. It is a medical school now, drawing students from every quarter of the globe. The attempt on the part of the professors to be brilliant, authoritative, and dogmatic is highly reminiscent of the bullying, arrogant surgeons,

such as Dupuytren, during the reign of Louis Philippe. It is not my intent, however, to cast any aspersions upon the glorious achievements of these men. In fact, a French surgeon still becomes highly offended when he is told how some other surgeon might employ a technic differing from his own. Then his wit comes to his defense, as in the case of a student who had fallen into the bad graces of a surgeon by making some such comment. The surgeon removed, on the same day, what is known as a horseshoe kidney from a patient. Holding it up and directing his gaze upon the student, he remarked that he somehow always came across those "shoes" when asses appeared in his clinic!

One spring afternoon I found myself in the crowded streets leading to la Place de la Concorde. Accordion players accompanied the din, waiters of sidewalk cafés, towels slung over their arms, lent a touch of decorum to the scene. Frequently diverted by an exhibit of paintings, or by a rhumba rumbling from the interior of a café, I failed to reach my original destination. Finding myself at the bar of the Champs-Élysées night club where the Irishman (of the windshield incident) was manager, I entered. He was delighted to see me. I was soon seated with a glassful of something before me. Russian and Czech orchestras played alternately. I was treated to a fight between a man and a kangaroo. The animal's brick-red perspiration dripped upon the white-canvased boxing stage; the man was all but sweating blood. It was a gruesome sight.

Suddenly the Irishman came hurriedly over to me. He had just received an hysterical telephone message—the child of one of his friends, a Pole, was seriously ill. Could I go out with him to the nearby suburb of Courbevoie immediately?

We dashed over to the hospital for

an emergency kit and arrived in short time at the bedside. The child was whiter than the walls of the room. Its pulse was weak and very slow. Between the jeremiads of the parents and neighbors crowding the room, I learned that the child had eaten some tainted food. I was going to inject an emetic into the child's arm when the parents swooped down upon me and seized the child from the couch. They hugged it and kissed it. One man threatened to kill himself if the child died. Was I in a madhouse? They wouldn't let me take the child to the hospital. Too many people died there, they said. Would they let me give her an enema? Never!

A string of healthy oaths from the Irishman scared some sense into the parents. I gave the child an emetic, injected atropin, and took her to the hospital . . . and the child recovered.

To the Pole sickness is all but synonymous with death. In his purblind state he seems to be still living in the XVIIIth century Hôtel Dieu state of affairs, when one out of every eight entering that hospital died there. The Pole still takes literally the latter part of the inscription over the portals of Hôtel Dieu: "This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven."

V

Romance, intrigue, tragedy, and comedy rolled on interminably in the hospital. There were constant surprises. Alphonso XIII, in his affable way, would drop in to visit his former court physician. The latter had undergone an operation and had both eyes bandaged. On one occasion, Alphonso greeted him with, "Say, old fellow, you remind me of a blindfolded horse in a bullfight." Newspaper reporters would suddenly swoop down, attempting to learn why some American debutante had swallowed bichloride of mercury

tablets or get the gist of a conversation between a champion prizefighter visiting a former trench comrade who had shot himself through the lung. The Begum of the Aga Khan would launch an heir, and the Aga Khan would be found, on his return from a trip to Geneva, in high discussion with the house physicians about the latest portents of war. A once famous dancer would be rushed in with a self-inflicted wound in the region above her heart. A new batch of nurses from fifteen different countries would arrive.

The beating of the black wings of illness among the negro melody-troupers visiting Paris needs no dwelling upon. I haven't said anything about the proud Andalusian Spaniard who complained to his physicians only when the attractive nurses were absent. As in the case of the Hungarian, I decided that I must have wider experience with the Spaniard before venturing confirmed observations. Americans offered little to identify them spiritually in illness. The reason lies in their miscellaneous blood admixtures; but they did conform to a type, materially, in regard to the accouterments of illness. All the trappings, regalia, and fineries must be theirs as they lay ill.

"What? No radio, no concealed lights, as in our hospitals at home? Preposterous!" were the comments they uttered. The sun never set on their requests. They could never adjust their backs to the regulation hospital mattress any more than they could adapt themselves to the inconveniences of French hotel elevators. To them the bathroom with running hot and cold water was synonymous with the cosmos. No nation, it seems, breathes with such artificial respiration when ill.

When I left Paris, the various nationalities expressed themselves true to type in their farewells. The Italian wished me sunny blessings of heaven. The negro melody-maker said it with a wistful, nostalgic look. The heel-clicking German hoped for success in my studies in America. The Swede, the very ordinary mortal, hoped that my voyage would be a good one. The imaginative Russian envied me the sight of the ship's prow cutting the azure sea into halves of fleecy foam and the nocturnal lights of the caravans of passing ships in the night. Had there been a Pole at my leave-taking he would have advised me to remain in France regardless of circumstances. The Frenchman, proudly nationalistic, hoped that I had enjoyed his Paris and that I would soon return for another taste of every wine of life. The Irishman gave a supper in my honor. It was again obvious that he was covering his feelings with another story, another song, another round of drinks.

An Englishman saw me off, to make sure that I got into the right coach. He discussed everything with aplomb but the departure. The last word I heard from him as my train pulled out of the Gare St. Lazaire was, "Cheerio!"

As the train rumbled out of the station I was unconsciously multiplying by ten for the Englishman, dividing by ten for the Russian, subtracting from the French and Italian sums, adding to the German total, thinking in terms of Swedish equivalents, and stumbling about in Polish integral calculus. Was I beginning to look upon illness in mathematical terms? Yes, it had become a more tangible matter now—that of placing the national numerator over a common denominator of pain.



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL POLICE

THE DANGERS OF FEDERAL CRIME CONTROL

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

How many persons know that there is at this moment a national police force, or, if they know it, realize what this implies?

During the past few years the share of the Federal government in the prosecution of crime has been vastly expanded. The Seventy-Third Congress, in session last spring, added more to the provisions of the Federal criminal code than all previous Congresses. The States have almost been deprived of their traditional control of crime. To a greater or lesser extent the Federal government now has jurisdiction over obscenity, prostitution, rape, assault, indecent exhibitions, kidnapping, mayhem, blackmail, extortion, racketeering, criminal libel, murder, robbery, burglary, and grand larceny—a long and varied array of offenses.

One might have supposed that the experience of Prohibition would have taught the country a lesson as to the value of the Federal government as an agency of law enforcement; yet this great expansion of the Federal criminal code took place, ironically enough, even while Repeal was being accomplished, Repeal that the Wets supposed would end the disgrace of the country as a paradise of crime!

It is not easy to account for the success of the sudden agitation for the new form of Federal interference. To be sure the trend of the last few decades has been unmistakably in the di-

rection of Federal centralization, and the Roosevelt Administration particularly has accomplished a tremendous concentration of Federal power. The New Deal in criminal law enforcement fits in well with the general assumptions of the New Deal. But exactly how was Uncle Sam cast in the role of *deus ex machina*?

The most inattentive reader of the newspapers will have a ready explanation. The kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby a few years ago outraged the whole nation; the editorial writers unanimously considered it "a challenge to the nation." Now it is the immemorial habit of the American people when it is confronted by an emergency to pass a new law. The State of New Jersey already had a law against kidnapping which would have made it possible to sentence the offenders to life imprisonment if only they could have been caught. Consequently if new laws were to be passed they could only be Federal laws; and, since there was a general disposition to stop at nothing, not even at calling out the army and navy, there were passed the so-called Lindbergh laws. One of them forbade the use of the mails to transmit a kidnapping threat or a demand for ransom as well as to commit blackmail, extortion, or criminal libel. The other prohibited the transportation of a kidnapped person across State lines.

These laws were passed while the Hoover Administration still directed the destinies of the country. But it is significant that the Department of Justice, in the person of Attorney General Mitchell, showed little enthusiasm for this accretion of Federal jurisdiction. In fact, Mr. Mitchell issued at the time a statement to the press in which he pointed out that not too much should be expected from the efforts of the Federal government, and that, after all, it was the States which were primarily responsible for the prosecution of crime. Moreover, he had exhibited the same attitude not long before this when a bill passed the House to enact a Federal anti-theft statute. As the result of his opposition the bill had been killed in the Senate.

But the assault upon the criminal jurisdiction of the States is even older than the Hoover Administration. Until after the Civil War it was pretty generally agreed that the Federal criminal code should be confined to direct offenses against the Federal government such as treason and counterfeiting and various other crimes relating to the discharge of Federal functions such as running the post office and collecting the national revenue. But with the pestilence of moral passions which soon broke forth, the Federal statute books began to be cluttered up with prohibitions to prevent the individual from going to perdition in his own sweet way. First came the notorious Comstock acts against the transmission of obscene literature and contraceptive information through the mails. For a few decades there was no further move, but toward the close of the century a second moral victory was achieved by barring lottery tickets from the mails and interstate commerce. A third step in the Federal encroachment upon State criminal jurisdiction was the in-

famous Mann Act, which was interpreted by the Supreme Court to apply not only to commercialized vice but to any interstate elopement without benefit of clergy. Two years later the Federal criminal code was burdened with a further statutory nuisance banning the interstate transportation of prize fight films. The final and greatest triumph of the zealots was, of course, national Prohibition.

But the present trend is quite different in character and motivation. The post-Civil War legislation was justified by the presumed existence of great moral emergencies. The present legislation is an effort to cope with the "crime wave," and the demand for its enactment has come chiefly from the business associations. The present virtual abrogation of State criminal law is primarily the result of the pressure of big business. Business men have always been Federalists. It is the so-called National Motor Vehicle Theft Act of 1919, also known as the Dyer Act, rather than the Lindbergh laws, which was really the first success in the present movement for Federal crime control. The movement was accelerated by the rather neat trick developed by United States Attorneys of convicting notorious gangsters for failing to pay their income taxes.

II

The story of the drive for Federal crime control centers in the activities of an organization known as the National Crime Commission which was organized in 1925. The N.C.C. must not be confused with the later Wickersham Commission. It owed its existence not to governmental initiative but to a gentleman by the name of Mark O. Prentiss, who had had the singular privilege of accompanying Mussolini in his march on Rome, and who naturally became an admirer of

the methods of the dictator. Incidentally, Prentiss believed that a majority of crimes of violence were committed by aliens. Prentiss interested the late Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation in the formation of a small national association of prominent men for the purpose of combating crime. The N.C.C. was organized at a meeting held in the Directors' room of the United States Steel Corporation. The first executive committee consisted of several prominent captains of industry, two brigadier-generals, several educators, and a number of nationally prominent statesmen. The chairmanship was offered to Richard Washburn Child, who had been American Ambassador to Italy, and who in this capacity had struck up a firm friendship with Mussolini, coming to believe that there was more democracy in Italy than in the United States.

From the very first the Commission championed "vigorous measures." It definitely supported the treat-em-rough school of penology. One of its first successes was the notorious Baumes Law of New York, which has recently been modified in the interests of humanity. Two years after its organization the Commission was in a position to assemble a tremendous national conference at the Willard Hotel in Washington. It was attended by a throng of law professors, criminologists, prison officials, and representatives of associations including the American National Retail Jewelers' Association, the Furriers' Security Alliance of the United States, the Jewelers' National Crime Committee, the Salvation Army, and the Rotary International.

When the N.C.C. was organized, Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School, after a preliminary observation that it seemed to him that its members had no expert

knowledge of the crime situation, continued: "We confess to doubt about this type of Commission, however composed, being able to accomplish much practically. . . . National Commissions on problems lying within State constitutional powers are an anomaly and a novelty in our history; and our people are not accustomed to heed them." It is true that many crime commissions have come and gone, and the Dean's prediction would probably have been fulfilled but for an important accident of history: A member of the executive committee of the N.C.C. and an enthusiastic supporter of its program of national attack upon the crime problem was then a comparatively obscure State governor by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt who within a few years was to become the thirty-second President of the United States.

The Roosevelt Administration attacked the problem almost as soon as it took office. The Seventy-Second Congress found time to appoint the Copeland Committee to investigate crime and racketeering, and from its inception the sentiment of its members was strongly in favor of Federal crime control. But far more important than the Copeland Committee in carrying on the actual propaganda was the United States Department of Justice itself. It drafted what became known as "The Twelve Point Program of the Department of Justice." In favor of this program, Attorney General Cummings, abandoning the skeptical attitude of his predecessor, employed his oratorical powers before the Daughters of the American Revolution. "We are now engaged," he proclaimed, "in a war that threatens the safety of our country—a war with the organized forces of crime." Thus the victorious war theory of crime control, as it has been called by Mr. Ernest Jerome Hopkins, was

officially adopted by the law-enforcing agency of the Federal government.

There was really little need for all this zeal. The Roosevelt steam-roller rapidly flattened the opposition. Practically the whole of the ambitious twelve-point program of the Department of Justice was enacted into law. Indeed this new legislation, which definitely reversed the traditional American policy of State crime control, was adopted without a record vote. Two other circumstances of the legislative process were even more amazing. When a committee has been appointed to investigate a legislative problem, it has been customary for Congress to await its report. But the Copeland Committee had not yet terminated its labors, and, when the new laws were enacted, its only "report" was a speech of Senator Copeland to the Senate. Congress apparently did not need much enlightenment. Even more remarkable is the relation of Professor Raymond Moley to the whole business. President Roosevelt had appointed him as a presidential one-man crime commission to report upon the advisability of the pending Federal crime bills. Whatever may be said of the Professor's capacities as an economic adviser, he was undoubtedly an authority upon criminal law administration, for he had published several excellent books on the subject. It might be thought that Congress would wait to digest his report. This report is dated May 15th but it was not actually issued to the press until May 23rd. But all but one of the laws enacted had been approved on May 18th! A reading of Professor Moley's report may make clear the reason for the haste. As a friend of the President, he was bound to extend him a degree of support, but as a criminal law expert of great experience, his conscience must have said No. Thus he praised the Administration program

of criminal law enforcement with faint damns, accepting the extension of Federal jurisdiction in principle but disapproving of many of the specific measures.

III

Never had legislation been enacted which was more unnecessary or dangerous despite all the glowing propaganda in its favor. This propaganda was a curious mixture of misinformation, colored by a highly romantic myth, which made it seem plausible. It was proclaimed on all sides that what America needed in order to do away with crime was nothing less than an American Scotland Yard. Not for nothing have our statesmen read detective stories in their spare time. Indeed Mr. Louis McHenry Howe, friend and confidant of President Roosevelt, credits the first proposal of the American Scotland Yard to his chief. President Roosevelt himself is supposed to have first made the suggestion in a letter to the New York Crime Commission.

The need for a Federal Crime Bureau as an equivalent of Scotland Yard has been rationalized as follows: Crime, which was increasing to vast proportions, was no longer a local phenomenon but was conducted by interstate gangs who operated across State lines. Moreover, modern means of transportation had given criminals tremendous advantages in eluding capture. By means of the automobile, the motor boat, and the airplane, they were able to cross from one State into another. On the other hand, State prosecution was breaking down. The police of the great cities were hopelessly corrupt. The rural system of crime control which was lodged in the sheriff and the constable was unsuited to modern conditions. If the elements of an offense were not all committed in a single State, such criminals might sometimes escape prosecution alto-

gether. There was thus an obvious need for such a national centralization of crime control as existed in England.

But, alas, Scotland Yard is not a "national police force," as it has often been stated. Indeed, it does not even police the whole London area, for the "City" has its own Constabulary. It is true that Scotland Yard may enter a case in any part of England, but it can do so only upon the special request of the local authorities. It would be possible to compare Scotland Yard with the Federal Division of Investigation if the latter were confined to assisting the police of any State upon their request. But the jurisdiction of the Federal government is not a purely police jurisdiction but is independent and exists by virtue of Federal law whose expansion has created new crimes and punishments.

As for the greater mobility of the modern criminal, it is forgotten that there are two factors in the equation of crime and criminal justice. It is true that modern criminals have means of swift escape; but the modern police may employ the same means for swift pursuit. The police not only have the automobile and the airplane at their disposal but also the telegraph, wireless, and long-distance telephone. Once the criminal is known and the alarm is spread, his chances of getting away are not good. All the pother about the formidable obstacle of the existence of State lines is extremely naïve. One would suppose that the police of different States dealt with one another only at arm's length. But police co-operation not only upon a national but upon an international scale is too much of an everyday phase of police work to need comment. Criminals have often been chased across the five continents. In case of hot pursuit it may be ventured that the police do not always halt punctili-

ously at State lines. Furthermore, the jurisdictional difficulties in convicting the criminal have been exaggerated even more grossly than the difficulty of catching him. The jurisdictional dilemmas in the case of interstate crime are either non-existent or are of such a highly theoretical character that they can apply only in a negligible percentage of cases. The fact is that States constantly exercise jurisdiction over crimes which have been only partly committed within their territories.

IV

The "crime wave" has indeed been very much advertised since the early days of Prohibition but its existence has been very much doubted by the more sensible criminologists. Certainly no proof has been offered that the crime wave has become more mountainous in recent years, or that gang activity has become increasingly interstate, or that the police departments of the leading cities of the country, which naturally take the lead in the fight against crime, have become more outrageously corrupt than ever before. Indeed, in the latter respect the tendency has been toward improvement, as most students of the police problem would agree, and in at least one great city, Chicago, this improvement has been marked.

The criminal statistics which are now being exhumed in support of Federal crime control are the same which have been going the rounds for the last two decades and have reappeared again and again in the crime surveys and the reports of the Wickersham Commission. They are now employed simply to point a different moral. No general effort has been made to prove that there has been a marked increase in the crimes over which the Federal government has assumed jurisdiction. Moreover, most

of the new Federal crimes are not predominantly interstate in character. In fact some of them are typically localized crimes. In other words, most of the new legislation is not even justified by the premises of the current movement.

Despite the fact that kidnapping has been so important in stimulating the present expansion of the Federal criminal law, there is probably no crime with respect to which the States have needed Federal aid less. Doubtless the crime has increased somewhat in frequency in the last few years, but a survey made in 1932 by the St. Louis Police Department, which sent questionnaires to 948 cities requesting data on kidnapping, brought replies from 502 cities and these reported only 285 cases in all. Compared to 15,000 murders a year in the United States, the figures on kidnapping would not seem to justify the prevailing mood of excitement.

It has not even been established that this crime is characteristically the work of organized gangs, although gangs may have participated in a few cases. The opinion of at least the New York Police Department is that kidnapping is an amateur crime, and this impression is certainly borne out by most of the front-page stories of kidnappings. Nor is kidnapping normally an interstate crime. Even Louis McHenry Howe admits that "at present kidnapping gangs are local." Most of the interstate cases have occurred when the kidnapping takes place in a large city near a State border. In the nature of things it is extremely dangerous for the kidnappers to travel very far once the alarm has been given, and whenever possible it would seem that they would seek a hiding place relatively near the scene of abduction. In only 46 of the 285 cases reported in the St. Louis survey was it claimed that the victims were

transported across State lines. This was only 16 per cent of the cases.

Yet it is easy to understand why so much has been made of the crime of kidnapping in the propaganda for Federal crime control. Kidnappers are far easier to catch than other criminals, since the process of collecting a ransom is extremely dangerous. The percentage of convictions for kidnappings being very high, it has thus been possible to establish an excellent case for the almost superhuman abilities of the Federal sleuths. It is true that the record of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice has been very brilliant in the kidnapping cases in which it has assumed jurisdiction. But it has been conveniently forgotten that the record of local police forces has been brilliant too, the Lindbergh case to the contrary notwithstanding.

It may safely be predicted that no comparable degree of success will attend Federal prosecution of the crimes against property over which to a large extent it has now assumed jurisdiction; *i.e.* grand larceny, bank robbery, extortion, and racketeering. The present assumption of jurisdiction over larceny when the value of the stolen property is over five thousand dollars comes by way of extension of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. Since 1919, when the Dyer Act went into effect, Federal agents have been instrumental in the recovery of 34,393 stolen automobiles; but it has been estimated that for many years 250,000 automobiles have been stolen annually, which would make the percentage of recovery (not of course the same as of conviction) about 1 per cent. There are indications that automobile thefts have declined somewhat in recent years; the improvement, however, is attributable not to the Dyer Act but to the enactment of title-registration laws in a constantly increasing number of States. Stolen goods which, unlike automobiles, are not registered

should prove even more difficult to recover.

Bank robberies have recently also been declining owing to banks' protective measures. In relation to the country's total deposits the crime is almost negligible. Thus bank robbery need hardly have been made a Federal crime. It is true that the Federal law is confined to robbery of Federal Reserve Banks and banks under Federal charters, but these include over fifty per cent of the country's banks. Moreover, by 1937 it is probable that almost all banks will be obliged to join the Federal Reserve System to make themselves eligible to profit by the Federal Deposit insurance act. Bank robbery, moreover, is certainly a highly localized crime.

So too is the murder or assault of Federal officials, which has also now been made a Federal crime. In taking this action Congress has reversed a policy that dates from the beginning of the Federal government. Until now it has been content to leave the protection of its officials to the State courts. Even during the Prohibition era, when Federal agents must have been attacked more frequently than ever before, no change was made. The murder or assault of a Federal officer is no more and no less than murder or assault. In addition to covering murder and assault, the new law contains a provision which makes it a crime to "forcibly resist, oppose, impede, intimidate, or interfere with" a Federal officer. This language is extremely vague and dangerous. It would seem that the Federal government in its new drive against crime is taking a preliminary step of removing the existing indirect control of the State tribunals over its agents.

The Federal crime measure which almost failed at the last session of Congress, although supported by the Administration, was a Federal anti-racket-

teering act against which determined opposition developed on the part of liberals and organized labor, which very justifiably felt that the measure might be used to curb the activities of labor organizations, despite the inclusion of a clause generously exempting the "lawful" acts of organized labor—a form of exemption which has been proved again and again to be illusory since it leaves to the courts the determination of what acts are "lawful." The fundamental difficulty in drafting an anti-racketeering statute, of course, is that it is impossible to define racketeering. Quite obviously it includes much more than plain cases of extortion, but the difficulty is that it is impossible to say how much more. The fact that a Federal extortion statute was adopted at the very same time as the Federal anti-racketeering statute is pretty good proof of this. Since the new extortion statute applies to extortion in interstate commerce not only by means of telegraph, telephone, and radio, but also by means of any "oral message," it gives practically complete jurisdiction over the crime to the Federal government. Yet that the extortion statute may be interpreted widely to give it most of the effect of an anti-racketeering statute is plain from the statement of Professor Moley in his report to the President that the act "provides a powerful weapon to be used against racketeering."

Incidentally it would be safe to guess that one of the most common forms of racketeering has suffered a considerable decline since the inauguration of the present Administration. This is the form of racketeering in which gangsters have been used as an extra-legal police force to organize particular industries which wished to engage in monopolistic practices but which could not do so legally because of the anti-trust laws. The N.R.A. by facilitating this tendency toward mo-

nopoly must have deprived many gangsters of their former social usefulness.

Another of the new Federal measures condemned in large part by Professor Moley as well as by many other critics was, nevertheless, enacted. The act makes it a Federal crime for any person to flee from one State to another for the purpose of avoiding prosecution or the giving of testimony when the crime charged is murder, kidnapping, burglary, robbery, mayhem, rape, assault with dangerous weapon, or extortion accompanied by threats of violence. In effect the Federal government is clothed with jurisdiction over the enumerated crimes.

The comfortable assumption upon which this monstrous act has been accepted is that, since it is limited to the major crimes against person and property, it can be used against "gangsters" only. But a glance at the list of crimes must make it plain that this is not so. Any perfectly respectable citizen may find himself accused of murder or mayhem or rape. He may wish to avoid prosecution at a particular time in order to shield another person, or because, although he is innocent, appearances may be against him. Now if he is apprehended *the original charge need no longer be approved against him.* He can be put into a Federal penitentiary for five years for attempting, in effect, to avoid extradition, *even if it should turn out that he is not guilty of the crime charged against him.* Moreover, does a person always know that he is wanted by the police? Such ignorance would doubtless be a defense but it will certainly be hard to prove. From now on it will be exceedingly dangerous for any person with a criminal record to take a vacation in another State. There can be no doubt that the abrogation of extradition accomplished by the act will lend itself to the periodic round-up of so-called criminal elements.

It is particularly alarming to contemplate the effects of the act upon Negro rights. In the future a Negro charged with the murder of a white man or the rape of a white woman who prefers for good reason not to submit himself to the course of Southern justice will not only be unable to rely upon the protection which may be afforded by the process of extradition, but will also become a Federal criminal. Although the Southern States are vehemently opposed to a Federal anti-lynching law, they have loudly applauded the present Federal program of criminal law enforcement. The new law should help to perfect the technique of legal lynching. It is rather remarkable that the Fugitives Act was not fought by the N.A.A.C.P.

The provision of the Fugitives Act which applies to witnesses crossing State lines to avoid giving testimony is even more infamous. It is well known that witnesses who have to testify against gangsters are often in danger of their lives. The act makes it a Federal crime to attempt to protect themselves. It is no wonder that Professor Moley concludes, "If local authorities are so impotent as to permit this harrowing of witnesses, it should not be made a crime for a witness to protect his own life."

V

Of course only a fool would contend that the criminal justice of the States could not be improved. If, however, the administration of the criminal law in the States leaves something to be desired, the obvious thing to do is to work for its improvement. Co-operation of the Federal government with the States might in some respects produce beneficial results, but this would not necessitate interference with State criminal law administration.

It is particularly to be feared that

both State and Federal judicial administration may be imperilled by the new policy. Division of responsibility leads to the evasion of responsibility. The States will now be in a position to blame the Federal government for any shortcomings in the suppression of crime, and at present at least it is in no position to meet the challenge. There are those who argue that it has the great advantage that its agents are free from corruption; but if the Federal government goes after crime upon a wholesale scale, they will not long remain incorruptible. Certainly the effect of the new policy upon the civil side of Federal judicial administration should prove especially disastrous. The Federal courts were all but swamped in the Prohibition era. Their new criminal jurisdiction is even more vast in its reach.

Of the many positive objections which may be raised against the expansion of the Federal criminal jurisdiction, least need be said about those of a constitutional nature, in view of the rather friendly interpretation of the Constitution which has long been established in this connection. Yet it may be worth while, in passing, to observe the extent to which the usual constitutional mechanisms of the postal power and the power over interstate commerce have been strained. Business men who have run away with their secretaries have been mightily surprised to discover that they have been engaged in "interstate commerce." Many indeed are the acts of crime which have not the slightest relation to business yet, nevertheless, have become acts of interstate commerce. Moreover, the triumph has now been achieved of dispensing with any real proof of interstate transportation. Under the amendments to the Lindbergh Laws in the last session of Congress, when a person is kidnapped, it is simply presumed after seven days that he

has been transported in interstate commerce! This is probably the most transparent fiction ever put upon the Federal statute books.

But apart from considerations of constitutionality, does not the Federal exercise of jurisdiction represent a grotesque penological perversion? The theory of the classical criminal law, despite the many assaults upon it, is still the basis of the modern criminal law. According to this theory the scale of punishments must have a direct relation to the gravity of the offense. Attempts to commit crimes must be punished less severely than completed offenses. For the criminal law is supposed to aim not only at repression and deterrence but must take into consideration the moral state of the offender. All these principles are reduced to absurdity by the punishments of the Federal criminal code. There is hardly a Federal crime for which the punishment is not at least five years or five thousand dollars' fine or both. Yet the formal crimes for which these punishments are incurred are such acts as dropping a letter into a mail box or riding an interstate train, which in themselves may represent only attempts to commit a crime, or be entirely harmless acts. In other words, under Federal law penalties are imposed for inchoate crime which are infinitely more severe than those which would be imposed in State courts for the completed crime. The tendency to applaud long terms for gangsters who have failed to pay their income taxes reveals the same penological obtuseness. Such sentences really undermine the deterrent effect which the criminal law is supposed to exercise.

But it is not only the Draconian severity of the penalties under the new Federal laws that marks a penological reaction. In fact the whole program of Federal crime control is reactionary. The circumstances of its origins, the

character of its sponsorship, its support in the remote reactionary parts of the country, the haste with which it was adopted, the extreme nature of many of the specific measures, the lack of convincing proof of their necessity—all are grounds of suspicion and alarm. Accompanying the unprecedented concentration of Federal power, and a Fascist spirit in the world at large, the assault upon local criminal jurisdiction betokens, to say the least, a danger of widespread assault upon civil liberties. The friends of civil liberty are always talking of the Constitutional guaranties of the Bill of Rights. But the character of the criminal law itself, particularly the mode of its administration, is even more relevant.

The chief drawback to Federal crime control is the very fact which has been used so frequently to recommend it, namely, that no political influence would affect the course of Federal criminal prosecution. The absence of political influence in the administration of the criminal law can be a greater menace to the public safety than its abuse. Efficiency can be bought at too high a price.

The prosecution of crime is peculiarly a matter for the local community. Only a local police force can have that intimate knowledge of the underworld of a great city which is so often necessary for success in criminal investigation. The criminal law is the depository of the results of social conflicts and adjustment which can proceed only by a process of local collective bargaining. The dangers of criminal law enforcement require the maintenance of strictly local control and influence. When the police in a given community get out of hand they can be called to account by pressure upon the part of the local electorate. A Federal police force would not be responsive to local feeling. The very readiness with which police forces of all kinds tend to

high-handed and even illegal action only emphasizes the importance of local police control.

It is not necessary to indulge merely in surmises. The history of the statewide police forces presents abuses which are now apparently to be repeated upon a national scale. The State police as the result of their activities against labor and radical groups have become known as "the American Cossacks." In Pennsylvania, particularly, they have been widely used in strikes, and have been involved in many bloody episodes. For this reason organized labor has opposed the extension of State police systems. A Federal police force would be even less subject to restraint.

But the United States Department of Justice itself has a sorry record as an agency of law enforcement. Its illegal practices in the war and post-war periods became the subject of a governmental investigation which resulted in a highly condemnatory report by a group of law professors which included Roscoe Pound, Felix Frankfurter, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and Ernest Freund. Indeed the present head of the Division of Investigations of the Department of Justice, J. Edgar Hoover, was an agent in the Department in the heyday of the Palmer red-baiting era, who, even after the Red scare had somewhat abated, devotedly spent a good deal of his time in shadowing harmless souls in the national capital. The record of prohibition agents in the dry era is no more encouraging. Illegal searches and seizures were commonplace despite the law degrees of many of the agents.

The extent to which the Federal government must increase its police force, if it is really to cope with crime adequately, may be gauged quite readily from the fact that there are at present about 175,000 State, municipal, and county police officers, as compared to

about 450 police officers in the Division of Investigation. While, of course, the force of the Division will not, at least for the present, be increased to any figure approaching the national police total, it will undoubtedly be increased to at least 1,000 men, for this number was suggested as desirable in Professor Moley's report. The increase, no doubt, will soon be made, since Congress, in addition to the regular appropriation of \$2,880,000, has appropriated an extra \$1,500,000 for the conduct of the Division.

The dangers of Federal police investigation are increased by the arrangements for Federal prosecution. Even if new Federal crimes were to be created, their prosecution might have been left with the State courts. But while Federal jurisdiction is not exclusive under all of the new laws, the Federal government reserves the right of determining when to step in.

Furthermore a stiffening of Federal criminal procedure has begun. That this is occurring simultaneously with the expansion of the Federal criminal code is the best indication of the penological philosophy underlying the whole of the new movement. Already the law of searches and seizures has been relaxed and the bar of the statute of limitations has been affected. But there are also pending proposals to discourage too frequent resort to habeas corpus and to give the prosecution the right to comment on the failure of an accused person to take the stand at his trial.

Some of the more violent patriots are urging the universal requirement of cards of identity, the fingerprinting of all babies at birth, and the inauguration of penal colonies on the Aleutian Islands off the Alaskan coast. These proposals definitely mark the lunatic fringe of the present movement.



The Lion's Mouth



THE LADY WITH THE PINK FEATHER

BY OSBERT SITWELL

TO LEAD a double life always carries with it in England an implication of dubiety; which indeed mounts, as it were, with the index figure. Nevertheless, anybody, it can safely be said, who lives a life worthy even of the meanest abilities must of necessity lead more lives than one, pursue a series of incarnations, coincident in time, but subsidiary to his chief existence. . . . And one of mine is dedicated to lecturing and speaking, a life which, though exigent, is not without its interest; a fact which many people recognize, for I am often asked, "What do you feel like when you lecture?"

The early part of the adventure is repetitive. Lectures are, in a sense, winter fruit: and so one arrives, blue-nosed, to start the journey from one of the coldest railway stations in England. A long journey follows, during the course of which the sort of life you are leading at the moment joins itself on inevitably in the mind to the other occasions on which you have led it; so that it is almost impossible, from these blue serge cushions, to recall ever having led any other species of existence; just as it is when you go home or are on holiday abroad.

In time one arrives and is obliged to

search for that kind person, the Secretary, who has been detailed to meet the lecturer. Follows conversation, in which invariably I discover that the talkative young son of a prominent "statesman" has preceded me, as a sort of unwitting John the Baptist, and in consequence experience the same kind of conversation:

"Do you think he's clever?" or "He's very sarcastic," or "But he'll grow up one day." (Incidentally, "sarcastic" is most severe comment in all circles of English life. . . . "E spoke to me sarcastic-like.") Then there is dinner at seven—a hurried meal, which most probably, like the last meal of a man condemned to be hanged, you are invited to order yourself; finally the tumbrel to the lecture hall and the five minutes' wait in the anteroom; which interval, owing to the intense fear and nausea (these, I am told, are the lot of even the most accustomed and accomplished speakers), mounts to a climax; and during this five minutes, now exaggerated to as many hours, several kind people choose to introduce themselves to the lecturer in order to talk to him, because they think he looks depressed.

I remember, on one occasion of this sort, a lady introducing herself to me, and adding, "The name of Sitwell requires no introduction here. . . . It is famous" (I prepared a sickly smile) . . . "in the hunting field." Now comes the final horror, the platform, on which various persons range themselves; a pause, while you listen in detail to last year's accounts and resignations; a short introductory speech, and

then one's own turn, of which oneself obtains a curiously detached impression, somewhat equivalent to the boredom of being photographed. "Try to look pleasant," one has to remind oneself, "and remember to keep your eye fixed on that unfortunate, frightened-looking woman at the back of the hall"; or "Don't fidget with your foot and don't let your fingers rustle like mice amongst your papers." Then there are the difficult moments, such as the one when you make a joke, and two well-dressed old ladies at once get up and leave the building in, as you conceive, a marked manner, though you can never discover subsequently whether their departure was coincidental or the outcome of some deep principle which, all innocently, you have flouted.

From time to time, however, some really extraordinary event or situation is born of these occasions; and such a one I will now relate, the incident of the lady with the pink feather. . . . What a curious psychological problem she affords, as I look back, what a singular and unexampled mingling of sensitiveness and insensitiveness, cowardice and courage, wisdom and folly. Will she, I wonder, if this article catches her eye, think the worse of me? I hope not. It was thus.

I had been asked to lecture, let us say, in Devonshire, for an institute connected with an amateur association, and my lecture had been announced some weeks previously. Several letters reached me.

First of all I received a letter from the President, recalling the fact that we were cousins (though she had never seemed to make much of this relationship before) and hoping, therefore, that she could rely on me to stand *no nonsense* from the Vice-President, should I meet her. She did not think I should like her. A disagreeable, interfering old woman, who

needed to be put in her place. I was not to mention this letter, of course, but should I find myself called to deliver a few severe rebukes to the lady in question, I was to be aware that I should have the tacit support of the President. . . .

But the letter which really interested me was an exceedingly long one that I had to read over many times before I could fully obtain the gist of it. It was a diffuse letter, half frank, half secretive: it began by being concerned with nothing in particular, and only gradually the truth leaked out, only gradually its purpose suggested itself. Boiled down, the appeal was this:

The writer, who bore the rare but not unsonorous name of Albinia, was a married woman and a member of the Association. She and her husband, she wrote, were great admirers of mine and of my brother's and sister's; took so great an interest in us and our work that, led on by their admiration, it might be that they had in some way or other, for instance by the use of Christian names when referring to us and by relating instances of their acquaintanceship with us, produced the impression on the other members of the Association that they knew us . . . well, rather better than they actually did.

The moment of trial had come, she and her husband could not bear to miss my lecture—and indeed if they did, what would their friends think of them? Yet, if I showed no sign of this friendship which they had claimed, where would they be then? Really, she felt she *did* almost know me. Did I feel the same? . . . She would be standing by the platform and would be wearing a pink feather in her hat. . . . Would I pass her by?

As I say, the purport of this long letter, the request in it, gradually emerged. Would I, for the sake of

saving two human beings from agony, claim them, though I did not know them and, in fact, had never seen them, as my friends?

The request, in itself, I thought, was a compliment, for it indicated a belief born of reading my books, that I *might* do so; that I was a person to whom it was possible to make this very unconventional and, indeed, extraordinary appeal. At the same time, I decided that I should have liked the letter more if it had been shorter, written in the style of a confessional.

However, I decided to do the thing handsomely. The day came, I passed up the hall toward the platform, by which a little knot of people were standing. I approached them, to greet the President.

A little way off was a nervous but good-looking woman, wearing in her hat a pink feather. As though suddenly seeing her, I threw my arms open, exclaimed in a stentorian voice of surprise, "Al-bin-ial *You* here!" and printed a hearty kiss upon her cheek. . . . I noticed a flush of pleasure as she returned my greeting, and that is all I know of her.



OUR ATTIC

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

We now possess an attic,
A place where calm is static;
A spacious, democratic
Receptacle of junk—
Old clothing, strips of batik,
Quaint shells and things aquatic,
Grim cutlasses piratic
And many a moldy trunk.

This chamber, aromatic
Of India's Carnatic,
To me is emblematic
Of all the drowsy Past,
With whispers enigmatic,
Oracular and vatic,
And visions too ecstatic
And glamorous to last.

When armchairs grow rheumatic,
When pictures look erratic,
Divine but autocratic

The voice that I obey
Commands in tones emphatic,
"You take them to the attic!
If you were systematic
That's where they'd go and stay!"



Editor's Easy Chair

OUR CURRENT SURPLUS OF HELL-TO-PAY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ST. PAUL in the story of his voyage to Rome and of the various casualties sustained by ship and crew because they would not take his advice, tells how the seamen "fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day." That is the attitude of a good many observers as they watch the progress of Franklin Roosevelt's Administration on its way to what may be brought forth in 1936. Just at this writing current affairs look a bit rocky. The codes of the NRA bother people. There is some mourning for the unborn pigs. The government is spending a raft of money and a good many observers doubt if it is getting good value for it. There is a formidable array of strikes in the textile business. Upton Sinclair is on the way to run for Governor of California. The Liberty League, mostly Democrats, including Alfred Smith and John W. Davis (anchors cast from the stern), has come out in the alleged interest of the hard-won rights of the American people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. There seems to be more than an ordinary wave of doubt whether we are on the right path and of concern about where we are coming out.

Mr. Hoover has addressed the public

through the *Saturday Evening Post* and expresses disapproval of what is doing. Dr. Murray Butler has made his annual address at Southampton and says our affairs are being run by third-rate people and that it is hard to get really able men into direction of public concerns. He spoke of the dearth of talent in American political life. But after all, are we worse off than other countries in that? One reason why our more cultivated citizens keep out of public office has been that the rewards of effort in private life seem so much greater. Another reason has been that politics, to many people, is tiresome and runs too much to discussion of dull details with dull companions. But that is just as true of religion. If you are going to offer something to a large market you have got to talk to the buyers, and wake them up.

Dr. Butler always makes good remarks; the trouble about them is that they taste a little too much like the wisdom of the wise. What he advocated at Southampton was all sensible; a good deal of it will have to come to pass before we get out of the woods. When one looks forward to a transfigured world in which most things will be done right and most doers will be competent, he thinks of a vast interna-

tional trade by countries which do not aim to be completely self-sufficient but prefer to sell what they raise or make to advantage and to buy from other markets what other people make better.

Fourteen years ago a notable teacher and observer expressed himself as follows:

"There can be no cure for the world's ills and no abatement of the world's discontents until faith and the rule of everlasting principle are again restored and made supreme in the life of men and of nations. These millions of man-made gods, these myriads of personal idols, must be broken up and destroyed, and the heart and mind of man brought back to a comprehension of the real meaning of faith and its place in life."

Who was that that said so? Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in his annual report, November 7, 1920. The process that he foresaw is now going on. The man-made gods, the personal idols are in process of being broken up and destroyed so that the heart and mind of man can come back to understand the real meaning of faith and its place in life. In that report Dr. Butler would accomplish this aim not by exhortation or by preaching alone but by "teaching, careful, systematic, rational teaching, that will show in a simple language which the uninstructed can understand what are the essentials of a permanent and lofty morality, of a stable and just social order, and of a secure and sublime religious faith."

BUT teaching of all sorts is rather slow in its processes, better as the basis of great movements than for use in emergency. How much has our country learned from teaching in the fourteen years since 1920?; how much, that is, from school-teaching, college-teaching? It has learned a good deal by observation, by looking round, going

to market, reading the newspapers, and, of course, the rising generation that will vote at the next election have learned nearly all they know in those years. But what is it in particular that people need to be taught—physics, chemistry, English literature and the classics, history, philosophy so called, economics? If their minds are improved, that is some help no matter what they study; but organized schooling and teaching in our time seem to have been mostly technical. In chemistry and physics the progress has been enormous. In economics, matters seem to be still to seek; but it is not technical knowledge that is going to save us; it is increased proficiency in the great province of human relations. What we need is to learn how men can get along together without trying to destroy one another; how they can learn to share what there is, how distribution can be improved,—that is what we must learn in order to be saved.

Well, where is the great text book, where but in the New Testament? If political economy hasn't got pretty close to the Sermon on the Mount, where is it? Our social and international relations are very, very serious. There never was so much armament in the world; there never seemed to be such a peril of all but universal extermination as there is now. The French tried out airplanes the other day on Paris and said that the city could not be defended from airplanes from nearby, but might be destroyed if attacked. That means England cannot be defended either. Our own geographical situation makes us somewhat safer for the moment, but it is coming to pass, if it has not already come to pass, that no spot on earth will be safe from modern warfare. If being good can save us it is high time we tried it.

All the great contemporary contraptions, inventions mainly of the present

century, make for increased power for mischief, and have immensely enlarged the ability of criminals to assault society and escape the consequences. See how it is in our own country which now is provided at vast expense with the best roads in the world and the best and fastest motor cars for the money. What is the result? Not only a prodigious mortality and injury from automobile accidents but a flood of bank robbers, hold-up men, kidnappers, and other bad characters who fill the newspapers with very unpleasant items and are quite likely to get away with their loot, though in the long run they usually get caught. And see what has happened in the textile strike—long streams of trucks and motor cars loaded with men with the declared intention of stopping all the textile mills where the workers wish to work. That was a novelty—that movement of pickets to attack mills that stayed open; but it is an interesting example of the growth in power for violence and disorder.

Education in the ordinary sense won't save us from all that. We want something that works faster—something if possible that changes men. Buchman can do it to some extent; Wesley and Whitfield could do it; St. Paul could do it. There is more spiritual ferment stirring now than most people realize, and it is lucky that there is. Every steeple that points to the sky has a message, to wit: that our visible world is geared to a world invisible from which it can derive power and even wisdom for the regulation of human life. All religion is more or less erroneous because, however pure the source, it suffers in transmission and greatly in application. Christ wrote nothing down, but the New Testament reports of what he said and did make an inspiring record whereof the spirit can be caught by minds that are ready for it; for all teaching de-

pends for success on the minds that receive it.

MEANWHILE war talk abounds. Mussolini says war is in the air and bids his Italians be earnest soldiers. He seems also to feel that there is safety in numbers and would have more Italians in the world.

Most of the Western countries are now running down hill in the matter of population, which is not surprising because the times are hard. Most people want children and have as many as they dare, as many that is as they think they can support, and start on the level on which they live themselves. When a pinch comes the more responsible people are apt to put off having any more children, at least until the times are better; but those who once begin doing that are likely to wait too long and have no families at all, or very small ones.

And, after all, good times without children are not so very good. But what about national needs of large numbers for safety and power? Of course there is something in that. England, for example, seems to be for the moment at a standstill and the size of its families have diminished to a serious degree. So many fewer mouths to feed, but is that an advantage? Great Britain at its greatest was a nation of large families, of younger sons whose energies were looking as much for investment as the moneys of the merchants.

Spengler talks about the colored races, the immense numbers of them and how they all hate the Western nations that have dominated them of late. They have learned the technic of making the things the Western nations use, can arm themselves as well as the white people, and especially outnumber them. But how much is that all going to amount to? That the nations should come to a competition in birth

rates is not a particularly joyous prospect. The Dionne quintuplets are interesting as examples of what may happen, but a habit of quintuplets would embarrass any state. The Catholic Church has long encouraged a wide open birth rate for its adherents. How has it worked? Are there more Catholics in the world than there would be if the Church was less strenuous in encouraging maternity? The children born of Catholic mothers—are they more manageable or wiser in their politics than others? Rome would say that the matter of having children was not one of expediency or policy but of morals and religion.

Do all the colored races hate all the Western nations and want to wipe them out? One may doubt it, and if it were true, could the yellow and the black people hang together in a great co-operative destruction of the white races? Who can think so? They are human beings, no particular work of grace proceeding in them to make them all love one another.

If they have the numbers to beat the white people, have they the brains, the talent, the character, the nervous energy? Asiatic races did burst through and ravage Europe. Present pickings in Europe would be pretty good. The Russians are considerably Asiatic and very close to middle Europe. If there were a great cataclysmic war-smash we might find out a good deal about Russia and what she really is.

WE DO not need to restrict ourselves to talk of war for lack of topics to discuss. Theodore Dreiser is quoted in the papers as announcing on his sixty-third birthday (the grand climacteric) that if life gets dull he will take leave of it. Probably it will never get dull for him: his mind is too active. If he lives twenty years more the prospect is that there will be something doing every minute and the most interesting

changes in politics, economics, religion, and details generally of human life that have happened for centuries. Nobody in health need contemplate voluntary retirement from this world for lack of interesting doings.

Besides, suicide is very, very risky. There are all grades of it, of which some are much more culpable than others, but the best information is that it lands you in the next life very ill prepared for comfortable proceedings. It is not at all a good bet; and the knowledge that that is so should be much better distributed.

Anybody will admit that there are changes ahead, but what changes? The September *Forum* had several pages by Ida Tarbell about Henry George and Edward Bellamy. Henry George's proposals are very practical—to put the whole of taxation on land is not difficult to understand. Bellamy, remarkable also, was more imaginative but, like Henry George, he saw wealth and poverty increasing together and was eager to get something done about it.

The New Deal wants to do something about it. It does not believe that the distribution of wealth is equitable. It thinks it can be improved. It must be; but there is an obstinate old saying—to him that hath shall be given—that does not fade out at the waving of a wand.

The great trouble with our world is its inhabitants; that they do not love one another practically enough; that they are all too ready to fight for any likely bone that happens to become accessible. That is in accord with the idea that, if the world is coming right at all, it will be through a new estimate and distribution of what is worth trying for and possessing. The way that this seems most likely to come to pass is by a vast outburst of religion, and it is to this that many observers believe our present trials are provided to carry us.

